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THE BIVVER

— Saturday, September 21, 1867. —



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"She did look very young, passing up that avenue of her friends."—p. 2.

UNDER THE ELMs.—I.

WHEN John Milward was going to be married the whole town rose from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and exercised itself in conjectures about the match; and when

the appointed day actually came round, the whole town presented itself at or about the little church to witness the solemnity.

John was not one of those nervously-conscious

young gentlemen whom you expect to see upon such occasions, when you ask for the happy man; the callow period of vanity was over for him; in fact, as Miss Griffiths remarked, audibly, as he passed up the church, "he was forty, and he looked it."

Certainly he was most cool and self-possessed, not pinching at his waistcoat to see which pocket the ring was in, or even looking round the church for some friend who had promised and failed. The fact is, Miss Griffiths was right, John was forty, and looked every hour of it. Now, ten or a dozen years, though they don't make much difference in a man, make a great deal in a bridegroom. John, moreover, was a lawyer, and the operation of the law is mighty in seizing upon sentiment and working it out of the system.

I wish I could describe to you Mary Marshall, such as she was those few minutes after which she was Mary Marshall no longer. Miss Griffiths said she looked like a child. I think Miss Griffiths was right. She did look *very* young, passing timidly up that avenue of her friends, and (after the ordeal in the vestry-room) the way she leant on John's arm coming down the church, and the way, from time to time, she looked up into his face, would have touched you, it was so child-like in its confidence and in its weakness.

I like to see in a man strength and virility—that strength which hath respect unto weakness; and in a woman well-put confidence and yielding—the deference that springs from force, not fault, of character (her *desire* unto her husband); and I like to see these twain one.

The parish church at Ockley crests a little hill. Ockley-on-the-Hill the town is strictly called, to distinguish it from another Ockley more in the south of England. The lands about it had belonged to an old monastery, and traces of this church tenure are to be found in the nomenclature of the place. The Abbot's Walk is a fine double row of elm-trees, running for nearly half a mile, not in a straight line, as these walks generally do, but with an abrupt bend halfway up. As our church and the community that gathers round it have long ago usurped the seat of this old monastery—a solitary haunt then—so the Abbot's Walk, if it can be said to belong to any one pre-eminently in his parish, belongs to the abbot's successor, the rector.

The avenue of trees leads directly up to the church, and leaving the church and availing yourself of their shade or shelter, as the case may be for the whole length of their stretch, you come directly upon the parsonage. It rises out of its grounds, a solid, quaint-looking house, with its gardens, rich in vegetable promise, sloping gently to the south.

It was under the elms that John and his young

wife passed, on this first day of their marriage, with the rector, who was an old friend of the bridegroom's; and Mrs. Seymour herself stood at the garden gate, dragging a little "encumbrance" by the arm, to welcome the bride and bridegroom—dear friends both of them to her; and to be the first to call Mary by her new name. Mary was a connection, or distant relative, of Mrs. Seymour's; and it was at the parsonage, in fact, that John met her.

"It's all very well, Grace," he would say to her, when he used to come up of a Saturday evening—his week's work done—"it's all very well for Tom to say, 'Don't grumble, and be contented,' and so forth: he can go in and write his sermon, with nothing to disturb him, except the howling of that child, and then come and talk over all his plans and grievances to you; but there's nobody to care for, or look to, me, once the office is shut and Bellamy goes."

"Isn't there Miss Griffiths?" said Mrs. Seymour, who could not help hearing what everybody was saying; "she's about your own age, John."

But John muttered some impatient word, dashing his heel into a great block of coal upon the fire, so that the sparks flew about the grate.

After this, Mary Marshall had come to the parsonage, and John's visits grew more frequent; and thus, you see, she became Mary Milward.

"So you see, Tom," said Mrs. Seymour to her husband, later on that day, as the carriage that was bearing off the new couple appeared like a black spot in the chalky road that skirted the hill—"you see, Tom, John has at last got somebody to care for him."

He made no direct answer; he was watching the carriage, now just nearing a wind in the road, after which it would be seen no more. He kept it in his view as long as he could, and then, looking sadly enough at her, he muttered, "In sickness and in health, till death them do part."

It was not the words, so much as the way they were said, that prompted her to put her arm through his, and that made them both walk slowly and sadly about the garden—not for long though, for Master Johnny, a three year old bully, comes and makes them join in his games with his sister—if possible, a smaller mite.

Honeymoons come to an end, as we all know; and in a short time Mr. Bellamy, the clerk, takes his proper and secondary post, while John rules again from the office throne. Spring has now softened into summer, and the elm-trees are green and luxuriant, and the walk under them almost the only retreat from the fierceness of the sun. Of evenings, after office hours, you might see John, with his young wife, enjoying the shade of this walk, or, oftener, on his way to the par-

sonage to gather the strawberries, which, so long as their season lasted, were a great attraction to an early tea in the arbour.

Mary was looking very well all this time—full of spirits and hope; and so the good-natured parson was full of hope too, and tried to check those fears and forebodings which would come upon him at times, or if he could not check them, at least he said nothing. As for John, it was quite a refreshing thing to see how this parchmenty old lawyer became rejuvenescent, and how fully her influence brought up to the surface all those kindly thoughts and emotions so dissonant to the stern doctrines of the law. In the office, and in the society of Mr. Bellamy, his clerk, he was as shrewd, as practical, and as inflexible as ever; but when this sharer of his daily toils closed the doors, and left at six o'clock—when for the rest of the evening he was associated with a gentler partner, then all his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, and his recoveries, vanished like a mist.

These summer evenings were very pleasant to him, after the loneliness of his bachelor life; and pleasant, too, the autumn—for summer passes from us like a dream—when the blood was in the branches overhead, before the wintry winds and frosts had made the old trees skeletons once more.

The elm-walk of Ockley, it will be remembered, is not a straight row of trees, but the avenue, starting from the church, continues right on for half a mile or more, and then suddenly bends round to the right, and discovers the parsonage, with its garden and grounds. Just at this bend, and at the *left* hand side of the walk, there is a short path, or, rather, passage through the trees, and this ends in an arbour. All down the elm-walk there are seats, at intervals—some rude enough, and others put up by the different mayors of Ockley, as memorials of their years of office; but there is no one of these so favoured or so frequented as that in the little arbour we have described. This was John's favourite haunt; and here, early in the autumn evenings, you might find him and his wife resting after their stroll up and down.

The position of the arbour, placed just at the angle where the trees bend round, gives a very peculiar view. The elms seem to form, not one, but two noble avenues, leading directly up to it. John could thus see through the trees at one side the parish church—a stunted building, with nothing venerable about it except the ivy which sprung up, rank and luxuriant, clustering over the dwarf turrets, and half-concealing the old sundial, as if in quiet scorn of time; and then, at the other side was the parsonage, with the setting sun all red behind it, and the long shadows of the elm-walk lengthening over the sloping pleasure-

ground that lay in front, while around them and behind them the hill-side was all golden with the harvest; the valleys also were thick with corn.

As they sit there on this autumn evening—the first touch of cold in the air just perceptible—up come from the parsonage Tom Seymour and Grace.

"Now what are they talking of, I wonder?" says John to his wife; and, indeed, the clergyman seemed to be speaking very impressively. They had watched him from the time he had left the house till now, when he was quite near them, and he had been talking all the way to his wife, turning round to her and shaking his finger, "as if he were preaching a sermon," says John.

Poor John! he was himself the text of the homily.

"I ought to have told him long ago, Grace," said Mr. Seymour; "I wanted to tell him, only you overruled me. I wish I had done it at the time. Look at her sitting out there, without a shawl or a cloak on her, and the air's as frosty as winter."

"Well, well, have it your own way, Tom; only let me speak to him; men don't understand these things, and you'll make him believe that she's in consumption already."

Mr. Seymour so far yielded to his wife, and with this compromise of matters they reached the arbour.

"Isn't it very late for you to be out, Mary?" he said. "I've brought a cloak for you. You don't keep that husband of yours in proper order at all. If I were to have Grace out as late as this, I should not hear the end of it from her for a week."

He took the light cloak that lay across his arm, and pinned it round her neck. She was so young and pretty, laughing archly at his awkwardness in managing the pin, and looking up to him so winningly the while. He drew her arm lightly through his, and they walked homeward under the trees. Mrs. Seymour followed with John, and the good clergyman had to wait for near an hour, sitting with Mary in her own little drawing-room, while his wife and her husband walked and talked slowly there in front of the house.

All this was early in the autumn; but a few months later had brought a great change—a great sorrow upon that little household, and a gloom even upon the whole village; for which of us is there whose heart is not touched when the sentence goes forth for the young—that sentence which awaits him and all of us? Outward consolation we take and give, that they have gone to a better place—that they are now beyond trial and sorrow. So we speak, and their memories are sacred to us, each according to his own worship; are they not God's ambassadors, legates to tell us of a kingdom where youth and beauty suffer no change?

Every one grieved in poor John's sorrow; it was not only his good friends at the parsonage, but the whole village had pity for him. They stopped the doctor at his door, hopefully, to ask the last piece of news; and the poor would waylay the clergyman with an interest as sincere.

Autumn was now nearly gone, and the storms were rude and riotous in the branches of the great trees overhead; cold winds, that scarcely visited the outlying hamlets and villages scattered over the slope of Ockley Hill, caught the town itself, and burst upon it with unbroken fury; drizzly November days rotted the fallen leaves into the clay, and made the whole landscape tristful and wretched. These were sad days for John; but Mrs. Seymour—a true friend in distress—came up each morning, and spent nearly the whole day at the house. She had a pleasant way with her that no one could resist, and John, too, longed to come to her for consolation; the burden laid upon him now seemed greater than he could bear.

"We mustn't despair, John. While there is life there is hope; we mustn't despair. If she has only strength to get over this, she may live longer than either of us;" and then, in her cheery, chatty way, she went on to tell him how Mrs. Morley had been twice as ill, was obliged to be carried up and down stairs every day by her husband;—"twice as ill! Why, don't you remember that she could not speak above her breath? and look at her now!" The poor fellow took these little scraps of comfort thankfully and tried to believe them.

And she knew the truth the whole time, and all her pleasant manner faded off when she left the house; and late of nights, when the children had gone to bed, she and her husband would sit over the fire, talking very sadly of the sorrowful future. What was to become of their old friend, if death were to come and sever from him that life which was already part of his own? Home and its pleasures and treasures were late guests for him, and if he were bereaved now, he would be indeed bereaved! And then they thought over their own young days, when they had come to the parish newly-wedded, and what a comfort it was to them to find some familiar face amongst all those welcoming strangers; and how they twitted John, and said he was born to be an old bachelor; and yet they regarded him in some sort as their own property, protecting him from some feminine attacks, and assisting and playing up the treacheries of their own favourites. And then Mary Marshall had come—poor Mary! whom they had never once thought he'd have taken—and with her had come, for John, content, and new life, and peace, and that one thing he had hoped for and yearned after through the long years. And then they thought of his married life, and, dear—dear! how the eight or nine months stretched out in

their recollection, as if the time itself took its limits from the great changes which it had brought with it. The spring, and the summer, and the autumn; the honeymoon, and the return, and the first settling in the old house; whilst the elms budded with early spring, or made his walk underneath cool with their shade, or showed new hues and colours beautiful beyond those of the dreamy summer. Poor fellow! very late guests indeed, were home and its pleasures for him; and the winter was come already.

No wonder was it, when the clergyman and his good wife sat and talked thus together, that all her pleasant manner should fade away, and that the thoughts of the future should be very gloomy.

Meanwhile the poor sufferer grew worse and worse, less fit, day after day, to meet the struggle that was in store. It was touching to see her, so young and so beautiful—a loveliness beyond the beauty of health. Those blue eyes, their sparkle all gone, but large, and wistfully looking up at you. Her mind, too, had put on a new beauty, as if God were preparing her for that kingdom which she was so soon to see.

Soon there came a day when John sat waiting anxiously in that little drawing-room, which more than any other room in the house was full of associations and memories of her. It was a still day in mid-winter, and the ground outside was hard and crisp with the frost. He had sat there waiting and thinking for full half an hour, and a world of strange hopes and fears had come and gone, and left him still anxious. He could hear steps over his head, up there in the sick-room, and he knew that the doctor had been sent for, and that the dreaded time had come. He paced up and down the room silently, listening with intense attention for every sound overhead, or for every footstep upon the staircase. He heard the carriage drive up to the door, and the soft tread of the doctor above. Everything that his eye caught seized upon his mind, and forced it down to the one train of thought. Her wedding presents lay scattered over the table; the pair of bronzes on the chimneypiece, that she used to take such pride in, were the rector's gift; her piano, closed and silent now, had the music that he liked—the pieces he was sure to call for, during that half hour between dinner and tea, lying ready to hand. On the walls were his portrait and hers; hers so graceful and fresh in the blue and white sprigged muslin, in which he had first seen her, not a year ago—these things all came upon his sight, and pressed themselves like shadows upon his brain, while he listened for every sound overhead.

What a dull, still day it was, the frost velveting the leaves of the ivy that hung from the wall. Tired with walking the room, he twisted his chair from the fire, and looked out upon the little garden.

There was a robin hopping about the ground, and taking short flights from one bush to another. He watched it, half amused with the vain way it perched from tree to tree, disposing itself, as he thought, with a manifest eye to effect. It was off again, and this time he found it niched in the handle of a spade, and from this perch it poured forth the softest and saddest trill of a song, so sad that his thoughts wandered no longer, but returned to the old subject.

He turned from the window, drew down the blind, and sat over the fire. Her chair was there, at the other side of the hearthrug; little knick-knacks of ornament on the chimneypiece told him of her. He had avoided this room since her illness, and now everything in it seemed so strange without her. He could hear footsteps overhead—a stealthy tread down the staircase—the hall-door shut gently, and the doctor's carriage drive away. He listened for the slightest sound. The great house-clock in the landing ticked, ticked, ticked, measuring out the race for the strong and the fleet. Then he heard a step again in the sick-room, and how delicately must he have listened, when he knew that the door up-stairs was opened.

He heard the rustle of the dress upon the landing. Why did she come so slowly? She hesitated. She stopped, and then went back again into the room.

He buried his face in his hands, and dreaded to

think what all this might mean. Again he heard the door softly opened, and the footstep upon the staircase, and all along the passage, and down till she came to his own door, and then, after hesitating a moment outside, he heard the handle gently turned, and he knew that she was in the room. He dared not look up; he dared not speak and ask, but his face was still buried in his hands.

She came and stood by his chair, and touched him. "John," she said, and as she spoke he felt her tears drop upon his hand; "John," she said, "God is very good; we cannot tell what is laid up for any of us, but we know that his mercy endures for ever."

She took the hand which he held out to her, and she led him with her out of the room. They passed up the staircase, where the old clock ticked sadly and solemnly as they went by it; they moved along the passage, and pushed open the door of the room. The nurse met him, holding in her arms the little baby, wrapped in flannel, and crying feebly. He pushed it aside with his arm;—boy or girl, what was it to him—he pushed it aside, and walked straight to the bed, the curtains were drawn, but with trembling hand he opened them and looked in. So still, so fair, so peaceful; but passed away! The eyes that had always sought his, closed now, and the little busy throbbing heart chill and still for ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PIETY OF GRATITUDE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



AVID, on one occasion of his chequered life, was so disquieted, and cast down so low, as to detect himself distrusting God's mercy and promise. His depression was the penalty of his

having forgotten God's former dealings with him. Then he suddenly checked himself by recalling his past deliverances, meekly confessing, "This is mine infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

To aid the readers of *THE QUIVER* to make a similar improvement of their former mercies, especially those associated with passing judgments, I beg their attention to a few thoughts on the piety of gratitude. Gratitude is more than recognition; it is a thankful commemoration of special acts of the Divine goodness. Our country has been the scene of a series of visitations from pestilence, from the results of foreign war, and scarcity of food, arising from a grievous murrain among our flocks and herds. One after another the judgments have come and gone, and it is a

solemn question for each one to put to himself: What impressions have they left surviving? "It becometh well the just to be thankful." Are we habitually so? Does gratitude for past mercies find its way into our prayers, abiding as a welcome, happy, sacred guest in our hearts? If not, the use of the old judgments, like bees perishing with their sting, has passed away with their inflection, and only left our hearts harder than before. The old mercies which, perhaps, softened us at the time, like water on cement, being forgotten and unimproved, have had that petrifying effect upon our emotions which sets into the prophet's "stony heart." A rule of grateful recollection, and rehearsal of God's movements towards us, would have helped us to keep alive their sanctifying powers. There is no duty of personal piety more bounden, or more edifying, than these thankful reminiscences. They constitute the religion of the memory, from the neglect of which that noble faculty of the mind is excluded from its proper ministry. The terms

"unthankful and unholy" are bracketed together as cause and effect. Thanksgiving becomes gratitude only when it embraces the past in its fervent recognition of present blessings. Thanksgiving which ignores the past, and accepts present mercies only as so many earnest of their future supply, like "a form of godliness without the power," is a hollow mockery of grateful feeling, whose reaction blunts the devout sentiment, and defiles the sacrifice of praise. Thanksgiving, as an act of true personal piety, requires an exercise of feeling, of expression, and of remembrance.

First, it must be felt; the claim on our praise must be realised. St. James distinguishes between the man who "says he has faith," and the heart-felt believer who has faith indeed; and St. John, between the man who "says he loves God," and the true filial love of a child of God. We should sit down beside the heap of loving-kindnesses, which "the God of all consolation," in his never-failing providence and grace, has accumulated round our hearths and homes, in order to form some estimate of what we owe him. We must try to appreciate their amount, and it will assist us in the effort if we institute similar calculations of the mercies shown to, or withheld from, others. St. James's words—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction"—imply, among other meanings, that a religion of thankfulness is apt to be quickened by such visits of brotherly love and charity. A more earnest spirit of grateful piety may be kindled at the moving spectacle of a widowed mother, struggling and toiling in the midst of the little orphan circle that has lost its centre, magnanimously hiding her tears, with a kind of manly resolution, lest the young hearts, who have no other resource but hers—little hearts that could not bear much sorrow, should feel their loss too keenly when they saw that she was vanquished by it. Oh, holy martyrdom of many a mother! That widowed heart, broken as it is, is yet strong enough to bear the whole burthen of the fatherless creatures, without wincing, or betraying a fragment of the agony it cost her. Lean hard as you please, young orphan children, on that bruised and fractured spirit—she who in pain and sorrow bore each one of you, and yet kissed the little infant, unconscious cruelty, in the earliest pangs of its parentage, has still love enough to prolong the anguish of its birth, by assuming the willing burthen of its life, and play out the mother till death them do part.

To really magnify our own mercies, we should look at them through the glass of others' miseries; to feel the warmth of our own firesides, we should glance at the cold hearth extinguished in *his* dust, who has lately returned, ashes to ashes; to estimate

the sweet peace and privilege of a spared household, whom the destroying angel has not touched, even with his wing in passing, we should translate our sympathies to the bereaved family, smitten, like the homes of Egypt, with a darkness that may be *felt*, and with the death of more than the firstborn. Their "great cry" should be as a pathetic accompaniment to our jubilant and thankful psalmodies; and thus, walking from the house of mourning into the house of prayer, our strongly-impressed and solemnised conviction should be, like that which David sang: "O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready; I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have." "Awake, lute and harp." But these are not the only instruments, nor indeed the chief ones, in the melodies of spiritual praise. God's harp, when "the wind that bloweth where it listeth" sweeps across its tender chords, like an *Æolian*, waking sweet and gentle echoes of heavenly music—that harp, like the upper tabernacle, "is not made with hands." *That* harp is the sanctified soul itself—an attuned and harmonised soul, pitched to the joyous note of "glory to God in the highest;" and when its glad hosannas sing, "Awake, lute and harp," it adds, "I *myself* will awake right early." This was the second essential characteristic of thanksgiving, that it should be *expressed* as well as felt; as the term implies, not merely thanks, but the *giving* of thanks.

Thanks is a sweet old Saxon word, ancient as our language, and sacred in its Scriptural associations. Like "alms," "thanks" is seldom, if ever, used in the singular, as if to imply, by its soft, grateful plural, the obligation to frequency, the rule of repeated reminiscences.

If the congregations that crowded our churches on the last fast-day, when the hand of judgment tolled the dread service, and fear was the handmaid to the public devotions, soon, and so soon, unhappily, dwindle down to the *few* solitary strangers, who, like the Samaritan leper, *return* to give glory to God;—if the joyous chimes of thanksgiving be less attractive and influential than the grim knell of the plague, both plague and passover, judgment and mercy, will have visited us, as a people, in vain. Their dread functions will only have ministered to our greater condemnation. God often strikes again, where the first blow leaves no impression, or one that was too soon effaced. When the earth is unsoftened and unfruitful under the hail-storm, "the clouds return after the rain." Let us not, by our insensibility to God's obvious presence of late years in the midst of us, tempt him to come back in that shape again.

Let us acknowledge, after all our increased and now considerable experience with the various forms which, for instance, cholera assumes, that

its mysteriousness is fearful as its fatality; that David alone defines it accurately as "a pestilence that walketh in darkness," like the angel in the cloud, or like Him who, under cover of midnight, turned the camp of the Assyrians into their sepulchre, and left not a living sentinel to salute the break of day! We cannot disguise the fact, that the awful malady seems now to be naturalised among us, as a chronic epidemic, and thus becomes one of those rough, sharp, faithful preachers, whose invariable text is, "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye know not the Son of man cometh!"

The comparative failure of remedial agents is another mark of special interposition on the part of God. Medicine, unable to compete with the power of the plague, like the magicians of Egypt, involuntarily admits, "This is the finger of God!"

It is a strong enforcement of the bidding, "Cease ye from man," and a solemn adjuration to us all: "Turn ye to the Lord your God." "My song," said David, "shall be of mercy and of judgment." Not of mercy oblivious of the judgment, nor of judgment distrustful of the mercy, but of both, praising God for both, grateful for both, whether they visit us in a national or individual form; and thus, by his grace, neither the one nor the other will have been sent on their awakening errand in vain.

Lastly, this thankfulness must be *remembered*. The use of man's emotion is to "feel after God." The use of his speech is to express that feeling; the use of his memory is to store it up in the mind. Monuments are helps to memory, and God's monuments are his ordinances. If you would diligently remember God, habitually refresh your memories by waiting upon him in his ordinances, and in them continually call to mind "his lovingkindness, which is better than life." Look back to gracious antecedents of his love and mercy, many of them known only to the recipients, and say with the grateful Psalmist, "I will remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon." We do not know what were the mercies which David received in the vale of Jordan, or on the hill-sides of Hermon. We should never have heard of them but for his grateful strains of remembrance; and his lesson on the piety of gratitude would have been lost to the Church, had he not recalled them, perhaps, long years after their occurrence. We may be sure if "the man after God's own heart" found such an exercise of memory profitable, it cannot be otherwise than "to the use of edifying" for our own souls. It sets to music Christian experience; it is singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord, whether the themes of our thanksgivings be joyous or mourn-

ful; whether they wake their echo in a valley of Baca or a festival of Cana.

I knew an aged Christian, whose life was one of large acquaintance and close communion with God, who at stated seasons used to introduce into her family-worship most of the past memorabilia of her household—both its joys and sorrows, its gains and losses; her children that were spared to her, and those of whom she had been bereaved, mentioning by name both the living and the dead, in one common act of praise and thanksgiving. They were very solemn occasions of deeply pathetic interest to all who heard her. For she could speak of the departed without faltering lips, and bless God without a tear, that she "sorrowed not as others, without hope."

The piety of gratitude, undiminished by trials, and untarnished by forgetfulness, wove a peculiar charm into her personal religion. The sorrowful things among her reminiscences, operating as the effect of a shade, only threw out in more beautiful relief the brighter tints of her life-picture; both, like the cloud, or the luminous pillar, commemorating the presence and glorifying the leadings of her covenant God!

May that blessed Spirit, whose office it is to "bring to our remembrance all things which the Lord hath said unto us," and all that he has done for us, and with us, sanctify our memories, and make them inner means of grace, by recalling all we owe to our long-suffering, gracious God, for past blessings and warnings; for past deliverances, whether in national or individual trials and dangers, and whether from public or personal besetting sins, that so among the oblations we lay upon thy altars, O Lord of hosts—Lord of hosts of mercies, as well as of hosts of men and angels—we may "offer year by year continually" the sacrifice of a holy thankfulness, which can never cease to be sufficiently grateful for mercies more in number than the hairs of our heads, and, like their loving, gracious Giver, enduring for ever.

God puts a sustaining, reassuring power into the piety of gratitude. It enables the soul to reason itself out of its present misgivings, by falling back into the arms of past reliefs. Hence the force of David's plea: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me: *therefore* will I remember thee from the land of Jordan." The old mercy shall staunch the blood of the fresh wound; or the old judgment, which proved a movable tabernacle, shall rise up from the tomb of memory to certify the believer "He will not always chide: neither will his anger last for ever."

Hence the policy, as well as duty, of obedience to the precept: "Remember *all* the way" (the rough as well as the smooth way) "the Lord thy God hath led thee."

BABY PRAYING.

KNEELING lowly, saying slowly
 Short and simple infant's prayer,
 In words broken, and scarce spoken,
 Angels bending closely there;
 And our great God, throned in splendour,
 King of kings and Lord of lords,
 Hearing mid the mighty thunder
 Every one of baby's words:
 Thunder of the nations' making
 As *they* pour *their* loud acclaim,
 Thunder of the heavens shaking
 Where the lightnings burst to flame.

"Father, mother, sister, brother,
 And good Margery, my nurse,"
 These she prays for, daily prays for;
 Then repeats her pretty verse
 All about the tiny sparrows,
 And the lilies white and tall,
 And in heaven the long bright star rows,
 And the God that made them all:
 These, and names of olden story,
 Joseph, Moses, Samuel,
 And Himself, the Lord of glory,
 Who became a child as well.

Guileless baby! ah, it may be,
 She can better pray than we:
 Touching nearly, seeing clearly,
 What to us is mystery.
 She has learnt her little lesson—
 Knows it: does she know no more?
 Fewer far the sins that press on
 Her young heart to cloud it o'er.
 We have thoughts, our minds dismaying,
 That from guilt's dark problems rise;
 And they come when we are praying—
 Thoughts more curious than wise.

Little maiden, lightly laden
 With the cares that make us sigh;
 Thine no sorrow of to-morrow
 Chequering this evening's sky:
 Thine no night without its slumber,
 Nor without its sun the day;
 Thine no griefs we may not number,
 And with kisses charm away.
 Silken are thy baby tresses;
 Ours are shot with early frost:
 Fond and trustful thy caresses;
 Our affections cold and crost.

REV. W. J. SMITH, B.A.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE OGLIVIES OF OGLIVIE.



LN evil days the warp of our story, the threads which run from generation to generation, were spun and dyed; and though the woof is of the fairer colours which are those of our own everyday life, throughout all the pattern the darker threads must run.

I am not going back to the times which exist for us only in books. The "bad old times" of which I speak still live in the minds of those few whose memories stretch back to the opening of the century, the memories and the men alike fading. But many of us retain vivid impressions of them, as depicted to us by living witnesses, now silent for ever.

They were times of war. The babes of that generation were cradled in war and nursed in war; at war they played as children, and to war they were marched as men.

They were times of famine. As early as 1795 mobs in London were shouting round the King's coach for "Peace and Bread!" and as the century closed this foe of the poor came to a very death-grapple.

And, worst of all, they were times of widespread domestic corruption. Through all the miseries of war, and above all the groanings of the people,

rose the maddening sound of the riot of a senseless crew.

In Bleakshire, in the corner of the island where this story is transacted, the suffering was extreme. There, if anywhere, the invader was expected to descend. The flower of its youth were tempted, bribed, or pressed into active service. Its stiff soil and inclement skies made it the first to suffer from the prevailing dearth. And there, in town, and camp, and castle, grew rampant a more reckless libertinism than was, perhaps, to be found anywhere else throughout the land. The private history of its noble families is rife with strange and tragic stories of these days. Some date from them their decay; others it swept from the face of the earth, which could no longer support their iniquities.

Even in these evil days the Oglivies of Oglivie had an evil name. In the little fishing villages that nestled here and there along the coast of Bleakshire, setting their backs to the bare rock and their faces to the rude sea, to grapple with it for very life, wild Sir Alexander was regarded, by sober men and pious matrons, as a man reprobate and accursed, who was destined to die "an ill death" as soon as he had filled up the measure of his iniquity. In the little moorland farms, dotted over the bleak uplands where he and his companions from "the castle" ranged in the shooting season, startling the lonely places



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Angels bending closely there."—p. 8.

with their oaths, and blasphemies, and half-drunken laughter, the mother sent her blooming daughter "ben the hoose," and served them herself with the warm milk into which they emptied their flasks of rum and brandy, while she strictly charged the maiden on no account to peep from her covert till they were gone. The people felt towards him as they might towards a bird of prey, against whom they could only act in self-defence, and not always succeed in that. The castle was his eyrie, and thither he gathered others like himself. Lesser birds of prey trooped in his train and sheltered within the sweep of his wing. There was the secret still on the moors, where whisky was made that never paid tax to the King, but paid tithe to Oglivie; and there was the strange barque that at midnight sent on shore a cargo purchased with something brighter and redder than gold. But with him and his deeds my story, happily, has little to do; only all stories have their roots in the past, and "wild Sir Alexander," sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind, was preparing an aftergrowth of misery for the time to come.

Castle Oglivie was a fit home for such a man. Built on a rock, its granite walls battered by the storm, its garden sown with salt by the spray-laden winds, so that no tender flower would grow there, the moan of the sea filled it for ever. But it was no fit home for women. It seemed fatal to all gentle things. It was said that the brides who crossed its threshold shuddered as with a death-chill; and, for two generations, at least, they had speedily been carried out again, to rest where no chill could reach them, either of granite walls or hearts of stone.

So it had fared with the first wife of "wild Sir Alexander." Her ways were quiet and sober, and her husband had left her to pine alone, as soon as a single summer of her wedded life was over. The winter and life's heaviest disappointment struck their chills into her heart, and she died, leaving twin daughters to be reared in the inclement soil where she had perished.

But where she had perished they had lived and grown, sheltered by the kindly arms of humble nurses, and nurtured by the pious care of a poor dependant. They grew up unheeded by their father, who was now here, now there—only swooping down upon his lands, from time to time, with some of his riotous town companions, to hatch some fresh mischief, and to carry off what he could to the gambling-tables of Bleaktown or London.

The sisters had learned to cling to each other in fear and trembling at his coming, with the storm of curses it brought upon everybody and everything at the castle. At least, the one clung and trembled, while the other stood firm in the front and did battle when need was. The one sister was the shadow of the other in every way. They were never apart so much as an hour. Wonderfully alike in feature and gesture, the one was yet thinner, fainter, and feebler than the other; like the same note on different keys. Where Miss Janet was low and plaintive, Miss Margery was loud and indignant. Miss Janet left

to herself would have been wavering and purposeless, but she seemed, in following her sister, less to bend than to be inspired by the stronger will.

As they grew older, their father was more with them. He began to lack the means for his expensive pleasures abroad, and to indulge in them more at home; and the girls would stand at their room-door in the dark, and listen with a curious awe as the sounds of voices, and the rattle of dice, and the shout of laughter echoed through the rooms below far into the night. White with terror, they had hearkened to the still more terrible sounds of strife: and when, after a heavy fall, they had seen their father carried insensible to his room, they had reason for their dread, that some day he would be carried there a dead, if not a murdered man; but the next morning he would be gulping down half a tumblerful of brandy, and going out for the day, swearing that everything was going to the dogs.

Thus their girlhood passed, and their first youth went by, till two forlorn women, with premature lines in their colourless faces and premature threads of grey in their red locks, looked out upon the changeless and yet unresting sea, and on a horizon of life as wild and as monotonous.

Of the comings and goings of Sir Alexander Oglivie, his household kept no reckoning; but it was after a more prolonged absence than usual that, one night, early in the last year of the century, he returned bringing a lady with him. The sisters were sitting by their fire—necessary in these bleak regions almost all the year round—listening to the wail of the March wind, when they were roused by the stir of the arrival; and shortly after, Sir Alexander came to them, leading in a fair young creature, faint and weary with travel, so it seemed, wet with salt seawater and disordered by the blast. To his daughters, struck dumb with astonishment, he presented her as his wife, and requested—only the tone was a command—that she might be kindly cared for. To their somewhat cold greeting she returned no answer, and as he left her in their hands, and went off to join the man he had brought with him, Sir Alexander added, "She will do no harm with her tongue at least."

Wonderingly, but still kindly and with awkward attempts at tenderness, they tried to find out her wants, and tend and comfort her—their new mother, more like a younger sister to them; but, except sobs and loudly-uttered sighs, she made no attempt to reply, and they set her down as a foreigner who did not understand their speech. On the morrow they were to learn why their questions had remained unanswered, and they felt a shock of mingled pity and horror on hearing that their father's wife was deaf and dumb, that their new companion would never be able to understand or to answer word of theirs.

On the morrow, in presence of the sisters, took place a parting between the new Lady Oglivie and one who had accompanied her to the castle on the previous night. He was a seafaring man, of bold and resolute bearing. They had seen him there before. The

parting was proof of near relationship between him and the dumb girl, who clung about his neck with tears and passionate mute entreaties. In the presence of the stranger, Sir Alexander made his daughters promise to treat her, as his wife, with dutiful love and care, and the look with which the former led her to a seat beside them, and left her there, was half appeal half menace.

The new Lady Oglvie must have been a wealthy bride, for there was plenty of gold going at the castle after she came, and it had been scant enough before her coming. How it had been come by was another matter, and one which no one inquired into. Sixty years ago wealth and wives were not always come by in the peaceable way in which they are acquired in our soberer and less picturesque days. But though there was greater plenty at the castle, its lord did not long remain there. As in earlier days, he absented himself, leaving his dumb wife to the care of his daughters, who were faithful to their promise, to the letter and also to the spirit. Resentment against their father, strong in Miss Margery, fainter in Miss Janet, mingled with pity for the dumb sharer of their sorrows.

The last night of the century was one of storm and tempest more furious than any in the memory of man. It began in the afternoon of the previous day, and raved throughout the next with unabated fury. Along the iron-bound coast of Bleakshire the German Ocean rose and dashed itself in insurrection. The huge waves leapt into the jaws of the rocks and were churned through their teeth into a milky froth. The wind rushed, and shrieked, and trampled, and trumpeted into the coves and gulleys whirling balls of foam over the highest cliffs. The dawn of the new year's morning saw sixty wrecks, great and small, along that coast alone.

All the afternoon, the dumb wife sat watching the sea from her favourite station in a deep bay-window over the cliff. As the wind and the sea rose, a wild restlessness seemed to take possession of her. Pacing up and down the room was no noticeable feature, for that was her common custom, and halting in the window for another look over the sea. But she would go down and stand on the cliff and pace about there, till she had to crouch before the blast, and hold fast by the tufts of coarse grass that grew on the bank, to keep her from being whirled away. She was impatient too of the presence of the sisters, and made passionate signs to be left alone. How they longed to be able to soothe her with words, but, alas! they could only understand her meaning when material wants were in question. They had no mutual language for the wants and desires of the soul. At length, she sought them eagerly, pointing from the window to a ship nearing that perilous shore under bare poles. The darkness was coming down, and the ship in peril; but her own peril had come to the poor dumb wife, and she went down in it, pleading with outstretched arms and wild appealing eyes for something, they knew not what. He might have known if he had been there.

In that wild night the heir of Oglvie was born. In the morning light a motherless infant lay on Margery Oglvie's knees, and the ship in the offing had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIR OF OGLVIE.

MARGERY and Janet Oglvie welcomed the weak and sickly infant left in their hands, as hungry creatures welcome food. They were too near, too identical as it were, to fill up to each other that hunger of the woman's heart, to spend itself and to be spent on another. They felt their hearts withering, though they could not have said that this was what made their lives look poorer and sadder, and more colourless day by day; and the coming of the child was like rain on the dry grass.

They got a nurse from one of the little clusters of labourer's cottages on the estate—a tall, soft, sweet-spoken Highland woman, who had lost her own baby, and was ready to give the little stranger all the fondling care she would have given to her own: for in her part of the country the relation of foster-mother is held in great esteem. But as time went on, instead of loving her nursling, as the honest creature was prepared to do, she began to shrink from it more and more. All her nursing would not plump out the small skinny limbs. The wee white face grew more and more weird-like every day, and the secret of the nurse's care came out at last, in tears and lamentations, while she owned her belief that the "bairn was no cannie." In other words, the superstitious creature considered that the child was not altogether of the earth, and that it was hardly safe to nourish and cherish it. So the nurse went away, and the sisters took on themselves the task of rearing their baby-brother. Then it dawned on them that there was something strange about the child.

"See how he stares about, and never seems to notice anything," said Janet, as she looked on the little creature in her sister's lap. "Perhaps it's because he is like his mother. Oh, Margery, what if he is like her!" she added, with a burst of unwonted tears.

"Hush, Janet!" said Margery, "I've been thinking of that, though I did not like to speak; and if it is so, it's the judgment of God, and we have no right to rebel against it."

The hard look which came into her face was perhaps more rebellious than Janet's tears.

"Could we not find out, Margery?" ventured the latter, after a pause; "it would be better to know the worst. Let us make a noise and see if it will scare him."

But the child began to start and cry, as was his wont, and so they were obliged to put off the experiment till he was asleep. As soon as he was laid in his cradle, Janet whispered, "Now!" but Margery sat down in her chair, and took her knitting and began to rock gently with her foot, answering, also in a whisper, "No, let him sleep awhile first."

Down in that woman's heart there was a deep well of tenderness, though it came little to the hard surface. She sat there an hour in silence, schooling herself to wake an infant from its sleep.

"Try now," she said, breaking it at last.

Janet brought a heavy bell to ring over the cradle; but her sister seized it ere it swayed. "That would raise the whole house," she whispered, with a flush of impatience, betraying her pride, and reticence. "Let something fall." Janet went to the hearth and made a vigorous clash of metal, by letting fall one of the fire-irons; whilst Margery continued rocking gently with her foot. Not a start, not a movement stirred the cradled child, from whom "the world was at one opening quite shut out." The sisters looked at each other, and Janet knew by Margery's face that there was nothing to be said.

Since it had turned out a weaking, Sir Alexander had shown but a feeble interest in his heir; and when Margery at his next advent made known to him the calamity of his child, he answered with a curse, which Margery flung back with her steel-blue eyes, as she said, "You need not call for curses, for they will come sure enough, only the curse causeless shall not come!"

There are some in our days who believe that an evil course of life, especially a life of habitual drunkenness—and such was very common among the gentry fifty years ago—induces a kind of moral insanity. I for one believe it: there comes a time when the most powerful motives fail to move the man of sin. He has brought on himself paralysis of the will, and can no more escape, that is, humanly speaking, from the power of his bad propensity, cost him what it may, than a paralytic can run from the fire which is leaping towards his bed. So it seemed to fare with Sir Alexander Oglivie. Neither fearing God nor regarding man from his youth up, he went on his way, more and more defying the judgment of Heaven, more and more heedless of every human obligation. Making himself mad with cursing, mad with passion, mad with drink, his life of pleasure had turned into a life of torture, to which he added day by day. But the end was at hand.

He and another, a near kinsman, and brother in iniquity, were riding to the castle along the high road on the cliff. They had been to the camp near Bleaktown, and both had been drinking and losing at play all night, and now it was fair broad daylight. Sir Alexander's horse became restive from the rude handling of his half-tipsy rider, and Gilbert Oglivie, who was comparatively sober, had more than once urged restraint. But the demon of rage was in his kinsman's heart, and every now and then he plunged his spurs into the creature's sides, at the same time reining him tight as he darted forward. Suddenly, at a narrow and dangerous part of the road, the animal, who had lost his temper too, and with greater reason than the other who mastered him, reared and swerved till his fore-legs for a moment actually overhung the precipice. In another, Sir Alexander had swung him round and flung himself off. No

sooner were horse and man standing on solid ground, than the master brute began to use the whip with all the force of ungovernable rage. But it seemed as if the nobler animal had thrown off restraint, and defied him, rearing, plunging, and kicking, and baffling his showering strokes.

"Now stop, Oglivie, stop!" cried his sobered companion.

He did not stop, but stepping back for vantage ground to inflict a heavier blow, he reeled a pace too far, and disappeared over the cliff.

He was not gone, however. In his left hand he held the bridle, and the powerful creature stood the tug and strain, backing against the bank behind him, though trembling in every limb with the sudden shock.

"Hold on!" cried his companion, dismounting, and flinging himself on the ground full length, while he looked over the edge, and reached his hand; but Sir Alexander had clutched a ledge of rock, and could not seize it without greater danger. He loosed the bridle and seized another ledge, and by planting his feet in the fissures of the rock, would soon have scrambled to the path, but in a moment the ledge crumbled in his hands, the loosened rein was jerked from his hold, and he fell, rolled rapidly over the stones, and then dropped noiselessly into the abyss below.

What were Gilbert Oglivie's feelings at that moment no one ever knew. A poor man passing to his work had witnessed the close of the tragedy, and was on the spot in time to keep the other from going over the cliff after his kinsman.

"Ye maun ride round, sir—a cat couldna keep her feet below the broo o' that craig!" was the countryman's speech; and seeing it was too true, Gilbert Oglivie rode round, and warned the servants at the castle, and told them to prepare the ladies for the worst.

On his return with the dead, Margery refused to see him. Her father had "died by the judgment of God"—that was her stern verdict; but neither truce nor parley would she hold with any who had aided and abetted the course on which that judgment overtook him.

The estate was not entailed, but had been settled by deed on the children of Sir Alexander and their heirs, passing first to the male children, and then to the females. So that it had not been in the father's power to alienate the property, as he might otherwise have done.

Margery and Janet were, however, left totally unprovided for, with the exception of a small property called "The Forest House," several miles inland, which they inherited from a relative. It was found, too, that their father had appointed them guardians of his children by the second marriage, in the event of his death, by a deed drawn up at the time of that marriage, and which, they surmised, was none of his suggesting.

To this house of theirs, with the allowance provided for the infant, the sisters resolved to retire,

They were still young women, though people spoke of them as old. "Old maids" they were called, at the time when other women are in the midst of the cares of early motherhood.

Margery, as usual, led the way. "It's a dull house we're going to," she said to her sister; "but not duller than our days will be."

"Do you think he will ever be like other bairns, Margery?" said Janet, alluding to a still darker fate in store for the unconscious heir.

"Never, never," answered Margery; "the bairn's a born idiot. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation," she murmured, bitterly; "but there will be neither third nor fourth in our line."

Poor Margery! she forgot the redeeming clause of the terrible penalty—the loving ones who are made the channels of mercy even to those on whom that penalty falls most heavily.

CHAPTER III.

DELAUBE.

IN the early part of the last century, the house of Delaube had been built to receive an Oglivie and his foreign wife. The origin of the name no one thought of. It was among the things forgotten, and its poetic meaning, *de l'aube*, "of the dawn," had been lost sight of in the neighbourhood. It was built of the white-and-blue granite of the district, which, when fresh from the quarry, sparkles like sugar-loaf in the sun. The granite was rough hewn and the house plain and unpretending. It rose three storeys high on its little hill, down which its garden ran, cut into terraced slopes, with steps of granite between. An old-fashioned garden, with old-fashioned flowers of the hardiest sorts, was the garden of Delaube. Hardy flowers they needs were, facing as they did the east wind and the sea. The sea, however, was miles away, though always in sight—a cloud of grey in hazy weather, a belt of shimmering silver in the sunshine.

Between the house and the sea stretched the lands of Oglivie, beginning with a broad belt of fir-wood at the foot of the little hill. Round the back of this hill the firs had marched their ranks, and up its western slopes; nay, they had clothed it all round, as with a sombre cloak, save on the east, where the garden ran into the few small fields that formed the miniature domain. From the windows could be seen, far away in the west, the grand outlines of the Highland hills. The house caught the first glimpse of the dawn, flushing out all over in its light; but whether because of this, or because it had witnessed the dawn of a new day to the first dwellers there, it had been named Delaube, no one knew or cared.

The century was twenty years old; the bad old times had passed away. George III. had died, old and mad and blind, the saddest and most sobering spectacle that was ever perhaps offered to a nation, to teach it the vanity of earthly greatness. There was peace at last. The passions of war had worn them-

selves out, its wounds were healing over, and its sad and miserable wrecks had drifted into quiet havens, or altogether disappeared.

But there are sadder wrecks than even these: the wrecks of stormy passions and lives of sin.

Just such a stranded wreck in the sea of life was Gilbert Oglivie, of Delaube. It is needless to go back upon his past. He had been much abroad, his branch of the family having close ties with France, and his wife also being a Frenchwoman. Till the breaking out of the Revolution, his only son had remained among his mother's relatives in Paris, and shortly after his return to his father's house, had joined a militia regiment in which the former held command.

But not many years of active life remained to Gilbert Oglivie, in which to retrace his steps towards a better life than he had led in company with his cousin, wild Sir Alexander. It was said that he had begun to do this; but, be that as it may, while yet, as it seemed, in full vigour, he was smitten with paralysis, and condemned to drag out what was left of life as a hopeless cripple.

At the time of his enforced retirement, there was nothing left of his modest fortune, except his place at Delaube, which he and his son had visited at intervals and kept up; if maintaining an old servant there could be said to keep it from falling into decay. At one time Louis Oglivie had been more at the place than his father, having, for reasons of his own, exchanged into a regiment stationed near Blacktown. But that was before his father's calamity.

The young man had been a universal favourite, except with his father, who cherished for him a sort of contemptuous toleration, rather than affection. Gilbert Oglivie was of great stature and stately bearing; his son was small and almost effeminate. The father was handsome, the son might with justice have been called beautiful; but Louis Oglivie was gay and volatile, and wanting in the only virtues which his father recognised in a man—the will to do and the soul to dare. His was one of those sweet, but easily-spoiled natures, whose hearts when they are corrupted, seem to rot to the very core, and to leave them a mere pulp of soulless selfishness.

When the militia were disbanded, at the close of the war, Louis Oglivie went back to Paris, and Delaube had not seen him since. He had taken his leave with very little ceremony; for, instead of complying with his request for money, his father had insisted on his taking possession of his little daughter, then a child of five years old, an encumbrance to which he was by no means inclined.

So it had come to pass that little Peggy Oglivie was left at Delaube, where nobody wanted her, except perhaps Jean, the faithful old servant who had nursed her father. She was left there simply because she was not wanted anywhere else.

And in the household on which she had been thrust there was neither youth nor love. She alone was of the dawn; round its other inmates the shadows had gathered, and were gathering, for the coming night.

Gilbert Oglivie sat all day in the chair to which Jean and her helpmate, "Tammas," carried him every morning, and which was wheeled out into the garden, when the weather would permit. There he sat looking out, with his grey eyes hidden under their thick and grisly eyebrows, on the distant line of sea and sky, with what thoughts of the past for company no one knew. He had taken little or no notice of the child, only when she had begun to chatter to the things about her, speaking to the little birds, and to the bushes, as if they could understand her speech, he had one day called to Jean to take away "the brat," and Peggy had been ignominiously carried off to the region of cabbages and currant-bushes to the rear, where she made herself, in a very short time, equally happy.

For Peggy had, fortunately, been gifted with one of those natures which are irrepressible as light itself. She was regardless of the frowns of fate, in the shape of the grandfather, in whose name every louder outburst of grief or glee was summarily checked by Jean. She would toddle up to him, with some mere knot of a bud or flower which she had plucked stalkless, or some unripe fruit which she had gathered from the ground, and expect him to share in her delight. Poor little one! it was like calling on the dead to live.

And yet in time the fearless confidence of innocence won its way, and Gilbert Oglivie would pat the fresh cheek with his long thin finger, and even once, when Jean, hearing her voice louder than usual in front of the house, would have snatched her away, he sternly bade her leave the child alone, while Jean went back to her kitchen, shaking her head over the perversity of men who were never twice in one mind.

On windy days Tammas wheeled his master out as usual, and knew that, unless the storm brought rain as well, he must be left there to encounter the blast in his own way. Nothing seemed to rouse him so much as the wind. He pressed his close-fitting skull-cap of black velvet down upon his brows, while the blast lifted the grey locks which escaped from beneath it,

and leaning forward, seemed as if every moment he would burst the bonds which held him and go forth a free man once more. Alas! it only roused a mad rebellion in the soul which had that helpless body for its prison-house, which vented itself in curses on those limbs which would never more obey the will of their owner, and in wild words against the Power which withheld complete destruction of soul and body.

On one of these days little Peggy had crept up behind her grandfather's chair, and had listened to words which one would not think it well for a little child to hear. The words she but half understood, but the mood was sufficiently intelligible, and she crept away again, awed and thoughtful, taking refuge with Jean, who was baking in the kitchen.

After standing beside her quietly for some time, and not, as usual, making demands for meal to bake miniature cakes with, the child plucked at Jean's skirt and whispered, gravely, "Why is grandfather angry with God? is he bad, Jean?"

Jean stopped to look down at the questioner, and comprehending well enough what had taken place, she answered, with equal gravity, "You must never say that again, Peggy. Grandfather's a sore sufferer; the hand o' his Maker's heavy on him, and ye maun pity him, my bairn! How would ye like to be tied to a chair frae morn to night, and never be able to move without a helpin' hand?"

Very silently the child had stolen away again, and drawn near to the old man, and, leaning her head on his arm, looked up in his face with a look of wistful concern, and lisped out, "I am velly solly for poor grandpapa." Pity from any other source would have roused the lion nature of the man to rage, but for once he drew the child into his bosom and kissed her.

Such was the home and such the surroundings amid which, with little change from day to day, Peggy Oglivie grew to be a *douce* and yet merry little maiden of ten years old.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

"**I** SHOULD like to break them, I should!"

"Oh, Miss Edith! break what?"

"Break the nasty spectacles."

"What! your dear grandmamma's glasses, do you mean?"

"Yes I do!" answered the little lady, sharply. "She says she uses them because they make things grow bigger, and I know that's why my faults look so big to her; all the little, littlest things I do—ever so little—grow as big, as big through granny's nasty spectacles!"

The servant, in whose ears this grievance was volubly poured forth by the little girl, smiled as she answered, "Then you must ask grandmamma to take

them off when you are going to do some of those very naughty little things."

"That would be no good; for if I had time to think of that, I should have time to think it was naughty, and I shouldn't do it."

"Then you do not like coming to stay with grandmamma, I suppose?"

"Yes, I do, because she's very kind when I am good; and I like the country so much better than London; I always feel well here, and have not got to take nasty physic, as I have at home."

"Well, we can't have everything we like in this world, missy, can we?" said Hannah; "so, when you come in the country, you must put up with

granny's spectacles, musn't you?" and Hannah gave the finishing touch to the glossy hair she had been arranging, and sent the little girl down to the drawing-room, to await the announcement of dinner.

Grandmamma was not in the room when she entered, so she seated herself on a settee, in the large bow-window, which looked out into the loveliest of gardens, and began trying to think how she could manage to overcome the only thing that marred the pleasure of her visit to Monksford.

In this lovely and retired village Mrs. Everley had lived for years, beloved by all who knew her, a perfect English lady, bearing her years—now numbering some seventy winters—bravely, with all her intellects unimpaired, inspiring respect in every one who saw her, by the gentle dignity, and yet unvarying cheerfulness of her manners.

Edith Everley, the child of her eldest son, was her most frequent visitor, perhaps, for her mother had an idea that she could not well fulfil her duty without constantly dosing her little ones. Thus poor Edith, though naturally a sturdy, healthy child, so frequently presented a sickly white face from this pernicious system, that she was obliged to be continually sent to grandmamma, for change of air. There, in the sweet country she so loved, continually out enjoying the exercise and air, so necessary for her, she soon regained her natural colour, and astonished them at home so much by her healthful appearance, that they deemed Monksford the most miraculous place in the world. And dearly Edith loved a visit there, but for this one exception we have related—the unhappy knack granny had of thinking things so very wrong, in which Edith could see no harm!

She was pondering, as I have said, coiled up on the large settee, her head resting against the side of the open window, and her bright golden hair mingling with the jessamine leaves and blossoms, when grandmamma entered the room.

"Well, little one, very hungry?" she asked.

"No, grandmamma; not very."

"I have something pleasant to tell you. Mrs. Drayson has a syllabub and hay-party this afternoon at the farm, and has asked you. You would like to go, would you not?"

"Oh, yes, grandmamma," answered the little girl.

"Oh, yes, grandmamma," echoed the old lady. "Why, that's not the tone in which my little excitable Edith usually receives such communications. What's the matter?"

Edith blushed as she answered, "I was thinking of something else."

"May I know what it was? It must have been something very serious to prevent your springing off the settee, and endangering the safety of my little cups and saucers on this table, at the thought of a syllabub-party."

"I was thinking about—about your spectacles."

"My dear child!—my spectacles!—what of them?"

"Why, they—they make everything so big," said the child, hesitatingly."

"Of course, love, they do; for my eyes have been active servants to me for many years, and are weak and weary now, so I need the help of glasses to enable me to see to work and read."

"Yes, I know; but——"

"But what, Edith, love? There is some mystery about these glasses. What is it? You have not been trying them on, and broken them?" said the old lady, with a sudden thought, looking in the basket where she usually kept them.

"Oh! no, granny dear; I have not, indeed!"

"Then, what is it? Tell me, like a good girl."

"Well, I think you put them on whenever I do any little, little thing that you call naughty; and it makes it seem such a big thing!"

Mrs. Everley laughed heartily, as she drew the child tenderly towards her, and said—

"Your father, oddly enough, used to say the same thing. He declared, when he was a little boy, I always used to put on spectacles to look at his faults, and in those days, you know, I did not need spectacles; but he felt, as you feel, darling, that I magnified little faults into great sins. The fact is that small faults uncorrected become sins, and with my mental glasses I could see them as they might be, if neglected; and so now, deary, I see your faults just as I saw my own children's, and am as anxious to make you, as I tried to make them, 'perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect.' But here is Sibley, announcing dinner, so we must go. Some day I will tell you, as a little moral lesson, what I saw through my glasses when your papa, and uncles, and aunts were little, like you."

As soon as dinner was over, Edith said, "Will you come and tell me now, granny dear, about papa and all of them, when they were little? it will be such fun!"

"Why, no, love, I cannot, to-day; you are going to the farm, you know, and you have only time to get dressed, and reach the house, as the little folks are all asked at five."

"Oh, dear, how tiresome!" said Edith, pettishly.

"Tiresome! then do you not want to go?"

"No!" answered Edith, with a little angry founce.

"Shall I write a note to Mrs. Drayson, and say my little girl feels so out of temper that she cannot join her party to-day?" said Mrs. Everley, mildly.

Edith made no answer; but her pretty, rosy lips were pouted out, her brow knit, and her handkerchief was twisted into a rope by the little angry fingers, which seemed as though they must vent their anger on something.

Grandmamma took from the basket her spectacles, and, putting them on, looked for some moments fixedly at the child; and then she said—

"Edith, I will tell you what I see now through my glasses. I see a little fair face, disfigured by an angry, petulant temper; a little heart, in which God has placed the sweet spirits of Love, and Trust, and Hope, admitting as guests the evil spirits of Self-will, Passion, and Perversity, which in time will



drive out those gentler spirits, and make their abode in that poor little heart, to the endless wretchedness of its little owner. Do not let them do so, my child; go and be dressed, and then come and kiss granny; and take to your party the little bright face I am accustomed to see."

Ashamed of her ill-humour, and yet feeling some difficulty in overcoming it, Edith ran out of the room without a word, and went up into her own. Hannah was there waiting to dress her.

Surprised at the flushed and angry face of the little girl, she asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," said Edith, flinging herself into a chair, "but I don't want to go to the party; I hate parties, I hate syllabub. What's one got to do there but to sit on the stupid old hay, and be smothered in it by a lot of rough boys? I hate it!"

"Not like parties! not like romping in the hay! Oh, Miss Edith! which of them enjoyed themselves as much as you last time?"

"I did not—I did not, Hannah!"

"Oh, Miss Edie, dear, Miss Edie! if grandmamma's spectacles were on now, what would she see?"

"She has had them on—the nasty things! and that made me crosser. I wasn't half cross, till she said she could see all sorts of nasty things through them; I hate them, I do!" and rushing to the bed, she was about to hide her face amongst the clothes, as was her custom in her little fits of anger, when

she caught sight of the sweetest little hat laid beside her dress and jacket, ready for her to wear.

She stopped suddenly, and looked at Hannah, who was smilingly watching her.

"Where did that come from?" she asked.

"Grandmamma saw through her spectacles that your hat was too shabby for a party, missy," said Hannah, "so she has bought you that."

"Oh, how nice! I must run and thank her."

"Wait, and let me dress you first."

Edith was about to say, "no," but she thought better of it, let Hannah dress her quietly, and then flew down-stairs, to kiss and thank grandmamma.

"Ah! that is well, my darling," said Mrs. Everley; "now go and join your party, making a resolution to govern that temper, which my troublesome glasses," she added, smiling, "magnify into an evil passion, which may wreck my little grandchild's happiness here and hereafter; and, to-morrow I will tell you about my children, when they were little."

Away went the little girl, after again affectionately kissing her grandmamma, and in an hour she was amongst the gayest of the gay at the party, rolling in the hay, dancing, laughing, and singing, forgetting the little cloud which had passed over her, and looking forward to the tales grandmamma was to tell her with as much pleasure as, I trust, my little readers are looking forward to the next number of *THE QUIVER*.

THE BIVVER

— Saturday, September 28, 1867. —



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"She shall be as one of our own children, John."—p. 13.

UNDER THE ELMS.—II.

MANY weeks elapsed before John Milward again appeared in Ockley, and when the neighbours saw him once more, they knew that they saw an altered man. He was every day and all day in the office now, at hard, unflinching work, thriftily seeing to his business, and managing his affairs. Every one had sympathy and pity for him. The rector's wife took the poor little

stranger, whose arrival had been so unwelcome, and into such a scene of misery, and promised to be to her that mother whom she had lost.

"She shall be as one of our own children, John," she had said to him, and he had let her take the little thing away without a word; not that he was ungrateful, or failed to realise the kindness, but he could not speak of these things now.

Who that had seen him as he stood in the little churchyard, watching the rude dust and ashes flung upon that dust that was dear to him as his own life—who could have thought that there were greater miseries still in store, and that darker days—much darker days—were to come upon him yet? For had he not now the sympathy of all? Did not every one of those who thronged round the grave show, as plainly as sad faces, and the assurance of a look can show, that they had pity for him in this his great sorrow?

As if as a respite from the cares that were upon him, he now gave himself up utterly to his business. The routine work of the past year, with its day of toil succeeded by the rest and pleasure of the evening, was as a thing of the past—a dream that had vanished. The old, hard, unflinching work was his lot now.

Mr. Bellamy had an assistant now, and the two clerks could scarce get through the business which John's resolute industry attracted to him. Those Saturday nights at the parsonage became fewer and fewer, and at last almost ceased. In their stead came the struggle after increased connections and agencies, whose importance would have before kept him aloof. He worked hard, and would give to those who worked with him no opportunities of idleness, or even of rest, which he denied to himself. Every one was talking now (for in Ockley the folk were always in a sort of conversational turmoil) about the heavy business he was doing, engrossing it from all quarters to himself, and the amount of money which he must have been making was fixed at a sum fabulous indeed for a little country town. Unfortunately, talk did not end here, and those gossips at Ockley had something more to tell of besides mere industry and its rewards. Sad news this was to all his friends, and even those who most fed upon scandal would have wished this tale could have been told of any other.

"But do you think he can be guilty?" said poor Mrs. Seymour, who had been out in the village, and heard it all for the first time. "Tom, surely he cannot be guilty." She could not join in the town-talk, and had at once, then and there, scouted the whole thing as untrue, and not to be entertained for a moment; but when she came home, and thought how he had absented himself from them, her heart misgave her.

"Tom," she said, "surely he cannot be guilty."

"We have no right to assume that he is, my dear," said her husband; "we mustn't assume that he is."

"But, Tom, every one condemns him, even Mrs. Sutcliffe is down upon him; I met her to-day at the Morley's, and she says that it must all come out soon; that Mr. Rivers insists that he never signed the bill at all, and that it's a forgery."

"Yes, my dear, the whole truth will be known soon."

She knew, from the way he said it, what he thought was the truth, and this grieved her more.

"Tom," she said at last, "if John has quarrelled with us, even though it is his own fault, we ought to forget it now. We are his oldest friends here, and when he's in trouble we should not pass him by. The whole truth will be known soon, you say, and then he will not want our help, or, or—we may not be able to give it to him." And then she reminded him how kind John had been to her when she came, a stranger, into the place; and she spoke of poor Mary, too, and brought in from the next room her little child, which they had adopted, and she and the little unconscious infant pleaded with him there, each in her several way, till he could resist no longer, but yielded, and was won over. Then she walked with him down the lawn to the gate, warning him all the way to speak gently and kindly to his old friend. She needed not have done it, for what she had said already had awakened all the old feelings of friendship.

Now, while all this scene was going on, John sat in the little arbour, looking down the two tree-avenues at the church and the parsonage. It was not his wont to come here, or to come anywhere, at this hour; but he had left his house this evening, and closed the door behind him for the last time, and he was flying from the place which had witnessed all his pleasures and happiness, before judgment and condemnation should come upon him. Passing up the walk for the last time, hurriedly, and with his face askance from the passers-by, he stopped at the little path into the arbour, and a better impulse tempted him to visit it too. From it he could see the grounds of the parsonage and the avenue leading to the gate; and, as he watched, the door of the house opened, and Tom Seymour walked down the lawn, his wife talking to him the whole time, and stopping him with some last words, even at the gate. He saw his old friend coming towards him under the trees, and he left the arbour and wandered into the wood, dreading such a meeting. But when the clergyman had passed he returned to his seat, and once more his eyes rested sadly upon the parsonage, containing all which remained to him of that dream of his past life. He looked at it

long and thoughtfully, and then left the harbour, and skirted along the trees till he reached the garden gate; he passed up the avenue and through the open door into the hall. He hesitated to turn the handle of the dining-room door, and walk in. Many months had passed since last he was in that house, where once he was a daily visitor. He had wronged the owner of it; he had wronged him and quarrelled with him, and yet, day after day, he was taking the greatest of all kindnesses at his hands. He dared not to face him. But then he thought of Grace; how soft and kind she had been to him in his sorrow and bereavement! and, thinking of all this, he turned the handle, and walked in. He found the room empty—no one in it; but he could hear voices from the next room, for the nursery door was half open, and he sat down and listened.

How well he knew her soft and gentle voice! and, hearing it, and the words she spoke, what a picture came before his mind!—a picture so vivid and so touching, that he rose from his chair, and pushing open the door, peeped in. She was bending over the cot in which the child lay—bending very low, so as almost to touch it, and the little thing put out its hand and caught at her hair, and dragged it in its little fingers, till her long black tresses fell over its face. Then she caught up the little child and hugged it closely to her, and danced it up into the air till it screamed with shrill delight; while her own face lit up and shone out through the long hair that was tossed and scattered over it. "For she's my own little daughter—my own little daughter, and papa's coming to see her to-night. Father's been a very naughty father, and has not come to her for a long time—oh, for such a long time! But he'll come to-night—father'll come and see her to-night."

This was the sight he saw—these were the words he heard; and, with these words ringing in his ears, he slunk out of the house and fled from the place, a guilty and miserable man.

* * * * *

So much of my tale I have put together baldly, hinting at what has taken place, rather than telling it, because all that you have heard happened a long time ago—full nineteen years ago.

Nineteen years, then, have passed over our heads, and here we are back at Ockley. How changed the place is! it's twice as big and three times as busy. This is the railway station, the branch line through Ockley Vale has been opened these two years, and half a dozen trains go and come from London daily.

"What's the bell for, porter?"

"Seven-five up train due, sir." And here, in fact, it comes! looming along through the tunnel.

The passengers for Ockley-on-the-Hill jump out and claim their luggage. They are not very many in number, and we have no difficulty in singling

out *the* one who has interest for us. Time, that is at its silent work with all, has dealt gently with him;—only the grey hairs have become white, and the lines are deeper in the face, and the steady, determined mien and walk are gone. He has come back a sadder man and a better. He looks with a kind of wonder on the porter who piles his luggage on the cab; and when the man asks the direction, he hesitates a little.

"Jordan and Ivatt's Hotel," he says, at last; "drive to Jordan and Ivatt's Hotel."

The man looks confused; but the porter shouts out, "The Old Bath Hotel," and tells the traveller that Jordan and Ivatt have retired these ten years, and the hotel is now managed by Mr. Edward Carpenter. With these words the cab drives off.

So Jordan and Ivatt have retired, and the old house is now administered by Mr. Edward Carpenter. Our traveller wonders can this be the waiter he recollects there as Ned. What other changes will he see in the place? He looks eagerly from the window, but sees familiar points only from time to time. Almost everything has a strange face for him; not now, though, for he's in his own street, and, in fact, here's the hotel—just the same place as ever.

The best of plain dinners is served to him in that private room; and after it, he sends for his host, Mr. Edward Carpenter, that he may have a little talk with him. The quondam Ned is delighted to come, and freely pours forth to the stranger all the gossip of the town.

"And indeed, sir, you seem to know the place very well;" but the traveller explains to him that he had a friend who belonged to the town a long time ago—twenty years or more—and who was always talking of it to him; after this he goes on with his questions.

Ned has a great deal to tell him. The old Earl of Doublegloster is dead, died unmarried; and there was a sale up at Cheddar Castle last week. Dr. Brougham bought most of the pictures. The old doctor's alive still, and doing a great practice: he tires a pair of horses every day.

"And the rector?" the stranger asks, timidly.

"Right well, sir, right well. He was put out a bit at first about Mr. Henry's marriage; but it's all settled now, and that's Mrs. Seymour's doing: she managed it."

"And whom is he going to be married to?"

"That's where it is, sir. Mr. Henry, he's a most fit to marry any one, showering his money about everywhere, as if he had lots of it. And Miss Mary's nice too—nice and nice looking; but they can't live on their looks, you know.

"But who's Mr. Henry in love with?"

"There you have me again, sir, for not one of us knows very well who she is. Some says she's a cousin of Mrs. Seymour's; and then there's others

say she's a daughter of old Milward, the attorney, who ran away from this twenty years ago; and more's the pity there should be anything against her, for she's as good as gold. At first there was terrible work to break it off; but it's all settled now, and they're to be married in the morning."

Much more did the landlord of the "Old Bath Hotel," say,—many things about many persons; but he had lost his listener. John sat silent and let him go on, till he stopped himself; and then let him go away. And when at length the room was cleared, and the door locked to keep off all intrusion, he paced up and down, turning over in his own mind the bitterest of all thoughts. This, then, was the promised end; this was the day to which he had been looking forward for so many years. In that far-away country, where he had lived an honourable life, cancelling, as he believed, by acts of charity and hours of repentance the bitter past, restoring fourfold aught he had taken from any man by false accusation—in that distant country he had thought that all the happiness of his life might be collected into the single day when he would return to his own town and his own family: and now the day had come, and the first stranger he met had to tell him of "old Milward, the attorney, who ran away twenty years ago."

So, full of all these thoughts, hard and stern as they were, he left the hotel, and wandered about through the streets. Every house that he passed was familiar with those years that he had never forgotten, and woke up for him some fresh association; and then he looked curiously at the new quarter of the town—parts that had been planned and built while he was away, till at last, and quite unexpectedly, he came upon the old church. It seemed to him more insignificant than he ever thought it before, and quite depressed by the weight of ivy that clung to it and hung from every part of it; but there was the fine avenue of trees as grand as ever.

How many strange remembrances came crowding in upon him, as once again he walked under their shade; how many trifling incidents that could scarcely have found a halting-place in his memory were fresh now as when they first happened! So that it was more instinct than intention that made him turn off from the main road and find his way into the arbour. He looked down the side avenue, and saw the old parsonage, with its gardens and grounds just as he had left them. Soon the half-closed door was thrown wide open, and he strained his eyes, watching the crowd of people that came out from the drawing-room and wandered over the garden. He tried to single out from them the two or three whom he would have gladly seen; but the distance was great, and his sight was not as keen now as it had been twenty years ago, the last time

he had looked from the same place. As he sat there, with this view before him, he tried to collect his thoughts and think over his plans for the future. He had come out full of wrath and bitterness, but, somehow, the old things that surrounded him softened and abated all his anger. He would not remain longer in the place; he would not, by his presence, throw any shade over his daughter's happiness, nor disturb the peace of the rector by coming forward and asserting his forgotten relationship. The selfish happiness, which he had looked forward to as a dream, must pass as a dream from him. He would leave the place to-night—no, not to-night; he *must* see her somehow, and the husband who was to be hers till death should part them; after that, he would go away—anywhere, it mattered not where; but she must nevertheless be the richest heiress round Ockley; in *that*, at least, he must not be disappointed. This all settled, he returned to the hotel.

Next day came with great importance for the village. Every wedding was a festival day at Ockley; but there had been so much wondering at and talking over, and assertion, and repetition, and contradiction about this wedding, that when the day actually came, it was quite a red-letter day. Never had the church looked so small, or so insufficient to the crowd that thronged about, and never was a crowd so friendly—for, indeed, they were all friends, and had come upon a friendly mission.

The rector was there, of course, standing within the rails and reading out the service; he has aged greatly since we saw him last, and the years have left their marks, deepening the lines in his face; but Mrs. Seymour is very little altered—only the grey hairs have given way to the white ones; her glance is still as warm and assuring as ever. And not only the rector and his wife, but all our old friends have assembled for this occasion; the doctor's brougham is waiting outside for him at the church door, and his coachman has got a little boy to hold the horse, and is himself watching the ceremony, safe from being seen, up in the organ-loft; and there, I declare to you, in one of the state pews, is our old—our very old friend, Miss Griffiths, who has not missed a wedding at Ockley these many years.

But all this time the wedding has been going on, and the bride and bridegroom, kneeling side by side, have answered or repeated the solemn words of the minister, and now they all rise to pass into the vestry-room, where their names will appear different for the last time. The people swayed and thronged up the aisle to get a view of the procession as it passed; they were a good-humoured crowd, and bore the crushing, and even made room for an old man who was amongst them, and seemed more eager than any of them. He

forced his way to the very front row, and stood there for a moment looking at the group; then, stick in hand, he crossed the little chancel of the church, and passed through the knot of bridesmaids and wedding guests till he came to the bride and bridegroom, and spoke to them.

"I am an old man," he said, "and a stranger to these parts, and I am here to give you both my blessing;" and he took the bridegroom, who seemed a little embarrassed, by the hand. "Don't mind my being a stranger," he said to him: "the blessing of an old man never did the young any harm;" and then he put out his hand to the bride, but it trembled when she took it in hers, and his voice faltered and would not give out his words, and holding her hand still in his, he looked down upon the ground, as if his purpose were all gone; then, in a few soft words, she thanked him, but he, when he heard the voice, started and looked up, and saw her face now for the first time, and the words came to him quickly enough, for he saw her blue eyes wistfully looking up to him through

the bridal veil, and for a moment she seemed to him as his own wife, whom he had led from this very altar, full of hope and youth, twenty long years ago. The words came to him very quick now, so that he dreaded to speak them out, and the tears gathered fast, but he caught her in his arms and kissed her, lest he should spoil her happiness with the one word "daughter!" then he returned into the crowd, and, wondering, it made way for him, and so he passed out of the church.

They would have forgiven him, would frankly have forgiven him all; they would have welcomed him back to Ockley, and have made the day of his return a holiday through the whole town—but this was not to be. He had to learn the bitter truth, that neither man's repentance nor man's forgiveness can cancel a past act; they might pardon and he might grieve, but justice and judgment belong not to man but unto thee, O Lord, to whom also belongeth mercy.

W. L. W.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

"Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke x. 37.



HE parable of the Good Samaritan arose out of a question put to our Lord by one who was professionally engaged in the study and interpretation of the law of Moses. "A certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him." It seems that he had some insidious design in making this inquiry. We know that the Lord was frequently beset by captious cavillers, eager to make out some charge against him: thus the Sadducees made their strange inquiry about domestic relationships in the world to come; and the Herodians put a question about paying the tribute money. Still, there was nothing to awaken offensive suspicion in this man's question. He may only have desired to bring forward a most important subject, to see how the Lord would deal with it.

Be the motive what it may, it is a question of life and death, demanding the most solemn consideration of every man, woman, and child. "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" With what weight of meaning every word falls upon the ear! Yet, momentous as it is, how very few ever put the question in serious earnestness to themselves. Ten thousand other questions, public and private, agitate and absorb men's minds—questions of successful labour, realising wealth, or fraud, or sloth, or dulness, ending in poverty and shame, questions of all kinds are

suggested by pride or pleasure, by envy, or ambition—these things are discussed every day with persevering avidity; but this question which relates to the soul, and its interest in the world to come—how sins are to be pardoned—how the sinner can stand in conscious safety before God in the last great day—by what means he can secure a good hope when life's vain dream shall end—to this great question, how few give any serious consideration! It is laid aside as a gloomy and unwelcome intrusion disturbing more congenial thoughts. "If we must think of it," say they, "at least, let us put it off till the time when sickness, and graves, and funerals, and such like repulsive things, can be no longer forgotten." But do not you, reader, incur the peril of such neglect. If life, slowly but surely, is leading us to death,—if the busy stream of this world will soon be merged into the vortex of the next,—if the broad road is thronged with the unforgiven and the careless, and if men that live without Christ must die without hope—then, as you value the soul, as you desire peace with God when you die, and bright hopes when death is over, let nothing hinder you from putting the lawyer's question to your own heart, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?"

Mark the Lord's answer. Had the man been awakened to know his own condition of guilt before God, the Lord would, at once, have revealed him—

self as the way of life and peace. But this lawyer, like the young ruler in another chapter, had no such conviction of sin. The Lord directed both of them therefore to the law, that by the law they might gain the knowledge of sin. "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." "Jesus saith unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?"—Thou knowest the law, ceremonial and political, which Moses gave to Israel, for thy business is to teach it; thou knowest all the six hundred and thirteen different commandments the law contains; thou knowest the ten great precepts of the moral law—but, give me its spirit and meaning: say, what is the sum and substance of the whole? What are the commandments, which if a man will obey he shall obtain eternal life? "What is written in the law? how readest thou?"

Many of my readers are habitually studying the Bible. Question yourselves about its spirit and meaning: *what* is written, and *how* you are reading? Ask yourself to give an account of some portion you have just read—give the substance—repeat distinctly the leading points of instruction which the chapter contains. What—*what* is written in the law? And ask, too, the Lord's question: *How* readest thou? Some people read the Scriptures ignorantly; some read them negligently; some read them sceptically; and some read them, like the Ethiopian treasurer, that they may there find the way of salvation; but, *how* readest thou?

This man had evidently read the moral law with an intelligent insight into its meaning. He could lay his finger distinctly upon its great aims and obligations. He saw clearly that love is the fulfilling of the law; that a man's supreme love to God is the sum of the first table, and love to his fellow-man is the sum of the second. "And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." He learned this summary of duty out of the moral law. He knew more about his duty to God and man than all the wise philosophers of Athens, or Alexandria, or Rome. Our Lord commended his knowledge and discernment of truth: "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." Go, and put thy knowledge into practice; love the Lord thy God supremely as thou hast said; love thy neighbour as thyself; and thou shalt inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Perhaps he perceived already the drift of the Lord's inquiry, and was willing to clear himself. He felt anxious to put himself right with the Lord in this matter. He repelled any suspicion that he had not kept the law—"As to the first table, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' of course I love

him; and as to loving my neighbour as myself, I love those whom I ought to love. No man thinks he is to love every one. There must be some limitation. There are persons whom I ought to love as I love myself: tell me who they are, and my love to them shall not be wanting. I acknowledge that I am bound to love my neighbour; but the question I want to know is this, 'Who is my neighbour?'"

Now here we see that in his answer the Lord rather met the scribe's thoughts than the words of his question. The Lord did not immediately tell him who his neighbour was; he does not point out the particular man whom he ought to love, but he turns his thoughts to the love which he is bound to cherish. He leaves out the specific instance, and speaks about the principle within. The true love of your neighbour is not an act towards certain individuals, or a thing of outside circumstances; but it is a principle of benevolence ever reigning in the heart. I do not say that this man or that is your neighbour, but I bid you see that you have the love, and compassion, and readiness to do good actively ruling in the breast, and you will soon find who the neighbour is on whom you may expend your love. "You ask who is your neighbour. I will show you a man, that loved his fellow-creatures as he ought to love. Give me attention, and I will describe his character. In the emergencies of life set this man's example before you; consider him well; receive the instruction he is meant to give, then go, and do likewise."

These are the circumstances: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." We know nothing of his rank or nation, or character. That was purposely left out. He was a man, and as such, had a claim upon the sympathy and aid of his brother man. The road along which he was journeying was as celebrated for its insecurity to travellers, as for the beauty of its scenery. It was infested by highwaymen. A gang of these brigands fell upon the solitary man. Not content with plundering him of all his property, and even stripping off his clothing, they treat him with such merciless barbarity that he is almost killed. Lying on the roadside already half dead, they leave him to his fate, and make off with the booty. As the traveller lay there faint and bleeding, "by chance there came down a certain priest that way." The translation, "chance," is incorrect and objectionable. Nothing occurs by chance. It was not chance, but the coincidence of providential events, that led "a certain priest to go down that way," just as the wounded wayfarer lay expiring by the roadside. It was his golden opportunity for doing good. Providence laid before him that special conjunction of circumstances, whereby he might show that he loved his neighbour as himself. But he lost his opportunity.

He was returning from Jerusalem. Clad in priestly vestments, he had been engaged in the sacred offices of the Temple, offering the sacrifice, diffusing fragrant incense, conducting the worship of the people; and now, his sacerdotal offices discharged, he is returning homeward to Jericho. He was exactly rubrical in the performance of official duties; but, of justice, mercy, and faith—the weightier matters of the law—he took no cognisance. To lessen human misery formed, in his estimation, no part of his sacred calling. God will have mercy, and not sacrifice; this priest will have sacrifice, but not mercy. Of all the varied forms that hypocrisy loves to assume, that is the most flagrant and repulsive which conceals a cold, unsympathising heart under the garb and sacredness of religion. It is hateful even to man, but infinitely more offensive to the Most High. “To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and the Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. These things I delight in, saith the Lord God.”

“And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.” Attracted, as it seems, by some groans of distress, the Levite crossed half over the road, saw some one lying there who had been plundered, and ill-treated, then turned away, “and passed by on the other side.” Perhaps the Levite had observed that the priest went straight on, without even stopping to notice the dying man; and the thought occurred to him, “If my superior passes on, why should I delay and concern myself about a dying man?” Men seldom want a precedent to sanction their ungenerous neglects. Selfishness easily creates converts. The example of another’s indifference soon quenches the glow of sympathy. The Levite, prompted by generous impulse, crossed half-way over, and just looked on. But his heart rebuked his eyes. On second thought, he crossed back again, and passed by on the other side. If there had been an ox or an ass helplessly prostrate under its burden, he would have rendered immediate help; but here lies a man—a neighbour, a brother man, of like sympathies with themselves, and yet these two ecclesiastics, just

returning from their sacred offices, can hear the expiring groans, can see him gasping for his last breath, and not move a finger to abate his suffering or save his life.

Do you ask, “And who is my neighbour?” Look there! See that man dying of wounds, and fever, and neglect. Does your creed recognise the duty of caring for your brother man? Then show it; here is your opportunity. If your bosom glows with any generous feeling, ask not who is your neighbour; the stern events of life will teach you who your neighbour is, and where he lies. See him there, on that highway, helpless and sinking. Go up to him, feel for him, as every man ought to feel for his brother man. Do him the kindness he needs—act the part of a loving neighbour to that suffering man. Do not, like the priest, just glance and then pass by; do not, like the Levite, glance and approach two steps nearer, and still pass by. Here, in this world, you *may* pass him by; but know this—he will lie right across your path, and bear his testimony against you, in the world to come.

“But a certain Samaritan”—I can imagine the altered countenance of the scribe, as soon as our Lord uttered the hated name, Samaritan. Aliens in blood, aliens in language, aliens in religion, the Samaritan hated the Jew as much as the Jew hated the Samaritan. “But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was.” The priest hardly looked at the wounded traveller, the Levite looked and came partly towards him; but the Samaritan went right up to him—looked, examined, felt for him. Stranger as this traveller is, and alien, still, he is a man—has the wants and feelings of a man; his countenance is wrung with anguish; his looks implore pity; his upraised hand feebly beckons for help. Nor does he ask in vain. With good men, sympathy is ever stronger than prejudice. Samaritan though he was, “he had compassion.” His heart bore sway. Forgetting all antipathies, regardless of the business on which he was journeying, heedless of robbers who might attack him too, he came to the spot where the traveller lay, stooped down to examine, closed his gaping wounds, stopped the bleeding, soothed the pain, bandaged his wounded limbs, and, when sufficiently revived, raised up the fainting sufferer, placed him upon his own beast, and walked carefully by his side until he had brought him to an inn.

Nor did he leave him even then, but remained all night watchfully ministering to his wants; and “on the morrow,” when duty required him to pursue his journey, he still commended the sufferer to the special care of the innkeeper, and with liberal hand engages to meet any further charges to be incurred during his absence.

Fixing his eye with indescribable meaning upon the scribe, the Lord appealed to his own judgment: "Which now of these three—the priest, Levite, and Samaritan—thinkest thou, acted the neighbour to him? . . . Which of them showed the love; which of them did to that suffering traveller what he would like another to do towards him?" Unwilling to let the name Samaritan pass through his lips, still the scribe's conscience dictated the right answer: "He that had mercy upon him." The priest and the Levite acted not the neighbour's part; they left the man to die. With breathless haste they hurried home, and told of their marvellous escape; how they had actually seen some poor traveller lying on the roadside, stripped and plundered, and apparently in the agonies of death; and how fortunately, fleeing with the utmost speed, they escaped the perils of those mountain passes. They were not his neighbours. But this stranger—Samaritan though he was—he that denied himself that he might do good to a brother in need; he that loved him with a generous heart, that soothed his sufferings, dressed his wounds, and saved his life—this is the one who was "neighbour to him that fell among thieves."

"Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise." Be this the spirit in which thou shalt spend thy life. Cherish in thy bosom love like his. Go where thou wilt, and thou shalt find "neighbours" everywhere, lying among the straitnesses and perils of life, who need thy compassionate attention. Copy this Samaritan. Let thine heart tenderly sympathise with the distressed; thy will be fixed in resolute self-denial; be unwearied in thy acts of kindness; thy benevolence large-hearted; engage others to help, while thou sparest not thyself in trouble or expense; think of this Samaritan, what he felt, and did, and gave; and then, wherever suffering abounds, and help is needed—go, with a heart and hand like his—"Go, and do thou likewise."

Instructive as this parable is to teach the obligation of Christian benevolence towards the needy and distressed, yet we are admonished by almost all Scripture interpreters that this parable yields some grapes of still richer flavour, which it were well for us to stay one moment and taste. At any rate, the parallel is instructive.

For in the pitiable and perilous condition of this wounded traveller, we see a vivid portraiture of the whole human race after the Fall; and, as the man in the parable fell among thieves, who plundered and stripped him, and left him to die of his wounds, so here are we reminded of the robbery far more ruinous, wounds more grievous, and destitution more shameful, inflicted upon our fallen nature by him who was a "murderer from the beginning." In the treatment of that traveller we see the

wounds and despoilment of sin, for every sin is a deep gash, from which the life-blood of the soul is fast ebbing away. And, altogether, in the plight of that traveller—lying by the roadside, weltering in pools of blood, and heaving the convulsive sighs of death—I see an emblem of man, as sin and Satan left him, wounded, and without strength and ready to perish.

And the *helplessness* of the sinner is here depicted. Priest and Levite may pass by, but they bring no deliverance. Moses brought the law; but the law, like the prophet's staff upon the face of the lifeless child, left man lifeless still. Priests, and prophets, and sacrifices were all alike powerless to bring health to the wounded, life to the dying, or salvation to the lost. "And he saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor."

But what the law could not do, nor priest, nor Levite, nor prophet, "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in trespasses and sins," has accomplished for us. Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost. Let the world, in scorn and ignorance, say of him, if they will, "Thou art a Samaritan." If by a Samaritan, you mean One who *thought of us* in our low estate, when none else could or would; who left yonder heavens, came down here, and had compassion on us; who took on Him the form of a servant; came to bind up the broken-hearted, to give the oil of joy for mourning; who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; then, I say, beneath the emblem of this good Samaritan, and his benevolence to the dying traveller, we see the Divine Saviour himself, bringing health to the wounded, peace to the guilty, and salvation to the lost. And just as the Samaritan carried the wounded traveller, walked by his side, and carefully provided for every want, so does the Lord gather his people into his arms—lead them day by day in all tenderness—supply all their need—and never cease to remember them, but in all the changes of life, their sorrows, and perils, and fears, evermore abides with them—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—unchanging and unchangeable, until he has brought them safely home, and presented them to the Father, in the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy.

But the parable bears directly upon the claims of Christian benevolence. It is not enough to cast a glance of admiring approbation upon the assiduous zeal in doing good which is here so graphically depicted, but each of us, in our walk of life, is commanded to go and do likewise. A case of great and urgent need came unexpectedly before this good Samaritan. He took much personal trouble to discover the facts; he felt tenderly for the distress, which he ascertained by diligent investigation on



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"Mother and little ones gather
Round thee in love-ying strife."—p. 26.

the spot; he yielded to the spontaneous impulse of his heart; spared no trouble or time or money; did his utmost to meet the case with effectual relief; he loved his neighbour as himself. This is walking in love. He feels that cases of such suffering have a claim on his benevolent regard. The man may not be my neighbour according to the world's reckoning. He may be a stranger—a foreigner—one of different religion, an alien in heart, and language, and interest; all mutual dealings may be interdicted by custom or prejudice or dislike; be it so; still, here is a man in distress—real, genuine, undissembled distress; he may not be my neighbour, but I will be neighbour to him. He is in need, I have it in my power to help, then help I will. I cannot do much—not all I wish—but I will do all I can. I will try to bring some help to that needy and neglected sufferer lying by the world's roadside. Whether it may be some ragged child—homeless, fatherless, friend-

less, or, worse still, the companion of false friends, training him to crime. It may be some little girl, left, deserted on the highway of life, exposed to villany, or tempted through want to sin. It may be some widowed mother, broken in health, and hope, and spirits, crushed with care, and wasting in secret neglect. I will seek them out; I will act the neighbour to the needy, and dry some weeper's tears; I will ease some weary burden, and kindle again the bright gleam of joy in the faded eye; I will tell the guilty that there is pardon, and the depraved how he may gain the conquest over his sinful self; I will forget to indulge myself, and taste the higher joy of helping others; and thus shall I have the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy; yea, I shall know the blessedness of him that considereth the poor and needy, and then I shall know for my great comfort that the Lord will deliver me in time of trouble.

AN IDYL OF LABOUR.

I.

A FLUSH of ether lightens all the west,
Where amber clouds bend down to meet the
plain,
Upon whose hazy margent-line they rest—
A shimmering glory, far as eye can strain.

And in the distance rise the tapering shafts
Of giant workshops, high into the air,
Where Labour plies his myriad-handed crafts,
Mid pulsing steam, and beat, and roar, and
whir.

And, staining the fair beauty of the heaven,
The sooty vapour rolls its cloud on high;
And, vexing the sweet silence of the even,
The labouring engine booms unceasingly.

Hark! from the turret of the old town-hall
The bells peal out a-chiming in a psalm,
And on the ear the quaint sweet measures fall
Like tongues of angels speaking in the calm

Of eventide, as in the days gone by
They spoke to holy men, when unawares
They entertained them. Oh! how soothingly
Those sweet bells bid men rest from toil and cares.

II.

Wipe off the sweat from thy brow, man,
Shake off the dust from thy clothes;
Thy day's work is over, and now, man,
Eve brings the hour of repose.

Out from the air close and steaming
With the breathing of toilers around;
Out, where the fresh breeze is teeming
With the odours of sweet pasture ground.

Where the green field, with cowslip and daisy,
Seems a carpet of silver and gold,
And the river winds, languid and lazy,
Through the meadows in many a fold.

There, bright looks are waiting to meet thee,
From faces of children, and wife;
There, glad voices ring out to greet thee—
The sunshine and music of life.

Up in thine arms with the baby,
As, crowing, he lifts his to thine;
Ah! but those tiny hands may be
Thy stay, when thy strength shall decline.

Mother and little ones gather
Round thee in love-ying strife;
Art thou not happy, O father?—
Husband, rejoice in thy wife.

The world may esteem thy lot lowly,
But manfully foil through thy time;
Labour's a mission most holy,
And duty can make life sublime.

Lift up thy head, and no fear, man,
When the lord in his chariot moves on;
The peasant, as much as the peer, man,
Is the strength of the nation and throne.

The gems on his forehead may glitter,
As he graces some pageant of state;
The sweat-beads are brighter and fitter
On thine, man, whom labour makes great.

Be loving and just to thy neighbour,
Have fear for thy Maker alone,
And know—'tis as noble to labour
As to rule from the senate or throne.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

WILD IN THE WOODS.



PEGGY OGLIVIE, at her advanced age of ten years, was possessed of a greater amount of freedom than usually falls to the lot of girls at that, or any other, time of life. According to good Mrs. Grant, the wife of the worthy minister of the parish, she was allowed to "run wild in the woods like a little pagan." But though, to a certain extent, this was true, she was not the untaught, unkempt, uncared-for creature which the words might lead one to suppose.

Quaintly dressed in garments of wonderful material, and still more wonderful make, her appearance was yet that of a little lady. Her skirts of white dimity, and spencers of stiff brocade, were improvised by Jean out of the contents of an old wardrobe which had belonged to her grandmother, and which had the grand, primitive quality of being made to last for ever.

Jean had carefully instilled manners into her little charge, at the risk of spoiling the work of Nature, for the girl was innately graceful and gracious. The faithful nurse had also taught her to read, with the "Shorter Catechism" for a primer, and the Gospel of St. John for a lesson-book.

Both Jean and her good man, Tammas, were from beyond the hills. Gaelic was their native tongue, and they spoke English with remarkable purity, so that Jean's teaching was not that of an ordinary Scotch peasant. But, having carried her tuition up to a certain point, she could go no further, and therefore she contrived that, at the age of eight, Peggy should be sent to the parish school, under the escort of Archie and Sandie Grant, the minister's sons, who had to pass the foot of Delaube every morning on their way thither. They were two or three years older than Peggy, and being kindly laddies, with no little sisters of their own, they took freely to the part of big brothers to the shy little lady given to their charge.

But by the time she was ten, Peggy had outstripped her companions, as far as learning was concerned, and was able to lend them a helping hand at their tasks, in return for their ready championship.

The schoolmaster, a scholar himself, as the parish teachers of Scotland usually were, was a bad hand at drilling dunces, but the true scholar faréed well under his care. He could make little of Archie and Sandie Grant, except in the matter of arithmetic, and there little Peggy was almost a match for the boys. Even the terrible catechism, which brought care to the heart of the conscientious Sandie, and taught Archie to endure the lash with the fortitude

of a Red Indian—if it taught him nothing else—was no trouble to her. The rhythm of its grand and musical prose got into her head, and glided off her glib little tongue, like magic.

Now, every Saturday afternoon, Archie and Sandie had to go through a rehearsal at home of all the questions learned during the week, often to the number of eighteen, and their freedom on that freest of days depended on their ability to go through the ordeal, of which the more fortunate Peggy knew nothing. She was quite at liberty to forget what she had learned, and if the meaning of much of it had crossed their minds, which it never did, it would have been well that they should forget some of the things set down there. And yet I will not say it was of no use, or, as some will have it, worse than useless. The catechism expresses the convictions of noble-minded and religious men, and the mark which it makes upon the minds of the children of Scotland is that of a body of truth to be steadfastly upheld as the background of their lives.

Except when confined at home to make up their quota of catechism, Archie and Sandie usually spent the Saturday afternoons with Peggy, in the woods round Delaube, pelting one another with fir-cones, running up and down the slippery slopes where no grass grew, but where a thick mat of pine-needles strewed the ground, and gave out their delicious scent to the tread; and finally fishing in the stream which, hidden by its wooded banks, ran eastward to the sea, at the bottom of the hill.

"Are you sure you can say them?" demanded Peggy of her companions, somewhat anxiously, as they parted at the foot of Delaube one Saturday, a little after noonday, to meet again and spend the long summer evening as was their wont.

"I'm no sure," said Sandie; "but I'll say them a' the road hame;" and with that he proceeded to smoothe out the worn pamphlet, and place it in his bonnet to shield it from the fluttering breeze, that he might con it as he walked.

The more confident Archie, who had been guilty on occasion of this same bonnet lining, reading from the book whenever he was at a loss, while he seemed to the master at his desk, to be modestly or abstractedly studying the inside of his cap, was "quite sure." He could not trust to any trick in his father's study, or his mother's parlour, besides, they were not fair game, as he considered the dominie; but he believed in letting his memory remain blank till close upon the time of the exercise, and then giving off from it a fresh impression committed to it immediately before. Sometimes his plan succeeded, but oftener it hopelessly and dismally failed.

They had made unusual preparations for a fishing expedition, and sad would be the disappointment if

Archie failed in the preliminary trial. So it was with a warning word to him that Peggy parted from her companions, calling after him, "Now, Archie! it will be all your fault if we can't go to Strathie Pool."

The afternoon sun had only just begun to slant the shadows of the fir-trees against the hill, when Peggy set out to keep her tryst. She had swallowed her dinner, which was neither more nor less than oatcake and milk, and asked her grandfather if he wanted anything.

Clear of the house and garden, the little lady flew down the hill-side by the steepest and nearest way, catching at the boles of the trees to save herself from falling, and heedless alike of hands and hair. She was all impatience, for had not Archie promised to bring a real set of fishing-tackle, rod and reel, hooks and flies included? and had not Sandie promised to make her a basket of rushes, to carry home her share of the trout they made sure of catching?

A certain point on the bank of the stream was their appointed place of meeting. Peggy reached it breathless and alone: no one was there. But that did not discourage her: she was generally first. So she dallied awhile on her own side of the water, then wandered up and down, and put her little hands, trumpet-fashion, to her mouth, as she had seen the boys do, and made the silence ring with their names. No answering shout, however, came to her listening ear; and at last she crossed the stepping-stones herself—a thing she was forbidden to do, for a false step might have landed her in a deep, whirling pool, from which she could hardly have scrambled without help on to the great smooth boulders of granite in the middle of the course.

Peggy, however, crossed in safety, climbed the opposite bank, and went on through the wood on the other side. Still her companions were not forthcoming. On she went, in her eagerness, straight on, and never heeding that the way was new to her, unlike the ways on her own side of the river—never doubting, either, that she would come out clear on the other side of the wood, as she was in the habit of doing there. Over broken ground of all kinds she skipped and scrambled, and at last, tired of running and calling at intervals, she sat down and waited what she considered a long time. Then, as she thought, she turned back toward the stepping-stones.

But the ground grew stranger to her, and there was no end to the trees, growing rank on rank as far as she could see, when she reached a knoll higher than the rest about. She had taken off her little gipsy hat and tied the ribbons together, and put it over her arm, basket-wise, filled with treasures; but now she walked slowly, and with a sense of awe, among the pillared trees, one side black in shadow, and the other red in the sunset. She was weary, but it was not that which pressed upon her heart. A new sense of the vast, the unknown, the infinite, had taken hold of her, and she sat down, sighing heavily.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOREST HOUSE.

Peggy had not sat down to cry, as many a little girl would have done. Not that she was, by any means, above crying, on occasion, but it did not occur to her to feel very miserable just then. The sharp edge of her disappointment had worn off. The beauty and stillness soothed her. She began to sing; unconsciously, because the pillared place was solemn, choosing a solemn strain—her favourite psalm set to one of the plaintive melodies of the Scottish kirk:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The blackbird drowned her sweet low warble with his loud clear song, and the thrush began where the blackbird left off. Her voice was lost in the sunset concert of the wood; but the light little figure could be seen against the dark background for some distance through a favourable opening in the trees, and so it came to pass that she had been seen by one who drew near in aimless curiosity, near enough to catch a few notes of her psalm.

The elderly woman who sauntered up to the tree where Peggy sat, was a great deal shyer than the child, and would have most likely sauntered past, and turned back without having courage to speak, but that Peggy rose and advanced eagerly, asking the nearest way to Delaube.

Instead of giving a direct answer to the simple question, the lady replied by asking another, in a half-startled tone: "Do you come from Delaube?"

Peggy nodded and smiled her assent.

"And what's your name?"

"Peggy Oglivie," answered the girl.

"My name is Janet Oglivie," said the lady, meekly, and as if she addressed an equal, "and I will show you if you will come with me."

The girl had no hesitation, and they turned at once in the direction from which her guide had approached. But the latter got into a flutter of excitement as she led the way, looking back every now and then to see if Peggy followed.

They soon came to a low wall, built of loose stone, overgrown with moss and grass, and overtopped by a thick screen of elder-bushes that grew within the enclosure. The trees beyond seemed to stand as thickly as in the wood, only they were of various kinds—slender birches and stunted oaks, mingling with stately pine. A wicket gate let them into a damp and obscure path, over which the elder-trees had stretched their boughs till they almost roofed it in. The air was heavy with the odour of their thick white blossoms. A sense of oppressive heaviness made itself felt about the place.

Through a high hedge into a kitchen garden, at the back an irregular mass of stone-built outhouses, Peggy was led round to the front of a house, longer and lower than Delaube, but of the same material and plainness.

"Stay here till I speak to my sister," said Miss Janet Oglivie, leaving her there, and disappearing within the house.

In a few minutes she returned, and holding out her hand to Peggy, drew her first into a square hall, and then into a long low room, darkened by the trees that grew up almost within reach of the windows. At one window, which looked westward, there was a shimmer of burning gold through the all-surrounding trees. But turning within, all was sombre and chill—wide, shining spaces of pannelled wood, straight-backed chairs, covered with black hair-cloth, set against the walls at intervals, a barren plain of shining dark mahogany in the centre—everything was hard and dark and monotonous. On the polished granite mantelshef stood a ghost-like clock, framed in a white china structure which resembled a tomb, ticking loudly in the silence. A dreary blankness of expression pervaded the apartment, or rather, it was expressionless as living death.

A lady sat in one of the windows, before a little worktable, sewing something large and white—it might have been a shroud. She had not chosen the one sunny window, but what seemed the darkest of the other three. She was dressed in black silk, and had a pale and rigid face, with eyes of steely blue, which might have played softly once, and even melted, but which were hard and fixed now. Her plentiful hair of mingled red and grey was done into three stiff bows on each side of her forehead, and behind was reared into a formidable structure, upheld by an enormous tortoiseshell comb of shining red and black.

Peggy fixed her eyes upon the point at once, till they were withdrawn by the voice of Miss Margery saying, sharply—

"So you are Peggy Oglivie." The little stranger felt herself shrinking from the keen inspection of the cold blue eyes. "And what's brought you here?" the voice went on in a harsh tone.

"Oh, Margery!" interposed Miss Janet, "she'll be both tired and hungry, for she lost her way in the wood."

"Sit down and get something to eat," said Miss Margery, stiffly.

"No, thank you," said Peggy; "I want to go home."

"Ye're no Oglivie," said the former, abruptly, (Miss Janet had left the room for some hospitable purpose): "ye'll take after your mother, doubtless."

"Jean says I'm no like my mother, for she was the bonniest leddy she ever saw."

"A bonnie leddy, indeed!" sneered the grim woman; "the less said about her the better. No, no, ye are no Oglivie," she repeated, still looking keenly at the girl, and with a dissatisfied air, as if it was a great defection from duty on Peggy's part.

There was something in the tone, which roused the girl's spirit. "I don't want to be like the Oglivies," she answered, bravely.

"And what for no, Miss Peggy?" asked the lady, secretly amused.

Gentle little Peggy hesitated a moment, from instinctive aversion to say ungentle words. But the sneer about her mother made her reply, "Because they are neither good nor bonnie."

Instead of being angry, Miss Margery relaxed into a grim smile.

"That's true," she answered, and then went on, more sternly: "The Oglivies are an ill race to come of: the judgment of God has overtaken them."

"Stop, Margery; you're frightening the bairn," said her sister, re-entering the room; "she's grown as white as a sheet."

But it was not the words of her kinswoman which had made the sensitive colour fly out of Peggy's cheeks. It was an apparition at one of the gloomy windows. A tall form crowned with a shock of red hair, from beneath which looked a weird white face, was standing there. It was the form of manhood, with the gait and gestures of infancy. He waved in one hand a flag of paper, and with the other grasped the window-sill; and seeing the strange inmate of the room, began to make the most hideous grimaces and gesticulations.

Whether from fear, or from some other instinct common to the wild, shy creatures of the wood, in an instant Peggy had shot past Miss Janet, standing in the open doorway, crossed the hall, and sped straight forward over the grass-plot, and between the trees, and out of a gate, which also happily stood open. Every faculty quickened a hundredfold, she descried a gleam of the river in the distance, and made straight for it. Instinctively she turned the right way along its banks, with the sunset flaming in her face, and reached the familiar stepping-stones, and there sat Archie and Sandie, waiting, with a philosophic patience which Peggy might well have envied.

"Where have you been, Peggy?" greeted her from both in a breath. "We were only kept in a little while. Mother came and heard me," said Archie, "before my time was up."

To all of which Peggy responded by letting fall her hat full of treasures, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing bitterly. She had not cried till she was out of the wood, but now she could not stop weeping, and the two loyal little fellows, one on each side, walked up the hill towards home with her, in silent commiseration.

CHAPTER VI.

PEGGY DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION.

JEAN's indignation knew no bounds, when she gathered from the quivering lips of her little mistress where she had been and the reception she had met with. "Ye'll never go near them again, the ill-faured (ill-favoured), hard-hearted limmers. They turned your mother away from their doors on as bleak a night as ever blew, and her in her trouble too; it's my belief her death lies at their door," she said in her heat, which was rather more than prudence warranted.

"Tell me about my mother, Jean," said Peggy,

with a sudden calmness, fixing her eyes on the woman's face.

"It's very little I ken about her," answered Jean, wavering under the look, "and that little sad enough; better let it rest."

"That's just what *they* said," cried the girl, impatiently. "Why am I never to speak about her? Why did she die and leave me?" she went on, passionately. "You said they killed her, and if you won't tell me, I'll go to gran'father and ask all about her."

"You'll do no such thing," said Jean, in alarm; "besides, you'll vex him and make him ill, and I can tell you more than he can. So be a good lassie, and you'll hear in time."

The plea for her grandfather was a bit of domestic diplomacy on the part of Jean. There was something in the permanent affliction and helplessness of the man which appealed to the forbearance of the girl, and had done so from her earliest years. So she returned to the attack on Jean.

And Jean pacified her with an account of her mother's illness and death, in which there were discrepancies for the girl to ponder; gaps in the little history, on which she meditated till Jean was called upon to answer the awkward questions which would fill them up. And what with the sadness of the tale, and the mystery which hung about it, a shade of dreaminess came to sober the natural vivacity of the girl, and to give her more and more of the odd feeling she so well described as "walking in a story."

As time went on, Jean had been obliged to fill up most of these gaps in her narrative, and to linger on the details in order to satisfy the girl's craving for some knowledge of her unknown mother, and, in truth, to gratify herself when she was no longer in fear of its doing harm, and considered Peggy of an age to understand.

But for this lingering, the story was a very brief one. It was simply that at the darkening of a cold spring day, when the bitter east wind was blowing, and the house was shut for the night, when Tammas and Jean were sitting down to their supper of porridge and milk, a tap came to the door, too distinct to be mistaken for the wind. It was at the kitchen entrance, which looked down into the wood, just then sounding like a sea in the roar of the blast. On opening the door, Jean had found a countryman, bearing a box on his shoulders with one hand, and with the other trying to support a woman, who had sunk down evidently in a fainting condition. The man said he hoped they had come to the right place at last. The young woman wanted Mr. Louis Oglivie, but at any rate he would take her no further that night, as it would be nothing short of murder. His cart was at the foot of the hill, and he had toiled up with her and her box, and meant to leave them there. She had wanted to be taken to Mr. Oglivie's, and did not seem quite to know where; so he had taken her to "The Forest House," because there were ladies there; and she had told her story, whatever it was, the man said, and been sent away. He had lifted

her into the cart again, thinking she would die every minute; and, as, he did not want to have a dead woman on his hands, they had better take her in.

During this explanation, they had carried her between them into the warm kitchen and laid her before the fire, all glowing with red-hot peat, and the flame of the pine-sticks, which Tammas threw on from time to time. When she "came to herself," as Jean expressed it, she had strength enough left to tell them the claim she had on the house, as the wife of Louis Oglivie, and to plead, not for her own sake, for she seemed past caring what became of herself, but for the sake of her unborn child, that she might stay under the roof which her husband had promised should shelter her. "She was the bonniest creature I ever saw," Jean always said at this point, "and the look in her een would have melted the heart of a stone."

Then Jean, in fear and trembling, had gone to Mr. Gilbert Oglivie, to tell him what had happened, and, in the meantime the countryman had taken an unceremonious leave.

"He was never a hard man with women, Gilbert Oglivie," Jean would go on to say, half to herself, "and he neither answered good nor bad when I told him how his son's wife had come home; and when I asked, 'What am I to do with her?' he only said, 'Make her as comfortable as you can.' Poor man! his trouble was new to him then, and I was feared to tell him; but I needn't hae been, for he was aye good to women folk."

Then Jean had sent Tammas trudging three good miles for the doctor, and he had not been in the house half an hour, after driving hot haste in his gig before the baby was born. And the mother lived through it, and would have lived, Jean asserted, but for the chill at her heart. Jean believed that she died of not wishing to live. "Mr. Louis did not mean to forsake her like that," she would say, but his regiment had been ordered to Ireland some months before, and he had left her behind, promising to prepare for her reception at his father's house. He was always for leaving things to chance, especially when he was at a distance; always averse to doing what was disagreeable to himself, or anybody else, if he was in immediate contact with the person who had to suffer.

He had failed to send money—"his pretty Peggy could get all she wanted for a time in his name, without money." He had failed to write to his father—"people would take care of her, if it came to the worst." He would run down and take her to his home." Such was the infirm purpose, the shallow heart, the selfishly indulgent nature of the man.

And the tender trust of the girlish wife was shaken, so deeply shaken, that even had she lived it must have died. Yet if she had survived her sorrow, much might have been changed for the better in the career, if not in the character, of Louis Oglivie. She would have risen up, strengthened herself, to support and strengthen him. During the few days she lived she had made this impression on the hard-headed, warm-hearted Jean, so that she would often

say with a sigh, "If she had lived she would have made a man of Mr. Louie." This indeed was to be doubted, seeing that Nature had not furnished the material for that purpose.

Yet the dying girl did not seem to love her husband less because of his fatal weakness, but more perhaps. Her eyes had been opened to the feebleness of the bright, facile nature of the man she had married; but her heart yearned over that feebleness as it might over the weakness and helplessness of an infant. She seemed to be unconscious of the help and strength that was in her, and thought, in her humility, that his child might lay stronger hold on his affections than she had been able to do, and so with her last breath she had prayed that this little one might lead him. So in those last days she opened her heart to Jean.

She had her purposes and her plans. There was her little box. She had not spent a penny that she could help since he had left her. She had stinted

herself in every way, that she might not contract a single debt. She had only in extremity thrown herself upon his relations, believing, too, that he would have authorised it; but his prolonged silence and her sudden illness, together with the rough journey and harsh reception, had run the sensitive spirit too low. It is idle to say that people do not die of broken hearts; that sorrow does not kill: sorrow does kill—not as the sword or the bullet kills, but in its own way, slowly but surely sapping the foundations of life, and opening the door to the death that lies in wait for us at every turn.

Even at the last, an access of hope might have saved the poor young mother; but instead of that, hope deferred sickened her heart. No letter came from her husband. The day after her death it arrived, and fell into the hands of Gilbert Oglivie, who had till then refused to see her, and who laid it in her coffin, looking on his son's wife for the first and the last time.

(To be continued.)

"AFTER MANY DAYS."



I was a calm autumn evening—a few bright streaks in the sky showed where the sun had gone down. The birds were asleep. There was no breeze to stir the branches, or sweep the honeysuckle-wreaths against the lattices of the white cottage in the lane. Nature was at rest.

Inside the cottage all was quiet. The little serving maiden sat beside her mistress's couch: that mistress was awaiting a solemn guest—even the Angel of death.

"Bessie," she said, "is it time for the coach to come in?"

"I should think it's in the inn-yard now, ma'am," answered the servant.

Another silence; then, "Was that our gate, Bessie?"

"No, ma'am; it's only next door's."

The dying woman sighed. For ten years she had listened for a well-known step along her garden path. Now, she knew, if it came to-morrow, it would be too late. And she lay and looked at the darkening sky.

"Bessie," she said, presently, "you don't remember John?"

"Yes, a little," replied the servant; "I remember his merry ways, but I don't think I should know him."

"Ah! ten years is a long time," said the patient mother, "you were quite a child then; but I should know John,—I should know his step—his very touch on the garden-gate: I shall never hear it now."

"Mr. John will have something to be sorry for," murmured Bessie, wiping her eyes.

"I don't know," said the mother, sharply; "perhaps he's dead—perhaps he's waiting for me in heaven. We have no right to judge before we know."

"But you heard he was alive five years after he ran away, ma'am," pleaded Bessie, in self-excuse.

"May his God forgive him as his mother does," sighed the invalid. "Oh, John, my boy, my only one, why didn't you remember the days when you kneeled in your little bedgown, and followed my words as I taught you to pray? Why didn't you remember the kiss I gave you when you brought home your first prize? if you'd thought of these things, you wouldn't have left me to pine for you, and die without you!"

"It seems as if your love had been thrown away ma'am," sobbed the girl.

"No, no, Bessie," said the dying woman, speaking more calmly. "It is planted in John's heart, though it's slow to bear fruit. Still, it's *there*, and some day it will come up. I wonder if I shall know in heaven!"

By this time the last bright streak had faded from the sky. The mother turned her face to the wall and was silent. Bessie drew the curtains, and stole down-stairs to fetch supper. When she returned, her mistress had not stirred. She was asleep, with tears wet upon her cheeks. Yes, she was asleep, but she would wake no more!

* * * * *

Five years later, a glorious dawn brightened over a wide Australian plain. The thick wild vegetation rustled in the fresh morning air. A solitary wayfarer, pausing on a rising ground, thought the scene seemed as free and unsullied as was the whole world thousands of years ago, before the angel with the flaming sword guarded the gate of Eden. Not quite, though; for, on his right hand, far off, lay a long, low building, with even rows of windows; and in its neighbourhood were sundry small huts, whence rose light wreaths of smoke, showing their owners were already astir. It was a convict settlement.

Suddenly the wanderer was startled by the report of a pistol among the ferns around him, and the noise was followed by blasphemous yells of pain. A

tall, athletic man, dusty and blood-stained, burst from among the bushes, followed by two others with weapons in their hands. The fugitive sank down like a wounded wild beast, and the others seized him.

"I'll not go back till you carry me," said the hunted man; "you may kill me, but I'll not go back."

"Handcuff him, and keep him here while I fetch more help," said one of the gaolers. And it was speedily done, though not without a fierce struggle. And then the convict lay on the sward, chained and helpless, his neglected wound welling forth blood with every panting breath.

The startled wanderer gazed sorrowfully on the piteous scene. He was a young man, and carried his English bloom about him, unbrowned by the suns and winds of bush-life. Where now was his dream of Eden? Yet his heart was touched by the wild despairing face of the baffled man on the ground, and he drew near, and bent over him.

"Take care," said the remaining gaoler; "he can't very well do you a mischief now, but he will if he can."

"I am not afraid," said the stranger. "My poor fellow, let me bind my handkerchief about your wounded arm."

The gaoler whistled and sauntered off.

"Don't touch me," moaned the convict; "I want to bleed to death;" and he repulsed the friendly hand.

"Nay, nay," said the other, "when you long for death, don't forget, after it comes the judgment."

"I can't help it. I must take my chance. There can't be much worse than this."

"Don't say that. While there is life in this world there is hope."

"Not for me," groaned the convict.

"Yes," said the other, "at the worst in this life we may win hope for the next. We can't be worse than the dying thief, or Mary Magdalene, and yet our Saviour's love was given to them, and they are with Him now."

"It's a long while since I've had any love," muttered the miserable man.

"Perhaps it is your own fault," said the other, gently; "but certainly One has always loved you, and that is the Lord."

"I can't believe it. Why should he love me? I don't deserve it."

"Don't you believe in any undeserved love?" asked the young man.

The convict raised his dark eyes with a strange light in them, and in a very different voice he answered, "Yes, I do." And then he dropped his face, and his whole form shook with convulsed sobs.

"Then by that undeserved love, understand His love," said the stranger, solemnly. "He longs to save you. He sees you now. His love will meet you as the forgiving father met the prodigal son. Do not disappoint him."

There was no answer but those throbbing sobs; but the young missionary understood the stormy nature with which he was dealing, and was well con-

tent. He saw the other keepers approaching, and bent down again.

"I shall pray for you. Tell me your name."

"We call him Number Twelve, and a rare bad case he is," put in the gaoler.

The chained man looked up with streaming eyes. "She called me John," he said, "that name will be enough. It's my mother I mean. She's dead now. I wonder if they in heaven know about things down here?"

"If they do," said the missionary, "let your future life add a new joy to her bliss; understand God's love by its reflection in hers."

He watched the melancholy procession till it passed under the prison archway, and then he went home.

* * * * *

Twenty years later, the sun that set over that Australian plain did not illumine a silent or barren scene. There was a little village with simple shops and neat houses; and dotted about the vicinity were snug farms with large enclosures around them. There was a good inn in the village, and a coach had just set down its passengers before it. One middle-aged gentleman amongst them, looked about him with amazement.

"Well, it is changed!" he exclaimed.

"You may say so, indeed, sir," said a cheerful farmer-like man standing near.

"No room in the house, sir," said an ostler, addressing the traveller; "all the beds are full."

"Never mind," remarked the good-natured countryman, "there's a spare room in my farmhouse, and my wife and I are simple people, like Abraham and Sarah, and we're glad of a stranger's company."

So he led the traveller down a shady lane to a great, rambling, roomy house, where he was received by a buxom dame, and regaled with a plentiful supper. And then the large rustic household came tramping in to the pleasant keeping-room, and a chapter was read and a hymn was sung.

"Your lines are fallen in pleasant places," said the traveller to his host. "It reminds me of good old times in England."

"And yet we're called 'the scum' of the old country," returned the host.

"That's only the convicts," said the traveller.

"That's a great many of us," replied the farmer.

"Do you object to employing them?" asked the guest.

"I needn't, because I am one myself," responded the host, with a grave smile.

"Well, it's a noble thing to keep right, and it's a noble thing to return to right," said the traveller. "Did you ever happen to hear anything of a man named John, who was Number Twelve in prison?"

"That's me," said the farmer.

And the two looked at each other and understood it all.

"The memory of my mother's love did it," said the farmer; "and now-a-days, I like to believe she can look down from heaven and see me." I. F.

THE QUIVER

Saturday, October 5, 1867.



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"Of course she would—what else could I expect?"—p. 34.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

IT was a bitterly cold day in January, the snow lying two feet deep, in its most abominable form of whitey-brown slush in the streets; while a piercing gale, blowing from all the four quarters

of the compass at once, was bringing down fresh drifts and avalanches from the roofs and chimney-pots above.

In Pall Mall—that centre of the fashionable

West End during the London season—desolation now reigned supreme. Not a single private carriage, not an omnibus, or even a tradesman's cart, to be seen; scarcely even a stray cab would, at long intervals, pass along, slowly and heavily dragging its way, with an extra horse attached, tandem-wise, in front, struggling and floundering at every step; while there, deserted, in the middle of the street, a heavily-loaded coal-wagon stood, stuck fast, the exhausted horses of which had been, after long and unavailing struggles, unhooked and driven home by their despairing driver; and its freight—just now doubly valuable—thus left to become the spoil of chance marauders.

Though now only between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, there is no noise or sound of life to be heard—except, perhaps, that of the hoarse voices of four or five great hulking fellows, who, having assembled in the gin-shop round the corner, have, on this occasion only, assumed the character of working men. Some of them with bran-new spades, from which they have not even taken the trouble to rub off the chalk shop-marks, are now howling out the dismal, though not wholly untrue, chorus of: "Poor men are we, starving at home because we've got no work to do!" not that they ever have, or would do it, even if it were offered them.

Besides these impostors, there are not half a dozen other persons to be descried in the whole length and breadth of that, at other times, well-populated thoroughfare.

Though mark that poor shivering wretch, who creeps along, trying in vain to wrap her scanty rags more closely round her, and then, with an eager and wistful look cast round, slinks into the side-door of the afore-mentioned gin-palace, where the frozen-out gentlemen hold their headquarters, there to drown, for a time at least, the bitter pangs of cold and hunger in the draught of fatal oblivion, which she will pay for with the sixpence but now begged, with a torrent of lies, cant blessings, and protestations, from that young gentleman, who has just waded, ankle-deep, across the street, and is now standing to watch where she will go from the steps of his club.

"Of course she would," he says to himself, reproachfully; "what else could I expect? But was I not wrong and weak to give the poor wretch the means? Even while she was swearing that she wanted bread for her starving children at home, didn't I know that she was lying as I listened to her? I feel quite sure that this address, which she has given me in Westminster, is false, and indeed thought so, even while taking the trouble to write it down. I might be certain that any money I gave her would be spent

in gin; and yet I gave it. My real motive was, as usual, my own selfishness and personal satisfaction, for which I have given a fellow-creature the means of her own destruction, when I ought to have had the firmness to refuse it;—and yet the poor wretch may now obtain a few hours' reprieve from her abject want and suffering; but at what a price! I am an ass, weak, and false to mine own avowed principles; and feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself."

Thus soliloquised, in severe self-reproof, the Hon. Sydney Welworth, as he stamped the snow from off his gaiters and thick shooting-boots, and passed into the spacious morning room of his club, changing the dreariness of the street, and bitterness of the climate, through which he had been struggling without, for an almost similar solitude within, though in point of atmosphere affording a striking contrast, which, in the exactly opposite extreme, was perhaps even more trying and overwhelming to the senses.

In the vast and luxuriantly-furnished saloon in which he now found himself, there was, indeed, an equally desolate aspect of empty space and unwonted silence; but the intense heat which struck him as he passed in at the door was, for the moment, almost stifling.

Already at that early hour lighted up with flaring lamps and chandeliers innumerable, while there was blazing in the huge fireplace at each end of the room a furnace, at which an ox might almost literally be roasted whole, it was not much wonder that the thermometer on the centre table should actually mark the temperature a degree or two above eighty.

The only visible inhabitants of this vast solitude were two crusty old gentlemen, who seemed either to have quarrelled, or else, never having chosen to make each other's acquaintance, had been sitting each at his own separate fireside through the whole day, without exchanging a word, dozing over the papers, or only varying the monotony of their silent existence by alternately ringing the bell, at an average of about twenty minutes' interval, for "more coals."

This was apparently the only one point of sympathy between them, unless it was when they both looked round, with a simultaneous scowl and shudder, as Sydney Welworth came in through the swing doors, bringing with him a momentary gust of fresh air, to say nothing of a moral atmosphere of beaming good humour, which seemed to have the effect of making them both look even more sour than before.

Under the impression that these two were the only inmates of this almost tropical desert, the young man was turning to the newspaper desk for the last news, when he was almost startled by a deep sigh, amounting nearly to a groan of distress,

which proceeded from the further corner of the room, and he then perceived a third individual, crouched in the depths of one of the large morocco lounging-chairs, handsomely, not to say elaborately, dressed, but whose well-formed features, as he lifted up his fine face from his folded arms, in which it had been buried, betrayed an expression of despair and misery quite unmistakable, and really pitiable to look upon.

"Why, Archie, my dear fellow!" was Sydney's amazed greeting, as he recognised a friend in this most melancholy being, "what on earth has happened to you? Who would have thought of seeing you in town at this time of year? though, by the way, I suppose there will be lots of you hunting fellows coming up in a day or two, frozen out from the shires, if this awful weather is to continue. But has anything dreadful happened, that you are looking so awfully down?"

"I have given up hunting; I haven't got a horse," replied Archie Scott, with another doleful sigh. "I sent them all in to Tattersall's just before Christmas, where they sold for nothing; but it is not that that I care about."

"Well, what are you going to do with yourself, then, this winter?"

"Either cut my throat, hang, or drown myself, I haven't quite made up my mind which; my predilection was rather in favour of the latter, only, before I had quite made up my mind, the Serpentine was frozen over, so now I must wait; but I shall put myself out of my misery before long, in some way or other, for it is more than I can bear;" and the poor fellow's voice quavered, and the sides of his mouth drew down with a miserable expression of despair, as if he really meant what he said.

"Stuff, man—stuff! don't talk in that ghastly fashion, even in joke," remonstrated Sydney; "but tell me, now, really what is the matter with you, and what sort of troubles you are labouring under."

"Every sort; I tell you, I am the most miserable beast alive. I really think, sometimes, that I shall go mad, when I sit and brood over all my troubles!"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear fellow! you want change of scene. Why don't you go abroad—I know you are fond of travelling—or make a round of country visits? You have hundreds of friends, all only too glad to see you; or, at any rate, make a start somewhere and get some occupation, or, if you sit here in the dumps all day, you will soon grow into the chrysalis state of one of those old fogies by the fireplace, whose only use in this world is to be a warning and a beacon to men of our age. Why don't you go to the concert to night? I hear there is a first-rate one."

"Concert, indeed!" answered Archie, in disgust, "there is nothing in this world I hate like a concert; besides, I couldn't afford it, even if I cared to do so. I tell you that I am ruined, and a beggar! A concert, indeed! as if that could alleviate heavy trials like mine! Don't talk in that unfeeling way to a poor fellow; and as to travelling, even if I could afford that, which I cannot, I tell you, it would not do me the slightest good. I have, as you say, been all over the world, and I don't think I have ever seen anything worth remembering yet, though I am not so old as I know I look. Yet I began life very early with a fixed determination to try every pleasure and excitement that exists, and I don't think that you can easily mention any that I have not tried; and there is not one of them I should ever care to try again, even if I had the means of doing so, which I tell you, I have not, for now I am a pauper, and that has settled me. Until then, though everything else had proved rotten and unsatisfactory, there was always hope, you know, at the bottom of the cup; but now that is gone, and everything else gone with it!"

"In fact," said Sydney, hardly in as sympathising tones as he might have used, "you are, as you justly say, thoroughly *blasé* and used up, and seem to have outrun your income. Well, there is no doubt that is a nuisance: still, things may come right in time, and might have been worse. I thought when I saw you in such grief, there was something much worse the matter—that some near relation was dead, or——"

"Dead! I wish that was only just all that had happened," exclaimed Archie, brisking up a bit. "I have only one near relation in the world, my old uncle, Lord Trencher. He will be sixty-nine next birthday, and had nearly died, the year before last, of diphtheria; but instead of doing so, he recovered, and then married the young woman whom the doctor had recommended from the hospital to nurse him through his illness!" And here the ill-used Archie brought his fist down upon the table before him with a bang which made the lamps rattle and rock again, and so startled both the old gentlemen at their respective fire-sides, that each, springing up from his chair, rung, and ordered more coals simultaneously.

"But what has your noble uncle done, or is he going to do, for you?" inquired Sydney. "I always thought that you were declared heir to all his large estates, as well as his title."

"So I was, of course," replied the other. "The old swindler! what has he done for me, do you ask? Why, my lady very soon made him give me my *congé* from Trencher Castle, which I have from a boy always been brought up to look upon as my home; and now he—or rather she—has

written to say that she will pay my debts, and settle an allowance of—what do you suppose upon me?—why, a beggarly £500 a-year! What is the use of such an allowance as that to me! A man cannot be expected to live upon £500 a-year, you know! But that is actually how I am left, high and dry! I have sold my horses, as I tell you; no one can hunt upon £500 a-year, you know. I never did much care for shooting; besides, I have now not an acre of land, or a cover to shoot through, so I gave both my guns to my valet, when I sent him about his business. One cannot keep a valet on £500 a-year, of course! Indeed, I cannot imagine how one can get on at all, on such an absurd pittance.

"But it is not the poverty I think so much about, as the want of occupation—an object—an interest in life: that is, you see, what my hopes and expectancies used, to a certain extent, to supply; but now they are all knocked on the head. I sold out of the army two years ago, when my regiment was last ordered to Aldershot, because with my expectations, and the just then critical state of that old fellow's health, I saw no use in going down to that horrid place, to be broiled alive in the sun, or choked with the dust, for nothing. I took that step without consulting my uncle, and he chose to take offence at my doing so; and though we did not actually quarrel on the subject, I shall always think he let that hospital nurse marry him half out of spite to me. I wish now, with all my heart, that I had stuck to soldiering, for then the parades and duty gave one a regular daily occupation—something to do; instead of which, here am I now, without means, without a home, without any interest or object in life, having nowhere to go, but mooning from my lodgings to this dreary club, or from this club back to my dreary lodgings, the most miserable and unfortunate wretch in existence!

"How any one can exist in London at this time of year I cannot imagine. Until I came myself into this dismal state, I had no idea that anybody ever did; and yet, by the way, you seem to do so, and still look jolly and happy, too, under the circumstances. But, tell me, what on earth do you find to do with yourself at this time of year, when there is no park and no one to speak to? I have noticed you several times come bustling in and out of this place, or going ahead in the street below, as if you were busy, and really enjoyed being so. I do wish, my dear fellow, you would tell me what it is, and, if I can, let me try to help you."

"Well, we will see if you really mean what you say," answered Sydney, cheerily, "and are indeed in the miserable state you describe yourself to be in. If you like to come along with me now,

I may, perhaps, be able to put you in the way of something to occupy you, at any rate, and, perhaps, even interest you enough to make you forget your troubles."

"Oh, my dear fellow, I shall indeed be grateful to you! But where am I to go with you?"

"Close by here."

"What are you going to set me to do?"

"Come and see."

"When?"

"Now, directly; as it happens, I am myself due, at four o'clock, at the very place to which, of all others, according to your own account, you need an introduction; so wrap that elaborately fur-lined coat of yours about you, and let us be off, for I ought to be there now."

Leaving the two old gentlemen to themselves, to snooze by their respective fires in peace, the two friends, making their way through the snow, across Pall Mall, and round the nearest corner of St. James's Square, in less than five minutes found themselves at the entrance of a small shop, on the doorpost of which was stuck up a board, on which was printed in large letters, "The Society for the Relief of Distress."

"Oh, really, Welworth! this is too bad of you!" exclaimed Captain Scott, relapsing into his most despondent tones, "and I don't see the fun of it. To bring any one out in this horrible weather, just for the pleasure of a stupid 'sell' like this! I do detest such practical jokes, and so I tell you, and wish you a good afternoon; but next time, if you please, choose some one else to play off your tricks upon;" and the captain was walking off in high dudgeon.

"Nonsense," said Sydney; "I am playing no joke, I tell you. This is the place where you will find exactly what you want, if you will only trust me as a friend, and come up. You tell me that you are in distress, and I have brought you to a place where, I know, you will find relief."

"Yes, I am in distress, sure enough; but, though I am, so to speak, ruined, and a beggar, in comparison to what I was, and always had looked to be, still, one cannot come and apply, like a regular mendicant pauper, at a charitable institution like this, when one has £500 a-year you know: though, of course, it is such an absurdly small sum to talk about living upon."

"Well, never mind that," said Sydney, "you can but come up and see what they can do for you."

"Why, we should only find a set of old fellows, with long faces and white chokers, who will think we have gone up on purpose to chaff them, and very likely give us in charge to the police. I don't mind fun sometimes, when I am in my proper spirits, but, as I tell you, I hate practical

joking; it's low, and not gentlemanly, in my opinion."

"Only just come and see. You will probably find some old acquaintances of your own up there; and I will promise you that there shall be no long faces amongst them."

"Why, is it not a Jew's," inquired Archie, suddenly jumping at a new conclusion, "who lends money to the distressed? Is it? I never have yet been driven to that sort of thing; though, reduced to the penury I now am, there is no knowing what one may come to; so, perhaps, I may as well come in and make the Israelite's acquaintance."

Sydney Welworth was so immensely tickled at the very idea of his friend's new suggestion, that, as he led the way up the narrow staircase, he shook the whole place with his violent peals of laughter, from which he had scarcely recovered his breath or composure as they entered a very small, and low room, on the first floor, or, as it really was, *entresol*, where there were already assembled six or seven gentlemen, of various ages, seated in a business-like manner round the table, among whom Captain Scott, rather to his amazement, recognised two Guardsmen of his acquaintance—a young baronet, who was a distant connection of his own, and, next to the latter, a gentleman who, though not a personal acquaintance, he knew well enough by sight as one of the smartest men about town, whose phaeton was the best turn-out in the park, that previous season.

Archie Scott having been introduced by his friend, and shaken hands with those whom he knew, the little conclave, which had been temporarily disturbed by the rather noisy and unbusiness-like entrance of the still highly amused Sydney, were called to order by their chairman, a noble lord, who requested the latter to take his place at the table, and though rather audibly demurring at the stranger being allowed to remain while business was going on, yet seeing that he was recognised by the majority of the party, so far gave in as to allow him to occupy a chair by the fire, while they resumed their deliberations on the several cases brought before them.

Several letters were read aloud in their turns by one of the Guardsmen, who, with a desk before him, seemed to act as the secretary of the committee, either giving a short report of the state of poverty and destitution in various districts of the metropolis, or perhaps describing individual cases

of distress visited and reported upon by the writers, but all, almost without exception, urgently requesting funds for further and immediate distribution.

Each demand or petition was then strictly discussed, sometimes, it is true, in somewhat familiar, not to say unbusiness-like tone, by some of the younger members of the committee, in regard to the genuineness of the cases, or the relative discretion of the almoners, and then different sums of £20, £30, £50, and—in some few very urgent instances—even £100, were voted as grants to be sent to the various districts, according to the relative amount of distress and the number of the population in each, which particulars they seemed to have all ready for them set forth on the paper containing the agenda, which was lying before the chairman, in a way, which at first astonished and then began to interest Archie Scott considerably.

When the business was disposed of, and the members were rising from their seats, Sydney begged leave to stop them for one moment, as he had a case of real distress to report, which was not on the paper, and, to poor Archie's great confusion, he introduced him to his old and new friends as being in the greatest possible distress, and an applicant for any relief which it was within their power to afford him. With a trifle of more than perhaps fair exaggeration, he then described how his friend had been induced to come and ask their kind assistance, under the impression that he was about to be introduced to one of those benevolent members of the Hebrew persuasion who kindly accommodate ingenuous and confiding youths by temporary loans, or by discounting their bills at a trifle of sixty per cent.; but though they might not be able or willing to accommodate his gallant friend quite in that way, yet still they might perhaps be able, by putting new interests and untried pursuits of pleasure in his way, to do something for him, at least, in dissipating the feeling of ennui and depression with which he was at present devoured. This, he was quite sure, they would be only too glad, on his recommendation, to do; and he therefore begged now to propose, that his friend, Captain Archibald Scott, late of her Majesty's Piebald Light Dragoons, be appointed almoner, to act for the Society for Relief of Distress, in the best district at present vacant in the eastern part of London.

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL AT THREE O'CLOCK.



WAS near that reverend chancel,
While yet the evening sun
Poured through the glowing window,
Ere the anthem had begun ;

Where banner, sword, and helmet
Told of the hard-fought day,
And sculptured marble pointed
Where warriors' ashes lay ;

And silence fell one moment,
And heads were bowed in prayer,
And the preacher's words of blessing
Fell like incense on the air.

Then woke the grand old organ,*
Uprose the choir beneath,

And the banners waved above them
With the tempest of its breath.

Oh, that sounding burst of glory !
Like an echo from heaven it came,
Like a voice from the Mighty Presence,
Like a breath of the great "I Am,"

And I thought of white-robed thousands,
In phalanx deep and broad,
With their banners hung for ever
In the armoury of God ;

Bowing their veiled faces
'Neath the shade of the victor's palm,
While their choral hallelujahs
Rise for ever round the Lamb.

THE NAMELESS PROPHET OF JUDAH†

"Alas, my brother ! round thy tomb
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
We read the pastor's doom
Who speaks and will not hear.
The grey-haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove ;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love."



HE story of the man of God, who came out of Judah to prophesy against the altar of Jeroboam, is commenced in 1 Kings xiii., and completed, 350 years after, in 2 Kings xxiii. It is thus associated with the rising and the falling of Jeroboam's schismatical religion. The kingdom had just been severed into two parts, in one of which was the authorised place of worship. To prevent the ten tribes from going up to the capital of his rival to worship there in Solomon's temple, Jeroboam set up golden calves at Dan and Bethel—Dan, associated with Micah's teraphim, and Bethel—of which it was remembered that Jacob had said, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." There a new order of priests burned incense to the invisible God under the similitude of a calf that eateth hay ; for Jeroboam had imported from Egypt this symbol, so agreeable to the feelings of a pastoral nation. And now it was probably the time of the feast, which was substituted for the ancient passover ; and the people—for their wealth consisted in cattle—had come up to Bethel to worship God under the form of a calf.

This is a species of idolatry which will always have its votaries. It is none other than the worship of what constitutes our wealth, to which we do a service more lowly and untiring than was ever offered to Jehovah. Men are made to worship something ; they must have some correlative to the innate spirit of adoration ; and that faculty of the mind out of which philosophers are able to construct the majestic truth that there exists a Divine Being, may either lift men to the heights of spiritual religion, or may cast them grovelling at the feet of an idol. They will go up to Jerusalem to worship Him who "remaineth a King for ever," if they be not intercepted on the way by this calf of gold—symbol of a people's wealth : and this they are content to make the end of their journey, haply to be made its priests.

About this pernicious idol the hosts of Israel were keeping their feast. A novelty in religion attracts far more devotees than the old routine of the temple and the law ; a false form of religion is more attractive than a true ; and if God would only consent to be worshipped under the form of a golden idol, heaven would be dense with the smoke of the incense with which this golden divinity would ever be adored. And now the gorgeous religious service is proceeding. Jeroboam stands beside the altar, well fitted by the years he has spent in Egyptian exile to perform the solemn rites as priest and king. The vague forms of priests assisting swim in the clouds of incense which, in the midday sun,

* In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, an anthem always follows the sermon.

† One of the many traditions as to the name of "the man of God who came out of Judah," is that he was Iddo the Seer. But in Holy Writ he is nameless : the historian out of tenderness conceals his name ; and by those at Bethel he seems to have been unknown.

are as the glory that at some crisis of the national history filled the temple of the Lord. But above, the golden calf—mate of that at Dan—like to that which had the unwilling sanction of Aaron, and at the sight of which, glittering on the plains of Sinai, Moses flung down and broke in wrath the autograph of the Almighty to his people—above it stands, bathed in sunlight, like one of those mysterious beasts which dwell in the seventh heaven.

Then from the prostrate multitude steps forth a single man, like the sole survivor of a fallen host, flinging his solitary defiance in the face of opposing armies. It is the man of Judah, subject of a hostile monarch, prophet of an outraged God. He comes to denounce the altar. "O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord." His denunciations pass over the head of the startled Jeroboam. Men are too low for God to strike; he overturns the altars of an idolatrous faith, and proclaims the doom of false systems, but the individual who conceives himself the mainspring of all is contemptuously passed over. He heralds the birth of a child to the house of David—a reflection of the distant Christ—who should overthrow that idolatrous worship, and lead up the tribes of Israel to Jerusalem, to keep there once more the ancient passover. His words seem to waken echoes in the future. Hell is dismayed by the mention of an illustrious birth in that house which is destined to produce its Conqueror. Is not this "the rod of Jesse—the root and offspring of David?" The altar is rent, and the ashes poured out, as if by a premature movement in the womb of Time, of that convulsion of which he was foretelling. White with rage and fear, the king puts forth his hand from the altar, which has been rent beneath it, and bids his attendants seize on this bold herald of God. But his hand was alike powerless to save the altar on which it rested, or to injure the minister of God, against whom it was stretched. So withers the hand that is stretched out against the servants of the Almighty, in the fulfilment of their duty. It is caught by God, and remains stretched forth, involuntarily designating the prophet to the multitude; until the proud Jeroboam humbles himself to the nameless man of Judah, and begs through him for mercy from the God he had endeavoured to depose. "Intreat now the face"—(how the materialism of his religious notions comes out even in the form of his supplication)—"intreat now the *face* of the Lord thy God." And as, when the prophecy was directed against the altar, not the man, we learned to distinguish between evil and evil-doers, so, in the prompt restoration of that withered hand, we see that God "in judgment remembers mercy;" and as the prophet kneels to pray for

the hand stretched out against his life, we see a generosity kindred to that undaunted courage which braved a mighty king, girt about by his people.

And now he turns to go, leaving no name behind him in Israel, bearing no trophy to Judah. Let God's name be glorified; let ours remain in oblivion. His bravery and magnanimity were not more striking than the sacrifice of personal honour and advantage with which he turned to depart, refusing the invitation of Jeroboam and the offer of reward. "If thou wilt give me the half of thine house, I will not go with thee, nor eat bread nor drink water in this place." But was there not an evil omen even in those very words? The king had offered him no such exaggerated reward. They have the violence of innate weakness. He who is unnecessarily vehement in his protestations of fidelity often turns out to be a dishonest steward. Was it not thus that Balaam vowed—"Though Balak should give me his house full of silver and gold, I will not go with thee?" Let us not make boast of such inexpugnable virtue. It is too soon to boast; for who can tell but we may some day bring shame on our profession? It becomes us best to work on in silence, offering the testimony of deeds. St. Paul would not boast, not because he had not whereof to boast, but because it was too soon to boast. Instead of proclaiming that we could not be tempted by the half of Jeroboam's house, or Balak's house full of silver and gold, let us pray with fear, and trembling, and self-distrust, that we be not conquered by the trifling temptation of a crust of bread and a cruse of water.

Moulded for great achievements, we have yet to see this servant of God tried by those petty temptations which, during hours of inaction, assail the nerveless spirit. In that land of idolatry he was not to eat or drink, or turn aside. He was to return by another way, that all trace of him might be lost, and that he might not be overtaken and tempted to return. God with the temptation showed him a way of escape: to return by *another* way. But although thus far he kept the commandment, he violated its spirit in sitting down by the wayside and waiting for temptation to come up with him. Is there no blame in the words that he was found sitting under an oak?

Haste thee on, thou man of God, for the evening is closing about thee. They have marked which way thou wentest, and temptation is in pursuit. The multitude have passed away that watched thy splendid boldness; they are left behind, and scattered in sleep over the dark country. Only God watches thee now. The wonder of the fair, and wise, and brave, and royal, who looked on

thee to-day, no longer nerves thy spirit—they know not even thy name. A great deed has been done by thee; but to leave the glory of it behind thee is greater. Give up the glory to God, and he will forge it into a crown for thee to wear hereafter. Thou shalt wear it in heaven; and the praise of fair and wise angels shall be better to thee than the acclaims of the idolatrous multitude.

But how hard to withstand the small temptations of life! He thinks it little blame to sit and muse awhile on the countless eyes that beheld when he rent the altar and withered the king's hand, and loosed it again from the Divine grip; the ocean murmur of applause, the unexampled boldness of the deed—to con the noble words that he had spoken—to think of the impression produced upon the king and multitude by that splendid act of abdication, as it were, when he disappeared as abruptly as he had risen on the scene. Thus the mind feeds on the green spots of memory; surely so much may be permitted to human nature. But the while he lingered on his urgent flight, a petty temptation pursued and overtook him. It found him weary and relaxed, and satisfied with what he had already achieved. He had refused the hospitality of a king, and had rejected royal gifts; remembering, perhaps, the story of Balaam, so similar to his own slain among the children of Moab: and now the temptation is only to eat bread and drink water. Those small temptations which do not arouse and arm us to resistance, are often allowed without opposition to scale the battlements of a mind deeming itself impregnable. We think it no dishonour to yield to some little temptation, our self-respect being satisfied with the sense that we could crush it if we chose. It seems enough to possess the power. There is what might almost be termed a liberality in not using it upon trifling occasions.

The real temptation that came up with the man of Judah, was to re-visit for one hour the place where he had done so gloriously—to hear the murmur of his deed on the lips of living men—and to talk of it with a brother prophet. But the guise under which it appeared was only to eat bread and drink water; a temptation so slight as not to be worth overcoming—so slight, that equally slight must be the sin of giving way to it—so slight, that the glory of resisting it would not be worth acquiring. He who had refused the offer of royal hospitality might add to, rather than detract from, the glory of his high refusal by now in preference accepting the hospitality of a brother prophet. Such was the outward form of the temptation, the real allurements of which was to return to that idolatrous place. It found him weary, seated under an oak; his mission over,

sunk in that depression which always succeeds to scenes of action and days of excitement. Hours had passed, and his strength was failing, as he sat under the oak-tree by the way. Beware of those weary hours when nature is exhausted; beware of the morrow of a victory. The conqueror of yesterday is often surprised in the sleep of to-night; and when we unclasp our armour the enemy steals upon us, through the shadows of the twilight. Take heed of hours of inaction and reaction, and lassitude—when the excitement of the battle is over, and there remains an emptiness of the heart, a vibrating of the nerves, and the powers of resistance are weakened, and we are weary of well-doing. Court not the shadow of the oak; wait for rest till you can rest in safety.

And now there comes an aged man, a prophet of Samaria. He professes that an angel has commanded him to bring back the man of Judah. The actors in this story are two men of God. One shows how easily we may work the destruction of a brother, and the danger of what is called "good nature;" the other teaches us the lesson that we must work out our salvation—work out to the very end of life, never pausing while a breath remains to be breathed or one step of the way to be trodden.

The man of Judah knows that "God is not a man that he should lie," but he feigns to his conscience a belief in the ready falsehood of his friend. Self-deception is added to, instead of taking from, the guilt of disobedience. He returns to eat bread and drink water in the place of which God had said, "Thou shalt eat no bread and drink no water;" but even as he sits at that board of sinful indulgence, the old prophet cries, trembling with the burden of the Spirit, "Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord . . . thy carcase shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers." "And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him." "And the prophet took up the carcase of the man of God, and laid it upon the ass, and brought it back: and the old prophet came to the city, to mourn and to bury him. And he laid his carcase in his own grave; and they mourned over him, saying, Alas, my brother!" Where lately rang the murmurs of applause now passes this mournful cry. How often it escapes from the lips of the angel hosts as they behold some wayward saint, that has fallen a prey to the roaring lion! How often it seems to be muttered by the grave-side! It teaches us that we may rend polluted altars, and wither the arm of temporal authority, but, returning home in the evening, be disobedient to the word of the Lord, and that dismal bewailing be made for us, even by those who were themselves instrumental in our loss and ruin, "Alas, my brother!"



(Drawn by L. C. HENLEY.)

"O'er a dying maiden's pallid aspect
Fell the warm reflection of the sun." - p. 42.

THE HARVEST.



'ER the emerald meadows glowed the sun-
light;
Fell with golden splendour o'er the
leaves;

The weary reapers' task was almost over;
The corn stood ready in its yellow sheaves.

Long and purple stretched the evening shadows,
Broken by the heaps of yellow grain;
Cheerly spoke the sturdy yeoman master,
Strolling through the sun and toil-worn train.

Full-voiced came the chorus of the song-birds,
Pouring through a lattice open wide;
Mingling with the joyous cadence, murmured
Gnat and beetles' buzz and humming-tide.

O'er a dying maiden's pallid aspect
Fell the warm reflection of the sun,
Lighting up her angel face with glory—
Earnest of a future almost won.

Weary by the bedside sat her mother—
Pale and weary, with an aching heart;
Well she knew all hope for her was over:
From her loved one she must quickly part.

"Mother, raise me up a little higher,
There's so strange a sinking in my chest—
Once more read to me my darling's letter;
Let me lean my head upon your breast.

"Seven days longer!" saith he—seven days
longer,
Mother dear, I feel it may not be.
Mother, tell him we shall meet in heaven:
Him on earth I never more shall see."

Seven days longer—o'er the emerald meadows
Poured a flood of glory from the sun;
But the fields were empty of the harvest,
And the maiden's earthly course was run.

Spring flowers on her quiet grave were blooming,
When from o'er the sea her lover came.
Careless, he had broken faith and troth-plight;
With him was the wife who bore his name.

Then the widowed mother's anguish softened;
Then to God her deep thanksgiving breathed—
"Better far my flower was plucked untimely,
Than round such a mildewed sheaf be
wreathed."

T. B. M.

PEGGY DOGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MANSE OF STRATHIE.



"GOING already!" said Dr. Grant—the
minister of Strathie was a doctor of
divinity, and was duly honoured with
the title—"going already, Mistress
Peggy? won't you stay and see your
old friends? the coach is due in less than half
an hour."

The friends in question were Archie and Sandie,
who were coming home at the close of their first term
at college.

"I'll be in time to see the coach come round the
foot of the hill, where I mean to stand and wave my
handkerchief; but I'm wanted at home this after-
noon," said Peggy, holding out her hand. "Good-bye;
I'll see them at the kirk to-morrow," she added, with
a parting smile.

The doctor was pacing up and down the shady
side of the garden, in the sunny afternoon, engaged
in meditation, as was his wont on Saturday. It is
the custom among the Scottish clergy to give up
that day to preparation for the work of the morrow.
The good doctor's preparations were of no very ex-
haustive or exhausting kind. He read his Bible,
walked up and down his study or his garden, indulged
in frequent recreative sallies into the outer world,

and had no objection to interruptions of any kind.
If they were not very intense or profound, these
meditations of his must have been sweet and whole-
some at the least, for he overflowed with the milk
of human kindness on all who came near him at
such times.

The truth was that the reverend doctor had a very
easy mind. He seldom underwent the labour of
thought which wrings the brain. In a great chest in
the study lay a whole body of divinity, in the shape
of his own and his father's sermons, upon which he
had drawn for the last twenty years. The sermons
were taken, in rotation, from one side of the chest,
and, having been duly read, or rather recited, on Sun-
day, they were laid, face downward, on the other side.
When the pile was finished, it had only to be turned,
and the process began again. Occasionally, a new
head was added, or a fresh application made; but
these were written on the spur of the moment,
generally, when some exciting or solemnising event
had taken place among his parishioners.

The doctor's sermons were careful and finished
compositions, in the Blair style; and though strangers
from the neighbouring parishes, accustomed to more
stirring stuff, shook their heads and murmured that
he was a "mere moralist," "a dry stick," "a dumb
dog," according to the acerbity of their tastes and
tempers, his own people loved their doctor dearly, and

upheld his preaching warmly, dwelling especially on his great gift of dispensing with the paper—read sermons being obnoxious to all well-constituted kirkgoers. The doctor knew his sermon by heart.

Peggy Oglivie had come to spend the Saturday afternoons at the manse, as regularly as the doctor took to his meditations. Mrs. Grant was supposed to be alone on these occasions; and she had assumed quite a motherly control over the friendless little girl. Peggy had been the pet of the parish schoolmaster, her husband's principal crony, with whom he played interminable games of chess. She had been the playmate of her boys, and she was a regular and attentive attender at the kirk. Mrs. Grant had resolved to patronise her, and indulge her curiosity about the family at the same time; but being a good woman, and motherly, in a measure, she ended by liking her as much as it was possible for her to like any one beyond her own little family circle of husband and sons.

So when the boys went up to the grammar-school, and Peggy had learnt all that the schoolmaster was thought competent to teach a girl, Mrs. Grant took her to task in the matter of feminine accomplishments, and, finding her utterly destitute, set to work to teach her fine needlework, and, at Peggy's earnest petition, the flower-painting, on which she justly prided herself.

Half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon would the doctor look in upon their labours, generally with some joke that had occurred to him, or with some almost boyish ebullition of spirits to give vent to. He would come behind Peggy, and put his great hand before her eyes while she sat at work—a trick which he would equally have played his lady-wife, but for the discouragement it had met with in their early days, and which had led to its discontinuance.

And on this particular afternoon he was more than usually restless and erratic, and the restlessness communicated itself to his wife. "The boys" were expected, and there were speculations as to how they would look, and how much they had grown, what rank they had taken, and what prizes they had won. Long before her usual hour, Peggy had risen to take her leave. She had witnessed their homecoming before; but then they were only schoolboys, now it was different: college had invested them in her eyes with the attributes of manhood.

There is scarcely such a thing in Scotland as a domestic demonstration. The schoolboy is seldom welcomed back with kisses or tears; and, as far as outward tokens of affection were concerned, the whole parish might have witnessed unmoved the simple hand-shaking that would greet the youths on their return; but there were tones of voice and shades of expression which Peggy's quick instinct taught her suffered repression in the presence of a stranger, and so she came out and said "good-bye" to the doctor, and tripped indoors again to go through the same ceremony with his wife, and then took her way homeward, a shade more subdued, and grave than was her wont.

As soon as her young companion was gone Mrs.

Grant joined her husband in his walk. At the top of the garden, which sloped up from the road, they stood still to look after Peggy.

"One of your lang loons (tall lads) will be falling in love with Mistress Peggy some of these days," said the doctor, as he watched the pretty figure disappear among the trees on the other side.

The minister's wife gave her spouse a reproachful look, which said, as plain as look could say, that he wronged his personal and professional dignity by jocularities of that kind; but the only verbal answer she vouchsafed was the emphatic word, "Nonsense!"

"She's a bonny lass, to my thinking," continued the worthy man, "and better than she's bonny."

"She's well enough, though no great beauty, as far as I can see," replied his spouse: "She's certainly very much improved;" and for this improvement Mrs. Grant took credit to herself. "It's a shame of her relations to neglect her as they do," she went on; "she might have been a comfort to them now; but I fear Jean's story is no the right one after all, and that her mother was not what she should have been."

"Jean's story's plain enough," said the minister, whom any approach to censoriousness nettled: "Gilbert Oglivie would never have harboured the child, if the mother had not been his son's lawful wife. And suppose she hadn't been, that's no fault to Peggy. She has more sense in her little finger, than I ever saw in a woman's whole bulk before."

His wife took no notice of this flattering speech, further than to observe, "She'll need it all, or I'm mistaken."

"That she will," replied the doctor. "It's a heavy house for a young thing to live in. Every one but herself more failing, and feckless (pithless) than another; even Jean's getting stiff, except at the tongue."

"She's a faithful creature, that Jean, as ever lived," said Mrs. Grant, changing the subject.

"That she is," rejoined her husband. "Jean and I have been excellent friends ever since the time when she turned me away from the door, on my first round of visitation, because her master, poor, perverse sinner! had sworn that neither for soul nor body should doctors come near him. What a time it seems since then!" he sighed, "and the lads were but bairns."

"There will be changes at Delaube before long," remarked Mrs. Grant. "The old man will be found dead in his bed some day."

"Poor little Peggy!" said the kind-hearted minister, "what's to become of her? I wonder if her grandfather has made any provision for her. If the place is only free, and that scapegrace of a father keeps out of the way, she will be safe enough."

"But the place is not free—I'm sure of that. Delaube's drowned in debt, and I know they can hardly make ends meet. If it hadn't been for Jean, they would never have been able to hold on. Indeed, I would little wonder to see them turned out of it yet, beggars, before the old man dies."

Meantime, with a graver gait and a heavier heart. than usual, Peggy was sauntering up the side of the wooded brae which the coach must shortly pass. She was thinking of her old companions, whom she would fain have welcomed, and feeling a pain at the remembrance of a pain, which had risen when the sight of a former home-coming had suggested the inevitable, "You are not one of us," which must always be felt by the mere on-looker on such occasions.

A sort of sigh of desolateness, such as sometimes swept through her beloved wood, heaved her heart. She thought of the grave in Strathie churchyard, which she had searched out among the nameless dead, where her mother lay—of the father who was a father—but in name—of the one tie which bound her to the living, an old man who often told her that he was already dead.

The young girl's natural healthfulness of spirit had to struggle hard against the morbid atmosphere of her home. Her activity met only the dull lethargy of age and disease, her vivacity its lifelessness and lack of interest. The firs on the hill-side grew among their fellows, and taught her at times to feel alone. The birds in their nests would whisper that she had been less cared for than they; but in general the happy youthful spirit triumphed, and shook off such influences, as the firs shook off the showers from their glossy branches, leaving her mind unwarped in its growth.

She stood leaning against a tree, a fresh wild rose on her cheek, an ethereal gleam in her eyes—the tears just then were not far from them—and a meditative earnestness on her broad brow, as the old coach came rattling up the road. There they were on the look out for home. She almost draws back; but they have seen her. Archie has bounded up to his full height, and he is close on six feet, and is endangering the lives of the passengers by making the old coachman twist his neck in the same direction in which he is waving his cap, with arms that project considerably beyond their covering garments. The soberer Sandie sits and waves his recognition, though it is not a whit less hearty.

As for Peggy, she changes in a moment, attitude and mood at once. She is laughing and shaking her handkerchief gleefully; and all the way round the hill she will burst into little silvery rills of laughter, as she conjures up the figure of Archie with his wild head and long red wrists, standing full length on the coach-box.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTCH SABBATH.

THE Sabbath of Scotland has been very much maligned. I do not remember often to have seen it defended on reasonable grounds; yet it might be so defended readily enough. The complete cessation of labour, the perfect repose which prevailed and still prevails in an unsophisticated Scotch town, on the first day of the week, might easily be proved more

recreative than any amount of animal enjoyment, which is the almost universal substitute for church-going among the bulk of the people elsewhere. In such a town the streets are clear from end to end; not a wheel turns, not a shop-window stares: everything is at rest. Compare this to the Sunday dissipation to be seen in any quarter of a city like London,—the loaded omnibuses; the crowded steamers; the wearied, flurried women; the dusty and thirsty and, at the end of the day, tipsy men; the sleepy, fretful children. Such cities as London have their special needs, and you cannot bring into them the repose of a country town; but days like these do not meet the requirements of either soul or body, in the way of rest.

The little 'toon,' or village, of Strathie, was by no means so rigidly righteous, in respect of Sabbath observance, as some of its neighbours. It took its tone from its worthy minister, and he was considered a decided latitudinarian; but, by universal and time-honoured custom and consent, every soul in the parish, from three years old and upwards, appeared in church at the two diets of public worship, with the exception of the sick, or the disabled, and those engaged in such necessary offices as nursing or tending cattle. The cooking of a Sunday's dinner, for instance, would not have been held a valid plea on the part of an absentee. The Sunday's dinner could cook itself. For those who went home for a midday meal, the broth was ready. A big iron pot, not quite full of water, was swung over the fire with a piece of meat in it and a few handfuls of barley, and amongst this, just before church time, was shred a quantity of vegetables—any sort that came to hand with the season, from winter leeks to early peas and carrots. There it simmered safely and quite untended till the return of the family, when it was dealt out into wooden basins, and dispatched with horn spoons. Or the kettle was kept boiling on the crook, or swing, for the still more expeditious and inexpensive dish of oatmeal brose.

The services were conducted on this wise:—The congregation assembled at half-past ten or eleven in the morning, and after a service of two hours' duration, consisting of two long prayers and a sermon which lasted an hour at least, enlivened by four verses of a psalm, half an hour's interval was allowed for refreshment. Then those who had not been able to attend the first diet, might join the second; and those who thought fit might retire. Such of the congregation, however, as came from a distance, remained and took their refreshment in the churchyard. There they formed picturesque little groups, sitting down on the grass, or on the tabular tombstones, eating their cakes and cheese, drinking milk, and sometimes stronger liquid, out of bottles, and making ready to hold out for other two or three hours more.

The village was close beneath the church, but it nestled unseen down in a little strath, or glen, formed by the banks of the river receding, and leaving a broad meadow scarcely above the level of the stream; and the manse, or minister's house, was

close to the church, both seeming to stand alone on the high ground. Dr. Grant and his family always retired during the short interval, and were not expected to invite any one to accompany them, as such hospitality might have interfered with the duties of the day.

No graver maiden than Peggy Oglvie sat through those long services. If her thoughts wandered, as, truth to tell, they often did, it was in the direction given them by the sacred influences of the time and place. Often they ceased to wander, and dwelt in a quiet—which was a state of consciousness rather than of active thought—a consciousness that drank in the subdued light as it streamed through the ivied window, and the rustle of the breeze among the trees without, that came in at the open door, and the sound of the voice above her head, and mingled them all in a meditative dream. If a familiar text was given out, Peggy, who knew what would follow almost as well as did the doctor himself, thought it no sin to give up her mind to such a mood, and let the voice stream over her as the clouds stream over the growing grain, dropping now and then a refreshing shower as they pass.

On the Sunday after the return of his sons, the doctor had chosen a favourite sermon, on David called from keeping the sheep to be King of Israel,—a sermon that came oftener than its turn—and was an exhortation to the young to prepare with all diligence for the unknown duties of life. Peggy knew it by heart. It came out when any of the peasant proprietors of the parish sent up a son to college; it came out again, with an application to the case in hand, when the youth came back with the prize for which he had laboured—the little purse which would enable him to complete his course.

There in their father's pew sat Archie and Sandie, to whom the present application was to be made. Peggy's mind followed the train of thought, stirred into unusual activity by the presence of her old playfellows fresh from college. What eminence might they not win! what pitch of greatness might they not reach!—and by greatness, Peggy did not mean worldly grandeur, but learning and goodness: and, somehow, she would be left behind. Thus her dream ran. The doctor was speaking of such, in a voice more sad and solemn than was his wont. Then, somehow, she grasped a greater thought than the good man had uttered, that every one could not be blessed as givers, could not exercise the large beneficences, but must bless the givers themselves as humble receivers of their gifts, and the thought bent her head lower and made her eyes burn with a steadier light. She would be content to be left behind for services of love to such.

Very good she looked, half-child and half-woman, with her fresh face shaded by the huge bonnet of the day, her brown curls clustering round her neck and brow in the then fashionable crop. The bonnet had been purchased in Bleaktown by Mrs. Grant herself, who had caused it to be adorned with a top-knot of green ribbons, striped with white, in imitation of the

grass popularly called “gardener's garters.” To the praise of that lady be it said, the distinguished appearance of Mistress Peggy was due to her exertions more than to that young lady's own. It was she who had caused the white frock and pelerine to be submitted to abler hands than Jean's, besides procuring the crowning glory of that bonnet. It considerably hid, indeed, the attractions of the wearer, consisting as it did of an enormous circular plate of straw tied over the head and under the chin, and of course, projecting before and behind. It was “big enough,” Jean declared, “to keep the moonlight frae a toon.” Nevertheless it was a distinction to wear a bonnet, for the congregation could boast of but few. There was Mrs. Grant herself, bolt upright at the head of her pew, with a tower of tuscan on her head, adorned with immense bows of yellow and white; and some half dozen wives of the shopkeepers, or “merchants,” as they are styled to this day, crowned with structures no less large and magnificent.

But the “wives,” as distinguished from the “ladies,” had their white mutches (caps), trimmed with a plain band of white or black ribbon, the hoods of their grey or scarlet cloaks, or the corners of their plaids, serving for defence against rain and wind; and the lassies had their simple snoods tied round their glossy hair.

The faces of the congregation were gravely attentive. It was not to be guessed from them that the discourse was not new, as well as good and true; indeed, the bulk of them would have agreed with the doctor, that they had no right to find fault with the preaching, until they could practise all that was preached—a heresy which came of living in a Laodicea like Strathie! It was said that on one occasion a refractory farmer had told the doctor that a certain sermon, directed plainly against the besetting sin of the parish, was just “like could kale het again.” “Well, well, as you're no out o' the need o't yet, I'll no let it hae time to cool,” said the minister, and preached it accordingly on the Sunday following.

Archie and Sandie sat hanging their heads rather ruefully, and finding some difficulty in disposing of their long legs in the narrow pew. They were well-looking lads enough, a little ungainly and rough with the signs of coming manhood. Honest, affectionate fellows they seemed, and indeed were; but constitutionally lazy, like their father before them. They had done simply nothing in their first term. They had taken their pleasures together, and none of their pleasures had been tainted with vice; but they had learned little and gained nothing. Their father was making the suitable application, which he had already rehearsed for their benefit, and it must be confessed they looked a little sheepish under it.

All the time of the service they had been casting stray glances at Peggy, indicative of their ancient understanding; and yet when the half-hour of release arrived, there was a certain shyness about their meeting.

After the first greeting, the three sat down upon a table-like tombstone, Peggy in the middle, and one

of the lads on each side, their long legs tucked under the tomb, and their long backs curved in an attitude of eager attention they had not manifested during the sermon.

"We're in the black books this time," were the first words spoken by Archie.

"What, both of you?" said Peggy, with a look of concern.

Archie nodded, and both faces lengthened considerably, as they read the disappointment in hers.

"Oh, Archie!" was all that Peggy had time to say, the doctor and Mrs. Grant coming up.

"We'll make up for it yet," said he, bravely.

"That's always your way, Archie," said his brother; "and you may, but I never shall make up for lost time. I'm right sorry," added the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes.

Both mother and father heard the last of the brief colloquy, and were touched by it. Jean had gone back to Delaube to wait on master and man; and Peggy declined to come into the manse, saying she wanted

to walk to the village and back before the second sermon.

When that too was over, and the congregation was dispersing for the day, Peggy would have parted from her friends with a distant nod and smile; but they had made up their minds beforehand, and Archie, who was general spokesman, managed to whisper to his mother, before they were out of the kirk, "We're going to walk part of the way with Peggy."

Mrs. Grant had uttered her stiff "very well" before she knew what she was about, for it had taken her by surprise, that change from the "may we" of boyhood to the "we are" of manhood. A moment after, she felt it, and did not like it; but they were gone after the girl.

The doctor came up as she stood in the porch, "There they are, dangling after that lassie, as I thought they would," said the maladroit man, driving the little splinter into the quick; "but I'm thinking her preaching will have more effect than mine."

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

MAUDE THE MAGPIE.

BENEATH the shadow of a weeping ash-tree, one soft summer's afternoon, sat an old lady, with a child on the ground at her feet, looking with earnest blue eyes, full of eagerness, and parted lips, preparing to listen with breathless interest to a tale that was about to be told her, which she had been long promised to hear; a tale that had, to the childish mind, that intense delight of being true, and about people whom the little girl knew.

Edith Everley was about to hear from grandmother what she saw through her glasses when Aunt Maude was a little girl: ready to sympathise deeply with the aggravation "dear auntie" must have felt, as her little, cherished failings were constantly magnified by those wretched spectacles into a great sin.

"Now, begin granny, I'm quite ready," said the little girl, settling herself on the stool.

"Well, then, Edie," said grandmamma, "Aunt Maude was once a little girl——"

"I suppose so, granny," interrupted Edith, laughing.

"And a very nice little girl, too," continued Mrs. Everley, "and a great favourite with every one."

"She's a darling, now," said Edith, "so funny, oh! she does make me laugh."

"Yes, I believe she is still a favourite with every one; but had I not put on my mental glasses, Edith, she would not have been, I am sure."

"What did she do, grandmamma?"

"Well, she talked too much, Edith."

"But that is not wicked, is it?"

"No, my dear, not wicked—the simple fact of

talking; but troublesome when carried to an excess, and leading, like most little faults, to serious sins. Persons who are fond of talking, generally give themselves little time to think; and by speaking 'unadvisedly with their lips,' they run into the sad danger of making mischief. And poor Aunt Maude, one day, found the danger of her love of talking, and wished she had believed me, and sooner broken herself of the foolish habit. I had seen the fault growing bigger and bigger, and continually warned her. She had been called many a mocking name by her brothers and sisters, till the one of 'Magpie' became her common appellation. But she was merry and good-tempered, and only laughed and thought, as she often said—'Mamma makes such a fuss about little things; it's just as Philip says, she puts spectacles on to look at our faults, and she does, I'm sure.' And so she went on, making no effort to restrain the unruly member.

"One day the elder children were all invited to a little party, at the house of an old gentleman, who was a great favourite with all little folks. He was a bachelor of great wealth, which he spent chiefly on others, little or nothing on himself, for his tastes were simple and inexpensive, and he indulged himself in no luxuries at all. He kept a horse to ride for himself, and a carriage for his friends. This carriage was always sent to fetch the children whom he invited to his parties, which he gave regularly twice a year—one in the winter, one in the summer. He was called 'Uncle Roger,' by every one, and to be with him was considered a greater treat than anything else on earth. He knew the birthdays of all his little friends, and so soon as the morning came, came a parcel, with some funny inscription on it,

purporting to come, sometimes from 'Humguffin,' sometimes from 'Ugly Mug,' and now and then from the Welsh giant, 'Blunderbore.' He really was a Welshman, and might almost be termed a giant, for he was a large, tall man, and remarkably strong. You may suppose, therefore, with what delight the children looked forward to his party. Before they started, I warned Maude of her prevailing fault, and begged her to control her tongue, and not be tempted to talk of what did not concern her. I again repeated the injunction I had so often given her, and which was a rule for all little people to follow, never to speak unless spoken to; but still, with an anxious heart, I dismissed her, for I could see I had made but little impression, and my glasses, Edith, revealed to me a mischievous, chattering person, dreaded by all, through that endless talking, which had become uncontrollable from habit.

"Well, they all went off in high spirits, and I thought much of them in their absence, hoping they would all behave as I should wish them; for it is a grievous thing, Edith, for children who are carefully brought up to conduct themselves in a way which does little credit to the mother who prays for them and loves them, and who deserves the reward of all her care, the only reward she covets, that her children should grow up in favour with God and man.

"They came home at the hour I sent for them, for on that subject I was very particular, and bright and happy they seemed, all talking at once, until I could not understand one bit of the news they so eagerly wished to impart. I asked no questions as to their individual behaviour, but hoped they had all been good; and they said, 'Yes, very, at least, Uncle Roger said so.' They all had presents. Uncle Roger had told them they were to play at being robbers; each child, in turn, was to pick his pockets, and see what he could find. Every child was to have one thing, 'and, oh! it was fun, mamma!' said Maude. 'He had hid them in such wonderful places—in his coat-sleeves, in his neckerchief, and Philip's beautiful pen was behind his ear. The last little girl couldn't find anything for a long time; and, at last, where do you think her parcel was?' Where do you think, Edith?" said grandmamma, smiling at the little eager face turned up to hers.

"I don't know, granny, I'm sure."

"Well, I could not guess either, Edith, and so they told me—in his boot! for, in those days, they wore long boots that reached up the leg, and in one he had stuffed the parcel!"

"He must have been a funny man, granny. I should have liked to have seen him—is he dead?" asked Edith.

"Oh, yes, he has been dead many years; but we shall never forget him, any of us. But I must get on with my story, or tea will be ready before we have done. After they had told me all they could think of, I asked if any grown people were there, and I fancied I noticed an odd look in Maude's face, when

Philip said, 'Miss Russell and her niece;' but I only thought of it afterwards, when the events which followed recalled to me the expression I had noticed. A day or two passed on; and, one morning, after our customary reading of the daily lessons, Maude asked if she might speak to me by myself. I smilingly consented, only supposing it was some little childish secret she was going to impart; but I was greatly surprised, the moment we were alone, by her bursting into tears, and exclaiming, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! my unhappy tongue!'

"What is the matter?" I eagerly asked.

"I've been so unhappy ever since I was at Uncle Roger's, and I've wanted so to tell you, but I did not like; but I must—I must, for I can't be happy!" and then the poor child, through her sobs and tears, told me that, during supper, Miss Russell had asked Mr. Roger if he knew anything of a Mr. Prescott, a new resident in the place, and that he had said 'No;' and then Maude said, without thinking, her papa knew him, and thought he was no good; he had heard something of him in the City he did not like at all. 'And, oh, mamma!' she continued, 'the moment I said it, I knew it was wrong, and remembered how often you had bid us never repeat what you and papa said; and I fear it's done some harm, for Miss Russell looked at her niece so oddly, and poor Margaret got so red, and I think, perhaps, she was fond of him; and I am so miserable!' and again her tears burst forth.

"I could offer her no consolation, for I was sadly annoyed. We were, generally, most cautious of speaking ill of any one, especially before the children or servants; but I well remembered your grandfather saying to me that he hoped the Mr. Prescott, our neighbour, was not the man he heard of in the City, as he had not got a good character there.

"Maude was a singularly intelligent and observant child, and always noticed and remembered any conversation that went on before her. She had heard it mentioned, too, that Margaret Russell had known Mr. Prescott before, and that they were likely to be married; but, as usual, giving herself no time to think before she spoke, she had uttered what she had no business to repeat, and what she now felt might cause great unhappiness to a girl who was a great favourite of hers.

"Margaret Russell was very pretty, and very kind to children, although given to be a little silly and romantic, and I knew that the aunt with whom she lived—for she, poor girl, was an orphan—was most anxious to prevent her engaging herself too young, or forming an attachment injudiciously. Whilst I was talking to Maude, showing her how unwise she had been not sooner to have taken my advice, the servant announced 'Miss Russell!' and you can fancy your poor Aunt Maude's state of mind whilst I was gone to her! She was a very proud old maiden lady, with a cold, precise manner, and, as soon as I was seated, she said—

"I have come, Mrs. Everley, on a most important business. The fact is, I have been over-persuaded



to consent to an engagement, subject to certain conditions, between my niece Margaret and Mr. Prescott; but, on Wednesday, at Mr. Roger's juvenile party, a remark was made by your eldest daughter, which has unsettled all my arrangements; and I have forbidden further communication between the young people, until such time as I can discover the truth or falsity of the statement.'

"'Dear Miss Russell,' I began, 'on the testimony of a mere child——'

"'My dear madam,' interrupted Miss Russell, 'she quoted her papa, and as I have never quite approved of Mr. Prescott, I am inclined to believe anything to his discredit. I should feel greatly obliged to Mr. Everley if he can substantiate anything against Mr. Prescott.'

"'I am sure, Miss Russell, he cannot, nor would he interfere in the matter; he spoke inadvertently, and Maude was a very naughty girl for repeating what she heard. She is to be punished for it, but the consciousness of the mischief she has caused will be the severest she can have.' I would say no more,

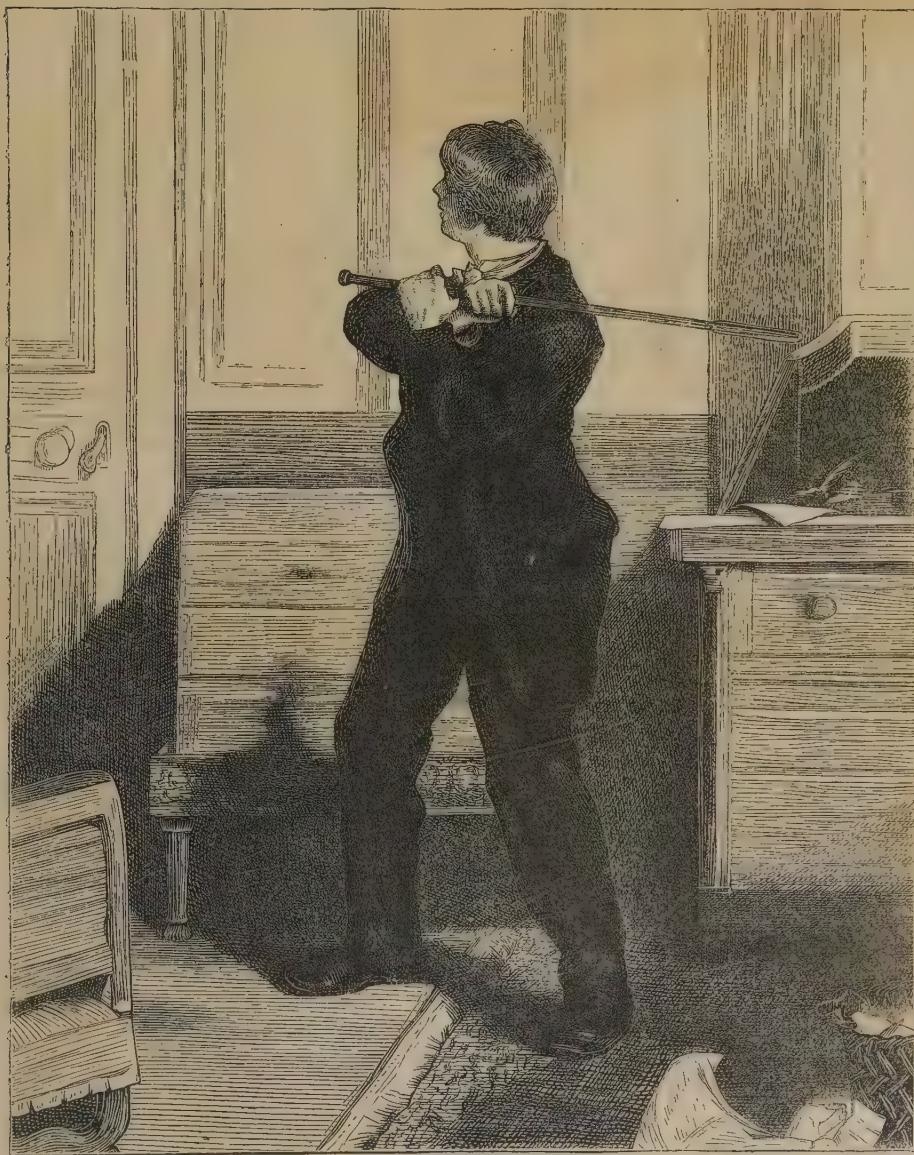
and Miss Russell left me, saying she should certainly act on what she had heard Maude say, and at once take her niece abroad, away from all intercourse with Mr. Prescott. Of course, that same evening, Mr. Prescott himself came, desiring to see your father; and the trouble that this foolish little long tongue of Maude's gave was excessive; and, although Mr. Prescott proved beyond a doubt he was not the person your grandfather had heard evil spoken of, the obstinate old lady refused to hear anything, but carried off the unfortunate Margaret, who wrote a wild, distracted letter to Maude, accusing her of having made her miserable for life!"

"Oh, grandmamma, and did they never marry? asked Edith.

"I never heard that they did. We left the place soon after; but Maude never forgot those few days of sincere distress she had passed. Of course, the habit of chattering was difficult to overcome, but the name of 'Margaret' acted as a talisman, whenever we wished to remind her that, 'A still tongue makes a wise head.'"

THE BUIYER

— Saturday, October 12, 1867. —



(Drawn by JOHN LAWSON.)

"If he burst in upon me, it seemed as if there was nothing for me to do, but to strike him to the ground."—p. 51.

TO BE FOUND OUT.—A MONOLOGUE.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE, AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP'S WALLET."

I HAVE felt very ill to day; sick and out of sorts. I'm afraid this cannot go on. I had horrible dreams last night in the little time I did sleep, and they don't seem to have left me yet. I thought *he* had discovered all. I tried to hide myself from him; but he found me out at every turn. At last he caught me in the very act, and then I awoke.

I wonder what he would do with me, if he did find me out? He could ruin me if he liked, and I am afraid he would. He is a stern, hard man in his anger, and would go any lengths to punish me.

But why should he find me out? I have taken every precaution against discovery; the books are correct to a cipher. It will take a cleverer man than he is to find out any mistake *there*; and where else is he to look? It is very weak of me to let myself be tormented by these childish fears. I ought to enjoy myself with the money, and not worry myself at every breath of wind, or stray suspicion. I *will* enjoy myself too! I did enjoy myself last night. I was all right till I came home, and then I got an idea into my head that some one had been trying to open my desk. The lock-plate was loose, that's certain; but I know one screw was out before, and I might have loosened it myself, when I pulled the key out last night. I was in a great hurry, I know; and the key caught on the edge of the plate. But even if he had opened it, what then? What was there to find? There was Louisa's letter, by-the-bye, I forgot that: I shouldn't like him to have seen that. It might have set him inquiring. He would wonder who she was, and might have suspected the worst. What a fool I was to leave it there; but I was in such a hurry to get away that I forgot it, till we were talking together, and then it was too late. If he once got an inkling of who she was, I think he would discharge me at once, and then it *must* come out; but I don't believe it. It is only my own stupid fancies; and I should never think of such things, only that I am so queer, and out of sorts this morning.

I wish I had not smoked that last cigar. I was all right till then, and the soda and brandy did me no good. I took too much; that is the fact of it. The room was so hot, and Louisa *would* make me stay, when my head was all of a swim already, so that it's no wonder I was upset; I shall know better another time. I am so easily led away, that's it. I must have more resolution; I will too. They won't catch me in that way again; I'll do what I like, in spite of everybody—even Louisa.

I wonder how much I've had altogether? I've never counted it up; it wasn't worth while: I could if I liked, but what would be the use? It's gone now; I have not kept it long, that's one thing. If anybody had ever been cunning enough, to mark the money, it wouldn't have helped them much, for I spent it almost as I got it. How much money have I left now?—three—five—seven—and-ninepence: is that all? Surely I must have lost some, or been robbed of it. I shouldn't wonder if that rascal, Byers, had stolen a sovereign out of my pocket. He was close by me at supper-time, and he did change a sovereign.

Where would he get a sovereign, I wonder? He saw me change a five-pound note, and he looked as hungry at it, as if he never saw such a thing in his life before. I don't suppose he ever did—of his own. The rascal! if I found him picking my pocket, I'd strangle him!

That's the worst of those places. You come in with such a queer lot; I don't think I'll go there again—it aint respectable. I'll tell Louisa so the next time. I must have a serious talk with her; I wasn't quite pleased with her last night. Byers took upon himself to be quite familiar, and she ought to have resented it; but she did not: I won't have it. That was one of the things which upset me last night.

I wonder how much I have had, though. It must be a hundred or two; I have not thought about it lately, but have just taken what I wanted. I am afraid I am getting too careless. I recollect when I took the first shilling that I was in a tremble all day. It was only a shilling over in the petty cash, and there was no great harm in it; but I felt myself grow hot and cold, all in a breath, every time master came near me. But I know better now! I take a pound now, where I took a shilling once, and think nothing of it. What is the use? If I am to make myself miserable over it, why do I take it? If the money won't make me happier than I was, I had better be without it. Besides, it's all nonsense; *he* won't find me out.

The only thing is, that perhaps he will begin to miss it at last. So much profit made, he will say; and yet only so much to the good. Then he will wonder how that is, and look at the books. Well! I'm ready for him there. The books are all right, but—ah, well! what is the use of bothering about it? If the books are all right, what more can he want? The profit hasn't been made, and is not there, and there's an end of it; and if he goes unlocking my desk in my absence, and ferreting about for what he can find, it's very dishonest of him, that's all I've got to say. He ought to be ashamed of himself, to turn spy in that way. And even if he did see that letter, it's no great harm. He must expect that a young fellow like me must have some female acquaintances. And where's the harm in it? I hope he did not see the letter though, for all that; and I don't believe he did.

I wish I did not feel so miserable. I think a little brandy would do me good. There's some in master's room, if I could only get at it. I'm not afraid to go, not I; but I have not forgotten that last affair. I think I shall never forget that—it gave me such a shock. What a stupid affair it was, after all! I did nothing wrong—*then*. I could have done just as well without the cheque-book; but I must needs be so nice about the signature, and thought there was a cheque drawn and signed, but not filled up. And there was not.

I might just as well have remained in the office. I had everything there I wanted, and his handwriting, in a thousand shapes, before me. Then what made me lock the door? There was the mischief. If I had not done that, and he had found me in the room, I could have made an excuse about having come in search of him, for some business matter, and I should have escaped that dreadful fright. Although it all came to nothing, it makes me shudder even now to think of it.

I was so busy looking over the papers that I did not hear *him* coming: in fact, I thought him away at the other end of the town; when all at once I heard the handle of the door turn, and at the sound I dropped the cheque-book, as if I had been shot. I stood listening with my hair bristling up with a cold creeping, and I could hear my heart beat as distinctly as ever I heard anything in my life. I was caught in my own trap. Then I heard master turn the handle again in his sharp, angry way, and I *knew* that he tried to look through the keyhole.

"The key is in the lock!" I heard him say, with an exclamation of surprise and impatience.

I got a little cooler after that, and wondered what I should do. I thought of the window: could I not creep out, and drop into the yard? No! it was too deep; and if I got down without breaking my neck, I should have to come through the kitchen, to get up-stairs to my room. No! I must stand and face it, however it might end. Then I heard him push and wrench at the door, as if he would tear it open.

"Some one must be inside," he said; "a thief I do believe. The door could never lock itself."

I knew then that Mrs. Syms, the housekeeper, was by, for I heard her half scream at his talk about a thief.

"Are you sure, sir, you did not lock the door yourself," she said, in quite a tremulous voice, "and have laid the key down somewhere?"

"Ridiculous nonsense!" cried he, quite in a passion; "I never do such things. Besides, it's locked from the other side. It must be broken open."

"Oh, don't, sir!" cried Mrs. Syms, quite frightened. "Suppose it *should* be a thief, and he should spring out upon you, and kill you!"

"I'll risk that," cried master, in his high, resolute way, and made a drive at the door. But it was very strong, and did not yield in the least.

What should I do when he broke in, which he was sure to do, sooner or later? I had not thought of it before, and, God forgive me, if I thought of it now! But it was Mrs. Syms put it into my head. When she said, "Spring out upon you and kill you," the resolution came to me at once, and I crept to the fireplace, and took the bright steel

poker in my hand. I did not want—I did not mean to kill him; but if he burst in upon me, it seemed as if there was nothing for me to do, but to strike him to the ground with the weapon I had taken in my hand. I crept softly to the door—I don't know why I crept, unless it was that I still hoped it might pass over, and I might escape undetected; but I crept softly to the door, and stood behind it waiting for him to come in.

"I do think it's all a mistake, sir!" said Mrs. Syms, "for I can't hear a breath inside."

"We'll soon see that," said master, fuming and wrenching at the handle. "Get me the large hammer."

I heard the housekeeper's feet pattering along the passage, and then it seemed to me as if I and master stood face to face, although the closed door was still between us. A few minutes more, perhaps, and he would be in upon me—and then! I know what I meant to do; but it did not seem to me like murder. And yet it was murder I was bent upon; for so sure as he had opened the door should I have struck him down, if it had been his death-blow. Thank God, I was spared that crime! I say, thank God! but sometimes I feel as if my hand was red with blood already, for, of a verity, I meant to do it!

As I stood silently watching for the awful moment, which I felt must come, I heard master muttering to himself in angry ejaculations at Mrs. Syms's delay. At least five minutes had passed, and yet she did not come.

"I must go and fetch it myself, I suppose," burst out my master, at length. And then I heard him run down the passage.

I was delivered! I never knew how swiftly, and how softly I could move. In a thought my weapon was put back in its place, the door silently unlocked, and I speeding like the wind towards the office. I thought I should have fainted, as I sat once more at my desk, with my head in my hands. I felt half choked, and my heart beat against my side like a hammer. But I got over it after a little—before *he* came in—and joined in the search for the thief, who had locked himself in master's room. I shall never forget the fright, and I remember I was very grateful for my escape, and thanked God for it in my room at night.

I sometimes wish I had taken warning, and left off—but what's the use of thinking about it? I've gone on taking more than ever: and I'm not found out yet. Not yet, no, not yet! I wonder whether he *did* look into my desk yesterday. Perhaps he is watching me now—I mean, perhaps he has set a watch upon me, and will pounce down upon me all at once. I feel very miserable. I wish I could go back; but that can't be. What's done, can't be undone; but, oh, save me from being found out!

There's the church-bell going. I had almost forgotten this was Sunday. I won't go to church—to-day; I'll go next Sunday—perhaps. Why should I go? I know all they will say, and that won't do me any good. I don't feel in the humour to go to church: I won't be a hypocrite this Sunday, at any rate. Perhaps I shall feel better next Sunday; but I don't want to be preached at to-day, and the parson always seems to preach at me. I mustn't stay away altogether, though: I should be suspected. I wonder whether *he does* suspect me. Perhaps he has found out something—knows where I was last night—has taken the number of that note. Ha! I never thought of that. What should I do if it came to the last, and I was found out!

They seem very busy in this house—moving about. They are usually very quiet—Sunday morning, too. I'm surprised at them. Talking

and whispering on the stairs like that, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I wonder who it is. I shall give them notice, if they don't mind how they behave themselves. It disturbs me.

I do believe there are some people stopping on the landing right opposite my door. I hear them shuffling about. Like their impudence!

I must see who they are. They little think I have got a loophole here!. Two men. Not policemen, surely! They are so near the door that I cannot make them out. There is another man coming up the stairs. I know him! I have seen his face somewhere. I know him well, but cannot for the life of me remember who he is. Who can he be? Heavens! I remember! He is the clerk at the bank! I changed the last note with him! He has come to identify me, and these men are policemen! I shall fall! God help me! I am found out!

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.—I.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A., VICAR OF STRADBROKE.

"Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."—Gal. ii. 16.



THE text which heads this paper contains a very old subject,—“justification by faith, without the deeds of the law.” Old as it is, I trust you are not weary of it. Be sure it is one that you can never know too well. We shall all find out *that*, when we come to our deathbeds.

Old, in one sense, the subject must be, of necessity: it was born immediately after the Fall, when the way of salvation was first revealed to Adam. The first saint that ever entered paradise was, doubtless, justified by faith in the blood of a Redeemer, and not by his own works.

New, in a certain sense, the subject will always be as long as the world stands. Naturally, we have no knowledge of it. Acquaintance with it is not hereditary. Even in this nineteenth century, each man that would be saved must learn the lesson for himself. He that would be saved must begin by learning “justification by faith, without the deeds of the law.”

Whether old or new, the subject must always be of incalculable importance. The prosperity of churches, the success of the Christian ministry, the salvation of men's souls, the life of missions, are all inseparably connected with it. They have been, they are, they will be, until the archangel's trumpet shall sound, and Christ shall come again.

The passage of Scripture which immediately

precedes my text is of itself sufficiently remarkable. It records a fact nowhere else mentioned in God's Word—the fact that on a certain occasion one inspired apostle found it necessary to oppose another in defence of justification by faith. It tells us how St. Paul withstood even St. Peter, at Antioch, because “he was to be blamed,” and “walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel.” It contains the language which St. Paul addressed to his erring brother, and of which the text before us, I believe, forms a part. But these are things I cannot dwell upon now. I purposely confine myself to the matter lying within the words of the text. I therefore propose to bring together all I have to say under two heads. First, I will state the doctrine which the text contains; and secondly, I will point out the practical lessons which the subject ought to teach us in the present day.

I. I have first to state the *doctrine which the text contains*. In the whole range of Scripture there is, perhaps, no passage in which justification is so fully set forth as it is here. It is placed before us in every way and manner with a peculiar emphasis. Once it is put forward as an abstract truth: “Knowing that man (*ἄνθρωπος*) is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ.” Once it is put forward as a piece of Paul's experience “We have believed

on Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the deeds of the law."—We have the *negative* side: "a man is not justified by works."—We have the *positive* side: "a man is justified by faith."—Three times we have the word "*justified*;" three times we are told that justification is "not by works;" twice we are told that justification is "by faith." Let us examine these expressions, so often and so emphatically reiterated, and make sure that we know what the apostle meant when he used them.

To begin with, what did St. Paul mean when he spoke of "*being justified*?" He meant being accounted righteous before God, and clear from all guilt of sin; being reckoned innocent and free from all liability to condemnation. It is not the being *made* righteous, but the being *accounted* righteous! For ever let us remember, and firmly grasp that great distinction. To be *made* righteous is one thing: that is sanctification, a thing always imperfect, because wrought within us. To be *accounted* righteous is another thing: that is justification, a thing perfect and complete, because dependent on something wrought without us. Not that justification and sanctification can ever be separate. No, indeed! the man that is justified will always be a man sanctified. But still they are two distinct things, and to confound them is a most dangerous mistake, and most unsound theology.

To be justified, we must ever remember, is a most full and rich privilege. It is far more than to be pardoned and acquitted. He that confines justification to that idea, in my humble judgment, takes a low view of a Christian's privileges. To be pardoned, is to be let off and spared, either because the judge is merciful and relaxes the law's strict demands, or because there is a lack of evidence, and the offence is not proven. To be justified, is to be pronounced perfectly righteous and free from all spot of blame, and dealt with as one completely innocent. The man merely pardoned, escapes punishment, and has good cause to be thankful; but the man who is justified, is one who leaves the court without a stain on his character; his sins are said, in Scripture language, to be searched for and not found, blotted out, wiped away, cast into the depths of the sea, cast behind God's back, remembered no more. The pardoned man is the prodigal son allowed to come back to his father's house, and kindly received; but the justified man is the same prodigal with the best robe on his back, the ring on his hand, the shoes on his feet, and all around rejoicing over him.

What did St. Paul mean when he said that a man is *not justified by the works of the law*? He meant that a man is not counted righteous before

God on account of any work or doing of his own, in obedience to any law or rule of life. There is nothing whatever that man can do that can make him worthy to be reckoned innocent before God. Neither by goodness nor morality, neither by asceticism nor self-denial, neither by praying nor by Bible-reading, neither by church-going nor by sacrament-receiving, can any one be justified before God. Before men, these things may justify him, and pass muster well: they cannot justify him before God.

The reason of this assertion is plain and obvious: God is perfect, while man is most imperfect, sinful, and corrupt. The best things that man can do are weak, and poor, and corrupt, and defiled, when weighed in the balance of God's sanctuary. The eyes of an all-holy God see countless defects in everything that man does. The very best works of the holiest saint are either wrong in the motive, or faulty in the execution. As evidences of his heart's bias and inward desires they are, undoubtedly, of value; as grounds for claiming heaven, and as a title to eternal life, they are utterly worthless. He that rests on them will find in the day of need that he is like one who has built a house upon sand, or in a storm has taken refuge in a house without a roof.

But what did St. Paul mean when he spoke of being *justified by the faith of Jesus Christ*? He meant that we are accounted righteous before God only for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ and his finished work, through faith, as an instrument laying hold on him. The work that Jesus Christ did for us as our substitute, both in his life and death, and the righteousness which he brought in, as our Head and Redeemer, are the sole grounds on which God reckons us clear from the guilt of sin; and faith, simple faith alone, gives us an interest in that work of Christ, and so justifies us. In a word, when a man believes with his heart on Christ crucified as his Saviour, and takes Christ for his righteousness, he is said to be *justified by faith*.

I trust I need hardly remind you that this justifying faith is not a mere act of the intellect. No! it is the trust and confidence of a willing heart. To tell a man that, if he believes the historical fact that Christ died for sinners, he has saving faith, is, in my eyes, telling him to be content with the faith of devils.

I trust, again, that I need hardly remind you that there is nothing whatever meritorious or deserving about this justifying faith. A man, in fact, is not justified by the act of believing, but by Christ believed; just as a wound is not really healed by putting on a plaister, but by the plaister put on. Like every other act of man's heart, even the faith of God's elect is imperfect; but, seeing

that it is the medium by which the soul lays hold on Christ, receives Christ, is joined to Christ, derives benefit from Christ, it may be said to justify, as the medium and instrument by which we receive justification.

I dare not dwell longer on this point. I know that I am only bringing before you ancient things; but, ancient as they are, it is good on certain occasions to pass them in review. If there is any doctrine in Christian theology that we can never know too well, it is this doctrine of justification by faith, without the deeds of the law.

This is the doctrine which the Church of England has pointed out for special note and comment in her Thirty-nine Articles. Not content with a clear definition of it in the eleventh article, our Reformers go out of the way to make the emphatic comment, "It is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort."

This is the doctrine that turned the world upside down in the days of the primitive Church. Had the apostles gone forth to preach nothing more than the necessity of an inward righteousness, and the value of self-denial, asceticism, and ordinances, they would have gone forth in vain. But the lever by which they shook men's minds was the new truth of justification by the meritorious work and death of another, made our own by simply believing.

This is the doctrine that won the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. If Luther and his companions had been content with assailing outward abuses, they would have lived and laboured in vain. But the mainspring of their success was their bringing up into daylight, once more, justification by faith in Christ's finished work, without the deeds of the law.

This is the doctrine that revived English Christianity a hundred years ago. No man can pretend to say that Whitefield, and Wesley, and Romaine, and Berridge, and Venn were men of vast literary attainments and deep reading. In fact, they had no time for much study of any book but the Bible. But their power and influence arose from the fact that they proclaimed justification by faith, without the deeds of the law.

This is the doctrine that gives success to our missionaries in heathen lands, if they have any, in the present day. Millions would hear them unmoved, if they could only tell of Christ within us, and the need of an inward righteousness. But the truth which gives the victory is the good news of a full and complete salvation, wrought out for us by the Son of God as our substitute, and made our own freely in the moment that we believe.

Oh! how exactly the doctrine suits the wants of human nature! What poor creatures the best of us are at our very best! What countless things we leave undone that we ought to do, and do that we ought not to do! How immense the comfort of knowing that, not our work, but Christ's work—not our righteousness, but Christ's righteousness—not self, in any sense or shape, but Christ, is the foundation on which we are bid to rest, and that Christ with all his benefits is ours if we only believe. One reason, I strongly suspect, why so many professors of religion in this day are tossed to and fro, enjoy little peace and find little comfort, is their ignorance on this point. They do not see clearly that justification is by faith without the deeds of the law.

(To be concluded.)

CONCERNING TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.



IT is very deplorable that so many errors in opinion and heresies in doctrine should be afloat in God's world. Perhaps, however, it would be more deplorable still, if we did not remember one fact: people generally make friends with a lie only because they mistake it for a true saying. And, more than that, masses of people very seldom take up a falsehood, unless they have begun to feel keenly their want of a truth which it resembles enough to be mistaken for. If, therefore, we find a heresy very widely spread, we may conclude that the position it occupies was previously vacant, and that it did not really conquer truth, but only slipped into an empty place. Nearly all falsehoods bear witness to this fact.

Look, for example, at the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. That doctrine only gained acceptance because marriage had been previously degraded from its divine place,—because celibacy was looked upon as a vastly holier state, and because it seemed that the further back the pedigree of Christ could be pushed from the ordinary condition of humanity, the more he would be honoured.

Or look at the honour paid by Romanists to the Virgin. It has been often remarked that this superstition grew as the original conception of our Elder Brother waxed dim. When he was felt to be kind, and gentle, and good—not an austere tyrant, but a condescending friend and Mediator—then the Virgin was simply the first of women.

But when Christ was only thought of as the rigid and inflexible judge,—as the sender of punishment to the wicked even here, and their eternal torturer hereafter, then, having pushed him to a distance, men perceived that there was room enough for one to stand between them and Christ, as Christ stood between them and God. And because the temper of woman seemed best adapted to supply what they had dropped out from Christ's character, therefore a woman was promoted to the vacant dignity.

Perhaps the same train of thought could be pushed a great deal further. Perhaps the existence of Arianism and Socinianism became possible because the real humanity of Christ had become practically forgotten, while verbally confessed, in the stress laid upon his Divinity. Perhaps Christianity is broken up into so many little sects, not because men are unwilling to fraternise with many, but because the members of our larger bodies are often practically wanting entirely in brotherly sympathy for one another. People feel that Christians should be friends; they do not find friendliness in large communities; and so they fall into what I, for one, believe to be a sad mistake, seeking to intensify their mutual charity by narrowing its compass, as men rake together the embers of a smouldering fire.

Thus we see the truth of a saying of our Lord: The gates of hell do not prevail against Christ's Church. Hell's children can only occupy what the children of light are culpably willing to give up to them.

In our time, this is a truth of no little importance to the Church. Controversy has been forced upon her. The unbelief and the superstition of her professing children have alternately alarmed her; and it would be sad indeed if controversialists were not forthcoming who should say to misguided and misguiding men, "Behold, you are teaching falsehood, and not truth." God forbid that reasonable and good-tempered exposures of falsehood should be under-estimated at such a crisis; but we want to urge the reflection upon all whom it may concern, that merely to refute error is not enough to do away with it. Is it sufficient for a starving man to be told that the food in his hand is unwholesome? Do we not know that shipwrecked sailors, perishing of thirst, will drink salt water, although well aware that in a few hours it will cause them to die mad? Fresh water and wholesome food are better preventatives than cautions; and so, perhaps, the necessity for preaching controversy arises from the fact that we have not fully preached, studied, and accepted the positive doctrines which covered the disputed ground. Although Ritualism is so cunningly distinguished from Romanism that the mere exposure of the latter leaves the former unrefuted, yet there

is scarcely a trace of Ritualism in Ireland, no doubt because the presence of Popery throws emphasis upon those positive doctrines which remove all appetite for either one or the other.

Hence we deduce some valuable conclusions.

1. The safety of truth consists largely in its completeness.

It is not enough to dwell upon the glorious fact that Christ has died for us. We must go on to say, "Yea, rather he is risen again, and ever liveth to make intercession for us." The priestly office of Christ in heaven, and his sprinkling the blood upon the holy places for a perpetual memorial before God, should preoccupy the place into which a human priest and a human memorial would fain intrude themselves.

Controversy is like an air-pump. It requires a costly instrument and a good deal of toil to force the atmosphere from a receptacle, which remains empty after all. But take the water of God and fill your vessel, and that, by its own superior density, will forbid the air to occupy the place. If one doctrine was enough to do this, God would never have encumbered his revelation with many. But if the Bible does not contain enough to do it, then we can hardly dignify it with the title of a revelation at all.

2. Next to the importance of holding "the whole counsel of God," is the importance of the manner in which we hold it. If mere truth were as omnipotent as we sometimes say, then every community that has a Bible ought to have been converted long ago. The fact is that truth taught coldly, or held carelessly, is not true at all. Men put together the statement and the emotion, and, although one be true, the compound is wretchedly false. We read to our people without effect that speech of Paul at which Felix trembled, and that other, which nearly persuaded Agrippa to be a Christian, chiefly because we who read them are wanting in Paul's fervour and Paul's convictions. Then the truth not only does no good, but actually does harm; for it will cause the old words that were felt to be so dry to fall upon the ear in future with deadening associations, however earnest and heartfelt the tones in which they may then be breathed. So true is it that he that is not with Christ is against him.

3. Again, we require to have truth stated in its due proportions. As well expect a man to enjoy health, if you hang him up by the heels, as hope that a system of truth will be efficacious in which the least important element takes the place due to the most vital. But how are simple-minded people to reduce all doctrines to their proper relations with each other? Scripture has discovered a beautiful and easy way out of this difficulty, a difficulty which is greatly felt by those who are expected to occupy the same half

hour, whether they speak of the healing of Bartimæus or the crucifixion of the Lord. The Bible groups all its teaching around a living Person; and as we fix our eyes, not on dogmas, but on His beloved countenance, we see them all arrange themselves in perfect harmony around our true Teacher. "In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and this I say lest any man should beguile you with enticing words." Truth is dead truth, and cannot assert itself with power, words are merely words, and neither quick nor powerful, and dogmas are disjointed members without cohesion or symmetry, unless they be vitalised, animated, and systematised by Him who is pre-eminently "the Word of God."

See how these three principles are exemplified in the grand story of the Reformation. Every philosopher was laughing at the Papal pretensions, and very few of them laughed louder than some of the Popes themselves; yet Rome did not tremble nor unsheath her "sword of sharpness." Had Luther merely said masses are deceits, transubstantiation is a fable, indulgences are a refuge of lies, he would only have failed as signally as hundreds more; but because he went on to say,

Faith *will* save you, the love of God operating through Christ *is* efficacious; therefore the false Church was shaken to its base. And, again, Luther was thoroughly in earnest, "like thunder," as some one says, willing to go, for his doctrine, among devils as numerous as tiles upon the houses. And, finally, Luther (even in his controversial writings, which, as I have said, were quite necessary) spoke far less about mere dogmas than about that adorable and ineffable One who has kindled all frigid doctrine into fire, even as he touches the mountains and they smoke.

Now, all this is not only wholesome doctrine, but also very full of comfort. We cannot all master the subtleties of logic, nor can ministers ever hope to train average congregations, or Sunday scholars, or families, in the way to overturn heretics. But we can drop here and there the seed of some fine truth, which will rise up and pre-occupy the ground, and leave no room for the falsehoods to insinuate themselves instead. A church whose members are sound in the whole faith and earnest in Christian practice, is not a church in which grievous wolves are likely to effect much havoc.

A DREAM OF SIN.



DREAMED that one stood by me as I slept,
Old, and with palsied shakings of the hand,
Wherein a knot of ancient keys he kept,
Whose fashion long had perished from the land.

About his hoary visage was a band,
Which caught his peaked chin unto his head;
And clad with mouldy vesture did he stand
By me, fresh waken'd from my weary bed,
The while my fearful heart beat not for hideous dread.

Betwixt me and a pallid light of dawn
His horrid shape did seem to beck away.
Methought I rose and followed, or was drawn,
Nor willing nor unwilling could I say;
And we went downward from the night and day.
I heard a noise of waters as afar,
And on my brow a chilling sweat of spray
Fell, and a tumult as of windy war;
But through the thickening dark burned one keen
constant star.

We came as to a prison of the dead,
Whereat that aged man did stoop aside.
"These have been woven by thyself," he said;
And straightway me with many ropes he tied,
And flung me down, who had him nought replied,
But only tears and tremblings of the heart.
With that he laughed upon my fallen pride.
"Now rise and free thee, stubborn as thou art;
None can unbind thee here who tak'st not thine own
part."

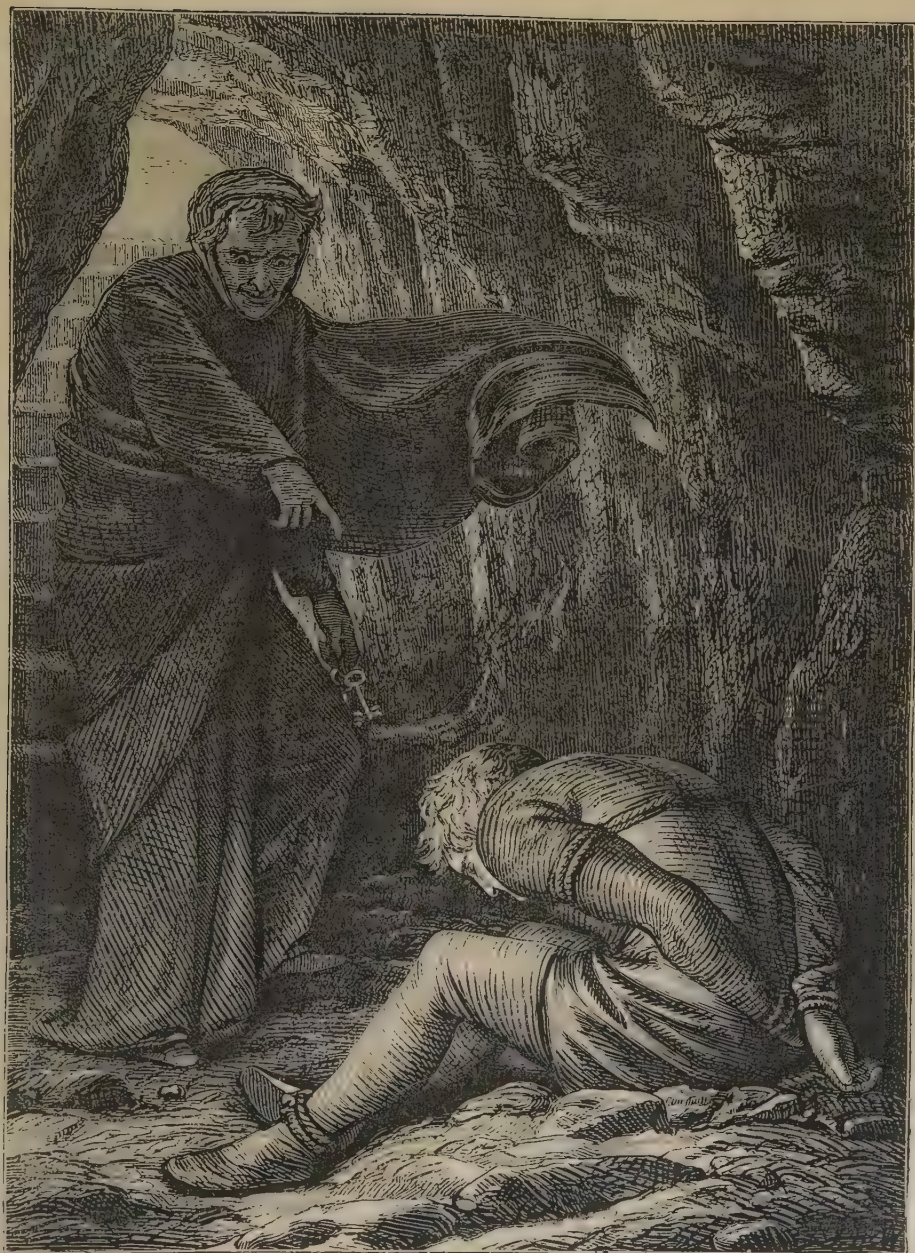
And then he vanished from my sight; but, lo!
As one who dreamed a dream within a dream,
I saw great chambers in the darkness grow,
Which hollowed out from space and night did
seem.

And here and there a faint and fleeting beam
Of light informed mine eyes of that within;
I saw myself, upon the ghostly gleam,
Move through the past, from whence I did begin,
And live my days again, repeating mirth and sin.

I gazed in hunger for one worthy deed,
Which might avail my bondage to undo;
But all that richness of the past was need
And nothingness unto my searching true.
Nor help nor comfort was there in the view.
But those keen cords did bite unto my bone;
The shape grew pale with death's approaching hue.
"Alas!" I cried, "what can for thee atone,
Whom that cold touch congeals, vile as thou art, to
stone?"

Then One came by me, blood upon his brow,
Blood in the trembling hollow of his hand;
A moment o'er my fallen state did bow,
And touched with tears that cunning twined
band.
But straight as ropes of idly gathered sand
Those bonds fell from me, and did hide amain.
My heart leaped up or ever I could stand,
And broke the spell fantastic of my brain.
The day was all abroad, yet dream'd I not in vain.

J. S. W.



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"With that he laughed upon my fallen pride."—p. 56.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

DANGLING AND ANGLING.



AND the brothers did dangle after Peggy in a most unconscionable manner; and she, being no idle young lady, but one of the busiest people in the parish, and having no mind to encourage idleness in others, they really and truly did the work which they made the pretext of their daily visits to Delaube.

Peggy's hands had gradually become full from picking up what would, otherwise, have been left behind, and bearing the burdens which were daily dropped by her feeble servitors. Money was a scarce commodity at Delaube; but then it was not the one thing needful that it is in some places. True, everything was going to decay for lack of it; but there was firing in the wood and fish in the river, milk from the cow and vegetables from the garden. They ground their own corn for bread, had as many chickens as they chose to eat, and procured other commodities, by the primitive process of barter, at the village shop; but all this demanded labour, and both Tammas and Jean were growing unequal to the demand. The former worked the agricultural department, raising the corn for meal and the grass and turnips for the cow; but the duties of the latter were multifarious. Her first breakdown was at the needlework. She had mended her master's silk or woollen hose, and his fine ruffled shirts, till her old eyes ached again. Thanks to her now disused wheel, which stood in a corner of the kitchen, there was ample material for most household needs, and here were a pair of bright eyes and helpful hands to knit, or sew in her stead. So Peggy knitted winter hose, and made and mended, through the long winter evenings, by the light of the tallow candles set in ancient silver candlesticks, and with her grandfather's eyes fixed on her downcast face. Then she took the chickens into her charge; and, lastly, the making up of the butter, and all the lighter work of the dairy, fell into her hands.

The only work of hers in which her grandfather would take a lively interest, though he watched her in all, was her fishing. The details of her sport would rouse him from his lethargy as nothing else would. He made Tammas bring down a rod and line of his own, and he himself, with trembling hands, put them in order for her. He knew that Tammas was not to be trusted with a hook, for the sake of his own and his neighbours' flesh. But Peggy could really bring home a dish of trout, though she never overcame a certain repugnance to kill the shining creatures as they quivered on the grass; and she continued to fish, not for the pleasure, but the profit of it, as it supplied an additional dish much prized by Jean on her own, but especially on her master's account. Peggy would have to tell the old man the very stone

where a fine one had been hooked, and the fly that had caught him, and which he himself had taught her how to dress and when to use. The stream was famous for its salmon; and once, with the assistance of Tammas, Peggy had landed her fish; and more than once, but for the breaking of the line, which she ran and twisted round a tree for the purpose, the fish would have dragged her into the depths of the Strathie Pool.

Now, if there were ruffles to be mended, there sat Archie and Sandie, in the summer-house, among the cabbages and gooseberries, chattering away, with those curved backs of theirs, and mouths and eyes of utter fascination. If there was fruit to be picked, there were three pairs of hands at it in the hot afternoon, for Jean did not hold to gathering it with the dew for her jams and jellies. She looked rather glum when they invaded the dairy, where they were a complete hindrance; but, on the other hand, Tammas profited largely by their help. They would set to work and repair a fence in workman-like fashion, and their own mother would not have known them while they cut a field of grass, or dug out a great plot of potatoes, under Peggy's superintendence.

Often, too, they brought their books into the wood, and would have made a mere pretence of reading, except for Peggy's presence; but she sat there, a silent monitress, busily engaged in drawing from Nature. It had grown into a passion with her, to trace the minute and varied loveliness of every tender wilding that grew about her, and the visible progress of her skill was the most exciting stimulus to exertion they had ever felt.

Of course they fished together, and these were the times of keenest enjoyment to all three. On a cool, cloudy afternoon they would meet at Strathie Pool, where the water, having run its most rugged course, collected in a great granite basin to flow out smoothly into a clearer channel along the Strath. Then they would pass down stream as far as they wished, and fish up to and beyond the pool.

They had been at it for hours, on such an afternoon, and had been more than usually successful. They were, indeed, about to leave off for the day, and were lazily fishing towards Delaube by way of seeing Peggy home. Archie carried her basket, while Sandie bore the fruits of his own and his brother's labours on his back. They came to a tempting spot, where the trout were leaping every minute, and Sandie lay down flat on the bank and took a last throw, while Archie and Peggy stepped out on a ledge of granite to have a better chance. Peggy had been first on the ledge and she sprang lightly to another, which took her nearly into the middle of the stream. There she stood, mirrored in the glassy pool, which was dimpled by the leaping fish, and darkened by the fantastic cloud-shadows. Suddenly she gave a little cry, her line tightened and began to run off the reel.

"It's a salmon!" cried Archie, whisking in his own line, and flinging his rod and basket on the grass, then jumping into the water to Peggy's assistance.

She gave up her rod into his hands, and followed him in his series of leaps to the bank.

"We'll have a run for it before we land this fellow," he cried, as the line ran out rapidly, and he began to rush along the rugged bank, wooded at this part to the water's edge.

Sandie drew in and prepared to follow. "I would rather sit down and wait for you here," said Peggy, who had had several hours' scrambling already. "Don't come back if he takes you far. I can go home if you are long of coming."

With the last sentence, she had had to raise her voice after her companions, and their shouts in reply came from a growing distance as she threw herself on the bank to wait.

She had scarcely seated herself, when she was startled by a voice from above, with the unusual accost—"Miss Oglivie, of Delaube, I believe?"

She looked up, and close to her, on the slope above, stood a young man, leaning hand and foot against a tree to keep himself upright. He was like no one she had ever seen before. Grace and elegance were not native to the soil of that region, though there were nobler things that were.

"That is my name," said Peggy, gravely, rising to her feet.

"I have been looking on at your sport," he said, "and you see I have guessed rightly. Miss Janet Oglivie told me I was sure to find you in the wood. If I had not, I was coming on to Delaube. I have come to claim cousinship, which counts to the fortieth degree in this part of the country." He held out his hand.

In it Peggy placed hers frankly, but still gravely.

"Why do you never go near the old ladies down yonder?" he went on; "they would be glad to see you now and then, I should think."

The tears started to Peggy's eyes, and the colour deepened on her cheeks, as she answered, "I will never go there again."

"Margery is rather terrible, I own," he said, "and I believe she frightened you. She has a dreadful notion that we are a doomed race, we Oglivies, and must suffer for the sins of our fathers to the fourth generation. We are only the third, you know. And so she thinks she is working out the decrees of Providence by helping to keep us as miserable as possible."

"But you don't believe in it," said Peggy, with a smile; "at least, not in that way?"

"Not exactly," he replied; "and yet I've had my share of the punishment in being sent into the world a poor man. I suspect we both suffer for the sins of our fathers in that respect."

"But I do not suffer; I am not punished," she answered, earnestly; "I am very happy, God is very good," she lowered her voice at the close of her little speech, half in reverence, half as unused to give expression to such thoughts. Her companion, in the meanwhile, perusing her face with curiosity and interest, mingled with amusement.

"Well, you may have escaped," he continued, "but it's more than I have. I wonder you don't go and see the old ladies though. They've an awful time of it, shut up with an idiot in that dismal hole. It would soon make an idiot of me, I know."

"I cannot go to them," said Peggy, softly; "they do not want me, and they turned my mother from their doors. I did not know that when I went before."

"I did not know it either," he replied; "indeed, I know very little of the family history, or of the family either. But we must be friends," he added, with emphasis on the *we*.

Just then they caught a glimpse of the returning anglers, and Archie and Sandie, shouting, dolefully, "We've lost the game! he's got off with the hook!" came up breathless. Shyness was not one of their faults—that generally belongs to quicker and more sensitive natures—but they hung back a little when they saw a fine gentleman talking to their companion.

Peggy lost no time in introducing them; only she hesitated at the word "cousin," and looked up for the name of her kinsman.

"Captain Oglivie," he said, graciously, and both the youths made an awkward bow.

Archie was proceeding to lift Peggy's basket and rod, when the captain interfered with a polite, "Allow me to carry them," which made the poor fellow stand back, somewhat abashed.

"Perhaps we had better go home," said Sandie, and as there seemed to be a general acquiescence in the proposal, Peggy shook hands with her old friends and walked up the hill with the new one. They spoke very little by the way, and at the garden gate the captain delivered up the rod and basket, and pleaded the lateness of the hour as a reason for not going up to the house. He took Peggy's little hand at parting, and carried it gallantly to his lips, and repeating, "We must be friends," left her blushing and trembling at the gate.

CHAPTER X.

A DISH OF FISH.

As Peggy turned into the garden walk, she caught sight of Jean, standing with her straight old back against the doorpost. Her blue checked apron was thrown over one red, wrinkled arm, so as to form a bag, in which revolved a ball of worsted, which she was rapidly transforming into strong winter hose. She knitted quite mechanically, needing neither eyes nor brain for her work, so that she saw her young mistress as soon as she entered the path. The old woman did not move; Peggy would have been ashamed if she had offered to come and carry the basket.

She advanced up the walk slowly, and flung it down at the old woman's feet, who, seeing it look satisfactorily heavy, picked it up and carried it within.

"You're late," she said, "but you hav'na come empty handed;" and she proceeded to take down a dish and count out the spoil.

But Peggy stood abstracted, and as if she neither saw nor heard; then she said, abruptly, "That was Captain Oglivie, Jean."

"What was Captain Oglivie?" queried the old woman, looking up with an air of astonishment.

"The gentleman who came to the gate with me," answered Peggy.

"I saw nae gentleman!" said Jean, who looked as if her young mistress had lost her senses.

"But he is a gentleman and my cousin," said Peggy, still thinking she must have seen him, which she had not, for he had retreated just as she turned her head in his direction.

"Where fell ye in wi' him?" asked Jean, with some asperity.

"At the fishing," answered the girl, not in the least resenting the tone, which was habitual to that privileged person.

"And the Grants were with you?" Jean put in.

Peggy assented, and the old woman entered on a keen cross-examination.

"What was he like?" was her next question.

Peggy tried to remember. She had a vivid enough image in her own mind, but she found it difficult to convey it in detail to another.

It flashed through Jean's mind that the girl's father might have wandered into the neighbourhood, and sought to see her in this way, so she went on with her catechism.

"Was he young?"

"Not very," Peggy meant not so young as herself or her companions. In Jean's eyes Louis Oglivie would still have been young.

"Was he fair?"

"I am not sure," was the answer.

"Has he blue eyes?"

"I don't know in the least," said Peggy, laughing; "but he is tall—as tall as gran'papa must have been—and his face is clear, so clear that you do not notice the colour of his hair or his eyes."

Jean knew at once that this could not be Mr. Louis, changed as might be the sunny curls, and fruit-like tints of the face she had adored in its bright boyhood.

"I ken nae such Captain Oglivie," she said, tartly, as she laid the trout, tenderly, side by side in the dish; "but if I were you I'd hae little to do with any Oglivie of them."

She had dismissed the subject. "They're bonnie beasties," she murmured, greatly mollified, as she contemplated the heap on the platter.

But Peggy returned to the charge. "I had better tell gran'papa about him," she said.

"You had better no," was the reply. "He's more than ordinar' ill. He's been mutterin' to himsel' the whole afternoon; if ye were to say anything to 'mind him o' the old troubles, I would na' answer for the consequences: another stroke would clean kill him, and ye might bring it on."

"Oh, Jean!" cried the girl, reproachfully.

"Weel, weel, lassie, gang and show him the bonnie creatures, and that'll please him," said the old woman, coaxingly.

Peggy threw aside her hat, pushed back her clustered curls, and taking the dish in her two hands,

went up-stairs to present her offering to her grandfather.

The old man was seated in his chair in the attitude of one who seeks warmth from a sinking fire; his stately figure was bent, his white locks, escaping from his black velvet cap, lay on his shoulders. Something of awe and of desolation struck the girl with a sudden, sharp pang of pity, as she saw him thus. He sat erect at her approach, looking sternly indifferent till he saw who it was. She had often acted the little scene before; such acts of grace came quite naturally from her, due, perhaps, to the slight strain of French blood in her veins. She went down on her knees on the hearth-rug and playfully held up the dish, but with a new, womanly tenderness in her smile and attitude, which unconsciously penetrated the old man's heart.

"Very good sport, little one," he said, looking at her with a wan smile.

"Yes," she answered; "and we nearly caught a salmon besides. I had him, but Archie Grant let him off, after a short run. I was tired and the ground was rough, so I did not follow. There's Jean, waiting to take possession of them," she added, as the white cap of Mistress Jean appeared at the door.

Peggy rose and handed out the fish to the old servant, and then, shutting the door, came back and sat down on a low stool at her grandfather's feet.

If she had purposed to divert his mind from the madness of contemplating the misery of the past, she could not have done anything wiser than simply sit there in silence. She did not know it; but he looked at her and was comforted. Sitting there, helpless and alone, he devised experiments of torture for himself; no longer raving at the untimely death of his body, with the greater calmness which time had brought, he believed himself to be growing incapable of thought or feeling, condemned to die a living death, mentally as well as bodily. In order to test its progress it was that he inflicted these self-tortures. He would call up the saddest and wildest scenes of his wild and disappointed life, wherewith to harrow his soul: the parting with the wife of his youth, whom he had loved with growing passion, and whom Peggy often reminded him of; the death of his wild kinsman; the desertion he had suffered; the evidence of baseness in the son he had reared; the terrible contrast between the power and promise of his youth, and the feebleness and helplessness of his age, from which had departed all strength and blessing, and love and honour.

After he had looked at her a while, he broke the silence, saying, "You'll be leaving me some day, little one."

Peggy started and drew nearer at the unusual speech. Like all she did, the unconscious movement was quicker than speech in its expression of her thought. She laid her head against his knee with a caressing touch.

"You like me a little, I think," he said, laying a thin hand on her head, and speaking with the self-restraint of his race in matters of affection.

"Oh, not a little, if you will only let me," cried Peggy, looking up in his face earnestly.

Her more demonstrative nature craved for some utterance, and suffered from its repression. At the same time it had too much depth to exhaust itself in the process, as shallow natures do.

"No, no, little one, I don't want much from you," he answered, mournfully. "I did but waste what was mine, and I have nothing to give you in return. No, no, I do not want too much from you. You will leave me some day; if I go first, it's little enough you will have. This place is all that's left of a wasted inheritance. You'll give it, and your name some day, to a better man than ever owned either."

"Dinna speak that way," said Peggy, weeping and taking to Scotch to express her emotion; "I'll never leave you!"

Just then Jean entered with the silver candlesticks and made the usual preparations for tea. She left the door open and bustled in and out, and Peggy withdrew to a little distance. The smell of the trout came up from the kitchen; the little babble of meal-time talk began, and life seemed to divide itself in two. Would there come a time to her, thought the eager-hearted girl, throbbing with all intense though vague emotion, when life would consist for the most part in caring for itself, and a dish of fish be more to her than beauty, and love, and joy? Poor grandpapa! poor Jean! mournful and awful age.

CHAPTER XI.

REASONS FOR RETICENCE.

WHEN Archie and Sandie Grant parted reluctantly from Peggy and her new-found friend, instead of turning their faces steadily homeward, they began perversely to loiter by the way. Archie took to whistling and thrashing the stream in a meaningless fashion, and Sandie pulled his book out of his pocket and began to read. They knew it was high time to be home, for the last red streak had died out of the sky and from the river, and yet they lingered, and neither said one word to the other on the subject of their thoughts. Star after star, began to glimmer in the pools. It was dusk among the trees, and the moths and bats were flitting and fluttering.

"We're dreadful late," said Sandie, breaking silence at length, and looking full in his brother's face with a comical expression of chagrin.

Archie burst out laughing. He saw his own mood reflected there, and its ridiculous aspect struck him; the other smiled. "Come on," he said, and with his hand on Sandie's shoulder quickened his pace.

It seemed as though the brothers understood each other perfectly, without the help of words, for they reached home, walking very fast at last, without further colloquy.

The evening meal—a sort of heavy tea, to which the lads had been expected—had been long disposed of, and had not been suffered to remain on the table, in comfortable discomfort, as easy-going Mr. Grant suggested. It had been duly cleared off, and had to

be duly brought in again, with an amount of delay and trouble calculated to dismay and deter a delinquent. This would have been the case had the delinquency extended to minutes instead of hours, as in the present instance. It had been the doctor's own lot to realise the solemnity of such a meal, and Mrs. Grant had just been talking to him very seriously about the necessity for maintaining discipline in his family; but as the second edition of tea was ordered, he judiciously made his escape—certainly an unfair proceeding on his part.

"What has kept you so late?" was their mother's greeting. "We waited for you as long as we possibly could. I wonder hunger did not drive you home. I'm sure you're impatient enough when you're here. It was anything but right," she added, in a tone of vexation, "for Peggy Oglivie to be out till this time, and I mean to tell her so."

This little sentence, in the tail of her speech, carried the sting, as she meant it to do; but she was not quite prepared for the result.

"Mother," said Archie, resentfully—more resentfully than ever she had heard one of her sweet-blooded lads speak in his life—"you're no right to say that; it was no blame of hers."

"No! If she bade you jump into Strathie Pool, and you were fool enough to get drowned for your pains, it would be no fault of hers."

"Mother," interposed Sandie, mildly, but in an injured tone, "Peggy went home long ago, and we've been idling down the water all the time."

At this point the doctor thought fit to re-enter, and make a diversion in order to restore the good humour of the party, never very difficult, under the most aggravated circumstances. He did not know that it was more difficult than it had ever been before.

"What have you been about, youngsters?" he said; "caught half the trout in the river, eh?"

Amid unwonted and puzzling gloom, Sandie answered, "Caught plenty, papa, but lost a salmon."

"Ha! ha!" broke out the misled man, "lost a salmon! is that it? lost what ye never found. Most men lose in that way, and think themselves ill-used mortals enough. He led you a pretty chase, I dare say," he added, willing to open the way for what seemed a valid excuse.

"That wasn't what kept us," said scrupulous Sandie. "Peggy hooked him, and he only took us on about half a mile, and then gave us the slip."

The erratic doctor again departed, rubbing his hands, and not inclined for further investigation. Mrs. Grant took up her needlework in silent displeasure, and the lads, notwithstanding the discomfort which they felt, fell to work voraciously on the oaten cake, the fresh butter, and new-laid eggs of the repast. Not a word, however, was said about the stranger.

After the meal came family worship, and nothing was ever discussed after that. The doors were locked, and the household retired to rest.

(To be continued.)

THE USEFUL HOLIDAY.



ELL, what did mother say: are we to have a half-holiday or not? Make haste, can't you, Willy, and tell us!"

Willy was very young, and very fat, and very deliberate in all his movements; he was, besides, the smallest of all the children in the schoolroom, and yet, when any favour was to be asked of the higher powers, Willy was invariably the public messenger. His father and mother had given him, in consequence, the name of the "Solicitor-general;" and a capital solicitor he made, seldom failing in any suit he took in hand. But he came up the three steps leading to the schoolroom unusually slowly this morning, and did not answer his elder brother's question till he had been dragged into the centre of the room and given a very mild shake to help out his words.

"Speak up now, Willy, that's a good boy: did she say yes, or no?"

"At first she said no," replied Willy, gravely; "that she could not give two half-holidays in one week. But when I told her that you all promised you would try and be useful, she laughed, and said she would see this once what a useful holiday was like, and so we are to have it."

"Bravo, Willy—three cheers for the Solicitor-general! You are a splendid boy for begging!" and Jack, seizing his younger brother by both his fat arms, swung him across his shoulders, and carried him in triumph round the room.

"That will do now," he cried, setting him down on the rug in front of the fire, "for we must all begin and think of some sort of game that will be at the same time both tremendously jolly and useful."

"Let us weed our flower-beds, they are full of groundsel," suggested Bessie.

"Weed flower-beds! did any one ever hear such a stupid proposition?—to stoop all day in the sun, and break our backs into the bargain!"

"Well, let us cover the jam-pots for mamma; she was saying last night how glad she would be if they were all finished and put by in the store-room."

"That's not a bad idea," replied Jack, a little dubiously; "but don't you think we might strike out something with more fun in it? Come, Willy, what do you propose? As you got us the holiday you ought to speak first."

"I know," replied Willie, thoughtfully; "let's blow bubbles."

A general shout of laughter greeted the Solicitor-general's suggestion.

Dora, at length, was the one to start the very useful plan which they all, save Bessie, agreed at once to carry into execution.

"I know a splendid way of being useful. I have read heaps of things like it in books. Let's go down to old Kate's room in the yard, and light her fire and boil her kettle, and make her tea, and have every-

thing delightfully comfortable for her when she comes home from town in the evening. And we might bake her a cake, too, and put currants in it."

"Oh, jolly!" cried Jack; "I'll blow the bellows strong, Willie will put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea."

Old Kate, whose interests the children had taken so suddenly to heart, was an infirm old woman, who, having been a servant for forty years in their father's family, had been given a comfortable room and kitchen in the farmyard, where she lived in ease, having no heavier occupation than gathering the eggs from the hen-house, and superintending the hatching and rearing of the young broods of fowl.

But every Saturday, like the children, she had a half-holiday, and went to see her son, who was coachman to a gentleman living in the town. She had not, as you may imagine, much money to spare, yet she seldom returned from this pilgrimage without a bag of gingerbread nuts or sweetmeats hidden in the folds of her great market-cloak.

The children were not long in putting on their hats and cloaks, and dashing down the terraces towards the farmyard, which was completely hidden from the house by a grove of beech-trees.

The first sudden chill was given to their useful plan by finding the door of Kate's room locked; the second, by the discovery that all the flour which Dora had coaxed from the cook had poured out through a hole in the cloth in which she had carried it, and left a long white snow track from the house door to the yard.

"Aint you a stupid, just!" cried Jack, angrily; but the next moment, discovering the key of Kate's door shining under the threshold beneath which she had hidden it, his vexation gave way to triumph.

"Now fer it, boys and girls! where are we to begin to be useful?" and Jack looked round the neat room, adorned with pretty prints, and on whose shelves were ranged in orderly state a set of real china cups and saucers, given to the old woman by her son.

"Let us begin by the fire," cried Dora; "I know where she keeps her faggots."

"And here's the bellows," cried Willy, dragging forth an implement nearly as large as himself from beneath the table. "I'll blow the bellows and make smoke."

"Oh, is it not delightful, being useful!" cried Dora, crushing the wood by handfuls into the empty grate; "it's the best fun we ever had."

Soon the fire was blazing up the chimney, the coal crackling, and the kettle singing; while Willie blew the bellows as if his life depended on his energy.

"Now let us lay the table, and set the tea-things," suggested Dora, "we can get down those lovely red-and-white cups and plates, and make everything look as grand as possible."

"Gorgeous—perfectly gorgeous!" cried Jack, as all the arrangements were completed. "Why Queen Victoria might come and drink tea with Kate to night, she is so grand. Willie, why do you keep on blowing the bellows at that rate?"

"Because it is so very useful," replied Willie, with the most perfect simplicity; "and besides, I like the way it breathes through its nose."

"Well, leave its nose alone now, and hie off to the house instead, Solicitor-general, and get the cook to give us some more flour for a cake; she will give it to you, if you ask her: and if you carry it down in a jug it won't spill."

"And now let some one else go off to the garden, and get some flowers to stick in this mug on the table," continued Jack, authoritatively. "I say, where's Bessie?"

"Bessie did not come down," answered Dora, quickly. "I saw her going into mamma's room, and taking out the paper for covering the jam. Isn't she a goose, to lose all this fun? I'll go now and get the flowers, and you can make the tea."

"All right! I'll rummage for the tea-caddy, and mind you bring back a good bunch."

In about ten minutes Dora returned, with a handful of geraniums and other flowers, which she had plucked at random, hither and thither, in the conservatory. But she found Jack standing at the door, looking considerably less bright than when she had left him.

"I say, here's a nice business," he cried. "Willy left the bellows sticking in the fire, and it's all come unglued and dropped in two; and when I tried to pull out the nose, I burned both my fingers, and they're smarting like fun."

"Dear, dear! how stupid of him!" replied Dora.

"And while I was looking for the tea-caddy, the kettle boiled over, and the whole floor is in a swim of water."

"Never mind that; we can dry it up with rubbers. I know where Kate keeps her rubbers."

"How dirty the flags are," cried Dora, looking at the rubbers as she squeezed the water out of them.

"I say, Jack, let's wash Kate's floor for her—that would be really useful."

"You may if you like," replied Jack, "but my fingers are burning like two coals."

Dora tucked up her sleeves, poured the kettle of boiling water into a large tub, and went out to the pump for some cold water to cool it with. When she returned, Jack's face had fallen considerably lower.

"Now what do you think has happened?" he cried.

"What?" asked Dora, appalled.

"The whole thing has gone over, body and bones, and every cup and saucer and plate is smashed, and the teapot, too, into the bargain."

At this moment the doorway was darkened, and both the children looked up. There stood poor old Kate, in her long cloth cloak and poke bonnet, in an attitude of horrified surprise.

"Mercy on me! mercy on me this day! what has happened? look at all my beautiful china broken in pieces! Master Jack, Master Jack, what has happened?"

Jack stared at Dora; Dora stared at Jack. Both blushed very red; but neither answered.

Again the doorway was darkened, and the children, looking up, grew redder still. It was their mother, holding poor little Willy by the hand, his face and hair covered with flour, and his fingers cut and bleeding.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jack?" she asked, looking bewilderedly around her. "When I came in from driving, I found poor little Willy lying on the ground at the foot of the terrace, crying, with a broken jug in his hand. I asked him where you were, and what you were doing, and he said you were doing useful things down at Kate's cottage."

"And so—we—we—were—trying—to be useful," sobbed Dora, covering her face with her hands.

Mrs. Garrett looked at the broken china on the floor—the faggots scattered about—the house linen in a wet heap by the fire—the bellows on the hearth, the snout still sticking in the fire, and the splendid hothouse flowers, cast in a crushed heap upon a chair.

"I am afraid, judging by all I see around me, you have scarcely succeeded, children, in your endeavours. It will take many weeks' pocket-money, and a great many good marks, to make up for the results of this useful holiday. I can quite believe, however," she continued, kindly, "that neither of you began this exploit with the intention of being so mischievous; indeed, I feel sure you *did* intend to be useful."

"We did indeed, mother," pleaded both the children, humbly.

"I think I can show you why you failed," replied Mrs. Garrett; "you tried to make amusement come first, and usefulness second. Now, if you had only looked around you at home, how many really useful things you might have found to do—in how many different ways you might have helped me in the house. I was really in hopes that, on my return from driving, I should have found your flower-beds weeded; the jam covered; or some of you helping nurse to take care of the little ones. Poor Bessie alone has proved herself deserving of another holiday, by really trying to do what she knew would give others pleasure, and save them both trouble and time. She did not try to make her own pleasure and fun come first in the duty she undertook, yet now she is feeling a thousand times happier than either of you."

The children could not but agree in their hearts in every word that their mother said. They again besought Kate's pardon, which was not withheld, and went home sad enough; but, in the end, the lesson proved a useful one, as it taught both Dora and Jack that they need not go beyond the circle of their own house and home to find the means of doing good, or of spending a useful holiday.



THE "QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

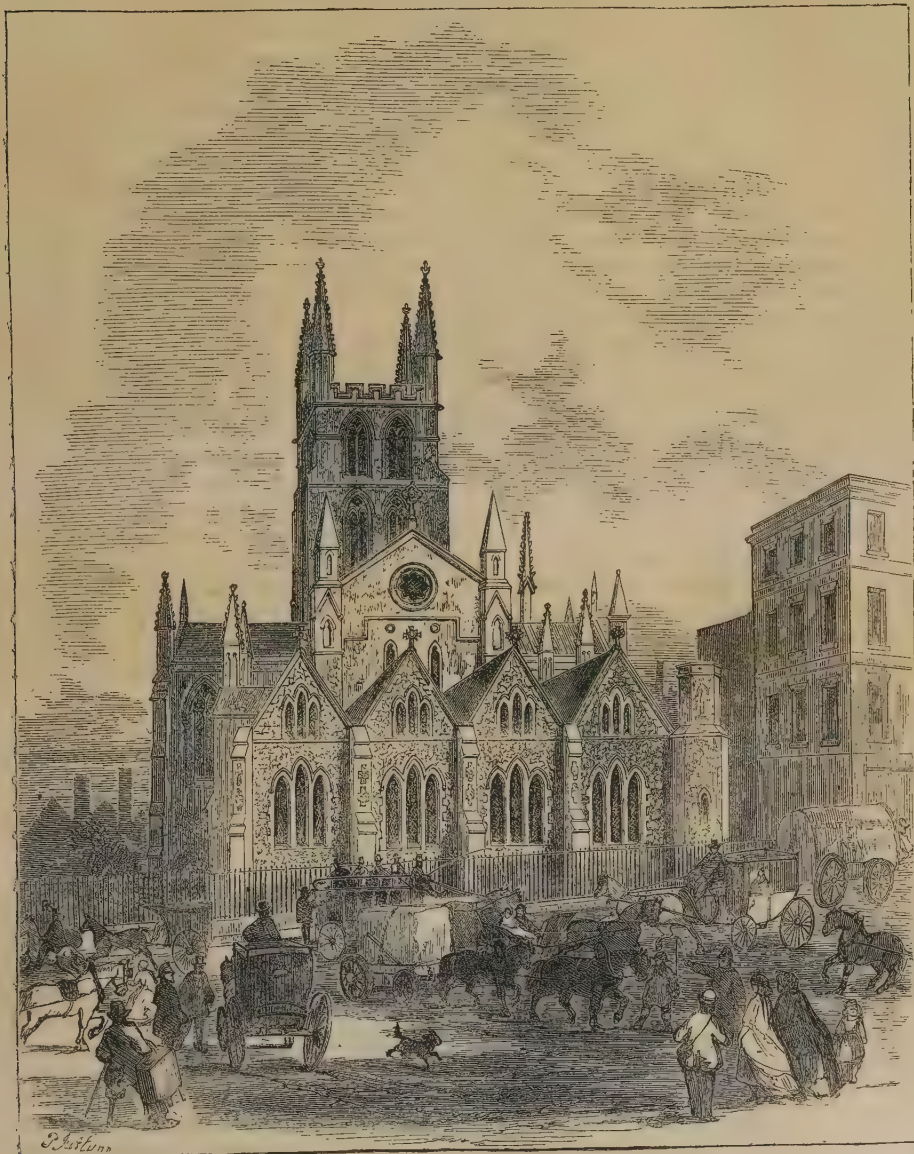
We have much pleasure in submitting to our readers an engraving of the Orphan Home at Ham Common, on the left side of which is seen the design of the proposed "Quiver Wing." Our present list speaks favourably for our progress; but we still, however, need the kind efforts of our readers to complete the sum of £1,000 required for this most deserving cause; and, on receipt of a stamped envelope, we shall be happy to forward more collecting-papers to any who may require them.—ED. Q.

(FOURTEENTH LIST.)

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Brought forward from List	81 13 6	Little Lane Charley, Great	0 0 6	M. A. K., Bury, Lancashire	0 2 0	William and Frank Cross-	0 7 1
Thirteen	0 1 1	Helen, Poplar	0 2 6	M. Goodwin, Durweston	0 2 6	ley, Doncaster	0 7 1
Mrs. M. Keefe, Canter-	0 3 5	H. O. Hidden, Malvern	0 1 7	The Servants' Hall, Bettes-	0 9 0	Clara Corin, Redruth	0 10 0
bury	0 3 5	House Academy, Houn-	0 1 7	hanger	0 9 0	Eveline Nichols, South	0 11 0
W. F. Harris, Greystones,	0 13 0	low	0 1 7	E. B., The Brewery, Long	0 5 0	Petherton	0 11 0
Co. Wicklow	0 13 0	W. G. Dublin	0 1 4	Acce	0 5 0	George Cross, Edward Street,	0 1 8
E. J. Da Costa, Twickenham	1 6 0	W. Hardwick, Bowdley	0 10 0	C. Gooseman, Great	0 4 6	Dorset Square	0 1 8
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Mrs. A. Mills, Southamp-	0 2 0	D. Fuller, Ditch	0 2 0	Caroline Rose Wilmot	0 10 0	Miss Wilkinson	0 3 6
ton	0 12 9	A. M. to, Looessex	0 0 6	M. M. S., Gravesend	0 5 0	C. R. Aborn, Dartmoor	0 7 0
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M. A. K., Ramsgate	0 5 0	Masters A. and S. Smith,	0 2 0	H. Hamlet, Private, 39th	0 2 0	Joseph Wells, Reading	0 7 6
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worth, Stoke-on-Trent	0 6 6	Regiment, Richmond	0 17 0	land	0 2 0	G. Prideaux, Hastingleigh,	0 0 6
E. Cullen, New Malden	0 10 6	Barracks, Dublin	0 17 0	S. B., Bristol	0 6 3	Ashford	0 0 6
A. Bates, Dorby	0 17 6	E. Sheffield, 10, Lancroft	1 1 0	Whetstone, N.	0 16 0	Archibald Lang, Glasgow	0 5 0
Alce J., Gibbs, Bristol	0 4 3	Road	1 1 0	Lizzie C., Dartford	0 5 0	J. and T. Spencely, Kilton	0 5 0
L. H. House, Brixton	0 8 1	M. A. Thwaites & Friends	0 10 0	Angus W. Rae, Holloway	0 2 0	Linsey	0 5 0
M. E. Shrewsbury, Croydon	0 10 0	Little, F. E. K. (2nd con-	0 1 0	S. W., N-T	0 5 0	A Widow, Huddersfield	0 3 6
tribution), Cheltenham	0 4 6	F. R., Nuneham Road	0 1 6	Roby, Belfast	0 1 8	C. F. Jebb, Bourne	0 1 0
Horreley	0 4 6	Elizabeth, Layson, Bunde-	0 4 6	Alice Maud Ball, Langley	0 6 4	H. R. H., Ten Brook, Liver-	0 5 0
Clara Brimelow, Farborough,	0 6 6	gates, Otley	0 4 6	A Friend to the Orphans,	0 2 6	pool	0 5 0
near Warrington	0 6 6	Martha and Bessie White,	0 5 0	Croft	0 2 6	Miss Pearson, Cheltenham	0 11 0
Alice Snowden, Kinsland	0 2 0	Portland	0 5 0	The Lord Will Provide	0 5 0	Mrs. Durrant, Beccles,	0 3 4
Miss Ellen Clarke, Seaton	0 5 0	M. B., Lumbury	0 5 0	Hockwood	0 5 0	Suffolk	0 3 4
Holloway	0 1 0	Miss Clegg & seven Friends	0 8 2	J. Ketter, Aldingham	0 4 0	J. Cook, Schoolmaster, Ar-	1 0 0
A Poor Governess, Dawlish	0 6 0	M. A. Audenshaw	0 5 0	Eliza Pease, Coggeshall	0 3 7	ingham	1 0 0
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S. M. Eastich	0 4 1	J. M., Audenshaw	0 5 0	Blanche and Jessie Cham-	0 1 1	A. S., Liverpool	0 2 6
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THE LIVERY

— Saturday, October 19, 1867. —



ST. MARY OVERY, LONDON BRIDGE.

THE BLACK CANONS; THE CHURCH, AND JOHN GOWER THE POET.

“SHIPS, colonies, and commerce,” were three words often uttered by Napoleon; their united powers conquered even him; and the scene daily witnessed at the foot of London Bridge, tells of other victories won by those three great forces of the modern world. The river, with its long vista of masts; the bridge, with its hurrying multitudes, and ceaseless tide

of "goods, wares, and merchandise;" the great railway stations, presenting a traffic which Babylon, "the glory of kingdoms," never knew; those telegraphic wires, speaking to India on one side, and to America on the other; and yon long line of river warehouses, containing the riches of remote nations—all these are daily attesting the triumph of "ships, colonies, and commerce."

What has St. Mary Overy to do with the spirit of maritime dominion? Look at the ancient church, and mark how, on this very spot, the commercial power has hemmed in the ecclesiastical. On one side, huge warehouses press closely upon the church, on the other, the railway trains pass, as if shouting victory over the departed Black Canons. In every quarter the trophies of the new order of things rise. If we look across the river, the massive Cannon Street Railway Station stands full in view, vaster than the priory in its brightest days. St. Mary Overy evidently feels the change. Move from this tumultuous spot she cannot; but see how she tries to sink out of notice, down in yonder hollow. Yet, Mary's seat is not really lower than of yore, but the ambitious world has enthroned itself on high, and the maiden seems seated in the dust.

Is not St. Mary Overy usually called St. Saviour's? Who, then, was Mary, and what does Overy denote? Some uncivil critics call Mary a myth; but to apply this term to a lady seems rude. The old and popular story is, that Mary was the daughter of a rich Saxon ferryman, who, before the coming of the Normans, made his fortune by carrying passengers over the river at this place. All his money went to Mary, who devoted it, and also the profits of the ferry, to the founding of a nunnery, called St. Mary Overy, or St. Mary over the water. But the doubters say this tradition took its present form 500 years after the time of the supposed Mary. John Stow, however, points out, with easy faith, the very place where Mary was buried. The author of a pamphlet, published in 1744, evidently knew all about her father, the Saxon waterman, who is there called John Overs. John was a terribly covetous fellow, and on one occasion pretended to be dead, hoping all the servants and family would fast for at least one day, and thus effect a saving. The servants, however, began to feast. This was too much for the miser, who descended to the kitchen, wrapped in his winding-sheet. The panic was indescribable, of course; but one of the terrified apprentices knocked out the brains of John Overs with a broken oar. This was not all; Mary's lover, hearing the news, took horse for London, and illustrated the proverb, "More haste, less speed." Being thrown from his saddle, the eager lover was killed on the spot; and Mary, poor

lass, determined to become a nun, and founded St. Mary Overy. Now, is not that a sensational story? Who would give it up for all the critics in London?

We are told that afterwards the nunnery was turned into a "college of priests" by a lady named Swithen, and that these collegiate men built the first London Bridge. That the priests should destroy all the revenues derived from the ferry by erecting a bridge, is rather improbable.

There seems reason for believing that William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, aided in settling the Black Canons here, and in building the nave of the church.

The rules at St. Mary Overy bound every "brother" to work till midday; from dinner to three o'clock was given to study; then all might walk out, but not singly, "two-and-two" being the order, and it was absolutely ruled that no canon was "to gaze on women;"—a very proper regulation.

Let us take one look at St. Mary Overy as it appeared in the days of old. On the west side of the church ran the cloisters; a quiet walk, where many a debate was carried on, and many a free word safely spoken on Church and State. Not far from the cloisters rose the stately mansion of the Bishops of Winchester, with its park of sixty acres, and on the south side of the priory stood another episcopal residence, Rochester House. But close to the priory, almost within sound of the daily chants, was the Clink Prison, in the midst of a den of thieves, and near to the notorious colony of "single women."

The priory buildings, Winchester Hall, Rochester House, and the Clink, went when the Reformation came. When Linsted, the last of the thirty-two priors surrendered the monastic property in 1539, the gross yearly income of the priory amounted to £656 18s. 0½d. Let not the reader smile at the odd halfpenny, it shows careful book-keeping. A part of the revenue was appropriated for pensions to the prior and canons. The "parchments" of St. Mary Overy's probably fell into the hands of some ignorant fellow, who looked upon all writings as did Jack Cade, when he cried, "Burn all the records." Certainly most of the old documents were destroyed. A part of the priory register was discovered a few years ago, forming the head of a child's drum! The horrified antiquaries soon rescued this fragment, and placed it in the British Museum. The priory cloisters and canons' houses were granted by Henry VIII. to his master of the horse, Sir Anthony Brown, whose son, Viscount Montagu, built a mansion on the site, long called Montagu Close. Some rich specimens of the old architecture were visible in 1808. The two parishes of St. Margaret and St. Mary Magdalene united in

purchasing the old priory church, which then became St. Saviour's, Southwark. Rochester House has wholly perished, the site now forming the Borough Market-place. Winchester Hall passed through various changes. A prison in the time of Charles I., sold by the Parliament in 1647 for £1191 3s. 4d., and afterwards let out to tenants who could only use the stately courts and rooms as warehouses, an antiquary's enthusiasm is now required to find a few stones of this once noble mansion. Barclay and Perkins's brewery stands on a part of the bishop's park. Thus the present church remains the only memorial of St. Mary Overy's canons and priory. Even this building has encountered some perils. The Lady Chapel was leased to John Peacock, a baker, who made it for a time "a filthy nuisance." Even in the present century the chapel has had a narrow escape. The engineers of new London Bridge coolly proposed the destruction of this part of the church, to make way for certain approaches; and the parish as coolly voted the same. Some men of taste raised an outcry, even wrote to the newspapers, and at last, not only induced the parish to rescind its vote, but raised £2,500 for the restoration of the building. This occurred in 1832; but the choir had, some years before, been restored and partly rebuilt, the transepts repaired, and the cruciform character of the church made clearer, in 1822, by removing the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene from the south side.

The parish was, for a long time, in no mood to attend to church architecture. In 1564, we find "Mr. Kettle, the minister," refusing to wear the surplice at the communion; he thereupon "has warning given him to quit the service of the parish." We presume the warning was taken, as we find "Mr. Hollyland" succeeding, at "twenty pounds a year for his wages." In the next year, "Mr. Harman was elected," receiving the twenty pounds, but "not the christenings;" and he was graciously permitted "to leave his benefice, giving a fortnight's warning." Sharp practice, on both sides, was this. But the politeness of the vestry is specially indicated by an entry in the year 1613:—"Ordered: that the minister be turned out at the pleasure of the vestry." Pleasant parish; happy ministers! Some modern vestries might do well to enforce the following rule, made by the St. Saviour's vestry in 1569:—"Only one vestryman speak at once, and the rest be silent, under a penalty of fourpence." Three years after, we read:—"Three vestrymen were expelled for disobedience and froward minds." Right, gentlemen, that is the effective plan. The vestry were, however, fond of good singing. In 1571 they order "the wardens to give the clerk warning, and to provide another, who shall be a good base and (*sic.*) tenor."

The bell-ringers seem to have been more harmonious than the vestry. All who lament over the declining art of "triple bob," will rejoice to learn that on the 14th of March, 1758, "a peal of 5,040 triple-bob twelve" was rung in four hours and thirteen minutes by "the Society of College Youths." This roused the "Old London Youths," who, in the next month, rang "a peal of 6,336 bob maximus" in five hours and thirteen minutes. The seven old bells, each named after a popular saint, doubtless rang out a merry peal when the poet-king, James I. of Scotland, married Lady Jane Beaufort at St. Mary Overy's; for the bridegroom was a lover, not only of Jane, but of "sweet harmony."

If we turn from weddings to burials, the registers and monuments remind us that Gower is not the only famous man lying in St. Mary Overy's. Among the burials in 1607 we read:—"Edmund Shakespeare, player: in the church." Did England's greatest dramatist follow in the funeral procession the body of his brother? John Fletcher, the poet of drawing-room life, the companion of Ben Jonson, and the fellow-worker with Beaumont, was hastily buried here in 1625. Fletcher was a fine gentleman, and sustained the character to the end. He was caught by the plague, through waiting in London for "a fine suit" of clothes. The last of the Elizabethan dramatists, the author of thirty-seven plays, one being "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Philip Massinger, was buried in the churchyard in 1640. Bishop Andrewes, the favourite preacher of James I., the scholar, the eulogised of Milton, and one of the translators of the Bible, is now interred in the Lady Chapel, to which his coffin and monument were removed from the Bishops' Chapel, when the latter was taken down in 1830. The beautiful Austin monument, in the north transept, reminds us of one William Austin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, who did not shrink from writing his own funeral sermon. If the reader should wish to know the text selected, he will find it in Isa. xxviii. 12. The epitaph on Lockyer, a quack doctor in the time of Charles II., contrives to be ever advertising his pills to the public; and one on a grocer, named Gerard, is very special in its revelations, telling us that in heaven there "are grocers many more."

John Gower the poet is the greatest name connected with St. Mary Overy's. The friend of Chaucer, the favourite poet of Richard II., and the writer of the second best English poem of the fourteenth century, is safe from oblivion. Little can be said about his life; he was an active writer, a hardworking scholar, able to live comfortably, and to take things pleasantly. Leland, Weever, Caxton, Mr. Todd, and Sir Harris Nicolas are unable to fix with certainty even his birth-place.

Some make him a student at the Temple; this Dr. Pauli questions. Leland elevates the poet to a judgeship of the Common Pleas; but Mr. Foss has no such name among his "Judges of England." Gower's marriage licence, his will, and his works give a little personal information. From the first we infer that his wife's name was Agnes Groundolf, and that the marriage was celebrated at St. Mary Overy's. From the will we find that the poet died possessed of considerable property, out of which he left bequests to the canons of the priory, to four churches in Southwark, to St. Thomas's Hospital, and to his wife. There were also legacies to all who should attend his funeral and pray for his soul. The will is dated "on the Feast of the Assumption,* 1408." Administration was granted to the widow on the 24th of October in that year; the date of the poet's death is, therefore, nearly ascertained. From the will it seems that he was then living in the priory, towards the rebuilding of which he had largely contributed. Gower became blind in the latter years of his life. "In Henry the Fourth's first year I lost my sight," are his own words; and a little after, we read, "My works are finished; here I drop my quill." What are the works to which he alludes? They are three; one in English verse and two in Latin. The first, entitled "*Confessio Amantis*," or, "The Confessions of a Lover," is a curiosity in English literature. Think with amazement of a man writing 30,000 verses about love! Do we not marvel at the sublime patience of readers then? The other great work is in Latin, entitled "*Vox Clamantis*," "The Cry of a Complainer," and deals with the insurrection of the people under Wat Tyler. Gower depicts the peasants, not only as beasts, but as beasts which had lost their own proper natures. The asses have become lions, the oxen dragons, and all are led by a chattering jay; the said jay representing Wat Tyler. Gower also

* August 15.

makes a fierce attack on every order of society; on the Lollards, clergy, lawyers, and traders, not sparing the king himself, whom he specially "warns against women." The fiercest invectives of Gower are directed against the "servants" of his time. Housekeepers of the nineteenth century may, therefore, find a little comfort in recollecting that the "domestic grievance" existed at least four hundred years ago. Gower's third work, the "*Chronica Tripartita*," or "History in Three Parts," is in Latin rhymed verse, and describes the miseries brought on the land by the imbecile misgovernment of Richard II.

The rich monument of the poet is now in the south transept of St. Saviour's, to which it was removed from St. John's Chapel, in the north aisle, by Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland. The recumbent figure of Gower lies beneath a three-arched canopy, richly ornamented with cinquefoil tracery. The head is supported on his three works; a dog watches at the feet; and on the wall are three female figures, named Charity, Mercy, and Pity, who are "saying endless prayers," in old French, for the departed. The monument is kept in repair by the Duke of Sutherland's family, which is supposed to be connected with that of the poet. In former times, a tablet was suspended by the monument, offering an indulgence of "fifteen hundred days" to all who prayed for the soul of John Gower. He little imagined, when fulminating against the Lollards in his "*Vox Clamantis*," that his own loved priory would be overthrown by the power which had even then spoken in John Huss, Jerome of Prague, John Wickliffe, and in his own friend, Geoffrey Chaucer. Yet this same power, revering the essence of religion more than its mere forms, has preserved his church and monument from ruin. The principles of Wickliffe have substantially triumphed; but the poet's ancient tomb retains its original beauty, and a whole parish now worships where a few canons chanted.

MARTYRS.



THRILL to think what weight of joy doth
press
Those brows which here were wreathèd in
the flame;

How that most cruel crown of blood and shame
Is brighter grown than mortal eyes can guess.
And how with equal thought their voices bless
Their peerless King with everlasting fame;

And how they are inscribèd with that name,
And clothèd in unuttered loveliness;
And how they yearning look upon that face,
Which here did weep for them its sweat of blood,
And looking live, and gather grace on grace;
And harp their rapture till their praises flood,
Sea-like, the shores of all that blissful place,
Wherein they dwell for ever great and good.

J. S. W.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.—II.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A., VICAR OF STRADBROKE.

NOW pass on to the second point which I proposed to take up. I will try to point out *the practical lessons which the whole subject ought to teach us in the present day.*

I approach this branch of my subject with a deep sense of its importance. Perhaps we are all apt to exaggerate the character of the times in which we live. Yet I am bold to say there never was a day in the history of English Christianity, when there was so much need for jealous watchfulness over Christ's truth, and specially over that part of it which I am now considering. The horizon is black on all sides. When we see what we see, and hear what we hear, within the pale of the Church of England, our heart may well tremble for the ark of God. What, then, do the times demand?

1. Take heed, then, first of all, in these days, that you thoroughly *understand the doctrine of justification.* There is no doctrine about which so many mistakes are made, because none which the devil labours so hard to overthrow. Full well does he know that it has twice turned the world upside down, and delivered many of his captives. No wonder that he is always tempting churches and ministers to obscure or deny its truth. No wonder that the Popish Council of Trent directed its chief attack against the doctrine, and backed its decrees on this subject with no less than thirty-three anathemas.

I am sure that the warning I give on this point of *understanding justification*, is much needed. We have fallen on days when a vast quantity of vague, foggy, indistinct teaching passes current as Christianity, though, in reality, it does not deserve the name. Earnestness, eloquence, cleverness, and liberality cover all defects with many hearers; while the real doctrines of the Gospel are never brought before them. Thousands of church-goers and chapel-goers, I am afraid, if they had lived at Antioch 1,800 years ago, would have said that Paul was a narrow-minded, scrupulous man, with a morbid fear of heresy, and that Peter was quite in the right.

In days like these, I summon all who read these pages to take heed that they are sound about justification by faith. See that you have clear, sharp-cut, well-defined ideas of the whole subject, and strengthen and refresh your minds with frequent reading about it. Study often, and with prayer, the Epistle to the Romans and the one to the Galatians, and make yourselves familiar

with their contents. Read again and again the works of some of those English divines who have handled this subject with the pens of masters. The "Homily of Salvation," the Oxford sermons of Archbishop Usher, the sermons of Hooker, Beveridge on the "Eleventh Article," Traill's "Defence," the volume of Bishop M'Ilvaine on Justification, and the sermons of Bishop O'Brien on Faith, should have many readers in this day. This only I say, in leaving the point—a mistake here is a mistake that will spoil all your Christianity. Wrong about justification by faith, your religion will be like a watch with a screw loose—it will be wrong all the way through.

2. In the second place, *settle it in your minds, in these days, that the doctrine of justification by faith is absolutely essential to the prosperity of a church.* It is the life and heart, the backbone and marrow of Christianity. I believe that no church is really in a healthy state in which this doctrine is not prominently brought forward and honoured. A church may have good forms and a sound confession of faith, a full complement of ordained ministers and sacraments duly administered, schools in every parish and noble ecclesiastical buildings in every part of the land; but there will be no blessing from God on that church, unless justification by faith is proclaimed in its pulpits.

Why have the churches of Africa and the East fallen into their present state of decay? Had they not numbers of bishops, who could trace their orders to the apostles? They had.—Had they not forms, and liturgies, and canons, and constitutions of truly venerable antiquity? They had.—Had they not fine cathedrals, gorgeous vestments, pompous processions? They had.—Had they not synods and councils in abundance? They had.—Had they not hermits, and recluses, and holy virgins, and ascetic orders? They had.—But they let drop out of their hands the doctrine of justification by faith. They lost sight of that mighty truth, and so they fell. Darkness covers the districts where crowds used to hang on the lips of Chrysostom and Augustine. A church without the doctrine of justification is a body without life.

Why did the Church of England do so little in the last century, and why did the Methodist body make such a mighty stride, and draw away so many of our countrymen into its ranks? Was it that the Methodist system was intrinsically better than other systems? No.—Was it that

the Church of England was not adapted to meet the wants of hungering souls? No.—But the Methodist preachers, as a rule, preached justification by faith, and in too many cases the clergy did not preach the doctrine at all. Bishops and deans who preached little better than moral essays, declaimed in vain to empty benches, while humble men, like Nelson, the Wesleyan stonemason, were followed by thousands. Defective doctrine, in the grandest cathedral that ever was reared, will never cope with truth in a barn.

Why have so many English people become regular attendants at dissenting chapels in the present day? Why do we sometimes see a splendid Gothic parish church empty, and cold, and bare, while a little plain brick building, called a meeting-house, is filled to suffocation? Is it that people in general have any abstract dislike to episcopacy, or to the Prayer-book, the surplice, and the Establishment? I think not. The simple reason, in many cases, is the lack of Gospel truth in the parish pulpit. Labouring and heavy-laden consciences want something more than carved roofs and painted windows, gaudy vestments and beautiful flowers. They want food; and that food is justification by faith. After all, it is a true, though quaint saying, that the “lining of the pulpit” is the most important part of church furniture. The font, and the communion-table, and the chancel, and the east window, are nothing at all, if the pulpit is not well lined. When people cannot hear justification by faith in the parish church, we must not wonder if they seek it elsewhere.

3. Thirdly, and lastly, *understand distinctly, in the present day, that the root and fountain-head of half the errors of the Romish Church is rejection of justification by faith.* That little, packed, clerical meeting, commonly called the Council of Trent, has deliberately set its seal to a thoroughly unsound and unscriptural statement about this mighty doctrine, and made it binding on all Romanists. He that reads the Decrees of Trent about justification, may well say, “Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?” No Romish teacher, if he is faithful to his Church, can say to an anxious sinner, in the same sense as St. Paul said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” He cannot do it without additions and explanations which completely destroy the good news.

Hear what good Bishop Hall says on this point: “The grossest of the Popish heresies, and the most venomous opinions of Rome, are conversant about justification, free will, the merit of our works, human satisfaction, indulgence, purgatory, and the difference of mortal and venial sin.

“That point of justification is of all others exceedingly important, insomuch that Calvin was

wont to say that, if this one point might be yielded safe and entire, it would not quit the cost to make any quarrel about the rest. But while the Tridentine Fathers take upon them to forge the formal cause of our justification to be our inherent righteousness, and thrust faith out of office, what good man can choose but address himself to opposition? Who would not rather die, than suffer the ancient faith of the Church to be depraved with these idle dreams? In the meantime, we cannot but scorn to see the souls of men so shamefully deluded, while we hear the Spirit of God so often redoubling ‘without works,’ ‘not by works, but by faith,’ ‘being justified freely by his grace.’”

“But some, perhaps, may think this a mere strife of words, and not hard to be reconciled; for that which to the Papist is inherent righteousness, is no other to the Protestant than sanctification, both sides holding this equally necessary. True! but do both sides require it in the same manner? do both require it to the same end? I think not. Yea, what can be more contrary than these opinions to each other? The Papists make this inherent righteousness the *cause* of our justification; the Protestant, the *effect* thereof. The Protestant requires it as the companion, or page; the Papist, as the usher—yea, rather, the parent of justification.” “Imputed righteousness and inherent righteousness differ no less than God and man—Trent and heaven. Wherefore, let our Romanists confess that which both Scripture and Fathers, and all their modester doctors, have both thought and reported to be the common voice of the former Church in all times, and then we are agreed. Otherwise, what ‘fellowship hath God with Belial? or light with darkness?’”*

Reader, you are well aware that mighty efforts are being made now-a-days to bridge the gulf between ourselves and Rome, and to bring about a reconciliation of what are called the Western churches. Books like Dr. Pusey’s “Eirenicon” and institutions like the “Society for Promoting Unity of Christendom,” are plain evidence of what I mean. I trust I need hardly say a word to warn you against this movement. So long as Rome is what Rome is, and the Church of England is what she is, reconciliation between the two is utterly impossible. Our differences are not about Mariolatry merely, but about the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith. Let us stand fast here. When the Romish Church repudiates the decree of Trent, and is sound about justification, then, and not till then, it will be time to begin talking of union. When she gives Christ his rightful office, and faith its rightful place, it will be time to talk of reconciliation. Till then this movement in favour of re-union with Rome is an insult to the common sense of all English Protestants. It is

* Hall’s “No Peace with Rome,” vi. and vii.

an unworthy effort to sell the pass for the sake of a nominal peace. Well says Bishop Jewell, in his "Apology," on this very point,—“We do not decline concord and peace with men, but we will not continue in a state of war with God, that we may have peace with men.” “If the Pope does indeed desire we should be reconciled to him, he ought first to reconcile himself to God.” Reader, this witness is true. Without justification by faith, no peace with Rome!

And now let me conclude this paper with a few words of practical application:—

(1.) Let me first of all urge on all who read these pages the immense importance of *making sure work of your own justification*. The caution, I am certain, is very needful. A day of controversy and discussion has its own peculiar perils and snares. Men are apt to confound clear views of doctrine with a personal interest in Christ, and to forget that it is one thing to have clear views of justification, and quite another thing to be justified. Take heed, I charge you all—take heed, that you are not deceived. Rest not till you know and feel that you are one with Christ, and Christ in you. See that your faith be not merely a word, and a name, and a notion, but the experience of your own heart, and the comforting exercise of your daily life. What shall it profit you and me to be sound Protestants, if we have not the faith of God's elect—the faith that saves? Without it, men will find one day they had better never have been born. Having it, they may stand unmoved amid the crash of empires and downfall of churches, and say, “It is well.” Make sure work of this, my brethren, make sure work. He that is justified by faith—he, and he only, is the man that has peace with God.

(2.) In the next place, let me entreat all who read these pages, *to know the times in which they live, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints*. We have fallen on days of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy, when the very foundations of British Protestantism are in danger. At the rate we are now going, a few more years will see Popery reigning supreme in England, and truth trampled under foot. Let us know our danger, and each in his own place do his duty, and manfully resist the evil. There is nothing in the state of things we see that need surprise us. Luther, with prophetic foresight, always predicted that the true doctrine of justification by faith would one day fall into discredit. “I tremble,” says Chemnitzius, “when I remember his words.” Our own Bishop Burnet, in his preface to the “History of the Reformation,” ventured to make a similar prediction about the revival of Romish doctrines. The time and the hour are come. In our time the grand old doctrine is assaulted. On us falls the great responsibility of making what fight we can to preserve it whole and undefiled, and hand it down to our children.

Let us, then, quit ourselves like men and be strong. Let us urge on our lay brethren to read their Bibles more, and become familiar with their contents. A Bible-reading laity is the life of a church. Let us settle it firmly in our minds that the church which loses justification by faith is a church not worth preserving. Such a church may have the fabrics, and the endowments, and the dignity, but it will not have that, without which, all the rest is worthless,—it will not have the blessing of God. Ichabod will soon be written on its doors. The ark of God will have been taken.

THE OLD WOUND.

MES, 'tis an old wound, Lizzie, love;—I got it years ago,
When French and English won renown amid Crimean snow;
'Twas at nightfall, in the trenches, and a friend was by my side,
We were both struck down together,—I recovered, but he died.
He was a better man than I, his life more pure than mine;
But who amongst us can at first God's purposes divine?
“He being dead, yet speaketh,” and his memory to this day
Is living, though his quiet grave lies many a mile away.
Your light hand hovers o'er the scar,—yes, touch it if you will;

Yet, Lizzie, there are moments when the old wound pains me still:
Sometimes when in this varying clime, the wild east wind blows keen,
I feel a pang shoot through the spot where the old hurt has been;
Only a little fleeting pang—one moment does it last,
To waken thoughts of gratitude for great deliverance past.
And then I call to mind again the wet and weary night
Spent in the deadly trenches, toiling hard till morning light:
And all the fearful sacrifice of brave lives offered there,
When Russian shot and shell poured fast through the thick murky air:

Once more comes back the sudden shock that struck
us helpless down,
And sent one true soul upward to receive the victor's
crown.
No tears, my Lizzy! all is past,—the hard-earned
fame is won,
And who would weep for him whose home is now
beyond the sun?
But talking thus has brought up scenes (long
vanished) to my mind;
So, listen, I will tell you of a wound of different
kind:
It was not given in the fight where foe is meeting
foe,
'Twas dealt me by a hand I loved, a long, long time
ago!
Not in the roar of battle, while my comrades round
me fell,
But when the sunset's crimson flush spread over
wood and dell,
And all the golden fields lay still, beneath the warm
rich light,
Then came the blow that smote me with such hard
and cruel might.
Lizzie, I loved her,—though in truth we both were
very young,
I did not dream that falsehood's taint to such a
nature clung.
She won me by her beauty first—a beauty strange
and rare;
Who, looking in those eyes, could see the demon
lurking there?
And solemnly, and steadfastly, in firm and earnest
tone,
She spoke her vows, while on her face the tender
moonlight shone.
We parted for a little while, and when the autumn
came,
I sought her side, and found her sweet calm smile
was just the same.

She led me forth amid the flow'rs, and toward the
western glow,
We went together;—when she spoke, her voice was
clear and low.
She bade me cast away the dream—the dream of
love and truth,
She told me that such feelings were the wild romance
of youth;
And thus she left me, smitten down, and wounded
deep and sore,
And longing for that rest where earthly passions
come no more.
'Twas years before that heart-wound closed, and still
as time wore on,
I found the pain yet linger, even though the love
was gone;
The pang of suffering bitter wrong, the smart of
wounded pride,
Were left behind, although at last, my scorned affec-
tion died.
Lizzie, to read your anxious look it needs but little
skill;
You long to ask the question: "Does the old wound
pain me still?"
No; hear me, and be satisfied. The scar may yet
remain,
As a reminder of the past, with all its long-felt
pain,
To raise my earnest gratitude;—for God alone can
know
How great the peril I escaped, when fell that crushing
blow;
For if that false, cold heart had linked with mine its
life and fate,
My first impulsive, boyish love would soon have
changed to hate!
A thousand times is former woe repaid by present
bliss.
Will not my words convince you, love? then take
this answering kiss.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII. A DULL PARTY.



P in the big bare attic, which was their bedroom, study, and sanctum, the lads put out their candle, flaring in the light wind that came in, scent-laden, from the garden, and prepared to undress by the light of the moon.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," said Archie, sitting down on the window-sill overlooking the garden. "I would like to go out again. Wouldn't it be glorious to hook a chap like yon in the moonlight, and run down with him—down, down all the way to the sea, and him turning up his silver sides in the shallows!"

Archie's imagination was running away with him at a rapid rate. "I could jump out here into the apple-tree," he went on, "and be down in a moment," and as if to suit the action to the word he swung his legs outside the casement.

A great unrest had stirred and troubled the youth, and he was really not very far from acting on his sudden impulse and dropping into the garden below, when he must have wandered about all night or have taken the not very agreeable alternative of rousing the whole household, in order to get in again.

"Archie, man, are ye daft?" (half mad, half foolish) cried his sober-minded brother; "that comes of whistling after prayers."

"What's a fellow to do, if he daurna whistle, or



(Drawn by H. HERKOMER.)

"A thousand times is former woe repaid by present bliss."—p. 72.

even stretch himself straight?" said Archie, ruefully; at the same time bringing in his legs and rising till his head touched the ceiling.

"Sleep on't," said Sandie, laconically.

"I say, what for did ye say nothing about that gran' captain?" said Archie, who did not seem inclined to "sleep on't."

"I waited for you to speak," replied his brother.

"And I didn't because mother was so down upon Peggy. If I had been her, I wouldn't have gone off with him like you though."

"Like what?" said Sandie.

"So ready like, as if she had known him all her life."

"He never spired (asked) her leave," retorted Sandie, becoming champion in his turn.

"He looked down on us—that was plain enough."

"He thought we were only loons" (boys).

This was the head and front of his offending evidently.

"I would like to be a soldier," broke in Archie, abruptly.

"Ye would do no such thing," replied his brother.

"How would you like to stand as straight as a poker, strapped up in stays and a stock, and no daurin to put one foot by the other till ye were ordered? As for that Captain Oglivie, he's a puir pipeclay-faced creature, looking as if he would break in twa in the mids."

Thus it came to pass that nothing whatever concerning Captain Oglivie transpired at the manse. Archie and Sandie felt that Peggy's star was somehow not in the ascendant with their worthy mother, and they held their tongues about her, having once had their confidence checked.

So, to the girl's great astonishment, not a word was said on the subject, when she went over as usual to spend the Saturday afternoon with the minister's wife. She had anticipated a perfect catechism, and though she did not expect to find it pleasant to be closely questioned when she knew so little, the absence of all comment chilled and disappointed her; moreover, she was made to feel that she had somehow incurred Mrs. Grant's displeasure.

On these Saturday afternoons, the manse garden had been the resort of the entire family, and the busy idleness which reigned there had been fully appreciated by Archie and Sandie, who had inherited the indolent temperament of their father; but on this particular Saturday, their mother had determined to drive them forth.

"It's quite impossible for your father to study with such a clatter going on under his window," she had said.

The doctor could not have been very intensely absorbed at the moment, for he thrust his red face and shiny head most opportunely out of the window and beamed upon them.

"They're not disturbing me in the least, my dear," he said, addressing his wife.

"My dear," replied the lady, "it's time that a stop were put to the idle habit of lying about here for a whole day;" and she pointed to Archie and

Sandie, whose legs were certainly "lying about" in various directions, indicative of ease; while Peggy's position as she sketched, with a book on her lap, was not conducive to serious activity. "You had better go and take a brisk walk," she added, turning to the lads, who had drawn in their legs a bit, "or take your books into the wood, and rouse yourselves to read, instead of lying there."

"I'll go too," said Peggy, "and we'll really work." She knew that it would be a considerable effort to her companions to rouse themselves, and she was anxious to help them to make it, as she had often done before. The doctor began to rub his hands at the window, and to go through the process of washing his head.

"I thought you had come to spend the afternoon with me," said Mrs. Grant, austere. "What is good for them is not necessarily good for you," she added, slightly softening the asperity of her tone.

Now, though Peggy was perfectly unconscious of any cause of offence, she was keenly sensitive, and the expression of her face was utterly beyond her control. She felt the tone, indeed, more than the words. The same words from the doctor, would have had the effect of a pat on the cheek; from Mrs. Grant they fell like a rude blow, and the crimson rushed over her face in consequence, as if she had been guilty of the grossest fault.

"Let the bairns have a holiday," interposed the doctor; "I feel restless myself this hot afternoon, and would like a walk in the wood;" and he actually flung himself out of the open window, exactly as Archie would have done; but with more detriment to his dignity.

"Hot weather makes us ill-behaved: eh, Mistress Peggy! Archie run in for my hat! Now come along."

The last words were addressed to Peggy, who stood still, hesitating painfully.

"Let me stay," she said, sweetly; but her sweetness was of no avail.

"Oh no, you need not stay," was the reply, uttered with exceeding stiffness. No nature that is not generous can always be just, in spite of the time-honoured maxim which tells us to be just before we are generous. Mrs. Grant at that moment was unjust to her husband, unjust to her sons, and most unjust to the innocent cause of their present misdemeanours.

So the doctor marched off with Peggy, and the other two followed. They did not go far, because of the heat. They turned aside into the wood, and lay down in the shade, but their pleasure had sensibly decreased without any corresponding increase of work. The doctor found his little party unusually dull. The lads strolled away, and came back again and resumed their objectionable attitudes. Peggy sketched in silence at the foot of a tree.

At length they went in to tea, rather wearily. Mrs. Grant still looked stately and displeased. The doctor gently bade his sons withdraw for the purpose of study, and was gently obeyed; and earlier than usual Peggy took her leave.

Mrs. Grant gave her husband to understand that she thought the young folks wanted looking after.

"My dear wife," said he, "regulation is all very well in its way, but if you have to move the hands of your watch with your finger constantly, it will be of but little use to you. The works must be in order—the moving-springs of conduct must be right within. And I think with our two lads the works are in order, only they're a little slow. As for Peggy, I see no fault in the lassie."

"Dangerous! pooh, pooh, wife! You can't keep the lads in your pocket. As for her, she's in no danger from any such twelve feet of awkward bone and muscle."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTAIN ON HIS GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

CAPTAIN HORACE OGLIVIE had been brought up on expectations; about the worst fare on which any young soul can be fed. Some of these expectations had come to pass, some had altogether failed, and some yet remained to be realised. Among these last was the expectation that a goodly inheritance would sooner or later fall to him from the decay of the elder branch of his father's family. His mother had nourished this expectation, as soon as the death of Sir Alexander and the hopeless condition of his heir was known to her. She was a widow, and her son was dependent on her, and on sundry smaller expectations from her side of the house. As a boy, he had been delicate, and, in the hands of a weak and indulgent woman, self had become the centre of the universe to him. He had got into debt more than once, and just at the right time had one of his expectations fallen due, and he had been extricated from his embarrassment by a windfall of a legacy. It would have been better for him if he had been left to extricate himself, had that been possible, for, he learnt to build his hopes on the extremity of others.

Such was Horace Oglivie—no fool, but a man of considerable intellect and taste; of cold but elegant exterior; with a good deal of soft, superficial sentiment, but, in reality, hard as a flint. Under another discipline, he might possibly have been another sort of man. It seemed conceivable that the flinty rock of selfishness might be fused by some ennobling passion, and turned into crystal in the fire. Was there in him the possibility of such a passion?—that was the question.

Having at present exhausted his resources, and nothing more falling in, he had come northward among his Scottish relations—his mother was an Englishwoman—to see how matters stood, to spy out the land in fact. The Oglivie inheritance was well worth looking after, having been in the hands of excellent trustees during the long minority which, of course, would continue during the lifetime of the present possessor.

He had gone straight to head-quarters, and had met with a favourable reception from his elderly cousins. Years were beginning somewhat to relax the

rigidity of Margery Oglivie. She was nearer to what she had been in her youth, in some respects, than she had been during those intervening years. In the autumn of life, Nature seems to make a last effort to ripen and sweeten some characters of real worth, which have been hardened and soured by sunless gloom. She was not going to make the mistake of driving away a friendly face, with the stamp of kindred upon it, as she thought she had driven away one whose brightness haunted her. So Horace Oglivie's welcome at "the Forest House" was a good deal warmer than he deserved.

It was an altogether new phase of life to which that gentleman was introduced, and many a mental shrug and grimace he made in accepting a share of it, even for the shortest possible time. It was utterly unpalatable to him in its narrowness, and rigidity, and gloom; and not without an element of horror and repulsiveness, from which he shrank physically as well as mentally.

His stay would have been very short indeed, but that he fully comprehended the situation, and resolved to be upon his good behaviour. A barren title would be his on the death of his wretched cousin, but for the goodwill of these old women, who appeared to him to be nearly as foolish as their brother. They were bound to provide for him, no doubt; but people did not always do as much for Captain Oglivie as he considered they were bound to do: moreover, he could hardly take a hasty leave of them, as he had given as the reason for his visit the present unoccupied condition of his existence.

He felt that Miss Margery was watching him keenly; but he did not guess how shrewdly. He could feel her cold blue eyes on his face, as he sat opposite to her in that dreary dining-room, which she affected so much. They glanced harmlessly enough from the handsome mask before her, where neither colour nor motion played; but he did not know what power they had to pierce the surface, nor how vigilant was their scrutiny.

To Miss Margery, Captain Oglivie was deferential, without a shade of obsequiousness; to her sister, he was confidential. It was from the latter that he learnt the existence of Louis Oglivie's daughter—a fact of which he had been in ignorance. Here, indeed, might be a formidable rival; nearness in point of situation might make up for his own greater nearness in point of relationship.

He could make out very little from Miss Janet's narrative, save the regret of both the sisters that a pretty, timid child had fled from them in fear, which did not, all things considered, appear to him remarkable. There was, he could see, a soreness about it in the woman's mind, which was quite as closely allied to kindness as to displeasure. She had evidently been at pains to gather little bits of gossip about the girl—about her beauty, which was certainly exaggerated; and her sweetness and brightness, which were winning all who came near her. He was partly reassured by the resentful tone in which Miss Margery spoke of Gilbert Oglivie, and all

belonging to him; though, on the subject of the girl, on which he ventured to sound her, she maintained the grimmest silence.

Toward the close of the week the captain's patience was quite exhausted, and he would have taken his departure; but it was not Miss Margery's intention to let him off so easily: she had not seen through him yet. She felt very much inclined to like him. She had a woman's quick appreciation of his good taste and good manners, and a proper degree of deference is always pleasing.

When she first saw him, she could have found it in her heart to say, "So you're come to look after us, and see how long we're likely to keep you out of your own!" such was her shrewdness in guessing. If she had spoken her mind, as she usually did, it was thus she would have spoken; but something, probably the softening influence that has been mentioned, restrained her, and she had not uttered the thought.

Now she urged his stay with a peremptoriness from which there was no escape, and he was obliged to postpone his departure indefinitely for the present.

One change in their mode of life the sisters made: at each meal one or other of them joined their guest alone, each taking it in turn to act as their brother's keeper. At other times their superintendence was less vigilant, though they seldom allowed him to be out of their sight. He was to be seen wandering all about the place, muttering inarticulate sounds, and gathering up all the bits of paper and other rubbish which came in his way. He set an especial value on any pieces of written paper, and had a magpie-like habit of concealing them about his person, and his room.

One morning that gentleman found himself first in the dining-room, when, turning to the window which stood open, he saw the very apparition that had frightened Peggy. This time it did not retreat, but stood gibbering at him across the barrier. An ugly frown of mingled disgust and impatience, came upon the captain's face, and with an angry gesture he warned the idiot off. The result was a hideous yell which rang through the house, and brought both the sisters to the spot. Under their protection, the poor creature continued to make frantic demonstrations of dislike to the captain; while the latter found it impossible to conceal his repugnance and horror.

At length the idiot's burst of passion ended in miserable weeping, and he was led away by Miss Janet, who exercised over him a more soothing influence than did his sister.

A man of tender heart, as well as nervous susceptibility, would have been deeply moved to see the tall though stooping figure led away, weeping like a child, soothed by the foolish words women lavish upon infants.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PASTIME.

MISS MARGERY'S eye was on the captain; but, amid his evident pain, she could discern no trace of feeling for the unhappy cause of the unpleasant scene which had

ushered in the peaceful, sunny Sunday morning. She had not seen the expression and gesture, which had created the disturbance; but she divined something very near the truth concerning it.

"He will not do that if you show him kindness," she said, rather coldly. "He is in the habit of doing it to any one he takes a dislike to—to servants who, we afterwards found, had made faces at him, or otherwise offended him."

"I fear I was startled by his sudden appearance," said the captain, with a great self-possession, adding, impolitically, "I wonder how you are able to manage him; would it not be better if you sent him away?"

"Yes," said Margery Oglivie, in her hardest tone, and looking sternly at the young man: "hide him away! let the whole punishment fall on him—the innocent. Horace Oglivie! if we try to escape the judgment of God in one way, it will reach us in another. It will come in hard hearts and sinful lives, and that's worse than sorrowful ones. My sister and I have lived under this sore burden the best part of our lives, and we are likely enough to die under it. We've accepted the heavy punishment of the Almighty, for the evil lives of them that went before us, and he has been pleased to keep us back from their sins."

Her words carried no sort of conviction of reasonableness to Horace Oglivie; but he bent his head with grave reverence while she was speaking; and it was with perfect truth that he intimated his respect for the feeling she had expressed.

Still the captain felt that he had lost ground with his relative, and that to regain it he must be more upon his good behaviour than ever.

"It's a mysterious dispensation," she continued, "that the wrath of the Almighty should fall upon the guiltless; but I'll take care that he does not suffer from the cruelty of men."

Margery Oglivie knew that the sacrifice of her life had not been made for nothing, for even in those days the treatment given to such as her afflicted brother, made their lives lives of suffering as well as of deprivation. There were no such alleviations of their misfortune as the noble intellect and gentle heart of Dr. Conolly were about to devise.

In due time the captain was under orders to attend Miss Margery to church—the sisters enjoying that privilege in turn. It was not the church of Strathie which they frequented, though that was their parish kirk. They had been brought up Episcopalians; but though there was a small chapel in the neighbourhood of Oglivie Castle, there was none near enough "the Forest House," and they had, or rather Miss Margery had, exercised the privilege of choice in the matter, and had selected the Presbyterian preacher most to their mind. The church was distant a mile or two, on the other side of Delaube, and thither the captain was marched accordingly.

When there, the captain could not help looking round upon the audience, and wondering what manner

of men and women these might be. There was one whom he noted particularly: a young man about his own age, whose face even he, fastidious as he was, pronounced strikingly handsome, only that, instead of being "sicklied o'er," it wore the livery of perfect health. He found himself turning to this face, to read the effect of the sermon. A grave, intellectual fervour sat there from beginning to end of it.

By the time it was over, Horace Oglivie was very uncomfortable. "These people would drive me mad in no time," was his mental ejaculation. He satisfied Miss Margery, unintentionally this time with the gravity, not to say solemnity, of his demeanour. Had she known of his discomfort, she would have been still better content, and have considered him in a very promising state of mind. On the way back he quietly declined discussion, but showed that he fully appreciated the points of the preacher.

But he also declined to accompany Miss Janet to the evening *sederunt*, which was the fashion at Mr. Keith's church, and broke through his bondage by wandering out at his will.

For reasons of his own he had kept his recent interview with Peggy Oglivie to himself. It would have been difficult to account to Miss Margery for that interview—impossible to disclose the motive which had led him to seek it: namely, to satisfy himself as to what chance there existed of her cutting him out through near neighbourhood.

He had not been greatly struck, or particularly charmed, by Peggy. He thought her a nice little thing enough, but no great beauty; not likely at all to be dangerous by reason of spirit or worldly wisdom: on the whole, rather childish. Still, he could not help wishing he might meet her. He was wretchedly dull, and he wanted to speak to some one who was sane at least. He could not help taking the way toward Delaube, "though doubtless," he thought, "the poor little thing is cooped up in one of these dreadful kirks."

He wandered on in the direction he had before taken, crossed the stream and got into the wood of

Delaube. He was rewarded sooner than he had expected by catching a glimpse of a white dress among the trees. He felt inspired by the promised pastime, and sprang eagerly up the slope that still lay between them. On a little platform, half way up the hill, on which rose a separate grove of firs, Peggy sat at the foot of a tree. She did look wonderfully like a mere pretty child in her frilled frock and clustering curls, as she came forward to meet him, for she had heard some one coming, and had looked out in the direction of his approach.

He was really glad of this second chance meeting, and said so, frankly. "I have followed the right track, after all," he said, "only I do not remember this particular spot."

"No, we did not pass here the other night," she answered, and proceeded to point out the position of the place to him.

They were at ease at once. His assumption of a right to a friendly footing accomplished this.

"Coming here is pleasanter than going to the kirk, at any rate," and he was proceeding to caricature the sermon of the morning, to avenge himself for the discomfort it had given him; but seeing the girl look grave, he desisted, and recounted the experience of the morning instead.

Peggy had a very lively recollection of her own, and gave him ready sympathy. She was certainly very winning and it was a very pleasant pastime to sit there and see the admiration deepen in those clear eyes as he talked of himself, a theme of which he did not soon weary. He hated the life of inaction to which the profession of a soldier in time of peace condemned him. He wished he had been called to the bar, where he would have had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He enlarged his aspirations as his listener enlarged her belief in them, and what is more, he believed in them himself. That was certainly pleasant. It was curious that, with a chit of a girl, evidently reared like a rustic, he should feel a greater amount of satisfaction with himself, than he had ever done even in securing the flattery of a really fine woman.

(To be continued.)

WALTER'S PROMISE.



SHALL go with you, Tom, to see you off," said Walter Clariss to his brother.

Tom was just starting away from home to join a ship lying at anchor in Plymouth Bay. They walked some distance along the road which led to the harbour without speaking, their hearts being full of sadness at the thought of the long separation that was to take place between them.

At length Tom broke silence, saying, as he laid his hand affectionately on Walter's shoulder, "There is one thing I want you to promise me before we part, and I am sure you will try to do it for my sake."

"That I will, Tom! Do tell me what it is; I shall be glad to do anything you ask me."

"Well," answered Tom, "you know when father came back from his last voyage to India, where I am now going, he made me a present of a new spade, a rake, and a hoe, and told me he should expect me to keep our little garden free from weeds and well cultivated. That is now half a year ago, and you know in what state I have kept the garden ever since, and what sort of a garden I have now left it. Father went to sea again about a fortnight after I had begun gardening, and is expected back, in a few weeks from the Cape. I want him to see that his garden has been well taken care of. But as weeds

will be sure to spring up if it is neglected only a few days, I want you to promise me that you will try to keep them out, and take care of the plants that are now growing up in it, so that when he returns he may find a nice garden, full of vegetables and fruit-trees, and no weeds. Will you do this for me?"

"Oh, yes, that I will!" Walter answered, earnestly. "I have learned from you how to manage a garden, and I shall be glad to do it for father's sake, as well as for yours; and I hope when you come home," he said, in a faltering tone, "that you will find the garden quite as nice as you have left it; and, indeed, it is beautiful now."

Tom smiled, and patted his brother heartily on the back, saying, "Thank you; you have now done me more good than carrying my bundle, which I think it is now my turn to take on my own shoulder. I shall now feel my mind at ease when far away on the billows, and thinking of you and the garden, which I shall soon leave far behind me."

Tears came into Walter's eyes as the last words were uttered, for looking before him at the same time in the distance, he saw the harbour and the ships, one of which he knew was soon to weigh anchor and set sail with his brother on board, while he should be returning home without him.

"Cheer up, my lad," cried Tom, "and wipe away your tears. We must part now, but I hope we shall soon meet again."

Walter saw his brother get into the ship's boat, which rowed him away from the land to join the brig in which he was to sail—saw him climb up the vessel's side and go aboard, when, waving their hats as a last farewell, Tom was soon out of sight, and Walter stood, as if riveted to the spot, till the good ship left her moorings, spread her sails to the wind, and gradually disappeared from his view.

Walter had now seen his brother off. He must now go back alone. He felt sad and lonely as he began to retrace his steps homeward, but, with the elasticity of youth he soon recovered his spirits, and when he arrived at home, and had taken his supper, he went into the garden. Going into the little shed, he looked at the garden tools, all bright with use, and remembered the pledge he had given to Tom, to ply them well, and to keep them, and the garden too, in good order. So he resolved to get up early next morning to begin his work before going to school, as Tom used to do. He had not been in the habit of rising very early, and feared he should not be up in time, so he asked his mother to wake him about five o'clock. She promised to do so. Walter was fast asleep when his mother began calling him. She called him again and again several times before he awoke, and heard her telling him it was time to get up. He rubbed his eyes, turned himself round, and answered his mother with a sleepy "y-e-s;" but thoughts of his brother and the garden soon roused him, and he rose hastily and dressed himself, and fetched his hoe, and went round the garden to see what was needed to be done. He soon found something to do. There were a few lettuces to be trans-

planted; some peas to be gathered, but no weeds to be rooted up; the ground was still quite clear. He worked hard until breakfast-time, when he ate some bread and milk and went off to school. As it was above two miles from home, he took his dinner with him, and remained until the evening. He was then coming straight home, when some of his schoolfellows stopped him, and asked him to have a game with them first on the road. He told them he should like it much, but he had no time to spare.

"What can you have now to do, I wonder? school is over, and our work is done until to-morrow," said one of them.

"But I have gardening to do when I get home."

"Oh, is that all; then let the garden wait another day, and come and play with us now;" and two or three boys took hold of him by each arm, to force him to go with them on the common for a game at ball.

Walter resisted, and begged them to let him go for his brother's sake, whom, he told them, he had promised not to neglect the garden. As they all respected Tom, they said, "Well, we will let you off this time, but to-morrow we shall listen to no more excuses about the garden or Tom either."

Walter felt rather discouraged by this treatment, and thought it rather hard to suffer opposition from his schoolfellows, and to give up some of his play-time for the sake of working in the garden. But then he remembered his pledge, which he would not forfeit for all the world. He thought of Tom. "What would he say to me if he knew that I was already getting tired of the work which he has left me to do? No, no," he said to himself, "Walter will be true to Tom, come what will of it."

After supper, Walter finished transplanting the lettuces, fixed some rods in rows for the scarlet runners, and began digging a deep trench for setting out celery plants; and next day, with some difficulty, he aroused himself from his sweet slumber about five o'clock, and went to his garden to work afresh to finish his trench.

School-time came and passed away, and then the dreaded threat rose up in his mind as he started off to go home. All the boys set upon him, and, much against his will, he felt obliged to submit and go with them to play. It was too late, and he felt himself too tired when he got home to work in the garden before he went to bed. He told his mother how he had been hindered from coming home sooner, and she said she would tell the clergyman when he called next time about it, and perhaps he would speak to Mr. Hibbert, the schoolmaster, to do something to keep the boys from meddling with him. After a few days that gentleman, in his usual rounds, called upon her, and he did as she desired him.

As a punishment for what they had done, the schoolmaster kept the boys in school a quarter of an hour later than the usual time for dismissal, and let Walter go at the right time. By this means he got home early that evening, and was able to work as before in the garden for an hour or two extra.

Walter found his work had been thrown back at a very busy time, through losing several evenings; yet he hoped things would go on more smoothly for the future.

But poor Walter was not aware of what was smouldering in the breast of one big boy in the school against him. That boy was Arthur Cooper, a big strong fellow, who was too idle to do anything but mischief. He was vexed at being kept in school through Walter, whom he always disliked for his diligence as a scholar, and more still now for the praise which the master gave him, before the whole school, for his industry in keeping his father's garden so nice and trim. He thought he would like to spite him in some way without exposing himself to punishment. He lived within ten minutes' walk of Walter's cottage, and the thought came into his mind that he would get up very early and look at "Walter's famous garden," as he called it, and see if he could do anything there to vex him. He went, but before he reached it he saw Walter's straw hat just above the hedge. He stopped short, and turned back again. "I'm too late this morning; I'll go to-night, after Walter is in bed," he muttered to himself.

Poor Walter's vexation next morning, when, on going into the garden, he saw the havoc which had been done in the night, can be more easily imagined than described. There were pea-sticks knocked down, and the peas trailing on the ground; his beds of plants, that he had been working at so hard, entirely laid waste; his celery trench, which had cost him so much labour, made useless. He knew not what to do. At first, indeed, he could do nothing but cry. He went back to the house, and sat down sullenly on a chair, till his mother came down-stairs. Then he took her to the garden, and showed her what had happened. She was very sorry, and tried to soothe the grief of her dear Walter, of whom she was, and had good reason to be, very fond; but all her efforts to do so seemed in vain. Walter could not be comforted. All that day he remained at home in a very gloomy mood indeed. His mother, not mindful of her lameness, went to the school, and told the master why her son was absent, and also desired him to try to find out whether any of the boys had acted so spitefully against her son as to come in the night and spoil his garden.

The master was shocked to hear what had been done, as he truly suspected, by one of his boys. He said he was grieved to hear what had happened, and promised to do his best to find out, and also to punish as he deserved, any boy in his school who had dared to do so wicked and shameful a deed; but first he wished to come and see the garden, and desired it to be left as it was found in the morning. In the evening he came, and saw, by the foot-prints in the soft mould, that if any of the boys had done it, it must have been one of the biggest. There were only three very big lads in the school: Thomas Watson, who lived quite in another direction, and

who did not seem at all to be a vicious boy; Robert Hands, who was known to be a very gentle, respectable youth, and apparently quite incapable of such outrageous conduct; and Arthur Cooper, who lived at the "White Bear," and who bore anything but a good character, whether at home or at school.

Mr. Hibbert was strongly inclined to believe that Cooper was the real culprit; but he could not be sure; he was without positive proof of the fact. He said, however, that he would try to find him out. In the meantime, he advised Walter, in a kind, sympathising tone, to take courage, and set to work at once to repair as far as possible, the mischief that had been done; and to give him time to do so, he said he would let him have a holiday the next day.

Walter thanked his kind master, and as soon as he was gone, went to look for his spade; but it was missing from its place in the shed, and nowhere to be seen. This was a fresh trouble to the poor boy, and made him wish again that Tom had never asked him to look after the garden. He thought somebody must have taken it away. What should he do without it? It was his brother's spade, too, that was lost—one that he prized so much, because his father had given it to him. He ran in-doors, to tell his mother of his new trouble. She was quite perplexed what to say to him, for she was poor, and could not well afford to buy another spade; but she told him to search everywhere about the garden for it, and she would help him. For a long time they searched in vain. At last, when they were thinking of giving it up for lost, Walter saw a large brass button on the ground, close to the hedge, and as he stooped to pick it up, he found the spade lying flat at the bottom. He was so delighted to find the spade, that he forgot all about the button, and left it where it was. But afterwards he remembered the button, and went to fetch it. He could not think how it had come there, or whom it belonged to; he showed it to his mother, and she sagaciously said he had better take care of it, and give it to Mr. Hibbert when he went to school again, as very likely it belonged to the boy who had been in the garden, and had got rubbed off his jacket in climbing over the hedge; and if so, it would help the master to find out what boy had done the mischief. Walter then carefully put it away in his waistcoat pocket, till he should go to school again.

It was now too late to work that evening; so Walter could not begin to do so before the morning. Then he found it sad work to do over again what he had done so well before; but, urged by the promise he had made to Tom, he went on steadily with his heavy task, till in the evening it was all finished, and looked again almost as nice and neat as ever.

As soon as Walter came to school—and he was almost the first boy there—he went to Mr. Hibbert, who was sitting at his desk, and told him how he had made the garden all right again; and then he took out the button from his pocket, and gave it to him, telling him where and how it was found, as

his mother desired him. His master thanked him for it; and when all the boys were present, he asked if any boy had lost a brass button from his jacket, as one had been found, and he would give it to the owner, on his coming to him for it.

All the boys who had metal buttons on their clothes examined them, to see if they had any missing. Cooper was the only boy who missed one, and, thinking it had perhaps been picked up from the schoolroom floor on the previous day when the room was swept, came forward to claim it.

Mr. Hibbert asked him if the one he held in his hand was really his; and, looking at and comparing it closely with the other buttons on his jacket, he said he was quite sure it belonged to no one but himself.

"Where did you lose it?" asked the master.

"I don't know; s'pose it dropped off in this here room yesterday; but I never missed it till jest now as you spoke about it; all as I knows is, it's mine, and I'll thank ye to give it me, please, sir."

"Very well," said the master, "you shall have it presently; but tell me, first, whether you didn't lose it the day before yesterday."

"May be I did, sir, I really don't know zactly when; any how, I'm glad you've found it, because I haven't another at home to match it, and the jacket looks bad like with a button short."

"That's enough. Now listen to me. You say positively this button is yours?"

"Yes, I do; and I have proved it, too."

"Very well. Then I can prove another thing, and that is, that the owner of this button, whoever he is, is a most mischievous, wicked fellow, who deserves to be, and shall be, most severely flogged."

"How's that, sir?" the boy said, in a faltering tone.

"Just listen, boys, and let it be a warning to you all that your sin will be sure to find you out. This very button, which Arthur Cooper firmly declares to be his, was found last night in Walter Clariss's garden, where, the night before, somebody had got in and did all the harm he could, trampling down the plants, and spoiling the garden-beds. It was lying close to the hedge, where Walter's spade had been thrown down, and must, of course, have been torn off the wearer's jacket by the bushes as he got back over the hedge. Those of you who think this is Cooper's button, and that it was he who broke into Walter's garden, and injured it as I have told you, will hold up your hands."

All hands were up in an instant.

"Do you see," said the master, addressing Cooper, "there is not a boy in the school who does not believe you are guilty, and therefore the one who must now be flogged as you deserve."

Cooper hung down his head, and said nothing.

The master then got out his cane from his desk, and ordered the boy to take off his jacket.

Meanwhile Walter rose from his seat and came up to Mr. Hibbert, and begged him not to punish Cooper this time, if he would only own his fault, and promise never to do so again.

The boy still stood mute, as before.

"You will not confess, then," said the master, once more raising the cane ready to strike him; "then off with your jacket."

Cooper made a slow attempt to remove it.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Hibbert, taking it by the collar behind, and pulling it off in an instant. He then gave some smart strokes with his cane on the boy's back, which brought the tears into his eyes, and made him roar out, sobbingly—

"Yes, I did it; but I won't do it again, if you'll only leave off now. Oh! oh! I can't stand this beating. Oh! pray do let me alone."

The master paused. "I see," said he, "it is only because you find the punishment less easy to bear than you thought it would be that you are now ready to yield. I don't think your confession, or your promise either, for such a reason, ought to induce me to leave off beating you, until you have had the full punishment that you deserve, and you have not had half enough yet; but as I see Walter rising again to plead for you, I will, for his sake, let you off now, hoping you will not break the promise you have made, never to do any more harm either to Walter or his garden."

When school was dismissed, Cooper ran home without speaking a word to anybody. The boys said, "Let him go, we don't want his company. Who would have thought he was such a bad fellow as he is? We know him now, and won't have anything more to do with him." Walter Clariss was surrounded with a lot of them, all asking the particulars of what had occurred in the garden, and expressing their gladness that Cooper was found out, and, as they said, "jolly well punished for it." "But," said some of them, "why didn't you let the master thrash him more, as he ought to have been?"

Walter replied, "We are taught to forgive our enemies, and so I thought I ought to forgive him."

"You are right," said they, "and we hope he will be your enemy no longer—at least, he ought not to be."

For many days after this Walter and his garden got on very well. He worked at it regularly every morning and evening. Everything flourished. Walter enjoyed the fruit of his toil, and all he wished for was, that his father would come home soon, and see the garden as it then was.

No sooner was it quite completed, than Walter's father came home, and looked at the garden with an expression of delight, and heartily praised both Walter and his brother for the great pains they had taken with it. Walter now felt more than repaid for all his trouble; and looked forward with pleasure to the time when Tom should return and receive his share of the praise which the father had bestowed upon them both. At last he came, and finding that Walter had honoured his word, and had fulfilled his promise, in spite of all hindrances, he rewarded him with a "jolly" present, which he had brought for him from India.

W. H.

THE BIVVER

— Saturday, October 26, 1867. —



(Drawn by F. OAKES.)

“There was the adorable Fan”—p. 83.

“JUST LIKE FAN.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “MARY POWELL.”

“JUST like Fan!” I heard one sister say to another, as I entered the room; and, the next moment, they both left it. I stood idly watching the bright rain-drops chasing each other

down the window, and wondering what those few words might imply or portend. “Just like Fan!” was that a bitter satire or a compliment? What would one like such a judgment to affirm of one’s

own character? It might be highly laudatory. One reads of some warm-hearted expression of sympathy, for instance, from the Queen, for Mrs. Lincoln, or the poor widows of the Hartley colliery, and the natural feeling is that it is "just like her." Or one hears of some new act of munificence of Mr. Peabody's, irrespective of national or sectarian lines of demarcation, and we say, "It is just like him!" Garibaldi, again, draws sword for king and country, perhaps walks unharmed into the enemy's capital, opens the path to light and liberty, lays his trophies at his sovereign's feet, and goes back to his vines and cabbages at Caprera—we say, "It is just like him!" and there cannot be stronger praise. Happy and glorious those of whom it can be justly and lovingly said, that acts of self-denial, philanthropy, and self-devotion are "just like them!"

On the other hand, there are some, I regret to think, of whom, when a mean thing, or an ungenerous thing, or rude thing is laid to their charge, we can but too truly say, or if we don't say, we can but too strongly feel, that it is "just like them."

All this while the rain is running down the window-panes; faster and faster it runs, till it becomes evident that the morning, which promised so fairly, is subsiding into a thoroughly wet day. Marianne and Sophia return, divested of their walking-dresses, and looking as gloomy as the weather.

"It really is too bad of Fanny; she has only been idling and talking amusing nonsense ever since breakfast; and if we had started at the time we proposed, we should have reached the priory before the rain came on, and have had a delightful day; but she *would* not get ready in time, though there was nothing on earth to prevent her."

This, then, was what was "just like Fan." Thoughtless waste of time, and want of consideration for others.

She was an uncommonly pretty creature; pliant as a sweet-pea, and bright-hued, too, as a pink and white sweet-pea: airy, graceful, charming. She was full of drollery, and I sometimes thought her drollery must be of the kind that had characterised the celebrated Mrs. Montagu in her girlish days, when the Duchess of Portland called her "Fidget," and when she said everything that came into her head, sometimes charming, sometimes offending; and when, whether grave or wildly gay,

"They only called it pretty Fanny's way."

This, I say, was my impression of her at first, when I was amused at her unexpected *mots*, and clever retorts, and apt excuses for doing what she

liked, and shirking whatever she didn't like to do. I found her original; I found her considered original; I found her accustomed to be considered original, and liking to be thought so. As this dawned upon me, it lessened her value in my eyes. At first, I thought her a charming addition to a large family party in a country house. There were sides taken about her by those who liked her, and those who liked her not. The dissentient side was at first only represented by Miss Harbledown, the governess, who formed a minority of one, and, abstaining from much ventilation of her opinions, contented herself with looks and short sentences. The girls decided her to be a most unsympathetic creature, on whom Fanny's pretty ways were quite wasted. Miss Harbledown drily replied, "I dare say," and went on with her crochet.

Marianne soon confided to Sophia with great earnestness that their brother Charles was evidently falling in love with Fan. The two girls became quite excited on the subject, and would resent the idea of joking about it, or treating it lightly.

Charles liked Fan very much, there was no disguise in it; and Fan, whether she cared for him or not, liked pleasing, and took pains to be delightful. As his was a graver nature than hers, she put herself out of the way sometimes to talk on subjects rather beyond and above her; and if she made laughable blunders he would overlook them with great indulgence.

Almost the first family confidence reposed in me was: "We think Charles is getting attached to Fanny Rivers, and are so glad!" so this made me look about me.

Unluckily, I had not long the opportunity of observing them together, for Charles had a summons to Manchester, which took him from us rather suddenly. Fanny looked blank when she heard of it, which was just after she had arranged to prolong her stay at Orchis Bank. He noticed her distress, and was moved and flattered by it.

He came round presently to the window-seat, where she and I were sitting, and said, "I do hope I shall find you here on my return."

"Oh, that is so long to look forward to," said Fan, plaintively.

"It will be long to me, I can tell you!—so, do say you will stay."

"Have I not just arranged to remain a little longer?"

"Yes, but I hope you will stay till I come back."

"That must depend."

"On what, except your own inclination?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. My uncle and aunt may not want me here all that age."

"Mother," cried Charles, in a loud, distinct

voice, "would you not like Fanny to remain here till I return?"

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Ainslie.

Miss Harbledown afterwards said to me that Charles had no right to draw such an answer from his mother. However, it was uttered cordially enough, and I really think Mrs. Ainslie liked Fan very well, and was glad to have her.

Then, while general conversation was going on, he resumed to Fanny, "I'm so glad that is settled; I hope you will stay now."

"Oh, we shall see. I don't like being tied down to anything; it is so long to look forward to."

"Only a month."

"A whole month? what an age it appears! How shall I get through it?"

Sophia, who was passing, turned round and repeated—

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and——"

"Etcetera, etcetera," said Fan, lightly interrupting her.

"A month will soon pass, whatever we may think of it beforehand," said Charles; "and employment will make it pass still more quickly."

"Employment? oh, dreadful! What sort of employment?"

"You know how I shall be employed—not quite as pleasantly as you will probably be—and you, with your many resources, will be at no loss; or if you should be, you can read some of those books I was recommending."

"Do write me a list—I've forgotten their names already."

Writing and discussing this list brought their heads so near together, that there was no occasion for them to speak except in very low tones; and as I had already felt myself one too many, I crossed the room to Miss Harbledown, who was going to wind a skein of "Lady Betty," and offered to hold it for her.

The young people were very tender to one another till Charles was off, and his sisters regarded Fanny as a young heroine, who was undergoing a trial of the affections.

I was talking with Miss Harbledown in the study, when Fan came in unconcernedly; but, seeing us, said, "Oh, I did not know any one was here—I am come for some books, and shall carry them off to my own room, where I can read them for an hour every day, without any one being the wiser."

It struck me that, after this announcement, every one would be the wiser; and that when she disappeared at a set time, all of us would know where she was gone, and what she was about. I

could hardly help smiling when Marianne came in, looking much impressed, and said, "I met Fan just now on the stairs, with an armful of books Charles recommended her to read. I dare say she will have a good cry when she gets into her own room."

"A good cry, indeed!" repeated Miss Harbledown, contemptuously. "Fanny is pretty much of a child, but not quite equal to that."

"My darling Downy," said Sophia, winding her arms round her, "you are so prejudiced against Fan!—you never will give her credit for being deep."

"Ah,—deep! deep as the sea," said Miss Harbledown, in a tone that was anything but satisfactory.

A little before this time, the Brookes had returned to the priory—calls had been exchanged, and an engagement had been made for a luncheon party. It was while the Brookes were paying their return call, that Fanny, whom they wished to make acquaintance with, was missing—I offered to fetch her. "At her books," whispered Sophy to me as I left the room. "This is her hour, you know."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I went up to her, and tapped at her door, but received no answer. A second tap meeting with no better success, I gently opened the door and looked in, just at the moment that Miss Harbledown was quietly passing along the corridor; so she looked in too.

There was the adorable Fan, in the depths of a most comfortable easy chair, the very realisation of Newton's "Girl at her Studies,"—that is to say, her book was wide open, her eyes fast shut: her pose was perfect; and so was her repose. Miss Harbledown, shaking with silent laughter, drew me back, and noiselessly closed the door. Pointing to the clock on the stairs, she merrily whispered, "Her hour is almost come. Don't let us rudely invade her slumbers."

Yes, the clock struck loudly, the sound of a book falling to the floor was heard within—there was a little opening and shutting of drawers, a little splashing of water, and out came Fanny, as serene and self-satisfied after "the well-spent hour" as you may suppose. "They want you down-stairs," said I with as innocent a smile as I could command. From that moment it dawned upon me that Miss Fan was a little humbug.

But what! may not one doze over a book? most certainly they may; but not pass themselves off afterwards for individuals that have had an hour's hard reading.

"What do you think of those books, Fanny?" said Miss Harbledown, mischievously; "those books that Charles recommended you: how do you like them?"

"To tell you the truth, I find them very dry," said Fan. "There are no new ideas in them: nothing but musty, rusty old thoughts cleaned up and varnished. Of course I am wading through them, because of Charles's recommendation; but when he comes home I intend to take him to task for overpraising such writers."

"I thought Macaulay, at least, was an original writer," said Miss Harbledown.

"Superficial and flashy, it seems to me," said Fanny. "He puts too much red in his brush."

"Have you looked into Carlyle?"

"Oh, yes; and think his affectation beyond everything. What successful pains he has taken to spoil his originally good plain English style!"

"How do you like Sir James Stephen?"

"Well, I like the story part of his essays very well—about St. Francis of Assissi, and Loyola, and Xavier. I got aground in the 'Clapham Sect.'"

"This girl," said Miss Harbledown afterwards to me, "must sleep with one eye and keep wide awake with the other."

I astutely suggested, "Do you think she was shamming?" But no, we could not think that.

After Charles's departure it was wonderful how flat and listless she became. Sophy and Marianne had romantic ways of accounting for it; and, of course, the presence or absence of the only young man in the family does make a difference. She took less pains to dress, less pains to amuse, less pains to observe the family rules—was generally late at prayers—and this was the way her prestige diminished. I have told how she lost, and was the occasion of her cousins' losing, the priory luncheon; and how one of them said to the other, "Just like Fan!" This was the first expression I heard from either of them of discontent with any of her proceedings, and therefore I did not know, at the moment, what feeling the words indicated. Thereafter, I knew that "just like Fan," though seldom uttered, meant anything but praise.

One day, when Sophy and I were together, she said, after a long pause, "I suppose Fan is what, if Charles and she were married, she would be after the honeymoon."

I said, "People cannot keep up company manners every day and all day long."

"Company manners? no!—but good manners they may—and she need not show us quite so plainly that she does not think us worth the pains of pleasing."

"She misses Charles, perhaps."

"Yes, doubtless that is it."

The priory invitation was renewed; and Fan, though she seemed hardly to think it worth ac-

ceptance, accompanied her cousins. A great change took place in her from that day. John Brooke, the barrister, was there, and he and Fanny were delighted with each other. She came home all animation; her high spirits and drollery returned: again she evinced the desire to please everybody; but not with the same success. How was it possible? her cousins saw, or thought they saw, that her light affections were flitting from their absent brother to an almost stranger. Therefore they cooled towards Fan, and so in some degree did their mother, though the experience of years made her more conversant with the versatility of shallow characters. The good humour of the family was ruffled, without Fan's appearing conscious of it.

Miss Harbledown said to me, "Did not I tell you so? they are learning what she is; and a good thing for them that the disenchantment has not been postponed."

Marianne, after a long reverie, broke silence one day with, "I don't seem to care much, now, for Fan's staying till Charles returns; I believe she cares little for any of us." But Fanny had no intention of going while the Brookes remained, for whose companionship she showed a marked preference, even after John had returned to the Temple. In a little while, they all took flight for St. Leonard's; Fanny had then only her cousins to fall back upon, and became very dull. After a day or two, she announced that she was going home.

"What! without waiting for Charles's return?" exclaimed Marianne, with dilated eyes.

"Dear me, yes," said Fanny; "what difference does that make?—I can't be here always, you know. I'm sure I have paid you quite a visitation, as it is."

Sophy gave Marianne a warning look not to say any more, and there was a dead silence. When Mrs. Ainslie was told, she said, calmly, "This is rather sudden, my dear—is it not?"

"Oh, no, aunt! mamma has been planning for some little time to go—somewhere; and now, I believe, she is thinking of St. Leonard's. I would not say anything of it till it was settled."

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Ainslie, after a short pause. "St Leonard's is a very nice place."

The sisters looked at one another; and when their cousin left the room, one of them said, under her breath, "Just like Fan!"

I think it was just like her. She might have made warm friends among them, and have found a high-minded young husband. She failed in both, and her intimacy with the Brookes dwindled away.

THE TWO ADVOCATES.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK.

"We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii. 1.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter."—John xiv. 16.



O an English reader it is hard to see what connection exists between these verses; and yet they are bound together by no slighter tie than this, that in them the Son and the Spirit are called by the same title, the word *Advocate*, in John's Epistle, being precisely the same as that which in John's Gospel is so often translated *Comforter*.

In order to understand either one or the other, we must know clearly the meaning of the word. It is almost English now—*Para-cletos* (Paraclete),* and, like advocate, means, literally, some person "called in;" whence, because we call in an eloquent pleader to speak for us, or a dear friend to mourn with us, it sometimes leans to the meaning of advocacy, and at others to that of comfort. The only question is, whether the same writer, St. John, would employ it in such different senses, especially when we find that Christ had in his mind the idea of the Spirit filling the same office with himself—he was to be *another* Comforter. And there are other reasons (over which we need not delay now) for believing, not by any means that the idea of comfort should be thrown out from the word as applied to the Spirit's work, but that a great deal more should be added on to that idea. If we look first at the word as applied to Christ, we shall then be more fully prepared to understand its application to the Holy Ghost.

It is as sinners, with a sense of condemnation pressing on our hearts, that we need an Advocate with the Father. Adam in the garden conversed with God (no matter which person in the God-head) without fear or shrinking, until he had broken the commandment. But when we are condemned by our own hearts of having thanklessly turned his gifts against the giver; loved the creature more than the Creator, who is over all; forsaken the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns that can hold no water, then it is no wonder if we fear to face our God. No wonder, too, if he were to reject our polluted offerings of praise, and shut his ears against our prayers; and if his love, regulated by his justice, cannot do more than suspend the stroke of vengeance. No wonder, when we have forgotten him, if he threatens to fill us with our own devices. No wonder, when we have refused to trust his mercy

and his love, if his anger burn like fire. Yes, and when he has given us some knowledge of his ways, and taught us his good pleasure, and made us taste the powers of the world to come—then, if we turn again unto felly, who can wonder should a great and yawning gulf be fixed between him and us for ever? It is at least necessary that some voice should be raised in opposition to the voice of our iniquities that testify against us, and some worthiness be set up to intercede against the influence of our sins.

This is the office of our Advocate in heaven. When mere justice would demand our destruction, and when mercy has no plea to urge beyond its own relentings, then the blood of Christ supplies a reason why mercy should prevail. Sprinkled upon the mercy-seat by our interceding Priest, it proclaims that a victim has offered himself without spot for our offences. The righteous Lord, who did no violence, neither was guile found in his mouth, presents himself as our representative and pleader, and his goodness gives prevalency to his prayers.

People laugh in our days at the doctrine of imputed righteousness, but the principle which lies at the root of it is far too deep for laughter. They confess that principle themselves, when a request has to be made, for which they are anxious, and at the same time doubtful of its success. Then they look out for a man of eminent merit, or a special favourite in the place where they would prevail, and count his services an excellent reason why they should succeed. Yet this is nothing else than a confession that what he has done may fairly be thrown, like a rich mantle, around those in whom he feels an interest. And so the just claims of Christ qualify him well to be the advocate of sinful man before his Father, since his merit weighs down the ponderous wickedness of a race that is only evil, and that continually. Observe that Christ's mediation is not only the consequence of his death, but, also, it explains the sad, strange truth, that his death does not avail for all. There is merit in that sacrifice sufficient for a sin-stricken world; but then we have no claim upon that merit. That Christ died, is no more reason why we should be saved than why the devils should, apart from the further fact, that he willingly transfers his merit to his fellow-men when he pleads their cause before the Father. And while that intercession lasts, the sinner is respited; but it does not last for ever. He says, "Let it

* Thus it occurs in Dryden's rendering of the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*"—

"O source of uncreated heat!
The Father's promised Paraclete,"

alone this year also; and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down;" so that Christ ceases at last to plead; the sinner forces upon his Advocate, however reluctant, the consciousness that forbearance is thrown away, and the Redeemer gives him up to die. Most truly, therefore, do we read that Christ, more directly than his Father, is the judge of quick and dead. But in the meantime we are represented by him before the throne; he covers our shortcomings, compassionates our weakness, atones for our guilt; and so it is possible for God to stoop from heaven and meet his fallen creatures as a friend once more.

Now, can we find no parallel for this in anything that passes here below? If God be induced, by Christ's intercession, first to come to man, and afterward to bear with him, does man need no persuasion (fallen and guilty as he is) to come to God, and to continue in his service? "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," said the Apostle James, but how can that be done, how shall guilty creatures venture to the judgment-seat, or fallen creatures learn to wish for grace? As God designed that of himself should be the whole atoning work, and as Christ died long before the first ray of light shot visibly across our darkness, so in the inner work, the experience of every saved man, the operation is again Divine, and begins with the pleading of his Spirit, who is the Advocate of heaven on earth and of eternity in time. One cannot help thinking that this was in our Lord's mind when he said that the Holy Ghost was like himself—"another Paraclete."

1. For example: when a sinner begins to feel that he is wretched, and that nothing on earth can satisfy his real wants; when the fruit of earthly pleasure turns to ashes upon his lips; when that for which he has toiled so long is found to be not Rachel but Leah, there is nothing, so far, to turn his soul to God. Thousands have come to this, and only plunged deeper still into the quagmire of sensual and sinful indulgence. If, then, his sorrow leadeth to repentance; if he begins to think of purer pleasures, of delights that never grow dull upon the cloyed palate, of a celestial friendship that knows neither estrangement, nor jealousy, nor suspicion; and if his ear be given to the soft whisper that has thrilled through centuries of toil—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and I will give you rest," plainly that desire, that upward look and attentive listening, are supernatural; they are wrought by the God who strives with man, they are tokens of the Spirit of life, breathing, as in Ezekiel's vision, across the field of death.

2. And when one who has daily read the story of Christ's life a hundred times perceives at last its Divine loveliness, and is melted to contrition

and won to love, oh! be sure that he was not alone; the Third Person in the Holy Trinity claims the honour of that awakening to knowledge and to trust. He has pressed upon the torpid heart the merits and the rights of God; he has been the Advocate of the Lord with man. But this is only the beginning of a work which never ceases on this side of the grave.

3. If there are men—and there are thousands—in whom holiness has become the predominant desire; who would rather be like Christ than wear the laurels of heroes and the crowns of kings; if poor and corrupt humanity has been, at least in affection and in desire, purified from all iniquity, we cannot be persuaded that all this is the work of a strong emotion or conviction upon unaided nature. Gratitude, emulation, adoration might do it, as far as we can guess, if our hearts were what they ought to be, but now that evil instincts and evil habits have laid a tyrannous grasp on them, we require help, an ever-present guardian, an ever-vigilant reminder. Some one must be "called in" to protect us here, as well as One to intercede for us above. The Persian monarch had a man beside him in his hours of pomp, only to whisper, "O king, remember thou shalt die." Are there no lessons that we are as likely to forget, or that circumstances are as willing to beguile us of?

4. We read of joys possessed by the Christian, or which he should possess, of which the world is utterly unconscious. Eye has not seen them; ear has not heard them; heart has not conceived them: how then shall they become known to the regenerate man, except in the way that St. Paul actually fixes on, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit?" He, from his lowly shrine in the heart that has become a temple, darts a celestial energy through it all; he paints the pictures which eye of flesh has never gazed upon, breathes the melodies that mortal ear has never caught, and imparts a rapture that goes down too far for the poor heart to throb responsive, searching the deep things of God, telling us what he has prepared for them that love him, and becoming in his own august person the pledge and first-fruit of that glorious inheritance which is to come. Then the strokes of adverse fortune buffet the steadfast heart in vain. Then the void places of bereavement are filled once more as we anticipate blissful meetings in the Jerusalem above, and feel that by the presence of the Holy Ghost, Father and Son have also come and made their abode within us. Then the hiss of the serpent ceases to beguile, and the fruit of the forbidden tree to tempt, because we have a holier banquet and a deeper knowledge, and an ever-vigilant guardian in the soul.

"O source of uncreated heat!
The Father's promised Paraclete,

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our souls with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred influence bring,
To sanctify us while we sing."

Sacred Spirit, "Breath" of the Living God, proceeding from the Father and the Son, as when

of old Christ breathed on his disciples and the unction came, well art thou called the Comforter, and not Comforter alone, but Strengtheners of men, and Advocate for us on earth, as Christ is Advocate before the throne.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—II.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

AND thus Captain Archibald Scott found himself appointed an Almoner to the Society for the Relief of Distress and for the first time, perhaps, in his life, put in the way of making himself useful to his fellow-creatures.

His friend, Sydney Welworth, who was not a man to lose an opportunity, insisted upon taking him that very evening, though already near six o'clock, for a short round through what he chose to call his home diocese, so that he might begin at once to learn his business, and be put in the way of his new duties.

"But," began Archie, as they trudged along together through the snow, "you have taken me so suddenly, there is one thing I have quite forgotten till now; how much is the subscription—what has one to pay to become a member of this club—well, society, or whatever you call it? I meant to have taken my name off two or three of those I already belonged to, because, on my present reduced means, I can't afford them as I used to do."

"Oh, subscription! just what you like; a fiver will be plenty, if you have it to spare, and if you think it will give you more interest in your work; or a guinea, if that is too much; but anything, or nothing if you like. Nobody will ask you for any subscription; the fact is, we don't want money, but we want men—idle fellows, that is, who have their time on their own hands, like you—to work for us; there are plenty who will give us all the money, or even more than we want; but the difficulty is, to get the men whom we can trust for discretion and other qualities, who will give up their time and take the trouble to distribute our funds, and do the working part of the relief for us."

"It seems rather an original idea, and a queer fancy too," said Archie, after another long pause of consideration. "I wonder what first put it into your heads, and who set the thing going."

"Why, for the matter of that," replied his Mentor, "one might almost say it was by accident, or spontaneously; that, as so often happens, the same idea seemed to strike several people at one and the same time.

"It is well known what immense difficulties are thrown in the way of many philanthropical societies by the want of funds, and that these difficulties are materially increased by the, as hitherto supposed, necessity of each society supporting a staff of high-paid officials, who, in many cases, do only half their duty, and in some rather less. In order to avoid this expense, a proposition was made by a well-known writer, to start a society upon a simple, though a new and hitherto untried system, in which, though all classes were included, the wealthy and fashionable denizens of the West End were more especially urged to come forward, not only with mere contributions in the shape of money, as heretofore, but with some of that time and work, in personal visitation, which they, of all others, might be well supposed to be able to spare gratuitously.

"This idea was well taken up, and soon began to spread itself. A general meeting was held, to which not a few of the smart men about town went, each individual of whom had gone in, perhaps, half-shyly, expecting to find himself out of his element, and thrown amongst a lot of strangers of a totally different set, and whose ordinary views would have nothing in common with his own, but was surprised and pleased to meet many of his most familiar friends and fellow-loungers of the club and park railings, induced, like himself, by their own inward better feelings, to come and offer their services. In trying to do some good, if they could only be shown how, and where to set about it.

"A new organisation of this sort could not, of course, be allowed to start without the usual amount of cold water being thrown over it, in the shape of all kinds of doubts, difficulties, sneers, and sinister forebodings, with sundry disinterested suggestions as to the present many excellent channels for charity being already more than sufficient; but a leading article in the *Times* did much towards kindly backing up the undertaking, and a good-humoured rejoinder from the leader of the movement also appeared in the same paper, deprecating all rivalry with any existing societies, and in reply to the many objections and assertions as to the folly of expecting, and the

impossibility of procuring, efficient volunteer almoners, merely announcing the number of letters already received by himself, as chairman, from educated gentlemen of quality and high position, offering their time and services gratuitously, so that, as he happily suggested, he had reason to hope that 'to do good might some day possibly become the fashion, and that the angels would, perhaps, smile through their tears at this new phase of our eccentricity.'

"Why, that's a quotation from what's-his-name—'Tristram Shandy'—isn't it?" interrupted Archie Scott. "I remember those very words—or something very much like them, in a book which used to be lying about our barrack mess-room."

"Well, not exactly, though it may be something like one," said Sydney, smiling; "and I am not at all sure that the writer himself was not also labouring under the same mistake. But, to go on with the new society: amongst its other special characteristics, a strict rule was from the first established that there should be no paid touters, I mean, canvassers, or collectors of subscriptions, no opening dinner, fancy bazaar, or any other of those usual means of making money, which have always been considered, or at least declared to be, absolute necessities for the existence of any charitable undertaking."

"In the next place, a guarantee committee of eighteen or twenty members undertook to defray the entire working expenses of the society separately and distinctly, from their own pockets, so that not one farthing of the money contributed by the general public for the charity should be put to any other purpose than that for which it was subscribed; and what do you suppose was the whole cost of working the organisation through which, in the course of each year, or more properly speaking, each winter, a sum of upwards of £4,000, £5,000, or this last year, I believe, it will be very little short of £7,000, has been distributed in every part of London, by upwards of a hundred volunteer almoners?"

"I have no idea," said Archie, "perhaps five-and-twenty or thirty per cent., as I know, by your tone, it has been done reasonably."

"Not half that. Last year, I know, when everything was paid for—printing, stationery, postage, advertisements (that is, acknowledging subscriptions in the papers)—the exact sum total amounted to £325 10s. 10d., which sum included £100 a-year salary of the one paid permanent secretary, and the rent of that quaint little committee-room, to which I took you this afternoon, and which we

get at an extraordinarily low price, from the fact of its being, as you may have perceived, an *entresol* close under the very boards of the great public assembly-rooms of the West End, where, during the season, there are continual balls, concerts, meetings, and crowded gatherings of all sorts going on, almost without interruption, night and day, so as to render it perfectly impossible for any one who was not stone-deaf to ever have even a chance of a wink of sleep there. Twice a week all through the winter the working committee of eighteen members, besides the three indefatigable honorary secretaries, one of whom is always there daily, meet to receive and consider cases of distress, and to vote what grants of money shall be sent to the several almoners as they may have applied for funds for distribution in their respective districts. Strictly avoiding all sectarian views, the only question asked, or condition required is, as to the truth and degree of the distress."

"The system, you see, works well, and does good at both the extreme ends of society at the same time, as the writer to whom I have already referred pointed out in a letter in which he was pleased to bestow a commendatory 'pat on the back' to the new scheme, in about the second year of its existence, and by the time that it might be said to have fairly got under weigh, although one knows that he is not at all apt to be too complimentary with his pen unless he thinks praise really well deserved. It was thus he wrote of them:—

" 'The working committee are, essentially, men of the world, in its usual sense—club loungers. This society may be looked upon as the impersonation of the charitable element of the fashionable clubs. West-end men, hitherto looked upon by the general world, as likely to care but little for these things, are found going on their good errand into the most wretched districts of London, personally communicating with philanthropists, male and female, of every creed, rank, and profession, not only giving no offence to any, but leaving a most favourable impression in quarters where such might perhaps have been least expected. Is a heathen costermonger one bit more to be considered a pitiable object than a West-end wealthy idler, who fritters away his miserable life in club, turf, park, opera, and St. John's Wood? Here is Dives introduced to Lazarus, both extremes of the social scale are brought together, both may have much to learn and gain in mutual respect for one another, by thus meeting under circumstances so desirable and advantageous to each of them.' "

(To be continued.)



(Drawn by R. T. PRITCHETT.)

"There full long we sat and mused,
And rose at last to move away."—p. 90.

UNDER THE IVIED BRIDGE.

WE were alone, my friend and I,
Sitting under the ivied bridge,
Watching the golden stream go by,
Dashed from rocky ridge to ridge.

Through the ivied arch you see
The rivulet winding swiftly down,
With mirrored hues of sky and tree,
Green and blue, and dusky brown ;

And far as eye can follow it
Upward in its winding way,
Leafy boughs above it knit
Tremulous leaf and dancing spray.

There full long we sat and mused,
And rose at last to move away,
When he, to dreamy thought unused,
Turned with a smiling face and gay,

And said, in accents low and deep,
With eyes full solemn and true, "Ah well !
This were a place for elves to sleep,
And here, I wis, the fairies dwell !"

Over my brain a music swept
As into his thought my fancy strayed ;

Blissful memories backward crept ;
And straight my heart its answer made :—

"Yea, when I was a little child,
Here a gleesome life they led,
Up in the leafy coppice wild,
And mid the rocks by the river-bed :

"Oft when stealing away alone
Among the meadow flowers of May,
Heard I fairy music blown
Low in the grass-plumes purple and grey ;

"Fairies swung in light bluebell,
And fairies sung in gladsome wood,—
Here no longer do they dwell
To bring delight to solitude.

"Now, in bliss or in agony,
When with a heart as noble and good,
An eye as pure and soul as free,
I walk by river and leafy wood,

"Not fairy troops make glad the sight,
But spirit-footprints over the sod,
And in my ear the breezes light
Whisper words of a gracious God."

G. F. A.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BEING such a pleasant pastime to meet Peggy, Captain Oglivie found means to indulge it pretty freely, and Fortune, in the shape of Mrs. Grant, favoured him in this. She contrived that by an exchange of churches, the family should enjoy the benefit of mountain air for a season ; and she left Peggy somewhat chilled, through the process which is called "turning the cold shoulder," on the eve of their rather sudden departure.

Peggy had frankly informed her new friend that she had not yet mentioned his name to her grandfather ; upon which he had taken occasion to say that it was better not to do so, for the present ; indeed, it would be better that his stay in the neighbourhood should not be mentioned at all.

The girl had been brought up in the bracing atmosphere of freedom, not in the sickly air of constant surveillance exercised in some classes of society, which seems to take it for granted that if a girl goes out unattended, she must get into mischief. Anything like concealment was foreign to her ; but she had been accustomed to consider her goings and comings of no moment to any one, and her childish confidences had been ruthlessly repressed.

Still at first she longed for some one to confide in.

She could not have sat beside slightly ungenial Mrs. Grant, had she been with her as usual, without speaking ; and when she went away without giving her an opportunity for doing so, the girl found herself longing for her dead mother more intensely than she had ever done before.

But she had to lead her life apart, always dangerous, and especially dangerous to the dreamer, who loses the power of testing the realities of things. Any one with experience of life, could have guessed how these meetings would end ; and even rough but honest Jean, by simply awakening her to the truth, would have held her back ; but there had already crept over her the fatal shy tenderness, which shrunk from exposing itself to such an ordeal.

So she met her cousin, as she now called him, almost daily, and her active life turned into a beautiful and bewitching dream.

As for him, he took no thought for her. Her evident liking for him was more and more gratifying. She made his life down there quite endurable, flavouring it with a spice of adventure besides. She was growing prettier every day, blooming like a wild rose, with a child-like, flower-like grace. She was very good and very happy ; he was really getting very fond of her. What could a kiss or two matter ; or a longer look into the eyes that drooped under his ever more and more tenderly ; or a more thrilling

pressure of the little hand, that lingered in his own ever more and more lovingly? If he had searched his heart, he might have found there a latent suspicion that he was a great rascal; but then he would have consoled himself by thinking that she was a little fool, if she broke her heart.

The late summer of the north, was still at its height, though the August moon was at the full, and the evenings were shortening rapidly. Captain Oglivie's stay had come to an end at last. His mother required—so he said—his presence in England. He was to say good-bye to Peggy in the little wood by moonlight.

It was not at all an unusual thing for her to steal out into the moonlight, beyond the precincts of the garden. Jean did not deign to notice a proceeding so foolish. What good any mortal could get wandering among black ghostly trees, sighing (the sigh of the wind in a tree) and creakin', she could not comprehend. The night air was unwholesome, and though she had parted with a hereditary belief in witches and warlocks, she still felt that it was "no quite cannie"—not altogether safe in fact.

And when her young mistress came back through the kitchen, with her face a little paler, as if it had drunk the moonlight, Jean would forbear remark till she was gone, when she would say to Tammass, "She's a strange lassie; she aye looks as if she had been sayin' her prayers when she comes in that gate, and I dinna like to speak, but it's no like a Christian to gang out there, instead o' sayin' them at her ain bedside."

"Ay, ay!" Tammass would answer, "let her alane; we're a set o' godless auld folk, and she'll, maybe, bring a blessing on us."

The moon was up, and Peggy went out by the garden gate and made her way to the Horse-shoe Clump. Once or twice she stood still; a sigh rose among the trees and died away again. It seemed as if a wind that came from nowhere, or rather like the breathing of the trees themselves. There was a sense of mystery among them; a feeling not of daylight loneliness, but of mysterious companionship,—a feeling which most people sedulously shut their doors against, closing their shutters and lighting their lamps to keep out its strange illusions.

But instead of shutting it out, Peggy Oglivie threw open her whole soul to its influence. The feeling has nothing of romance in it. She was not romantic; she had a keen dislike to the sentimental. She was not superstitious; superstition is only a degradation of it. It had come to her even in the daylight, a kind of second sight, a seeing of things in their essential beauty and glory.

It was upon her to-night. There stood the clump, every tree and pillar of ebony overarched by fretwork of silver. Through the fretted roof the moonlight fell upon the ground in fantastic patterns. She crossed them with her shadow, and another shadow fell there without startling her. She felt a little shiver, such as she imagined the trees feeling when a shower of moonlight streamed upon them, as the figure came into the light.

Some dry twigs cracked under her feet, and Horace Oglivie started from his leaning posture and advanced to meet her. She was coming along a track of moonlight. A soft black hood surrounded her face, which was altogether pale, and did not show as by day the soft wild rose and the browning of the summer sun. It was really pale with the exaltation of her mood, and not only with the effect of the light.

She loosened her hand from her dark cloak as she came near, and it fell away, and let the rays stream down her dress and clothe her in white. He took her hand in silence. He had never seen her look like this. He had intended to part warmly and gallantly, and he felt at once that it would be a graver matter than he wished. The cold little hand that rested in his, awed him. He dared not carry it to his lips.

"I am ready to believe in fairies here," he said, in a low tone, "and to think that you are one of them: you have a kind of glimmer over you." (Jean would have called it glamour, which means witchery besides.)

"It is the way in the wood," said the girl, smiling and also speaking low. She looked mistress of the ceremonies as she spoke.

Horace Oglivie felt rather uncomfortable. He tried another jest about the ghostliness of the place, but she did not laugh; she could not have done anything so out of sympathy with the solemn beauty of the scene.

For him, he had come to enjoy a parting interview with a pretty girl whom he almost loved, and over whom he felt he had considerable power. But this was a creature over whom he had no power at all, a creature of another sphere. This was not the laughing, blushing girl of yesterday; and, strangely lovely as she looked, he was disappointed, and hardly knew what to say.

He had no power over her, but her own dream had power. It held her spell-bound. She did not heed his silence; his presence was enough. She could not discern that they two, walking there side by side, were walking in different worlds, so far apart that neither by voice nor touch was the one within reach of the other.

They walked round the platform for some time in a silence which Horace Oglivie felt to be oppressive, all the more oppressive that he vainly tried to break through it into a vein of either sentiment or gaiety. They turned, and came again into the centre of the clump: the moon fully illuminated it. Peggy pointed to what she had called the window of her chapel; it was a perfect Gothic work of ebony and silver.

"It is very like a chapel," he said; "what a delightful place to get married in, according to the Scotch system." In utter recklessness he stood by her side, and took her unresisting hand, saying, with mock solemnity, "I Horace Oglivie take thee, Margaret Oglivie, to be my wedded wife."

"That is enough, you know, in Scotland to bind us together for life," he added, in a tone of tenderness. The next minute, the girl was weeping on his breast.

What could he do but soothe her, as he led her

homeward, with promises of affection, false enough to her hope as they were;—but tell her, vainly enough, he might have known, to think as little as she could of him in the meantime, and to look forward to his return sooner or later? As he parted from her at the garden gate, which was the exit from her short-lived paradise, that latent suspicion which has been indicated, did rise in his heart, and he did try to console himself with the thought, that she was, after all, a little fool.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

THEY were not bitter tears that Peggy Oglivie had wept at that last interview with her cousin; they had little of the anguish of parting in them. They had, in truth, more of tenderness than trouble in their flow. Neither doubt nor misgiving entered into her mind with regard to the captain's sincerity. The natural language of love had never been falsified to her, as it is to some, in wanton folly, or worse, and she did not question the truth it conveyed in look and touch and tone. No warning voice had ever whispered in her ears concerning the faithlessness of man.

She sat in the wood, in her chosen haunt, day after day, when he was gone, feeding her heart on the remembered sweetness of his presence, till her life lapsed into a dream; and the music of the wood wore itself into her dream, and floated her away, on its sighing waves of sound, further and further from the actual world.

A look came into the girl's face which made Jean more than once ask her what she was listening for; and when, standing looking down among the trees, she answered, with a smile, "The music of the pines," the old woman gave a grunt of disapprobation, and added, "Ye look just as if ye expected somebody."

Jean was a shrewd observer. Peggy might have answered truly that she expected nobody, but there was expectation at the bottom of her heart, the awakened expectation of eventful life, the expectation of something—not anything in particular, but something to happen; and when she listened to the music of the pines it was with a vague yearning for some message from the future. Sometimes through their soft sighing murmurs of content there went something like a wail of lamentation. By habit and by nature the solitary girl was a dreamer. But it is a mistake to suppose that the dreamer is always weak, and, lapped in unreality, loses the power of sober action. There is a power in dreams, not only to lift the dreamer out of the actual present—which may be a doubtful gain—but to get themselves realised in the future. The dream in which a man or woman lives is usually richer, nobler, and sweeter than the life in which he or she moves; for who, with the unlimited power of choice which dreamland offers, would choose the poor, the mean, and the bitter? Of itself, it will tend to enrich and ennoble and sweeten the actual life, and if the active powers are equal to the task, they will consciously and unconsciously strive to assimilate the lower to the higher. If not, the individual is all the

better for his unsubstantial happiness; the world none the worse.

But for a time the dream suffices for itself. And so it was with Peggy Oglivie. She did not even long for the presence of her lover—was he not with her always? she had but to close her eyes, with the murmur of the wood about her, to be visited by his look, his smile grown more radiant and more tender in that "light that never was on sea or land," though to her it seemed only that of a summer moon. Would the time come when it would "fade into the light of common day?"—would there be an awakening, which might turn the dream into a torment of self-pity and self-scorn?

So the days went past, some of them wet and windy, though harvest-time was drawing near. And the summer had been brief, for the spring was late and cold, only it had been very bright while it lasted. Jean heard from the kirk-door gossip that the Grants were coming back at last. They had already long exceeded their purposed stay.

The truth was, the more inclination the two youngsters showed to get home again, the more determined was their mother that they should remain where they were. They read and roamed with their father, or roamed and did not read; and enjoyed themselves, truth to tell, more or less. Archie was troubled, now and then, with a longing to leap out of his bedroom window and take a moonlight march across the country—it was only some thirty miles to Delaube, but prudence and Sandie, and a love of sound sleep, prevailed to the contrary.

Both Sandie and Archie, however, openly rebelled against the proposal that they should go up to town without returning home, in order to begin their studies before the ensuing session, and make a little way by means of thorough preparation under the direction of a friend of their father's. Accordingly, a compromise was effected, at which they could not murmur, when they were duly reminded of the idleness which made extra exertion necessary. They were to spend three days at home, when Mrs. Grant, who had business to transact there, would herself accompany them to town.

It was the afternoon of Saturday before they reached the manse, and as they were to leave on the afternoon of Monday, it appeared that the three days would be very short indeed. Nothing is so favourable to mental explosions as hurry; it exercises the requisite amount of compression, without which the fumes of love or folly would quietly escape. The encroachment on these three days caused our heroes to explode—happily, only in mutual confidences.

On the evening before their return they had climbed the summit of a hill, to watch the sun go down. Not a creature was in sight, except two horses that stood on the edge of a cliff, the one a head in advance of the other, listening with all their might. The brothers lay on their backs, looking at the world upside down, as it were—a process that has its advantages, in imparting new views of things. What they saw was a heaving multitude of hill-tops, swim-

ming in a blood-red sky. Down behind some black bars went a round sun, and gradually sunk from sight into a second chaos. It was a startling, not a soothing, sunset.

Archie was the first to jump to his feet. "Come along, old boy," he said; "we'll be late again, only little Peg can't get the blame to-night, so it doesn't matter so much."

"We won't see much more of her this time," said Sandie.

"Mother might have asked her up here for a week," murmured Archie.

"She thinks we waste our time," returned Sandie.

"If it hadn't been for her," said Archie, vaulting over a huge stone in the descent, "I would have cut the college, and run away to sea. I'll, maybe, do it yet."

"Do you mean that you care that much for her," said Sandie, with a look into his brother's face which made the latter exclaim, instead of answering, "And you, too!" which meant a flinging back of the question already answered. "She would never look at me," said Sandie, despondingly, "so it doesn't matter."

"Try," said his brother.

Sandie shook his head. "Try you."

"I would like well enough to leave the country and make my fortune abroad," said Archie, "if they," indicating the abode of his father and mother, "would give consent. I would come back as rich as a Jew, and as yellow as a guinea, and leave my money to you and Peg."

"They said nothing more then. As usual, they seemed to understand each other.

So it had come to this; and here were Mrs. Grant's worst fears realised, her utmost precautions justified, and vain.

It was somewhat late on Saturday before any opportunity for action occurred to Archie, who had set his mind on something active—he hardly knew what. He knew by that time that unless he made it for himself, he would not have an opportunity of even saying good-bye, except in his mother's presence.

What he would ask of Peggy he did not well know, except that she should remain at his disposal till he was ready for her. He had vigorous twinges of self-reproach at taking—though Sandie had resolutely refused—the first chance; and, finally, he almost made up his mind to speak for his brother, instead of for himself.

Thus it came to pass that in the evening the brothers set out together, and that when they reached the river where it could be crossed into the wood at the foot of Delaube, Archie took the way over, while Sandie marched, a rather rueful sentinel, on the other side.

Archie had not long been gone when Dr. Grant made his appearance, and came up to Sandie as he paced along. It was such an unusual thing to find the one apart from the other, that, very naturally, the doctor asked, "Where is Archie?"

"He's gone to speak to Peggy," said that ingenuous youth, with some hesitation, and blushing all over.

"What's he got to say to her?" asked his father, with a penetrating glance, and an elevation of the eyebrows, in which there was some wonder, and no little perplexity.

Even to equivocate was beyond Sandie's power, so he answered, simply, "To say good-bye."

"And why don't you go and say good-bye too?" was the very obvious rejoinder.

Sandie preserved total silence, and the man was too delicate—with a delicacy rare in the relationship of father and son—to press the youth further.

But that it would have involved his brother, whose confession he had no right to make, the doctor would have been rewarded on the spot by a complete revelation of his son's sentiments. As it was, Sandie resolved to urge his brother to make a clean breast of it at the earliest opportunity.

"I don't think I'll ever do any good at college," he said, dolefully.

His father was sorely perplexed at this new phase of things. He drew his son's arm within his own and walked with him, speaking encouragement in the vague way in which that stimulant is usually applied. "Of course," he added, "if you find that it is impossible for you to succeed in the career we would choose for you, a change must be made; but it will be a great disappointment to your mother and me."

With this Dr. Grant shook his son's hand and left him, saying as he departed, "Whatever lot they choose, I hope and believe that my sons will be always honourable, upright, and sincere."

And Sandie, as he looks after him, thinks it will go hard with him indeed if he disappoints his father in that.

No long time elapsed before his brother again appeared, striding down to the river-side. A dozen dextrous leaps, and he was at his side.

Almost before he reached the shore Sandie had communicated the intelligence of his meeting with his father. "Let's tell him as soon as we get home," he added.

"Tell him what?" said Archie, provokingly; "there's nothing to tell."

"Ye haven't seen her?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Sandie: it's big nonsense. I stood still in the middle o' the wood, to think what I would say, and I saw her sittin' there; but she looked ever so far away, and the very trees in the wood seemed laughin' at me. I was glad she never noticed me, and I stole away again without once lookin' back. It's your turn, next time."

"Fair play's a jewel," said Sandie, laughing; "but I'll wait a bit and work a bit, first."

"Let's go in for a regular burst of hard work," rejoined Archie, beginning at once by starting homeward at a rapid pace.

(To be continued.)

OLD SAWS IN NEW SETTINGS, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

PART I.



THROUGH the unceasing exertions and indomitable energy of the head-master, Dr. Lawson, Rosleigh Grammar School had, at the time of my story, risen to occupy a very prominent and important position among the educational establishments of the country. When he assumed the reins of management, its fortunes had fallen sadly into decay, owing to the careless indifference and miserable incompetency of his predecessor in office; no longer, as of yore, did it send up the best scholars to the university, and the sagacious professors at *Alma Mater* began to whisper among themselves that the old Blankshire school was going to the dogs, and that the sooner it was shut up the better.

At last, and not a bit too soon, the dictator, who had so disastrously presided over the destinies of Rosleigh, slept with his fathers, and the trustees of the foundation set about looking for some one to fill his place; but though they held out all sorts of tempting baits, in the shape of increased salary, and other lures of a like appetising character, somehow candidates were not forthcoming. In fact, it began to look very much as if they would have to close the premises, and retire from business.

With much the same sensations, as those which are experienced by the captain of a waterlogged ship, when he finds himself passing in through the harbour entrance, Dr. (then Mr.) Lawson's application for the vacant post was received by the trustees of the Rosleigh foundation. His testimonials from Harton, where he had been one of the under-masters, were unexceptionable, while his manner and speech betokened the scholar and the gentleman. Like Cæsar, he might have exclaimed, *Veni, vidi, vici!* for, after little more than five minutes' conversation, he was informed that the offer of his services was accepted; and in less than a fortnight he was installed in his new position. And right well did he become it, and show himself equal to its duties and responsibilities.

Slowly, but surely, the number of boys increased—the best possible evidence that the reputation of Rosleigh was improving—till the list reached its full complement, and already many names were down in order, so that those who purposed filling up the vacancies as they might occur, should have the opportunity of securing their place in good time. Dr. Lawson had not undergone his experience at Harton for nothing, he was a staunch and enthusiastic believer in the monitorial and fagging systems, and was of opinion that the more a boy is made to depend upon himself, the better man will he become in after years. Above all, he sought to foster a feeling of sympathy and good-will between the masters and the pupils, he himself setting the

example to encourage confidence from the boys to him, always impressing upon them the trust and faith he had in their honour. How right he was in doing thus, the name that Rosleigh gained under his rule, and the loving memory in which his old pupils held him, are proofs that cannot be contradicted. There must be something great as well as good in a man, who can weather the foolish prejudices of schoolboys, and gain not only their respect and obedience, but their affection.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and full advantage was being taken of the glorious July day by the Rosleigh School Eleven. The annual match of Past and Present was going on, and had as usual attracted a large number of visitors. The "old boys" had just finished their innings to the tune of 175 runs, and the short interval that was to elapse before "the Present" went to the wickets, was being occupied in the consumption of certain cooling drinks most considerately supplied by Dr. Lawson, who, with his wife and daughter, always put in an appearance on these festive occasions, and evinced much interest and pleasure in the proceedings.

The score was a long one to go in against for young players; and Barnard, the captain of the school eleven, knowing the capabilities of his team, felt it his duty to impress upon the two he was sending in first the necessity for playing carefully and steadily.

"Mind, Pretor," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, to one of them, a fine strapping lad, apparently about seventeen, "you are to keep your wicket up for the first hour, and then go in for hitting as much as you like."

"Most noble captain, I will endeavour so to do; but the glorious game abounds in accidents, and, as you are doubtless aware, they will occur in the best-regulated establishments," was the rejoinder of the young gentlemen so addressed, who was commonly known as "Cheeky Pretor," a title for which, as a faithful biographer, I am bound to say he was duly qualified. It must not be supposed that thereby I intend to convey the notion that he was a disagreeable and unpopular boy with his schoolfellows; on the contrary, every one liked him. He was the terror of bullies and the adoration of all the small boys, who always found in him a sure champion and avenger.

Charlie Pretor was a very idle fellow. There is no use disguising the fact; and as I hope to make peace for him by-and-by, it is just as well to make a clean breast of it at once. That he was kind-hearted, generous, and honourable, masters and boys admitted alike; that he neglected his work and wasted his time was a fact equally indisputable. He had no application—could never set himself down methodically to learning his lessons or doing his work, but would put it off till the last minute, with

results, in the earlier part of his career at Rosleigh, of a singularly painful character. On more than one occasion Dr. Lawson had almost made up his mind to send him away from the school, but Mrs. Lawson, with whom Charlie was a great favourite, was a staunch advocate in his behalf, and she never pleaded with her husband in vain. So he remained at Rosleigh, gradually ascending in the school, till, at the time we make his acquaintance, he had just been promoted into the fifth form, where there was every prospect of his remaining until he left Rosleigh for good and all.

I must here wander away from the beaten track for a moment, to enter into certain details that cannot be omitted. Attached to the Rosleigh foundation were two exhibitions of £10 a year each, which were, after all, but poor things, and little calculated to incite any very vigorous competition. Since Dr. Lawson's accession to power, however, two or three more valuable prizes had been founded, and in the early part of the year in which my story is laid an old pupil of his of the name of Beauchamp had died, and bequeathed a sum of money to the trustees of the school, for the creation of a scholarship of £50 a year, to be held for three years, to be called the Lawson Scholarship. It was open to the boys generally, but it may readily be understood that only the seniors were likely to compete for it. No date had yet been fixed on for the examination of the candidates, but it was generally understood that it would take place towards the end of the present midsummer quarter, and those who intended offering themselves had already commenced reading hard, in anticipation. Undoubtedly, there was every prospect that the first competition for the Lawson Scholarship, though select as far as the numbers were concerned, would be none the less severe.

And now to return for the present to the cricket-ground and Dr. Lawson, who is not in the least ashamed to show that he is getting very much excited as to the ultimate result of the match, and becomes quite nervous and restless, as the fall of each wicket makes the chances of success for the boys more remote. Charlie still remains to the fore, and has long since exceeded the hour allowed him by the captain to play steady. Barnard has come in and gone back to the tent again, without doing anything remarkable; and though "the Present" are still thirty runs behind their opponents, there are only two more to go in to aid Charlie in supplying the deficiency.

"How splendidly Charlie is playing!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawson, as that young gentleman made a smart hit for four. She was delighted to see her favourite showing forth to such advantage, and inwardly flattered herself for having rescued him from the expulsion that, unknown to him, had so often threatened him.

"Bravo, Pretor! Capital! splendid hit!" shouted the Doctor, standing up to see how far the ball had gone, and clapping his hands enthusiastically. All Master Scapegrace's shortcomings and grievous mis-

demeanours in the matter of Latin prose and such like nuisances, as he termed them, were forgotten, ay, and forgiven too at that moment; it was enough for his master that he was putting together a splendid score in faultless style, and might likely enough secure victory for his side. What if the metre of his last hexameter exercise limped and halted—the lameness of his versification had not extended to his legs, which carried him between the wickets with marvellous activity.

To make a long matter short, Charlie did win the match, carrying out his bat with no less than ninety-four runs attached to his name,—a performance which was rewarded with loud and general applause. Foremost amongst those who congratulated him was the Doctor himself, who at the same time conveyed to him a message to the effect that Mrs. Lawson wished him to come in and have tea with her. Charlie was only too pleased to receive the invitation, and hurried away as quickly as he could to his room to make himself tidy, preparatory to appearing in the Doctor's drawing-room.

How often it happens, when we are in the happiest frame of mind imaginable, and feel inclined to regard things in their most roseate aspect, that something happens which suddenly dispels all the sunshine and brightness. Young and old both learn this, and feel it according to their condition. As Charlie hastened up from the cricket-ground he was as contented and joyous as boy could be; he had made a splendid score, had gained the victory for his side, and was once again restored to the Doctor's favour. When he got to his room he found a letter from his father, which drove the smile from his cheek, the laughter from his eye, and startled him to serious reflection. It ran thus:—

Cleveland Square, J-yly 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR SON,—I am very sorry to have to write and tell you that we are all in very great trouble at home; but as you are getting a big fellow now, and will soon have to leave Rosleigh, sooner even than I ever expected, I think you ought to know what has happened. You have often heard me speak of a Financial Company, in which I had invested a great deal of money, and which I have always regarded as perfectly safe and trustworthy. Yesterday morning I was well-nigh crushed by receiving a circular informing me that, owing to the secretary having absconded, leaving behind him forgeries and defalcations to an enormous amount, the directors had felt compelled to appeal to the Court of Chancery to wind up the concern. Thus my whole income, with the exception of a slender competency, has been swallowed up; in fact, I very much doubt, at the moment, whether I shall be able to keep you at Rosleigh till the end of the year, as I could have wished. I fear, my dear boy, you have scarcely been as industrious as you might; but then, perhaps, you are not so much to blame as I am myself for having encouraged you in the notion that I should be able to provide for you. It grieves me much to think that I must abandon my long-cherished notion of sending you to Oxford; but that is now, of course, quite out of the question. You need not mention the contents of this letter to any one; but, at the same time, do not allow it to make you unhappy. The holidays will soon be here, and then we can settle what is best to be done. Your mother desires me to send you a kiss; she is too much out of spirits to write to you herself. God bless you, my boy; and with my best love,

Believe me, your affectionate father,
GEORGE PRETOR.

It may readily be understood that the news thus conveyed to him was most unexpected. He had become so accustomed to having everything from home that he wanted, that he had never paused to ask himself how it was provided. There are some people in this world who would sleep life away in calm indifference, but for some great misfortune happening to them, that awakens them to their uselessness. Charlie was one of these. Till now he had idled and frittered away all the golden opportunities of education provided him; but the season of indolence was passed; and henceforth nothing remained for him but to put his shoulder to the wheel, and endeavour, as far as possible, to make up for lost time. His father's letter seemed to inaugurate a new period in his existence; the past was as an old jacket, that he had taken off and thrown into the dusthole,—so full of patches and tatters that he was glad to hide it from his eyes.

Both the Doctor and Mrs. Lawson were much surprised at the change in Charlie's manner that evening. He was so quiet and yet earnest in all he said—quite different to his ordinary rattling, noisy style of conversation—that he astonished them, and, I may add, puzzled them considerably. It was as if the careless, thoughtless lad had been transformed into the serious, thinking man.

As he shook hands with the Doctor, and said good night, he remained for a moment, as if he wished to add something.

"Have you anything you want to say to me, Pretor? because, if you have, come along with me into my study," inquired the head-master.

"No, sir; nothing particular. I only wanted to know when the examination for the Lawson Scholarship will take place," was the answer.

"It is not yet arranged," replied the Doctor; "but I hope to be able to announce the date in the course of to-morrow."

And with that Charlie went away to his room. When he reached it—for he had one all to himself, the agreeable consequence of being a favourite with Mrs. Lawson—he sat down by the open window. No need to disclose the communing he held with

himself—the retrospect of the past, the resolution for the future. There was a bright star that, shining in the heavenly firmament, seemed to unfold to him his destiny,—a beacon of hope and encouragement. And he remembered that far up above, in realms beyond, dwelleth the Unseen, with whose help all things are possible for mortal man to accomplish. The school clock struck twelve, and roused Charlie from his reverie. And then he went to bed and slept on it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

THE ONLY WOMAN WHOSE AGE AT HER DEATH IS RECORDED IN THE BIBLE.

- 1. An instrument used by weavers.
- 2. A small poisonous serpent.
- 3. A token of a covenant.
- 4. One who having received a fall, sent to Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, to inquire whether he would recover.
- 5. An officer of a king of Syria, whom Elijah was commanded to anoint as king.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. What servant sought to take a monarch's life?
- 2. What priest with Shaphan went to Shallum's wife?
- 3. The second son that God to Moses gave.
- 4. What noble's malice brought him to his grave?
- 5. Where stood the oak to which God's angel's came?
- 6. Whose son god called to do his work by name?
- 7. What king made brazen shields instead of gold?
- 8. One who false tales of Jeremiah told.
- 9. Whose son in Israel's camp blasphemed and fought?
- 10. The name which Hiram gave the land he bought.
- 11. The first who Israel from its tyrant freed.
- 12. Where received David succour in his need?
- 13. What Ithrite ranked with David's mighty men?
- 14. Whose son helped Jeremiah with his pen?
- 15. A town where Pharaoh all the people slew, And gave to Solomon to build anew.

Time draws towards its close,
The hour is coming fast;
Life, with its vain and fleeting joys
And woes, will soon be past.

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THE QUIVER

— Saturday, November 2, 1867. —



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

“Jones and other men had systematically annoyed him whenever he sat down to read the Bible,”—p. 98.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

NARRATED TO WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

I WAS, many years ago, first-lieutenant of the *Rainbow* frigate. We were fitting out alongside the old *Topaz* hulk, in Portsmouth Harbour, for the North American and West India stations,

at that time united under one command. We were nearly ready for sea, but still were a good many hands short of our complement. For want of better, we had entered several men, who

would, I was afraid, prove but hard bargains—one especially, who gave the name of John Jones, was a great big hulking fellow, with an unpleasant expression of countenance, out of whom I guessed but little work was to be got. The same day he joined, another man came aboard and volunteered. He was a fine, active, intelligent fellow. He said that his name was William Ellis, and that he had been eight years at sea, in the merchant service. If there was little work in Jones, there was plenty in him I saw, though he was a remarkably quiet-looking man. He answered the questions put to him, but did not volunteer a word about himself.

We had gone out to Spithead, and the Blue Peter was flying aloft, when a shore boat came alongside. In the boat was a young woman, nicely, though very plainly dressed, and a lad, who looked like her brother. She asked leave to come on board, and inquired for William Ellis. Ellis was aloft. His name had been loudly called along the lower deck, before, casting his eyes below, having finished his work, they fell on her. She gave a half-shriek of terror as she saw him, quick as lightning, gliding down the rigging. He, in another moment, was by her side. A blush was on his manly cheek, as he took her hand and warmly pressed it. They talked earnestly for some time. He did not ask her to move from the spot where they stood. At length, with a sigh, having shaken hands with the lad, he prepared to help her into the boat. Her last words, pronounced in a firm, though sweet voice, were, "Oh! remember."

I was particularly struck by her quiet, modest manner, and her pleasing, intelligent expression of countenance. We had despatches for Jamaica and other West India Islands, which we visited in turn. Ellis continued, as at first, one of the most quiet, well-behaved men in the ship. Every moment of his watch below—that is to say, when off duty—he was engaged in reading, chiefly, as I afterwards found, the Bible. In those days, a Bible on the lower deck was a rarity, and religious books were still less often seen. The *Rainbow* formed no exception to the rule, and Ellis got to be looked at with suspicion and dislike by the greater numbers of the men. He was equally disliked by some of the officers. The reason was clear—his life and example was a reproach to them.

We had not been long in that treacherous clime before "Yellow Jack," as sailors call the yellow fever, came on board. Numbers of our crew were speedily down with it. Several died, and the pestilence increased. The ship's company, as sometimes occurs, took a panic, and men who would boldly have faced a visible enemy, trembled with dread at the thoughts of being struck down by the fever. It was difficult to get men to attend properly on the sick. Ellis was an exception; he

immediately volunteered for that duty, and was indefatigable in its performance. He did more, I found; he spoke words of counsel and encouragement to the sick and dying; he pointed out to them the Saviour, on whom looking with repentance and faith in his all-sufficient work, they might be assured of forgiveness.

Harry Lethbridge, a young midshipman, was among the first attacked. Ellis carefully watched over the boy. Whenever he had performed his other duties, he returned to the side of the hammock in which Harry lay, bathed his face, sponged out his mouth, and gave him cooling drinks, like the most of gentle of nurses. More than once the doctor told me, however, that he was afraid the young midshipman would slip through his fingers, and he afterwards said that he considered it was mostly owing to the very great attention paid to him by Ellis that he had escaped. Ellis did more; he spoke to Harry, when his strength was returning, in a way to touch his heart,—he told him how he had been saved from the jaws of death by a God who loved his soul, and he showed how alone that soul could be saved, and how freely and fully it would be saved, if he would but accept the redemption offered him.

Notwithstanding the way Ellis had behaved during the fever, John Jones, and men of his stamp, of whom there were many, continued to sneer at him on account of his religion. "Any old woman, or young girl, could have done as well as he did,—nursing a few sick men and boys: what was that?" they said. "It didn't make him a bit more of a man."

From the West Indies we were sent to North America, to do away with the effects of the fever. Knowing what a quiet man Ellis was, I was somewhat surprised when one day, on the passage to Halifax, John Jones came up to me on deck, fuming with rage, and preferred a formal charge against him, for having assaulted and thrashed him. I, of course, as in duty bound, sent for Ellis, and witnesses on both sides, to examine into the case. Ellis appeared, hat in hand, and at once acknowledged that he had thrashed Jones, but offered as an excuse that Jones and other men had systematically annoyed him whenever he sat down to read the Bible, and that at last Jones, encouraged by his previous forbearance, had snatched up the book and made off with it, threatening to throw it overboard. "I could bear it no longer, sir," said Ellis; "so I knocked him over, that I might get back my Bible, and read it afterwards in peace. Besides, sir, he said that people who read the Bible are never worth anything, only just fit to nurse sick people, and that come a gale of wind, or any danger, they would always be found skulking below."

"In that respect you, Jones, are wrong, and

you had no business to snatch away Ellis's Bible; but you, Ellis, broke through the rules of discipline by knocking Jones over. You must reserve your blows for the enemies of your country. I must therefore punish you. It is your first offence, but it is too serious a one to be overlooked. Go below."

I inflicted as light a punishment as I well could on Ellis. After he had undergone it, he came to me and expressed his regret at having lost his temper, without in any way attempting to exculpate himself.

We reached Halifax, remained there a fortnight refitting, and again sailed to cruise off the coast. Nova Scotia possesses a rocky, forbidding shore, near which a seaman would dislike to be caught with a gale blowing on it. One night, on a passage round to Prince Edward's Island, we had kept closer in shore, in consequence of the fineness of the weather, than would, under other circumstances, have been prudent. The captain was ill below. Suddenly the wind shifted, and blew directly on shore. I was called up, and hurrying on deck, saw at once that we were to have a rough night of it.

The first thing to be done was to get a good offing. Accordingly I hauled to the wind, and as it was not yet blowing very hard, I kept the canvas on her which had previously been set. Suddenly a squall, its approach unseen, struck the ship, and before a sheet could be started the main-top-gallant yard was carried away, and the spar, wildly beating about in the now furiously blowing gale, threatened to carry away, not only the top-gallant mast, but the topmast itself. The loss of more of our spars at such a moment might have been disastrous in the extreme. To clear away the spar was, therefore, of the greatest importance, but it was an operation which would expose those who attempted it to the most imminent dangers.

I sung out for volunteers. At that moment, seeing Jones standing near me, I could not help saying, "Come, my man, there's work for you; you were boasting of your manhood the other day!" The first to spring forward to my call was William Ellis.

"No," I answered; "I have made the offer to Jones. He ought to succeed if any man can."

Jones looked aloft, then shook his head.

"I dare not; the man who attempts it will be sure to lose his life."

Ellis, as if anticipating the reply Jones would make, had been securing an axe to his belt; having felt the edge to assure himself that it was sharp. Scarcely had Jones finished speaking, than, exclaiming, "I'll go!" he was ascending the main rigging.

I watched him with intense anxiety as long as

I could see him, but he was soon lost to sight in the gloom of night up aloft there amid the tightening ropes, the straining mast, and the loosened sail and shattered spar, which kept driving backwards and forwards and round and round with terrific violence. I kept my eyes fixed on the spot where I knew he must be. Now I thought I saw him clinging on to the rigging with one hand, while with the other, his axe gleaming above his head, he made stroke after stroke at the ropes by which the top-gallant yard still hung to the mast. Had he been hurled from the rigging, the ocean would have been his tomb, for, heeling over as the ship was, he would have fallen far to leeward. I fully expected such would be his fate; it might be mine too, for I was determined to make the attempt if others failed. I thought of the young woman who had visited him on board, and of her sorrowing heart. My eye caught sight of something falling. Was it Ellis? No! A shout rose from the crew. Down came the shattered spar and the torn sail clear of everything, and fell into the foaming, hissing waters, through which the frigate was forcing her way. The top-gallant mast stood uninjured. Ellis the next minute was beside me on the deck.

"Thank you, Ellis; you did that work nobly," I said to him. "I think that no one in future will venture to taunt you for your Bible-reading propensities."

I was now able to send the hands aloft to shorten sail, and I fully believe that our masts, and the ship herself, and our lives, were saved by that act of courage. I afterwards asked Ellis how he felt when aloft.

"That I was in the hands of God, sir," he answered. "I prayed for his protection, and I never felt my heart more light, or my courage more firm."*

As may be supposed, no one after this ventured to call Ellis a milksop, or to speak disparagingly of him in any other way. Jones sunk in public estimation as Ellis rose, and gained great influence among the ship's company, which he did not fail to use to their benefit. He still further increased it by another act, which, however, was not so much a proof of courage as of presence of mind, only the sailors declared, with a tinge of superstition, that no other man on board could have done it. I will mention it presently.

I frequently spoke to Ellis in a way an officer cannot venture to do, except to a well-tried man. One day I asked him if he did not wish to write to his wife, as I had the opportunity of sending letters.

"I am not married, sir," he answered, calmly.

* This account was given to the author by the late Admiral Saumarez, and the words are to the best of his recollection those used by the man who performed the act recorded.

"That young woman you saw, sir, Mary Summers, has promised to marry me when I get back, if I can prove to her that I have acted all the time I have been away like a Christian man. It's a long story too, and I won't trouble you with it now; only Mary has very strong notions, and very right notions too. I wasn't once what I now try to be. I was altogether careless about religion. I fell in love with Mary, and tried my best to appear good, and so far succeeded that I won her love. When, however, she found out what I really was she said that nothing would induce her to marry me unless I was a Christian. She gave me books and I read them, and I read the Bible as I had never read it before, and she talked to me till I thought that I was what she wanted me to be; but she said that people couldn't tell what they really were till they were out in the busy world and tried, and that I must be tried before she could venture to marry me. At first I thought her terms very hard; but I do assure you, sir, when I came to know more of the Gospel I felt that they were wise and just. It's a very different thing to appear all right and correct, and to feel very good too, in a quiet village, with a religious, sensible young woman to watch over one, than to keep straight aboard a man-of-war among a number of godless associates. In one case a man may almost forget the necessity of earnest prayer. I do assure you, sir, I have felt aboard here that I could not get on an hour without it."

Reader, remember these words of Ellis. Consider how you will act when you are tried and tempted. Satan often lets people alone when he finds them in an easy position, that they may grow conceited of their own strength. Never cease praying that you may see his wiles, and that, through the Holy Spirit, you may be enabled to resist them, but never, never trust to your own strength, or you will be sure to fall.

Some two years after this, when Harry Lethbridge had grown into a fine young man, promising to be as smart an officer as any in the navy, we were on our passage between the northern and southern portions of our station, when we were caught in as heavy a gale as I ever experienced—a complete hurricane. It came down on us so suddenly that it required all hands to shorten sail as smartly as they could do. Among those who sprang aloft when the hands were turned up was Harry Lethbridge, whose station was the foretop. The post of honour among seamen in reefing sails is the weather earing.* Thus when the fore-top-sail was to be reefed, Harry eagerly sought, and was the first man out on, the yard-arm. While reefing the sail, on hauling out the earing, from the

strength of the wind, and from his anxiety to get it done quickly, he did not haul the first turn sufficiently taut. After taking the second, and getting a good pull on it, the first earing rendered suddenly, and, losing his balance, he fell over the yard. Those who saw him as I did thought he was gone, but no; as he fell he had kept hold of the earing, and there he hung, suspended by it about nine feet below the yard-arm and full sixty from the deck, though, of course, far outside it, that is to say, over the boiling ocean.

Those on deck looked up, almost paralysed with the terrible spectacle. His destruction seemed inevitable. His hands were giving way. He caught the rope in his teeth, and thus he hung suspended, alive and strong, with the joyous spirits and anticipations of youthful manhood, and yet with death as it were gaping for him. The man nearest to him on the yard threw towards him the end of a rope, but it was blown away to leeward out of his reach. The captain instantly directed that a running bow-line knot should be made round the earing, and thus lowered over his head; but his voice was drowned by the gale. Cries of horror escaped from the lips of all who saw him. "A man overboard! a man overboard!" was shouted out, for every one expected to see him fall into the sea. William Ellis had never taken his eye off him. I saw him hurry forward. Poor Harry could hold on no longer. His hands relaxed their gripe of the rope, his teeth gave way, he fell. As he did so, the ship lurched heavily to leeward and he came towards the fore-castle. Ellis sprang forward, and as Harry's feet touched the deck, caught him in his arms. The midshipman's life was preserved, and the only injury he received was the fracture of one of his ankle-bones.* "He's the only man who could have done it, though," I afterwards heard some of the seamen remark. "He prayed that he might do it, and he did it, do ye see." Even the irreligious often acknowledge the efficacy of the prayers of Christian men.

William Ellis persevered in his Christian course till the ship was paid off, when I saw his Mary, who had come to Portsmouth to welcome him. They married; he obtained a warrant as a gunner, and some years afterwards, through the influence of Harry Lethbridge, got a good appointment on shore. The young midshipman, feeling that his life had, through God's mercy, been preserved that he might do him service, became a thorough Christian, in practice as well as in name, and a first-rate officer; while Ellis continued as he had begun, aided and encouraged, I have no doubt, by his excellent wife, to the end of his life.

* An earing is a rope to haul up the outer part of a sail.

* The whole of this account is fact, without the slightest alteration.

WELLINGTON'S DUTY AND NAPOLEON'S GLORY: A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



SOME years ago I spent a night at the house of a distinguished Staffordshire baronet, and in the bedroom which I occupied I observed a picture representing the interior of a boudoir, furnished in the costly style of patrician splendour. On a marble side-table stood the bust of a young military officer, and near it, contemplating his features with obvious pride and affection, sat a venerable lady, with a letter lying open on her lap. The resemblance between the white-haired lady and the bust indicated family relationship, perhaps mother and son. That lady was the Countess of Mornington, and the letter, containing a filial announcement of the young writer's recent victories in the East, was signed in a clear, distinct hand, unlike some gross illegible autographs, "Your most affectionate and dutiful son, Arthur Wellesley."

Duty, in all its relative obligations of life, was Wellington's earliest characteristic and his last. It began, where it *should* begin, with the loving obedience of the boy to his mother; it continued and endured in a dutiful loyalty to his sovereign, his country, and his God. His lot was cast in troublous times; but they were the furnace which smelted the gold from its native quartz, fusing it into the precious metal, which came out the glorious statue of a Wellington. His difficulties and dangers, obstacles abroad and antagonisms at home, campaigns and treaties, bloody fights and desperate manœuvres, like the captured cannon of the enemy, out of which his country moulded the iron Achilles in Hyde Park, only furnished materials for his fame, and occasions for the test of the inexhaustible resources of his genius.

With none of the lusts of hero-craft, he won far higher honours by the simplicity of his virtues, than his great rival Napoleon achieved by the criminal intensity of his ambition.

Wellington had his intervals of less cogent solicitude, and less active occupation, but he was a man never off duty. Duty was the phrase of most frequent occurrence in his despatches, as glory was the boast that ever glittered like a meteor, and expired, in Napoleon's.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

When death, for the first time and the last, drew the great commander from his post, the foremost men in both Houses of Parliament vied with each other in demonstrations of public reverence and appreciation of the country's loss. In the House of Peers, so long dignified by his

patriarchal presence, and so long enlightened by the wisdom of his counsels that his absence revealed a vacuum realised like a sense of bereavement, the then Premier of England, with broken words and moistened eye, pronounced a brilliant eulogium, alike worthy of the orator and of his subject. Its reception by that illustrious assembly implied the descent of no ordinary portion of Wellington's spirit on the body, which he had so long animated. In the other House of elected representatives, where the popular voice finds its more natural echo, its leader spoke of him as "not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great nation—a general who had fought fifteen pitched battles, captured 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun." What was the secret magnetism in his character which drew men of all parties on his side? It was the incorruptible integrity, which the offer of a crown could not bribe,—the stern sense of duty, which bristling battalions could not swerve, and a patriotism which grew tenderer as old age cooled its energy, but could not chill its loyalty.

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power.
His eighty winters froze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke."

"The path of duty is the way to glory," was the maxim of the life of Wellington. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," is the moral of the fate of Napoleon.

It is not unprofitable for more decided Christians to mark, in such a life, the overruling hand of Divine grace, even in the character of an individual, by whom God himself was not so directly recognised. Not that we would disparage the high moral tone of Wellington. He was a fine specimen of what nature, education, prestige of rank, and sense of functional responsibility can effect, apart from the more immediate interventions of Divine grace. The case resembles that man's in the gospels of whom the heart-searching Saviour said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God;" or another man's, whose natural amenities and virtues the Redeemer "looked upon and loved," though, after having heard him tell the heads of his honest discharge of every duty he knew, or understood, he tenderly taught him, "One thing lackest thou yet." Nevertheless, the moral comeliness of such a character is lovable and exemplary, as far as it goes. And when its integrity of purpose, and extent of usefulness and beneficence in its day and generation, as in the

case of Wellington, appeals to the grateful recognition of society, society is bound to honour them, if on no other higher motive, to multiply the repetitions of its benefactors. His loss would have been irreparable, were there no public spirits left like his.

"Our greatest yet hath least pretence,
Great in council, great in war;
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense;
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime!
O good grey head, which all men knew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true,
O fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

England did her best to honour her hero's remains with a pomp of funeral obsequies and solemn pageantry worthy of his great self and of the great nation which he had served so well. He will be remembered as one who, unlike some famous conquerors, whose heroism was tarnished by their personal vices, or sunken under the greater notoriety of their crimes, or shrivelled into insignificance by the decay of faculty and the imbecilities of age. Wellington carried, with no unsteady hand, his brimming cup of honour to the end of his march, nor spilled a precious drop, till his country poured it as a libation on his grave.

There was something significant in the selection of the place where all of Wellington that could die lay in state. It was in the hall of Chelsea College—close to, and under the same roof, as the old soldier's house of prayer. That interesting sanctuary, visited by tens of thousands, and hung with the flags taken from the enemy, the tattered trophies of old and recent battles, spoke of an historical and religious people, who, as they looked back upon the splendid records of the past, looked up to the God of battles for the future, and in earnest of their repose in him, cast their spoils of victory at his feet. The silent and stately forms of the Grenadiers, who, motionless as statues, lined the draperied walls, seemed to indicate that neither the warlike nor religious spirit of the army lay dead upon the bier of their great commander.

His august achievements were exhibited with eight field-marshal's bâtons of Great Britain, Hanover, Austria, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and Spain; and his twenty-seven orders of knighthood and decorations of honour. When we turned from the insignia to their late proprietor, and beneath the gorgeous trappings of gilded coffin and catafalque, could we have seen the little shrivelled frame of dust, sleeping its last sleep there, wholly unconscious of them all, no scene could present a more affecting comment on Jeremiah's warning: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his

riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me."

Amid all the common infirmities of human nature, all the defective convictions incident to rank, wealth, personal influence, and unparalleled success, Wellington was an example to soldiers of habitual reverence for the authority, and of dutiful reliance on the providence of God. Hence it is no marvel that Chelsea Chapel suspends, among the great duke's trophies, the flags of that (at that time) irreligious, God-dishonouring nation, whose hosts he conquered. The flaunting banner, emblazoned with the inscription, which time has effaced from its tawdry colours, as it has eradicated the fact from the French political constitution—"République Française:—la Liberté ou la Mort"—still waves its few surviving rags in memorial of the discomfiture of a people who legislated at home and made war abroad, impiously ignoring alike the laws of God and the rights of man.

This is the great moral lesson of the contrast between the final issue of the career of Wellington and of Napoleon. Both had their defects of character, but the former had a faith and a religion; the latter had neither, except one of which he was himself the shrine and centre, and his exile and death on the solitary rock of St. Helena, find their solution in the epitaph of the profane king who was smitten of worms at Cæsarea, "because he gave not God the glory." When the eye of an old Chelsea pensioner lights on these torn and decaying relics of the bloody campaigns between France and England, let them remind him that the greatest general, or the bravest soldier, can only triumph in the end by "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." There is no bolt nor bullet which can penetrate the shield of faith, no subtle improvement in the fatal weapons of warfare which can ever dispense with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." As David said of Goliath's, "There is no sword like that."

Have you piety? "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Have you backslidden, and lost it? "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works."

Have you never found, perhaps never sought, your "peace with God through Jesus Christ?" Seek it now. Delay is danger, and may be damnation. "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near." Do not wait for another morrow, for "morrow's light fools the way to dusty death."

The leading thought suggested by the memoir of Wellington is the grandeur of duty. Duty to the station in life which you are called upon to fill, and which, however humble, is ennobled by a

diligent, upright discharge of all its claims. Duty to your generation, which should not suffer damage, but, on the contrary, be benefited by your example. Duty to your own soul, which is the first and last call on every man, who is bound to live and act upon the solemn conviction—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

Above all, duty to the Lord, whose love enlists you in his service, whose bounty you have taken, and in whose holy baptism you engaged "manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to your life's end."

Have you been true to your colours; loyal to the rose and lily?—the blood and righteousness of the only Saviour, "the Captain of our salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings?"

Confidence in the commander is the secret rallying-point of military ardour and endurance. Can you, and do you, trust in *his* leadership who appeared to Joshua with a drawn sword in his hand, proclaiming, "As Captain of the Lord's host am I come?" Is it your boast, not what you could do without him, but that "with the help of my God I can leap over a wall?" You want a leader. Sheep without a shepherd are not more helpless than men without a guide. You must follow Jesus, or go astray; and a stray sheep is a lost sheep until it be found and brought back to the fold. Are you folded, or are you still astray? You know which it is, and God knows, and Satan knows. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." And why? because there is no conceivable point of duty which is not involved in fearing God and keeping his commandments.

A CLERGYMAN'S HOLIDAY.



DID you ever wonder, reader, how a chimney-sweep feels when he plunges into a cold bath, and parts gradually from "those innocent blacknesses" which poor Charles Lamb respected so unaccountably? I believe I have found it out. Let loose the town clergyman, upon whose very soul the city smoke has been gradually incrusting itself; who has begun to be sceptical about mountains, somewhat incredulous of trees and skylarks and wild-flowers, and quite to despair of any more fresh breezes or song of rivulets; who has honestly forgotten what waves are like, and what they talk of, and has not seen the stars (except as people look at eclipses, through a sheet of smoke) for twelve months or more—let him loose among the hills and the unsophisticated country folk, and you have plunged him into his moral cold bath, and the soot will gradually begin to vanish from him too.

I wonder whether all professional men feel as he does when vacation first begins. Does the lawyer go about thinking of briefs and cases, and forging imaginary appeals to an unreal judge and jury? Does the soldier unconsciously shape his utterances to such words as "Right about wheel," or "Left shoulder forward!" Does the doctor—bah! one shudders at the thought—does the doctor go on prescribing imaginary drugs to diseases that only prey upon his own mind? This I am sure of, that it takes some clergymen at least a week's repose to get rid of the sad habit of making up sermons here, there, and everywhere—to look at things frankly as they are, and not subjectively,

with an eye to metaphors and illustrations—to lie down in the grass and listen passively to that enchanting sound which gathers all sounds into itself, without some lurking suspicion that they are truants and idlers, that a sick woman or a class has the prior claim upon the half-hour—or is it an hour?—that glides so deliciously away. "Sweet is pleasure after toil," and what toil is like theirs? The lawyer and doctor climb into hard practice only by degrees, and the soldier spends peaceful years before firing one shot in wrath, but the clergyman goes fresh from college into the main pressure and excitement of his life's work. The man of business locks up his office or his shop, and is "his own man," as Walter Scott used to say, until ten o'clock in the morning. But the minister has not one minute in the day to call his own, apart from study, from thought, from visitation. So it comes to pass, dearly though he likes the work, that a jaded feeling creeps upon him by degrees; he begins to lie awake at night; to get up with a queer smart in the eyes; to be intelligent and cheerful by a deliberate effort, if indeed he be so at all. Then he knows that it is time to stop. Then woe to the congregation that keeps him in harness much longer, for he takes a heavy, but reluctant revenge in dull visits and duller sermons. They go about wondering what has come over Mr. So-and-so, and remarking how sadly Mr. Such-and-such has fallen away! But the fact is, the poor men want rest, and must have rest before they can improve again. The more they struggle without this, the worse for their people and the worse for themselves.

So hurrah for this lodge in a wilderness! Hurrah for real milk, and fresh eggs, and grass waving in the fields instead of dried and trussed and on sale for the refreshment of other donkeys than him who now lies full length on the green sward, and determines out of pure mirth and jollity to send his meditations to Mr. Editor.

Were you ever told how lovely the county Dublin is? Its one great disadvantage is the proximity of the county Wicklow, with Avoca and Glendalough, and other places famous in poetry, and exquisitely deserving of their fame. Wicklow beats Derbyshire hollow, so no wonder that it beats Dublin. And since the best things in that lovely country (whose charms every Englishman I ever knew confessed with generous frankness), lie within a day's ride of the capital, who can complain if tourists and sketchers rush off thitherward, and forget to ask what kind of scenery lies under the hills they skirt, and at the fountain-heads of the streams they cross? Besides, Wicklow scenery can be thoroughly investigated without any real climbing, most of it from a jaunting-car, but the county Dublin hides its gems in places where an ordinary lady (a *commonplace* lady) won't go with you. And Mr. Moore himself admits that Avoca* won his heart because "friends, the beloved of his bosom, were there, who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear."

Still—ah! still—my pedestrian habits and love of the hills make the county Dublin very dear to me. And I want to know, where could you match the prospect that spreads out before me now?

One vast plain stretches westward from the Bay of Dublin to that of Galway, unbroken by a decent hill, traversed by only a few respectable rivers, and diversified by all sorts of culture, from the richest park, pasture, and plantation, to the most hopeless and desolate bogs in which ever snipe or wild-duck grew so miserable as to bless the gun that shot them. The eastern end of it is beautifully treated. Noble trees, deep pastures, residences that remind Irishmen of the olden state of Dublin, are to be seen on all hands. And just into the south-eastern corner of this plain, so "fat and well watered," just as the hills begin to ruffle its smooth bosom, the Bay of Dublin softly insinuates itself, the Liffey widening to meet it; and the only hills to be seen northward are on the sea-line. Lambay Island is one of them, and lies away there, a gem of gold in the hazy evening sea, as content and happy as if it had never felt the crash of the *Tayleur's* iron ribs, when that noble vessel and her gallant crew were cast away. Inside Lambay, and much nearer, is Ireland's Eye (or Island), a hill which swells gradually from the land side, but has been so eaten down by a million

of tempests as to plunge from its highest altitude sheer into the deep seas. Sail around it, good reader, if you ever have the chance, although the guide books say nothing about the grandeur of its outer side. But steer into its noble cave, shudder as its huge cliffs threaten to crush you into powder, laugh as its hosts of sea-birds creak, and grate, and scream about your very prow, tremble and pray while you watch the inlet into which a Dublin physician descended some years ago to murder his wife as she bathed, and while you tremble, admire the justice of God: for the ebbing tide strove, as the wretch had calculated, to sweep away the corpse, but a small spine of rock caught her bathing-dress, and held it fast to show her wounds, while so calm and placid was the day, that her screams, of which he professed to be ignorant, were heard upon Howth Hill, a mile and a half away. And even now you cannot make the voyage without one or other of your boatmen professing to be the man who rowed the unhappy pair across!

And now look at Howth Hill. Long, low-lying, precipitous; if there be mists anywhere, they encompass it; if waves can be had anywhere, they are lashing it; if any lighthouse do good service, it is this noble Bailey Light, which watches the very spot where (when a snowstorm had muffled its lantern) the *Victoria and Albert* went down with crowded decks, within sight of home, within speech of land. This glorious promontory is the northern boundary of Dublin Bay, and your eye is caught by the sapphire sheet of its waveless brine, beguiled along under a line of waving woods, dark and solemn when evening falls, but rich and beautiful ever, until it catches a hideous blot upon the landscape. No mistaking the smoke which hangs over a quarter of million dwellers in crowded streets. It hides all but a few score of chimneys, pillars, spires, and cathedral churches; it visibly darkens about five o'clock, when dinners are being cooked, but there it hangs always.

A friend of mine, seeing this for the first time, murmured, in the rich low tones that are now heard only in God's Holy Land, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." But how near it is! We are upon a real mountain—Kilmashogue is the name of it—and you actually fancy that you could see a crow upon St. Patrick's Cathedral, and even shoot him. This is where we beat every British city I know of, except Edinburgh, which beats us. Nothing tells of our distance but the blessed silence and the still more blessed sounds: for I hear the swaying grass, the sighing breeze, the rivulet slipping through green places, the whistle of the blackbird, the carol of the lark; but I hear no curses, and no rush of vehicles, and forget the very existence of heated air and big town congregations—critical, apa-

* This name is now universally spelled "Ovoca," although in Moore's time it was usually written as in the text.



(Drawn by A. THOMPSON.)

"The emblems true of peace and war
Before them lay."—p. 106.

thetic, apter to praise or censure than to worship God.

Look now along the southern coast, and away to Killiney Hill. The shore is lined with villas and towns; but you see them not, for a swell in the ground interposes its rich planting and its deep meadow land, and makes all natural. And around us are the hills, swelling one after another—Tibradden, Killakee, Montpelier—one soft and verdurous, one wild and bleak, one tossing larch-plumes aloft into the fresh air, and all known and loved by me. But look! but look! down goes the sun into a bed of purple cloud; a change is over everything; the great grazing-plains of Kildare have caught your eye, and the straight lines of trees that tell where two rivers weave silver threads into the emerald sheen. How fast the scene changes; the sky from blue to purple, to orange, to indigo, to the pallor which may well succeed such rapid paroxysms and swift conflict of emotion; the moon from dim tissue paper to pearl, to silver, to pale gold, to a rich and luminous haze; the plains—I give it up! ladies may tell you, who know the meaning of magenta, mauve, and solferino, and whom we

hope to have studied and baptised Nature almost as elaborately as they consider their own bonnet-strings; but I know not the titles of those palpitating, pulsating vicissitudes of hue which tell that already mother Earth misses her lord and master, and, although he whispered, "Good night" only, asks herself—with the wise doubt man has not learned to feel—"Is it 'Good night,' or is it 'Farewell for ever?'"

The shrill breeze whistles, the grass rustles colder, a vapour-like steam rises from the meadows, and I turn to my temporary home.

Many still voices are whispering in the half-silence through my very soul of souls. One says, "The heavens declare the glory of God;" another says, "Let all the trees of the wood clap their hands;" a third adds, as the blackbird whistles his farewell, "These all wait upon the Lord, and he giveth them their meat in due season;" another murmurs, "God saw all his works that he had made, and, behold, they were very good;" another says, "Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion." And then first I make answer, and find no words but these: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" G. A. C.

THE SWORD AND THE WORD.



THE emblems true of peace and war
Before them lay, without a sound,
They stood in silence, hearing far
Faint tokens from the battle-ground.

Their faces blanched with sudden fear,
As that deep thunder rose and fell,
For those contending hosts were dear
To each for twain in knightly sell,

Who led their ranks, whose fatal thought
Was death to each, whate'er might chance,
Whose restless eyes pursued and caught
The flying point of lance with lance.

"Oh, when," one sister cried, "shall men
Stay their red hands from yonder sword?"
The other made her answer, "When
They know the peace of yonder Word."

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SCOTCH COMMUNION.



ELL, have you said good-bye?" asked Dr. Grant, addressing Archie, as his sons entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Grant looking on severely.

"No," answered he, making a desperate effort; "it's time enough on Sunday."

The doctor was rather more perplexed than before; the doctor's wife rather more severe. "I thought they were going over to Burnside with you to-morrow," she said, addressing her husband.

"Oh, ay, I forgot. I should like you to go," he said, turning to the pair, "but not if you prefer

staying at home with your mother. I am going to assist Mr. Keith."

Mrs. Grant thought they ought to go, but was surprised at the readiness with which they accepted the proposal, and, inconsistently enough, rather vexed thereby, though she wished them out of the way on that particular Sunday, when she had made up her mind to take Peggy to task, after a motherly fashion, for suffering idle young men like her sons to dangle after her.

But in this she was doomed to disappointment, for on Sunday, when she occupied her pew in solitary state, Peggy did not put in her appearance at Strathie kirk.

The pulpit there had been filled for several Sundays

past by "probationers"—young men licensed to preach, but not yet ordained to any charge; and the flock, not expecting much from such inexperienced guides, took the liberty of wandering, in the absence of their proper pastor.

Mr. Keith's praises were in the mouths of the more serious portion of the congregation, and Jean expressed a desire to hear him. As for Peggy, ever since Captain Oglivie had spoken of him in terms of admiration, she had longed to listen to his gloomy eloquence; but she had felt that it would be impossible to gratify her wish so long as there was a chance of meeting her cousin there in the company of her long-estranged and unrelenting relatives. Now, she was eager in seconding Jean's desire.

It was the half-yearly communion at Burnside. In the country kirks of Scotland this is held at different seasons, in order to allow the necessary assistance of neighbouring ministers to be obtained. It also affords an opportunity for those who desire to "communicate" more frequently, to do so.

The kirk of Burnside had originally stood solitary, in the midst of its kirkyard, by the side of a bright little "burn," or stream, that ran into the Strathie. The old village had been but a row of thatched cottages; but, with the rise of a new industry, a new Burnside had grown up, and stretched out till it lay half in the adjoining parish of Strathie, forming a kind of debatable land between the two ministers.

The print-works stood a little beyond the village, at the bottom of the strath, and drew its workers from both places, and from the scattered houses of the poor for miles on every side. Burnside was, however, their head-quarters, where, at the sound of the early bell, men, women, and children hurried out into the chill, wet darkness, or the rosy, pearly dawn, for a couple of hours' work before breakfast, to which they would return with rare appetite and relish for the smoking porridge, which awaited them on every thrifty board. Many a poor pair, to whom it was a heartbreak to send their lassie out from the door of their moorland cot in the storm and the darkness for a three miles' walk to the works, with her little can of milk and her little bag of meal for the whole day's fare, coveted one of the snug "tiled hooses" of Burnside.

The pastoral care of the souls of the dwellers in that favoured place was divided, as has been said, between the two ministers, but the bulk of the workpeople preferred the ministrations of Mr. Keith. Perhaps his gloomy doctrine appealed more strongly to the stern experiences of the lives of the poor.

The smallness of Mr. Keith's kirk saved it from extreme ugliness. It was a mere barn in shape, and utterly destitute of ornament, except what Nature had achieved by means of moss and ivy without; and within, its unpretending poverty made, perhaps, a loftier appeal to the imagination than earthly grandeur could have done.

On the present occasion, and on all such occasions,

the central area of the little church underwent a change. Several rows of benches in front of the pulpit were turned into tables, with seats on each side, and covered with clean linen, white and pure as snow. Close under the pulpit was similarly arrayed a smaller table, for the elders of the congregation and the officiating ministers. The rest of the area was set apart for "members," while the "sitters," including all the younger portion of the congregation, were banished for the day to the little wooden gallery. Early communion, as a rule, is not encouraged in the kirk of Scotland.

Jean was an old woman, but she had never "come to the table," so it was to this little gallery that she and her young mistress repaired, and it was there that Archie and Sandie Grant likewise seated themselves.

Mr. Keith chose for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon. Addressing himself to believers only, he led them, in a sort of ecstatic rhapsody, to meditate on the entrancing mysteries of divine communion.

At length the sermon (and also the forenoon) was over, yet no one stirred. There had been some little restlessness among the youngsters in the gallery, and some of the very little ones had been removed; but now all was still.

The day was grey, with broken gleams of sunshine, and the face of the minister darkened and lightened upon the breathless people. He had come down from the pulpit, and was what is called "fencing the table"—that is, defending it from the approach of those who are living in unbelief and sin.

One woman rose and hurried trembling away; and such was the power of the preacher that those in his immediate presence could not have told who was the owner of that stricken conscience.

Meanwhile the elders—grave, white-haired men for the most part—had been noiselessly collecting the "tokens"—small metal tickets distributed to the intending communicants during the previous week, as tokens of their title to be partakers of the sacraments, and which may be withheld at the discretion of the minister or elder of whom they are sought.

At the close of the address takes place what, in England, would be called the consecration, but which is only a rehearsal of the institution of the sacrament, which the officiating minister does not receive himself, but hands to the elders and assisting clergymen, one of whom will serve him in his turn. The bread and cup are then carried by the elders to the people seated at the tables, and the bread is broken and the cup is passed from hand to hand. While this proceeded the silence was intense. The youngest child in the little kirk seemed to hold its breath.

When all were served who sat at the tables, they were dismissed with a fervent exhortation to a life worthy of their profession, and with a solemn warning of the tenfold condemnation incurred by the unworthy. Mr. Keith then gave out the 103rd Psalm.

It was between four and five in the afternoon before the congregation was duly dismissed, though some had gone away at the close of each table service. Those who had remained throughout the day were faint when thus released, not so much with fasting as with the sustained emotion.

Among these, though but a spectator of the solemnity, was Peggy Oglivie. The colour had fled from her face, and she looked, as Jean said, "dazed"—that is, like one who has looked on the sun, or some intolerable brightness, till dazzled almost to blindness.

Various little groups were gathered in the churchyard to exchange greetings in a subdued manner, and Jean, who had also remained all day, was engaged in this way, when the two Grants came up to Peggy. They had, it is true, availed themselves of an interval to stretch their long limbs in the kirk-yard, but they, too, had been attentive and reverent on-lookers, and their mood was grave and earnest.

"We're off to-morrow, Peggy," said Archie; "won't you say good-bye?"

She had not quite comprehended, as she knew nothing of the arrangement which had been made for them, and had failed to hold out her hand a second time for the youth's farewell grasp.

"We winna see you again till next simmer," said Sandie, speaking Scotch, as every Scottish person is apt to do when feeling is uppermost, and he explained the plan chalked out for them.

Peggy gave a hand to each in turn. "And you're going to work hard and make up for loss of time?" she said, appealingly.

"I promise you that," said Archie, eagerly; whereupon they shook hands again.

"No rash promises, Archie," said his father, coming up behind the group, and laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and then holding it out affectionately to Peggy.

"I was only promising to stick to work," replied Archie; "and I mean to do it."

Mr. Keith, a younger man, stood beside and smiled, and the former invited the little group to come into the manse and partake of some refreshment.

Upon this the doctor gave Peggy a formal introduction to both.

"You must be exhausted," said Mr. Keith, holding her hand, "for you have not stirred since morning, and rest and refreshment are needful for the body."

The grave tenderness of the voice touched her, drew her to the man, and she would gladly have accepted the offer, but there stood Jean waiting, and at home her grandfather would be waiting too, so she declined, with a grateful look, and said truly that she was not weary; she was in that condition in which bodily want and weariness is, for the time, unfelt.

So there was another round of handshaking, in which Archie and Sandie came in for a share. They were in grave company, and did not speak again, but the three companions looked wistfully at one another,

parting with one another and with their happy youth—for somehow, standing there, the knowledge came to them that they were so parting.

"Good-bye again," Peggy murmured, her eyes filling with tears. "You won't forget your promise?" and she left the group looking after her, Mr. Keith presently asking who she was.

"A great favourite of mine," answered the doctor; "a pet and plaything, who has, all of a sudden, grown into a woman."

"And a woman of the inspiring order," said Mr. Keith. "I mean," he explained, "one who inspires a man to the love of things beyond and above herself."

"That's just her," said Archie, impulsively. "You never think about her till you're away from her."

Mr. Keith and their father smiled as they moved away. Mr. Haldane stood beside the lads, and raised his hat and bowed when Peggy looked back towards them from the churchyard gate.

"That's young Haldane," said Jean; "I can tell by the set o' his head. Just like his uncle, and I knew him well in my young days."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BAD LOOK OUT.

MRS. GRANT had been, as it were, cheated out of the opportunity of lecturing Peggy by the absence of the latter, and the cause of the absence had greatly aggravated her offence. Her meeting with "the boys" at Burnside was set down by the worthy matron to design, and in her heart she suspected her sons of complicity in the plot. Anything like the wilful blindness of the doctor she had never seen, and could not account for. At the merest hint on the subject he had shown an amount of irritation quite unusual in him, and also a determination to have no more of it.

"You will do them a great injury if you allow them to see that you suspect them in that way," said he. "There's nothing taints the mind like an unjust suspicion. It's rank moral poison."

It was rather hard on Mrs. Grant that her motherly anxiety, as she considered it, which had been extended even to Peggy, should be stigmatised as moral poison. The expression was new and irritating, and she felt very much injured, consequently, by it.

"If that girl," she thought, "is to become the source of such folly and injustice, the less I see of her the better."

The more Mrs. Grant thought over the matter, the more satisfied she was that it would be well to put a stop to the intimacy. So the invitations for Saturday afternoons were not renewed, and the Sunday following the minister's wife contented herself with a hurried bow to Peggy as she hastened out of the rain which opportunely covered her retreat.

The weather and the course of events were about to second Mrs. Grant's resolution, and to screen the estrangement from observation. Every one was occupied with the serious aspect of things. Down upon the grain, not yet fully ripe, came—not a storm of

big blustering drops with sunshine at the heart of them, but, day after day, a chill, continuous rain.

Peggy stood within the doorway, and looked out wistfully into the rainy wood, and there came up a moan from it that made her shiver. Tammas sat in the chimney-corner groaning with rheumatism, and lamenting over the solitary field of oats, which was to have furnished the household bread, and which, if this went on, would be "clean spoilt."

"Ay, it's a bad look out," murmured Jean, from the other corner, knitting furiously; "we've had nothing like this sin' the dear years."

And Peggy, who had heard Jean's stories over and over again, stole away and left the old couple to their colloquies, to sit silent by the hour beside her silent grandfather.

The "dear years," as the opening years of the century were called, formed an era which was frequently dated from in the district.

"I mind," Jean went on, "the first year o' the century there was reapin' in the snow, and the stuff was neil fit for the beasts. Before the next year's spring the four-pound loaf was half-a-croon, and the meal just five times what it is this day."

"There was nae enough o't at ony price," echoed her companion. "What fechts there used to be in the meal market for what there was! the men fechtin' their way to the stands wi' the meal pock (bag) on their shoulters, and women, that had nae men to fend for them, wringin' their hands on the ootside o' the mob."

"If it had na been for auld Haldane and his print-work, many's the one here about wad ha' deed wi' hunger."

"I mind when he was but a pack merchant," murmured Tammas, "trampin' the country wi' bits o' ribbons and laces and such like, and gatherin' the yarn to get it spun for the auld wives, and the lasses makin' up their providin'."

"Mony are the ups and the doons o' life," moralised Jean. "He's a rich man the day; and here's Delaube has na a penny"

"I hear Haldane's sair failed noo," said Tammas.

"It behooves him to be," replied Jean; "he's auld than either you or me. That nephew o' his 'ill come into the works. I warrant he's richt like him," she added.

"An he was the han'somest man in these parts, exceptin' Delaube himself," the old man went on. "The last time I saw them close to each ither was on the ootskirts o' one o' the meal mobs. I was carryin' Delaube's luggage up frae the shore, and we were turnin' back for the mob, but stood still awhile to look on, and there was Haldane lookin' on too. The crowd was awful—tearin' and trampin' like deevils; and a white-faced bit thing, wi' a widow's mutch (cap) on her head, flung herself in among them, and was doon among their feet in a minute. Haldane, he after her, and catches her up, like a kitten, round the middle, sets her up on the pavement, and takes her meal pock oot o' her hands. He had a fecht to get to the stand, though he was

bigger than the biggest there; and his black coat—he was wearin' his blacks by that time—was as white's a miller's; but they made way for him as he cam' back wi' the widow's meal. My master would hae shaken hands wi' him, but he turned on his heel, and ye wad hae thought sparks flew oot o' his een."

"Delaube had mair sins than his ain laid to his charge," said Jean, "and a' because he would stick to that wild, wicked Sir Alexander. It's changed days since then," she went on, after a pause. "It mattered little at Delaube what the price o' meal was, with a fu' girmel (meal chest or barrel) and a fu' purse; but now there's neither meal nor siller."

"Will Delaube," asked the old man, who always called his master by this name, "no be able to raise siller yet?"

"It's lang since I saw the sight o' siller in his hands, poor man!" sighed the faithful servant.

Here Tammas was heard by his spouse to mutter something of wages due.

Jean took up the word wages, and began her parable by saying, in tones of indignation, "Wages indeed! Them that gies ye your meat, my man, dinna hauld your wages frae ye." And she proceeded to point out that everything was left in their hands, and that it was entirely owing to his, Thomas's, bad management that there was not enough and to spare.

Tammas, upon this, held his peace. He knew that hard work was not in his line. He had often been reproached by his wife, and with undeniable justice, with eating the bread of idleness at their master's table; and he knew he was not good for much now. His wife had all along supplemented his shortcomings, and must do so to the end. Poor old man! he did his best now, at any rate.

"Is the corn clean spoilt?" was her next question.

"No so sair spoilt but that a good wind and a week or twa's sun would save enough for us to live on."

"But, if there's no enough to sell, how am I to hold the house in everything?" she asked, impatiently.

"There's the wood," grumbled the old man.

"It maun come to that, I suppose, if the worst comes to the worst," she answered. "But the auld trees on the hill are no sound enough for timmer; and if they were thinned, I've seen a storm that would sweep Delaube as bare as the back o' my hand. I would ill like to see the wood cut down myself, but it would gang between that lassie and her wits, I think."

No wind came to raise the badly "laid" corn. There were days when the sunshine returned and the rain ceased, and the heavy ears tried to lift up their heads and shake off the wet in the rising breeze, but the brightness never lasted long enough. Down came the rain again, lashing the streaming fields, and beating down the corn more fiercely and persistently than ever.

At kirk and market there was gathering gloom. In the kirk prayers were "put up for propitious

weather," and during the prayers the wild rains, dashing on roof and windows, would drown the voice of the minister, as if in mockery.

Peggy went little abroad in these days. Something of the heaviness of the season had fallen on her heart. She felt keenly Mrs. Grant's coldness and estrangement, and longed to clear it away. She longed to go and sit at that rigid, but yet righteous, woman's feet and tell her all her story. Her story! Sometimes she could hardly realise that it was hers. Not having the remotest suspicion of the true state of Mrs. Grant's mind in relation to her, she somehow connected that lady's conduct with Captain Oglivie. It was of him she longed to speak. But hers was one of those natures on which want of sympathy acts like want of sunlight on some sensitive flowers. In the dark, or the half-light of a dreary day, the flowers keep their portals shut. You may tear the delicate blossom open and destroy it, but you cannot by any means in your power make it expand and show its innermost heart, as it does at a touch of the genial light it was made to love.

So, instead of opening her heart to Mrs. Grant, Peggy shrank more and more into herself, and pondered on those past days, and felt her spirit grow dark,

and chill, and sad. Questioning inevitably arose in her mind, at first touching only herself. Had she been right in yielding those frequent meetings? Had she not been hasty in accepting and returning the love of a stranger, though that stranger was a kinsman? Had she been deceiving herself? The thought crimsoned face and neck, as she bent over her work, with a secret shame. She was ashamed even of the thought; but it would return again and again, and with greater strength and clearness. That parting scene in the pine wood—so solemn, so sacred. Those words, which to her were binding vows—were they other to him? How the scene seemed to change under the doubt—its sweet and holy light turn to ghastliness.

But what had happened to make this change? Nothing. He had not promised to write, and she could not write to him. But, if he loved her, would he be content with silence? Had she not been content for a little time? But she was content no longer. It would be the same with him. She had only to wait, and then she would beg him to write to her grandfather, and all doubt would be at an end.

But the days and the doubt grew darker than ever.

(To be continued.)

OLD SAWS IN NEW SETTINGS, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

PART II.



THE following morning, after prayer, Dr. Lawson, instead of dismissing the various respective classes to their masters as usual, desired all to remain seated.

"I have," he said, "this morning received a letter from the trustees of the scholarship so generously founded by Mr. Beauchamp, informing me that Mr. Sutton, of St. Olave's, Oxford, who is to be the examiner, has fixed upon this day three weeks as the date on which examination shall take place. As you are aware, that will be four days before the holidays. Those, therefore, who purpose going in for it had best come up to my desk now, and put their names down."

Some little interest was, naturally enough, felt throughout the school as to those who would offer themselves as candidates for the new and valuable prize, though, as I before stated, it was commonly understood that it would be confined to the seniors. The Doctor's suggestion was at once adopted, and five out of the eight monitors, and three of the sixth form, walked up to his desk and wrote their names down. It was supposed that these would be all. What was the astonishment of the whole school to see Charlie quietly rise from his seat and follow their example.

Dr. Lawson himself was thunderstruck. At first he fancied that Charlie was up to one of his old tricks, and doing this merely out of bravado; but when he looked into the boy's eyes, so full of earnest

resolve, and saw the expression of determination on his face, remembering the while his altered manner the previous evening, he felt that some incomprehensible change had come over him that would find a solution by-and-by.

As Charlie returned to his seat not a few facetious remarks were addressed to him, for all thought that Cheeky Pretor was only up to one of his larks, and that as to really going in for the examination, no serious idea of doing so had ever entered his brain. But, instead of laughing and winking his eye in acknowledgment of the chaff that met him, he turned fiercely on one of the aggressors, and whispered angrily to him—

"If you have anything to say, say it after school, and then I will show you how I treat those who interfere in my affairs."

The other candidates looked upon him as quite out of the race for the Lawson Scholarship; in fact, Cunningham and Leycester, between whom the real contest was supposed to be, never gave his pretensions a moment's thought. There was only one person who really knew what Charlie was capable of, and that was the master of his form, Mr. Seymour, who loved the boy from his heart, and had readily responded to his appeal to coach him up in play-time in certain subjects in which he was deficient. Owen Meredith says somewhere,

"Talk not of genius baffled, genius is master of man;
Genius does what it must, talent does what it can."

And each day Mr. Seymour learned to appreciate the truth of the passage. Charlie seemed to pick up things by inspiration; he even astonished himself by the way in which teaching, that he had heard during past years and paid little heed to, now came back to him, as fresh and vivid as when it fell from the master's lips. Euclid was his weak point; do what he might, the various propositions would jumble themselves together in his head, producing the most hopeless confusion. In this respect Cunningham was greatly to be dreaded as an opponent, for he was famous throughout the school as a mathematician, and had hitherto distanced all his fellows.

"Never mind, Pretor," said Mr. Seymour, when they had entered on the last week preceding the examination; "what you lose in mathematics you will make up in classics, that I am quite sure of. Cunningham will have hard work to beat you there."

Through the whole three weeks that intervened between the Doctor's announcement and the day of the examination, Charlie worked with a pluck and perseverance that astonished everybody, and no one more so than Dr. Lawson. As for Mrs. Lawson, she was in ecstasies, and fully availed herself of the opportunity to crow over her husband.

"I told you so, my dear. I knew he would change some day, and be a better boy, and do great things. I shall not be at all surprised if he gets the scholarship."

"That is simply impossible," answered the Doctor, shaking his head; "in addition to the want of necessary preparation, he has not had anything like the opportunities of Cunningham, or, in fact, of any of the other competitors. However, it will do him no harm, undergoing an examination, and I am only too agreeably surprised to find that he can work so steadily."

It was the evening before the examination; and Mr. Sutton had arrived, and was dining with the Doctor. Charlie was in his room, once more sitting by the open window, this time with a book in his hand, which he was evidently studying closely. Presently he shut it with a sigh of relief, and, jumping up, said to himself—

"Thank goodness, that puts the finishing touch! I'm loaded up to the muzzle, and couldn't stand another grain of cramming without bursting. I'll go and have a game at rackets, it will wake me up; and I want something to stir my stumps, for they are stiff enough after this three weeks' coaching."

An hour later, and Charlie was lying on his bed with a broken arm, waiting to have it set. In playing rackets, he had slipped and fallen on the hard flags, his arm snapping underneath him like a twig. The mere bodily pain he had borne like a hero; and, though his face was deadly pale, and he felt very weak, he was in full possession of his senses. But he was in an agony of mind. After all his exertions, his three weeks' work, his right arm would be useless, and he must give up all notion of going in for the Lawson Scholarship. The thought of this drove

him almost mad; and when the medical man did arrive he found his patient in a very feverish and excited state, and with every predisposition to be delirious. However, the disagreeable operation of setting the injured limb was satisfactorily accomplished, and Charlie was left in charge of Mrs. Lawson, who had come to him the moment she heard of his accident, with strict injunctions that he was to be kept very quiet. As soon as his room had been got into a little order, the kind-hearted, motherly woman took a chair, and sat down by his bedside. The lad's hand was lying outside on the counterpane; she took it between her own, and smoothed it so tenderly, and with such gentle soothing, that a gratified smile stole over his face, and his eyes opened on her with an expression of gratitude. Ay, Charlotte Lawson, schoolmaster's wife though you were, there are many big strong men now who bless your kindly face and goodness, and remember with affection how thoughtful you were for them when they were schoolboys at Rosleigh.

Charlie lay quite quiet and still for some time; but at last he said, in quite a firm voice, "Do you think, ma'am, I might see Mr. Seymour?"

"I think, my dear boy, you had better not," answered Mrs. Lawson, somewhat surprised at his request. "At least, wait till to-morrow morning."

"Oh, please, do let me," persisted Charlie; "it really won't do me any harm, and I do want to, particularly."

"Well," thought Mrs. Lawson, "there can be no great danger, after all." So Mr. Seymour was sent for, and came at once. To tell the truth, he was greatly upset by Charlie's accident, and dreadfully disappointed that he was thus placed *hors de combat*, as far as that examination was concerned.

"Pretor, I'm very sorry for this," he said, as he went up to the bedside. "It really is most unfortunate that you will have to give up going in for the scholarship."

"Give it up, sir!" was the answer. "I don't mean to give it up. Why I asked to see you was, that I wanted you to suggest some way or another that I may not have to give it up."

"But you know, Charlie," interrupted Mrs. Lawson, asut to point out the serious consequences that might follow from his undergoing any excitement in his present condition; but Charlie turned appealingly to her.

"Oh, ma'am, please don't say so. I have set my heart on having a try for it, and it will make me far worse to be disappointed."

I cannot give the whole of the conversation that passed; it resulted, however, in both Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Seymour going down and having an interview with the Doctor and Mr. Sutton. The latter at once suggested that Charlie should have the examination-papers to do in his own room, and that Mrs. Lawson should write the answers from his dictation. Here was the whole difficulty got rid of at once; the only obstacle that remained was the consideration as to whether it might not injure the lad's

health, and delay his recovery. Then up spoke Mr. Seymour, who said that he knew Charlie would suffer a great deal more by a refusal, than if permission were granted him; and so it was agreed that nothing should be said to the medical man about it. The course suggested to be taken with reference to Charlie's examination was duly conveyed to the other competitors for the scholarship, and they readily acquiesced therein, having full confidence in Mrs. Lawson's fairness, and an equal belief in the utter hopelessness of his chance.

The last day of the term had arrived, the prizes were to be distributed, and the successful candidate for the Lawson Scholarship would be announced. On this occasion, the parents and friends of those boys who lived within a convenient distance always assembled in great force, consequently the proceedings were of a highly interesting and impressive character. Mr. Sutton had been up nearly half the night, reading the papers of the competitors for the scholarship, and had been occupied all the morning in his room, doing the same; so that whoever the successful one was, his name was known to the examiner alone.

At twelve o'clock the bell was rung, for guests and boys alike to assemble in the big schoolroom, where Dr. Lawson would present the prizes, and the result of the scholarship examination be made known. Soon the place was quite full, with papas and mammas and pretty sisters, who, after a good deal of pushing and squeezing and pinching, managed to make themselves comfortable, and to settle down into something like order. The Doctor sat patiently at his desk, waiting for Mr. Sutton, who had just sent a message to say he was coming in a moment. Before him were ranged a goodly array of books, elaborate in bindings and gilt edges, which were presently to be distributed.

Among the visitors present was Mr. Pretor, who had come down to see Dr. Lawson on the subject of removing Charlie from Rosleigh. He was sitting on one of the forms, with his son beside him. He seemed careworn and sad, though he listened attentively to all that was told him. One thing he was quite ignorant of, and that was Charlie's having been a candidate for the scholarship. When the father looked round and saw so many young and happy faces, it grieved him to think that his boy must say good-bye to school so soon, and go out into the world to work for his living. As for the young gentleman himself, he spoke quite quietly, without betraying in the least how anxiously and nervously he was awaiting Mr. Sutton's arrival.

He came at last; there was a bustle in the neighbourhood of the door, and Mr. Sutton hurried in, duly attired in cap and gown, and carrying the fatal list in his hand. He walked up to the Doctor's desk, said a few hurried words to him, and then, with a short preliminary clearing of the throat, addressed the school as follows:—

"Gentlemen of Rosleigh: It was with a feeling of profound satisfaction that I received, and accepted, the invitation of the trustees of the Lawsen Scholar-

ship, to conduct the first examination of candidates for the honour of holding a prize which alone, for the sake of him whose name it bears, may well be coveted by you all. I have no desire to prolong the suspense of those who have, on this first occasion, competed for it; I may, however, say that each and all of them have done credit and honour to Rosleigh. In framing the various papers, the object I had in view was to discover the candidate most generally proficient in all the subjects. From what your headmaster has said to me in the course of conversation, I fancy the result will take most of you by surprise; but I am bound to add that he whose name I am about to mention is a considerable number of marks in advance of his opponents. Nothing remains for me to do but to declare that Charles Pretor has gained the Lawson Scholarship."

For a moment, masters and boys sat perfectly dumb with astonishment at this unexpected announcement. Then arose a burst of loud and enthusiastic cheering, that threatened to take the roof off the old schoolhouse, and made itself heard down in Rosleigh village. During Mr. Sutton's address, Charlie had taken hold of his father's hand; and then, when he heard his name read out, and knew he was successful, he whispered to him—

"Better late than never, father; I turned industrious at last, you see."

"God bless you, my boy!" answered Mr. Pretor, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice strangely shaky, pressing warmly the hand that rested in his.

"Pretor, come up to my desk," called out the Doctor; and Charlie rose and obeyed, stopping on his way, however, to bend down to Mrs. Lawson and kiss her outstretched hand; and then he went on and stood in front of the Doctor's desk, in the presence of the whole school.

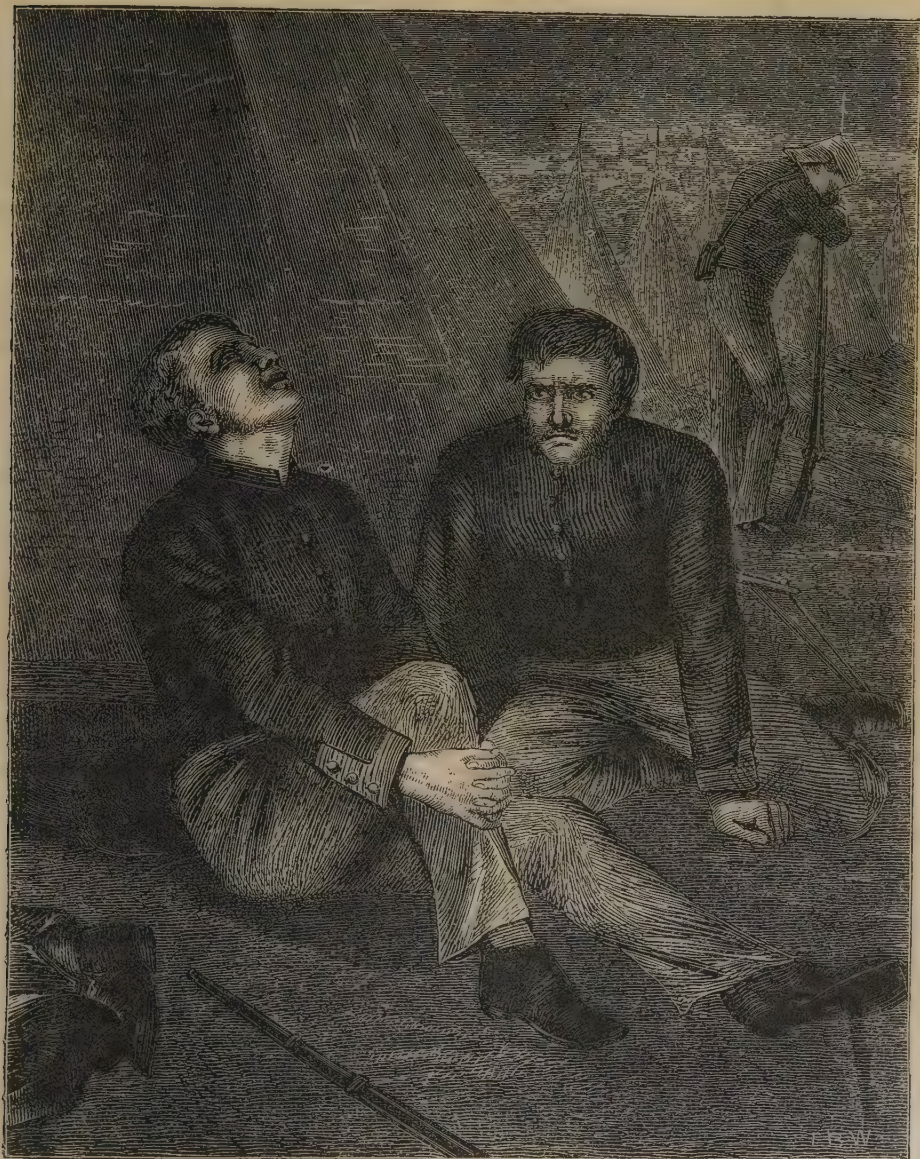
"My boys," said Dr. Lawson, "I can't allow this opportunity to pass without publicly congratulating Pretor on his success, which was as little expected by me as yourselves." Here he shook hands warmly with Charlie. "I am glad to find that when he has made up his mind to success, he is as much at home in the examination-room as upon the cricket-field. My best wishes go with you, Pretor."

The allusion to Charlie's performance in the Past and Present match was the signal for another burst of applause, during which he walked back to his seat, and then Dr. Lawson proceeded to distribute the various prizes, and by-and-by the ceremony came to an end. Cunningham and Lyecester, though unsuccessful, were not ill-natured rivals; and when the formalities were over, they were the first to congratulate their hitherto despised opponent. And on this agreeable tableau the curtain falls.

In after years, Charles Pretor learned to bless that contest for the Lawson Scholarship, for it taught him that, however discouraging and unfavourable appearances, the race is not always with the swift, nor the battle with the strong, but that the true secret of success is to have the will to succeed, and the way will presently unfold itself.

THE WIVER

Saturday, November 9, 1867.



"So you are fighting shy now, Tom?"—p 115.

"FIGHTING CHESTER."—A TRUE STORY.

BY I. D. FENTON.

"I HAVE no son, sir," said the old man, his features growing stern and pale. "You plead a dead cause. My son is dead—nay, would to God he had been only dead," and with a deep sob, the father covered his face.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Chester, pray believe me that nothing but the earnest hope of sparing you further pain would have induced me to intrude upon you now; Mark Chester will have to go to India, unless——"

"Nay, sir, in pity spare me—I have three daughters to provide for; he, whom you plead for, has already impoverished me. I have not the means, even had I thought it right, to buy him off. But," after a pause, "if you are going too, and if you see signs of repentance and amendment, then, dear sir, I beg of you, remind him that he has a father, who never ceaseth day and night to lift up the voice of supplication and prayer, that he may be turned from his sins, and taught to know the only true life of peace and happiness."

"I shall not fail to do your trust, sir."

When his son's messenger was gone, the old man bent his head; the tears rolled down his withered cheeks, for what grief is so bitter as that for a child, whose steps have wandered from the truth? As Mr. Chester wept, his mind pictured the days long past—the bright-haired frank-faced boy—the boy he had been so proud of—whose daring nothing could daunt, and of whose strong, firm will he was wont to prophesy great things. In fancy, he saw him growing up, still the same bright, loving, and brave boy; still the pride of a fond mother's heart, and the idol of the household. Then came the first sin, and the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, rapidly increasing until it covered and veiled the very promise of sunshine and Heaven's grace, until the child, the delight and pride of his heart, became an outcast and reproach. Twice, thrice, was he forgiven, and received back; each time when health had come again, had he returned to his old life, and repaid his father with curses: and it was for this son a comrade had come to make a last appeal. The regiment was under orders for India, and Mark, having found out that a soldier's life was not all idleness and pleasure, but that drunkenness and debauchery were strictly punished, was tired of his self-chosen lot. Weakened by past excess—depressed, discontented, and half-desperate—Mark shrank from the chances of war; and when the report of the Indian Mutiny was proved authentic, and his regiment received orders to prepare for embarkation, Mark would have given his right hand to escape. In his extremity, he dispatched a comrade with an appeal to his father. When this failed, there was still desertion, but for that he would wait until he reached India, where, in the hurry and press of war, he fancied he would have a better chance of getting clear off, and, besides, have a new life and country open to him.

The voyage was, like most voyages, tedious enough. There was nothing to do but eat, drink, gamble, and sleep. Drink was plentiful, and Mark generally won at cards. So, if indulgence in a man's propensities brings happiness, he ought to have been content; but good old Dr. Watts has told us that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and so it proved. Mark was under arrest several times, and, so continually in disgrace that he obtained the sobriquet of "Black Mark."

The first news that greeted the regiment on landing was the horrible massacre at Cawnpore. Mark saw the faces of his comrades light up, and a strange burning rush went dancing through his own veins, making him lift his head higher, and, for awhile, forget his weakness. But the excitement soon faded; the heat, the constant use of stimulants, the extra fatigue, and forced marches, brought back all his evil propensities, and when the regiment was encamped at Kussowlie, he put his long-brooded-over plan into execution, and deserted. But every white face was marked. So it came about that, having got as far as Umballa, he was apprehended, and taken into custody by a party sent out to bring in some volunteers.

The sergeant to whose lot it fell to arrest Chester, being a kind-hearted man, trusted to the appearance of penitence displayed by the prisoner, and dispensed with handcuffs, and permitted him to march more leisurely than was strictly consistent with his duty. Mark repaid this kindness as might have been expected. When within forty-eight hours' march of head-quarters, he made off again.

Luck was, however, against him; he was again taken, and brought to a court-martial. His sentence was flogging, and a hope was expressed by the colonel that this unavoidably severe sentence would bring the culprit to reason, and show him how deeply reprehensible his conduct had been. Mark laughed in the speaker's face, and bore his punishment without a groan.

From that day the small remaining spark of self-respect and good feeling that had remained was wiped out, and when—his stripes being healed—he was once more on duty, his conduct was so flagrantly bad that, had men not been so scarce, he would have been drummed out of his regiment. Things were at as bad a pass as they well could be. Mark was drunk whenever he could get enough to make him so, and utterly regardless of all appertaining to a good, or even ordinary soldier.

The relief of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow, by General Havelock, has been justly placed among the greatest achievements of any time. Never was there, to all appearance, a more forlorn hope, and never will history tell of a more complete success. A portion of the regiment to which Mark Chester was attached formed a part of the relief. The last forced march was over; men and officers, worn out and foot-sore, were lying about in every position, snatching a few hours' rest or sleep before the day of battle

—a day which must be the dawn of the long morning of eternity to many a gallant soldier. High overhead spread a dark blue sky, sprinkled by a few strange stars. The thick air lay like a shroud, and upon it boomed incessantly the distant thunder of big guns. Mark had not fallen asleep; he had been reprimanded more than once the day past, and sat doggedly brooding over his lot, laying plans for escape or revenge. A man who was lying near, and had been watching him, suddenly sat up, and creeping along until he was close at his side, whispered—

"When you sent me to your father, Chester, he gave me a message for you. I was only to give it under certain conditions. Now, although I don't see that, according to the old gentleman's thinking, the time has come yet, I have a queer dread of to-morrow, and fancy, somehow, I won't come out of it with breath enough left to talk to you. So here goes. Your father said, 'Tell him'—that's you, you know, Mark—'tell him that he has a father who never ceaseth, day or night, to lift up the voice of prayer and supplication that he'—meaning you, Mark, again—'might be turned from his sins, and taught to know the only true life and happiness.' These were his words, Mark, and for the life of me I cannot get them out of my head to-night."

Mark Chester's face crimsoned, then became ghastly pale, but seeing his comrade watching him eagerly, he broke into a harsh defiant laugh, saying—

"So you are fighting shy now, Tom?"

Tom's face grew angry. "No I'm not—no one can say that; but I won't be alive this time to-morrow. I feel as sure of that as I am of lying here, and it would be a pity for you not to know that there was a chance for you; and, if I was you, I'd write a line, asking the old gentleman's pardon, and stick it in my jacket, in case of being knocked over. Good night, Mark; it'll precious soon be bugle call," and Tom crept back to where his musket lay.

Next day, while he and Mark were fighting side by side, a round shot struck him full in the chest. Mark heard the crash, and turning, saw his comrade's place vacant. The burning stream that was dashing through his veins became like fiery lava. His hand grasped his sword with new strength. His father's words seemed ringing in the air, high and clear, over the horrible din of fight, the crash of guns, the agonising shrieks of the wounded, and the curses of many a poor lost soul. On went the gallant force through blood and fire. Wherever the fight was thickest, or danger most imminent, there did Mark's voice and courage cheer and nerve his comrades. And when the battle was over, and Havelock's heroic band was inside the walls of Lucknow, men talked

to each other with glistening eyes of Mark's deeds, and called him "Fighting Chester," a name which stuck to him during the whole of the long terrible days and weeks that followed.

The events of the defence of Lucknow are well known. Where all were brave, it would be unfair to single out one. Mark's name is enough to show that he was foremost in every duty requiring endurance, courage, or trust, and so won, not only the admiration of his commanding officers and comrades, but regained his own almost dead self-respect.

By the time the mutiny was quelled, Fighting Chester had three good-conduct stripes, and had been promoted to sergeant.

* * * * *

"Who's that smart, good-looking fellow with the stripes?" asked General —, as he stood by the colonel after reviewing the remnant of his old regiment.

"Oh, that's Fighting Chester—Mark Chester."

"You don't mean the man we used to call Black Mark, who was flogged at Umballa?"

"Indeed I do. Rather a change, is it not?"

"Oh, then, of course, that accounts for the change. Bears out my theory about flogging."

"Not at all, general; flogging made him a greater reprobate than ever. If it hadn't been that we could not spare a man who could hold a rifle, he'd have been broke fifty times. Cranmer here will tell you that he dreaded the sight of the fellow, and fully expected some horrible ending. It was fighting, not flogging, brought him to his senses. He came out strong at Lucknow; the fellows called him Fighting Chester the first day, and when he found they were praising him, he was not to be stopped by anything; he volunteered for every post of difficulty."

It was all true; Chester was a changed man. But nature was not to be cheated. The extraordinary fatigue, coming upon a broken constitution, laid him up with fever, and just eighteen months after the end of the mutiny, Mark Chester was landed at Portsmouth with a batch of lean-faced, shaky invalids, and sent up to Netley, from whence, in due time, he was discharged with a good-service pension.

It was a sunny afternoon late in June. The haymakers were busy in the fields, and everywhere the sweet English landscape was bright with such scenes as are met with in no other country, and bear all the charm and warmth of home to the wanderer's heart. Mark saw it all, and many a time during the short walk from the railway station to his father's rectory did he pause to drink in with greedy ears and thrilling heart the song of the birds and blithe whistle of the workmen.

His last pause was at the garden gate. This

time, however, he heard neither voices nor songs; his eyes were fixed upon an old man, who was sitting upon a bench under a branching lime-tree. A fine old mastiff, with his head resting upon his master's knees, sat gazing gravely in his face. The dog looked round, and came bounding down

the walk. A minute more, and Mark was in his father's arms, and the old man, with trembling lips and happy tears, was thanking the Lord, crying—

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

BACKWARDS—FORWARDS.

BY THE REV. R. S. BROOKE, D.D.



MY brow is sad, my heart beats low,
I sit within my darkened room;
Two spirits are beside me now,
Invoked, to share or chase my gloom.

The one regards the chequered past
With fitful gaze, now sad, now bright;
The other's eyes on heaven are cast,
And scarce a shadow dims their light.

Memory and Hope! I greet you now;
Fair sisters with your mystic glass,
On which, as from some lake's smooth brow,
Reflected figures come and pass.

Give me *thy* glass, O Mem'ry, first—
My spirit strains upon the sight—
My youth's free step is here; the trust
In all I met—the eye of light;

The friends I loved, the paths I trod,
The wild dark hills I wandered o'er;
The fresh waves of the heart's young blood,
Which bore me in to Life's green shore.

And many a face I loved too well,
And many a voice 'twas sweet to hear,
Come back to life, at thy bright spell;
I know and *feel* that they are here.

O Memory! let me gaze more deep;
For midst these shining lights of morn
Are things that make these eyes to weep,
And cloud my heart with grief and scorn.

O thoughtless hours! O days of folly!
Occasions slighted—strength misused—
When passion ploughed, and melancholy
Reaped the wild grain of gifts abused.

O loving hearts, once warmly beating!
Where are you now? cold—cold and gone:
O sweet young voices, hushed and fleeting,
You've died away, and I am lone.

Withdraw thy glass, O Memory!
Thy pain is greater than thy pleasure,
For sin and suffering ever lie
Like dross amidst youth's golden treasure.

And give me *thine*, O Hope, so fair,
If that therein I may descry
Some counter good, that might repair
The wrongs and ills of days gone by.

Oh! comfort to my heart is given!
How bright thy visions, how entrancing!
For see, beyond the opening heaven,
The golden halls of God are glancing.

Yet still Life's path must first be trod,
Midst tears and thorns, midst cloud and care.
The deathbed grief, the churchyard sod—
These things *will* be, and we must bear.

Yet through each clouded scene below,
Bright Hope can send a piercing ray;
And Christ's sweet love round weal or woe
Will pour its calm and solemn day.

And thus I feel, that now and ever,
While gazing thy clear glass within,
My soul will use its strong endeavour
To overcome both grief and sin.

And whatsoever my future story,
If I but trust, and strive, and pray,
The purchased and the promised glory
Will be my soul's eternal day.

A WORD UPON HAVING A REFRESHER.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



WHAT'S a Refresher? Ask a barrister. If he doesn't know, then he is evidently not the man to manage the difficult suit in which your friend Fight-it-out is now engaged. It's very certain that at all events he isn't a Q.C., if he is ignorant concerning the question of a Refresher! What's it like?—well, it's a certain cash reminder of coming duties—and it's on the whole dearer than

an English sherry-cobbler or an American gum-tickler, both of which are considered by the afore-said nations to be refreshing in the extreme. After all, however, this is no direct answer to the question—What's a Refresher? and it must be patent to the reader that the answer to be given depends greatly on the person asked. Probably a street-arab would define it as sitting on the streaming pipe of a London water-cart in full play

in the heat of summer; and, probably, the fashionable exquisite would consider it a cigarette after a Turkish bath, or an ice at Verey's after a stroll on the sunny-side of Regent Street. Tastes of course differ, and a rustic clodhopper would, doubtless, have a heavier sort of eating estimate about refreshment; any how, it must be seen that the question at the commencement of this paper isn't to be answered in an off-hand way.

There is refreshment of the mind as well as of the body; and a holiday is one of the nicest things in the world when it combines both. A restful day or two now and then is better than a long dose of recreation; its very brevity gives a briskness to the relish of the holiday. Here at this pier-head, where I am with difficulty writing this paper, while the breeze is playing games with the sheets, and giving two or three sharp snatches at them in a playful way, plenty of people are getting a Refresher. Some few, however, seem to be holiday finishing, and look as though work would be wonderfully welcome again! There sits a sensible sort of fellow in an alcove, and if I'm not mistaken, he's reading *THE QUIVER*. Perhaps, he's reading *me*! I feel a sort of interest in him forthwith, and cannot help reflecting that moral nearness is greater than material nearness. There's a queer little sharp-featured man close to my seat, who is not one half so near to me as the possible reader of my thoughts. Vanity of vanities, I'm watching him very closely to see if he's nodding his head approvingly. Sensible man, very! I think he does! Ah! what strange stuff we're made of—little titillations of pleasure come to us in these ways which we are half-ashamed to own. But, perhaps, he's reading another man, and then the titillation's gone; any how, let us hope he's getting a Refresher out of a many-arrowed *QUIVER*. Here are numbers reading books; fancy what a combination of refreshing powers: the sea-spray and the fresh air invigorating the body, and thought stimulating and quickening the mind; that's having a Refresher in a double sense indeed! How listless, at the best, must be the lives of those who can retire from duty, and have no taste for reading! I have heard people laugh at the story of the little girl and the alphabet, when she said it wasn't worth going through so much to learn so little!—but what a sorry time the said little girl would have of it in seasons of retirement, or in the after days, if she couldn't refresh her oft-jaded heart with the pages of a book!

To take thoughts concerning refreshment somewhat in order, we must first have *time* for it; and it isn't in any sense lost time. You will soon make up for it in *quantity*—you can do more after a holiday; and you will improve it in *quality*—you will do the work better! A day or two of perfect rest will give amazing zest to life, and

send you on again as with a bloodless spur, which, instead of jading you, will speed you to the winning-post of duty with alacrity and zeal.

Work in itself is a grand thing. Here is God working on every hand around us. The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Yes! the work of *his hand*—not a kind of law-work, which goes on and on in machine-like order, but that work of his hand, guided by Divine thoughtfulness and love. Work is good for us all; and real hard work too. More men die of laziness than of labour, and there is no being on earth so contemptible as an idler. The hard-worker, either by sweat of brain or brow, will be the one heartily to enjoy a day's refreshment. It is amazing, however, how the constitutional ideas of men differ as to what a Refresher is: one rushes off to some exhibition, or some competition, raises all his energies to high-pressure point, and returns home, perhaps, a wiser, but scarcely, in physical respects, a better man; while another loves to get face to face with Nature again, delights to feel the soft kiss of her fresh breeze, and to hear the melodious voice of her chorister-waves.

I am sure that there is a wondrous nerve-restoring power in the very sounds of Nature—the silvery laugh of the retiring wave, the ripple of a purling brook, running like a silver thread through the village meadows—these have a soothing monotone; and the drowsy hum of the bee, and the browsing of the cattle, have a ministry of repose which cannot be other than refreshing to the nerves. Of all places for refreshment, give me the musical water-courses of Devonshire, with their overshadowing hills, and their fern-covered valleys; or else the Lynton Rocks, with the sweet, wholesome breath of the ever-fragrant sea!

It has been said by a philosopher, in relation to human life, that on sunny days you remember all the past sunny ones, and on sad days you remember all the past sad ones. I am sure of one thing, that as we grow older each day of refreshment brings back to us the sound of some voice that is still, and the touch of some hand that is cold. As we gaze on sea or shore without them, it is our joy to know that they are on that more beautiful and more restful shore, where sorrow and sighing never come, where there are no bitter separations, and no more graves.

No day of refreshment, however, would be perfect to the Christian without the realisation of His presence by whom the worlds were made; and who has adapted all sights, and sounds, and associations to minister to the gladness and gratification of the eye, the ear, and the heart of man. When the day of refreshment comes, if you are conscious of one thing more than another, it is a desire to make many others sharers of your joy. Very well! Do not let that thought die out in

sentiment. Take your daily paper and peruse it well; you will see advertisements from various parishes and districts, saying such and such poor people, or aged women in City Mission districts, or Ragged-school gatherings, want money for a day's excursion—just one day's outing into the green lanes and the breezy air from smoky, overcrowded London! Now, do not wait until to-morrow. Send a cheque or some postage-stamps off at once, then you will enjoy your own rest in a redoubled way; you will have done something to furnish refreshment for your brethren amongst the needy and the poor; and verily, even *here* you will have your reward.

I love to stand in the hay-fields, and to see the long excursion-trains speeding their way with crowded carriages on the Monday, with the panting engines, hurrying to the sea. You can have no sympathy with Miss Lispering Loveself who says, "How these excursionists spoil the watering-places with their baskets, their bread, and their beer." For my part, I know no sight much pleasanter than to see multitudes of toil-worn artisans, their wives, and children, regaling their senses with these sights and sounds of the sea, and taking their frugal meal upon God's own beach-made table-land. That must be a cold heart which lives to self alone; and not only cold, but it must be shorn of that sweetest of all pleasures—the sharing of another's joy. To give others a Refresher, then, ought to be our common duty, and would, assuredly, be our joy. We say, "I'll give him a Refresher" often enough, when a man owes us money, and there happens to be an over-due cheque or bill. Let us be equally anxious to send Refreshers to others in a better sense. We need not ask, how? when? where? The secret of doing good is not so very difficult to discover. A few flowers for the sick-room, a basket of summer fruit for the feverish patient, a home-visit for the servants of your family—these are Refreshers indeed!

We all need refreshment—physical, social, mental, and spiritual. Not alone the body—no! a friend's face is often better than a summer sky. Not alone the social—no! the page of a book is

often sweeter than the face of a friend. Not only the mental—no! we read on the best authority that there are seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Many people make mistakes about Refreshers. I apprehend that many of the working multitude do in these same summer excursions. There is a great deal of cant talked about robbing a poor man of his beer; but, as a workman said the other day to me, "Where do you get that article, sir? Beer! why it's poison!" and the irritated brain and the spoiled holiday are often, very often, the result of adulterated beer. This is only a type of other mistakes made on a day's refreshment. There's a youth at this moment flopping about in a boat, who looks anything but at home in the cradle of the sea; and there's another at the pier-head, who looks as if his amateur cigar didn't improve his complexion or his comfort. To have a Refresher is certainly very different, either from the shilling's-worth of rough sea purchased by the former, or the copper's-worth of cabbage-leaves being consumed by the latter.

I was told the other day of a divine who used to say, "If I had time and talent, I would more fully open up this important subject," &c. Now this applies to the writer concerning many aspects of refreshment. But there is one, and that a very serious one, with which I close—that is, emphatically, concerning the Lord's day. I am sorely afraid that this dear England is beginning to hold lightly by the Sunday. Many periodicals, and many prominent personages, are publishing and talking as though the Lord's day was not a day of refreshment, because it is a day of religion! A more egregious mistake could not be made. Given the multitudes who have returned at eventide, hot, jaded, and excited, from some crowded company of Sunday excursionists, and those who have been listening to the sweet story of old at church, and afterwards have knelt around the altar of the household at home, to seek and to share the blessing of the Great Father; and then, as you watch the contrast, I think I need not say which company have had the best of a Sunday's refreshment.

LETTER AND SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

T. PAUL tells us, in a remarkable passage, speaking expressly of the New Testament, that the letter killeth and the spirit quickeneth. (2 Cor. iii. 6.) Strong language indeed, but justified by the words of the Lord Christ himself. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh

profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

The mischievous results of keeping too rigidly to the letter of directions is well known in common life. A servant who never thought, and only did precisely what we ordered, would be unbearable. So is a companion that quibbles over the form of

every sentence. Nations could not exist if their laws were administered by the letter,—if all killing were punished by death, and there were no power above the judge and jury to bend their cast-iron verdict and sentence into a milder and softer shape. It is told of Lord Nelson that, before a great battle, he gathered his captains in his cabin, opened his charts and explained his plans minutely; but that did not satisfy him. When all was over he said, "Remember, gentlemen, if you should feel perplexed, that no serious mistake can be made by any captain who places himself beside an enemy's ship." So completely in that noble mind was the letter of his own directions sunk and swallowed in their spirit. Therefore he was truly great. It was not by any slavish regulations, but by inflaming every one with his own ardour and resolution, so that a new life was breathed into them when he was by, that he swept the enemies of his country from off the face of the deep.

Now, in religion, the same observation has always been just as true. Obedience to the letter could hardly go further than the Pharisees contrived to push it, and yet no corpse, loathsome to every sense, could be further from life than their religion. They tythed their very garden herbs—mint, anise, and cummin; they would not eat with unwashen hands; they actually disputed about whether it were sinful to carry a pin in their clothes on Sunday. But at the same time they studied what oaths might be safely broken. To swear by the temple and the altar was nothing to their consciences, and they contrived, for the honour of God, to refuse to support their parents. Woe unto them! for they omitted the weightier matters of the law. And what were these?—things which were not contained in slavish rules, and could not be grasped by the disciples of the letter, but hung round every rule like a balmy atmosphere, like the perfume for which alone some unsightly flower is precious. The weightier matters of the law were judgment, mercy, and faith—things entirely pertaining to the spirit. And so they grew daily darker and more unblessed. First they saw a poor man, who had just been healed, carrying home his bed, and, instead of rejoicing at his cure, they complained because he had not left his only resting-place to be lost, upon the Sabbath-day. "It is the Sabbath-day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." Then they saw a withered hand restored; and now, going further still, they did not blush to complain of the very act of mercy and love itself. A little further, and they have come to even blacker wickedness. They plot together the murder of Jesus. They hire false witnesses, and bribe a traitor to kill the Prince of life. They troop around his cross with cruel and unmanly taunts. The religious chiefs of

Israel teach the very Roman soldiers to tell lies: "His disciples stole him while we slept." Alas, for the amazing self-deceptions of the heart of men! they seem to have imagined all the time that they were godly and conscientious people. They refused to go into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled. They would not put the rejected bribe of Judas into the treasury, because it was the price of blood. Hypocrites, liars, and assassins that they were, they were nervously anxious lest the corpse of their victim should hang upon the cross at an unlawful time, and so defile the Sabbath. The letter killed them. Which revered the law of God aright, they, or the Holy One who clashed with its letter boldly as often as the spirit was at stake, who claimed to be lord of the Sabbath-day, who touched the leprous and the dead, and who was, nevertheless, fulfilling all righteousness, doing the Father's will, and finishing his work?

And it is very noteworthy that, even as regards temporal life, the letter killed the Jews, while Christ was raised up by the Spirit. For they dreamed that still they were God's people; and when the Roman war came on, they flocked to Jerusalem at the feast as usual, and were shut up in prodigious crowds, as in a trap. Yet the promise declared that no enemy should ever attack them at that time. Then the same delusive hopes made them spurn the most favourable terms. But the raven, and the vulture, and the kite—famine, and plague, and sword—came down upon their overcrowded multitudes, until the phrenzy of hope gave way to the sullenness of despair, and the survivors went away to slavery, and thistles grew where the songs of David used to peal.

I.—Think, now, how the letter may kill in our own time, and among those who have the New Testament to guide them.

1. It kills by making men satisfied with far too low and poor a standard of obedience. Satan will whisper to the soul: "Fear not, while you have kept just inside the line of right and wrong." And yet you have deceived your neighbour, without exactly lying to him; you have got the better of him, without exactly committing theft; you have trifled away time, without exactly plunging into sin; you have been flushed and excited, without falling quite into intemperance. How often do men turn angrily upon good advisers, or upon their own misgivings, and say: "Show me a text against what I have done; tell me where it is forbidden; which of the commandments have I broken?" The letter is searing their conscience, it is killing them. The spirit, "if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," would break the snare, and they should escape.

2. It kills by making religion wearisome. Nothing tires and disgusts the mind so much as an endless round of dry regulations that must be

observed, and yet cannot be understood. You will find a homely example of what I mean in a child's dislike to read aloud, when he is forced to mind a number of dry rules and stops. The freshness of his book is lost until he is able, by entering completely into its spirit, to rise above these regulations. He does not then violate, but more accurately observe the rules. And just so, I am not arguing against the letter of our dispensation, but in favour of the only way by which the letter can be really made living, the catching it up into something higher and more effectual than itself, the entrance of the Spirit to give life. Without that, religion will lose its soul and relish, and sink into a slavery, a dull routine, an irksome tribute, that we must pay to God, but cannot help grudging him; and God will see that want of heart and frown upon it, and the frown of God is death. The difference between formal and true religion is the same as the difference between an automaton and a man, who breathes, thinks, and loves.

3. A sure way by which the letter kills (that is, the mere letter) is by breaking up the Gospel message, so that one only thinks of a little piece, and neglects all the rest. You cannot remember a long message without understanding it. The surest and quickest way to learn a long lesson by rote, as every schoolboy knows, is not first to load the memory mechanically, but clearly and fully to grasp the most minute meaning of the words. Then the work is half done. Now, people who take up the letter of Scripture quite forget this, and make the most wonderful mistakes in consequence. They talk of the mercy of God, just as if there were not a word about his vengeance anywhere; or else of his justice, as if there were no hope. The Antinomian forgets all about being judged by works, and the Roman Catholic pushes faith contemptuously out of its due place; so that, not only does the letter kill the soul, but a few letters contrive to kill the rest.

Our moral at this point therefore is, do not be content with knowing intellectually the Bible, or the Gospel plan; you must catch the spirit of it. Remember how Christ said to the religious world of his day, *Search the Scriptures*: do not be content with having them; you do wrong to think that in them, as a matter of course, you have eternal life safely conveyed to you. Their business is to testify to a living Saviour, and your duty is to study till you drink in their import. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think that ye have everlasting life, and" (as if he said, "and yet") "they are they which testify of me."

II.—The Spirit giveth life. The New Testament, I think, never once uses this word in our low modern sense, in which we speak of the spirit of a passage as another word for the sense of it.

Scripture confines it to two senses—the spirit of a man and the Spirit of his Maker. For our subject the word is taken up and explained by verse 17: "Now the Lord is that Spirit" (or far more correctly); "now that Spirit is the Lord: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Look for a moment at this idea. The value of any message we could send our fellow-creatures would lie altogether in its meaning: we want people to understand us. And the value of a book lies in its meaning also, not in its fine sounds; but in the New Testament (whether by that name we mean the message, or the volume that contains it) the mind is not that of man, for its authors claimed to use "words which the Holy Ghost teacheth;" therefore, any benefit we can expect is not from the letter, nor yet from John or Paul; but from the mind of the Spirit, which no one but himself can explain. Without him you receive as little influence from care and study, as one who touches an electrical machine from which the spark has fled. With him, no matter by what agency the blessing come, it bears the mark of its origin, as plainly as the electric spark does, after flashing around half the world.

Perhaps some reader of this page has often studied his Bible anxiously enough, and found it cold and dull, and even commonplace. Perhaps we all know what it is to go on, flattering ourselves that we are imbibing good from a passage, when indeed we scarcely notice the exact meaning of the words. Perhaps it has also befallen us to find some old passage apparently exhausted, burned down to ashes; and yet at some later and more holy time, that same verse has leaped up into radiancy and splendour, as suddenly as fuel at the touch of flame. And it *was* the baptism of fire that made the change; and he who wants to derive blessing from his Bible, yes, and from any faithful proclamation of the Word, must act as a man who was preparing to receive God's own Spirit into his heart: in reverence, in purity, in prayer, in faith, in lowliness, in honouring Christ.

What is mere speculative truth? When the Romanists plundered Jews and roasted Turks alive, they were impelled to those works of Satan under cover of belief in Christ; and there is reason to fear that texts have been forged before now, and false papers trumped up, as evidence that our Lord was God. But never did the Holy Ghost whisper that same familiar truth into the deep and secret places of the heart, without a new desire for truth and holiness, a tender love for the fallen and sinful, springing up in the listening soul. And conversion in our days is not so often the reception of new truth, as the coming of old truth in a new vigour and into a new importance.

But all this does not set aside the utmost reverence for the written or spoken Word. Paul and



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"Nor how a longing seized my soul,
That slept not, till your forms so grand,
From base to crown, from branch to bole,
Lay mirrored by my novice hand."—p. 122.

Paul's Master, whose testimony against the mere letter is so powerful, both quoted the Word, in the spirit and by the Spirit's guidance. The difference is between the mere letter and the same letters—Old Testament and New—read as spelling out one great and comprehended Word, "the Word of God." The sword of the Spirit must be wielded by the Spirit's hand. For us the Word may be like one of

those dull and heavy clouds which hang all day long upon the western sky, chill, and threatening and repulsive. Or it may be like the same cloud, in every line the same, yet grand beyond all painter's cunning, gorgeous with unearthly splendours, fittest type and purest symbol of the glory of our Father's house. It is only a question of whether the sun be streaming on it from behind.

A FIRST LOVE.

GIVE ye greeting, brave old trees,
All tempest-scarred, and gnarled by time.
With faltering step and feeble knees
To view ye in your summer prime

I steal. To sit beneath your shade
I come; whiles on mine ear again,
From cunning haunts your leaves have made,
Falls many a wild, refreshing strain;

And through your breeze-stirred branches glance
Sunbeams, that touch with dazzling fleck
The quiet shade, and play and dance,
As jewels bright on beauty's neck.

I never may forget the hour,
The happy hour, my truant feet
Bore me, in flying from a shower,
To this your wizard-like retreat;

Nor how a longing seized my soul,
That slept not, till your forms so grand,
From base to crown, from branch to bole,
Lay mirrored by my novice hand;

Nor, as I bent me o'er my prize,
The blissful thrill, that tingling ran
The tears of joy into mine eyes,
And made me tenfold more a man.

Art opened now her vistas fair,
I trode them, growing as I went,
My days touched with a pleasing care,
My bosom with sweet discontent;

The discontent that makes men strive
In hearty emulation still
To mount, how well soe'er they thrive
And lends rare power to the will.

Though sixty summers since have fled,
That impulse hath not passed away;
Though winter sits upon my head,
The love you woke knows no decay.

The charm your first acquaintance wrought
On me, with boundless good was rife;
For lo! the inspiration caught
That morn, gave purpose to my life.

J. G. WATTS.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOWN IN THE VILLAGE.



A STRANGER in the streets of Strathie was always an object of curiosity and interest, the advents of such being, like those of angels, few and far between. When one appeared at the entrance of the street, it seemed suddenly to be known from end to end, and there was a pushing aside of muslin curtains, and a peeping and peering through the leaves of dusty geraniums, whose faces all turned one way, along the whole length of its line. The guidwives, who had already got rid of pressing domestic matters, and snodded (tidied) themselves up for the day, would be standing on the vantage ground of their doorsteps, and looking both before and after the passage of the visitor with unabashed curiosity.

The little river-side cluster of cottages led to nothing and nowhere. It did not share in the traffic which the print-work had brought to its near neighbour of Burnside, which skirted the high road to Bleaktown.

There arose, therefore, a great commotion in the little out-of-the-way place when, early in the autumn morning, there entered the street a string of straggling, footsore, haggard men and women, with children of all ages dragged at their mothers' skirts, or bound by the plaid on their fathers' backs. The children left their porridge unsupped and ran out into the road, the wives followed to the doors, albeit in their morning costume, and even the men who were at home at that hour lumbered up behind. In a very little time the whole village had turned out of doors, *sans cérémonie*, to gaze on the strangers.

There were men, mostly with longish, thin hair and deep-set, blue eyes, and sharp, hatchet faces, gaunt

and lean, and with beards of a week's growth. There were women, whose beauty had been marred or utterly ruined by privation, exposure, or toil, and yet whom none of these things had coarsened or brutalised, as they coarsen and brutalise the people of other than Celtic race. Hardly able to drag one foot after the other, the miserable drooping figures yet retained something of grace, the worn and tanned features something of comparative refinement and fire. The band were of all ages. One withered crone, awful with "eld," was led by a girl whose wild hair, like that of the men, fine and thin, hung round a face of utterly ravishing sweetness.

The people of Strathie were not long at a loss to account for the advent of the strangers. There had been an eviction from the lands of some great noble, up in the wilds of Sutherland, perhaps, and these were a remnant of the scattered people.

They sympathised strongly, those good folks of Strathie, with the evicted. Attachment to their native soil and to each other was the cause of their distress, for the great noble would gladly have shipped them off to foreign lands, where plenty was awaiting them. But the villagers were not political economists—in those days political economists were not so common—and so they absurdly held that there were better things than even plenty of porridge, though that was an excellent thing in its way.

The strangers had come down the country by a cross-road, and having tramped along the same since that day's dawn, hungry and thirsty and tired, they had turned into the fields above the village, to eat what they might find, and reach the margin of the stream for water to drink and a bank to rest upon. Some were making a meal of green corn and raw turnips as they entered the village, and did not seek to hide their depredations, but sat down on the roadside, in front of the cottages, to finish their unwholesome repast.

Such was the scene which presented itself to Peggy Oglivie as she entered the village on the morning in question. As she went along, doles of oaten bread and drinks of milk were being distributed by the kindly cottagers, and the services of an interpreter had already been secured in the person of an old Highland woman, who was already hearing and explaining their sufferings to an excited little crowd.

Peggy stopped just opposite to where this little crowd was gathering, in the centre of the village, at the grocer's shop, which was her present destination. Then, her mission fulfilled, she turned and sped up the village, intending to send Jean with help and comfort to her wretched countryfolk.

Taking a short cut over the fields to the north side of the hill, where the ascent was steepest but speediest, she reached the wood just as the rain began to descend. As she entered, the sound of a child crying reached her ears. She stood still and listened, and there mingled with it the moan of some one in pain.

She had not far to look. Almost close to her, under a tree, sat a woman, evidently one of the

party whom she had left in the village, with a miserable infant in her lap, while another child of two or three years old crouched crying by her side. A raw turnip, partly peeled, lay near. It had evidently proved too distasteful to the nursing mother, and too hard for the little child. Peggy understood it all in a moment, and stopping to enact a little pantomime of speedy return, darted off up the hill. When she entered the kitchen there was no one there, so what she did was to seize upon the inevitable basket of cakes. Then, hastening to the milk-house, she filled a pitcher with the morning's milk, already creaming over, and, without waiting to see any one, hurried down again.

Short as her absence had been, others were there before her. There stood round the woman, who had fainted when Peggy left her, her husband, Mr. Haldane, and an old man from "the works" who had accompanied the latter. The husband had gone off in search of help for his wife, and having found Mr. Haldane on his way to Strathie, had dragged him to the spot where he had left her in extremity, dying for want of food, as the old Highlander explained to his master. But more pressing than the words of appeal through an interpreter, was the passion of entreaty in the poor man's haggard face. Now he was kneeling down by his wife, uttering lamentations and extravagant endearments, while the tears ran down his grizzled cheeks. She was coming to herself, it seemed, as Peggy came up to them, for she had opened her eyes on her husband's face.

"That's right," said David Haldane, taking the pitcher from Peggy's hands, with no more recognition than if he had just parted from her, or himself sent her on her errand. The children were crying, but he held it first to the blue, trembling lips of the mother. She tasted, but could not drink.

"What is to be done?" said Mr. Haldane. "I fear there is something more the matter than even hunger. She must be got under shelter at once, for the rain will soon be through the roof here," and he looked up at the thick pine-boughs, already fringed with drops.

"There's an empty biggin (small building) not far from here," said Peggy. "Let me go and find Tammas: he keeps his tools and seeds there," she explained.

"I shall have you worn out before half the work is done," he replied, "if you run up and down that steep brae much oftener. Could we not take her there at once, and then I could leave her and send the doctor—that is, if you are willing to take so much responsibility, Miss Oglivie," he added, as if for the first time conscious of her individuality.

"I will take it," said Peggy, quickly.

Then Mr. Haldane, with her husband's help, proceeded to raise the woman from the ground, and to wrap her in Peggy's plaid. She could not stand, much less walk.

So they twisted the ends of the long plaid round their necks, and, having set her in the midst of it, lifted her up between them and bore her gently

on. Peggy went before with the baby, and the husband followed after with the second child, now quite pacified, in his arms.

By the time Mr. Haldane struck into the road again the people were once more on the move. They had not exhausted the possibilities of Strathie, as Miss Luckie predicted, but the superior advantages of Burnside had been rapidly circulated among them, and thither they were on their way. There they would probably insist on settling down in a body, and in that case what was to be done? This was the problem which Mr. Haldane was called in to solve. There was no such thing as a workhouse in Burnside, or in any of the neighbouring parishes, where they might be received for a time; and, for the purpose of forcible ejectment, there was no power whatever at the command of the inhabitants of that or the neighbouring villages. The only representative of law in the place was a superannuated sheriff's officer and part of a perambulating policeman.

David Haldane was prepared for the difficulty of dealing with a set of people, stiff-necked and rebellious by nature, and made more obstinate and unreasonable by their sufferings. Happily, he was just the sort of man to whom they were inclined to yield. He had upon him, in feature and in person, the stamp of a leader and commander of the people. His look of authority had in it nothing of the irritating element of self-will, sure to provoke the opposition it is bent on putting down.

"The first thing is to get them under cover," he said to Collin, "or we shall have the whole batch of them laid up. Let them follow us up to the works, and we'll get them into the new shed, and see what can be done with them."

Collin gave the word, and then went on with his master, the whole tribe, to the number of forty at least, following behind.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH IN THE BIGGIN.

DAVID HALDANE had not forgotten to send the doctor to the poor woman: it was not his habit to forget; but the doctor had forgotten to come. It was the morning of the next day before he visited the hovel, and Peggy Oglivie was there before him.

But the Highlandman had come up to the house in the morning, looking more worn and haggard than before, to tell his benefactress that even on the comfortable bed provided for her, his poor wife had not slept, but had tossed, moaning and in pain, while he had vainly tried to hush the wailing of the infant. He had carried away his own and the child's breakfast, and having dispatched hers, Peggy had hastened after him with a jug full of warm tea for his wife.

When the doctor entered, the man was sitting with the infant on his knee, and Peggy was kneeling beside the woman, coaxing her to drink a little from the cup which she was holding to her lips. The woman swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then fell

back upon her pillow of straw, and Peggy rose to meet the man of medicine.

She explained to him, at second hand, what the poor creature had suffered throughout the night—the pains in the head and back, and burning thirst, which her husband had detailed to Jean. The doctor stooped to examine her, and, as he rose from that brief examination, pronounced the one word—"Fever!"

"Typhus," added he, as if in answer to a question he had put to himself. Then glancing at Peggy, whom he knew by sight—"No place for you, Miss Oglivie," he said; "fever highly infectious. Woman will probably die."

Luckily, the poor people did not understand a word of this speech.

"Shall you see Mr. Haldane to-day?" inquired Peggy. She had already more faith in him than in a host of doctors.

"Yes," he answered, abruptly. "Shall be down his way; had better see him, and tell him to send up some of her clan to nurse her. Better leave them now."

And with this the doctor, whose seeming carelessness shocked his listener, hurried away, full of real anxiety both for patient and nurse. His horse was tied to a tree at the foot of the hill, and he mounted and rode straight to the print-work. He found that David Haldane had been at work betimes among his people. Half of the immigrants had been sent off on the previous afternoon in one of the great covered carts belonging to the works, much comforted by his assurance, that there was nothing to hinder them from seeing their friends again. The remainder had been accommodated for a night in the shed, with beds of clean straw and packing. This morning they had been sumptuously breakfasted on porridge and buttermilk, and the manager had already chosen a site for their cottages, and looked out material wherewith to build them—viz., turf, wood, and stones from an old dyke. With such help as they could get among the other workers, the men were to build themselves sheltering roofs, under the superintendence of David Haldane.

David Haldane had to go about his ordinary business that morning, but Miss Oglivie, and the danger to which she was exposed, was seldom out of his mind. As soon, therefore, as he could get away he mounted his horse and rode over to Delaube.

He had never been there before, but was prepared to find the place something of a wilderness. He entered at the front entrance, but no one met or greeted him. The neighing of his horse at the gate, to which he had fastened him, made him aware of the exceeding stillness. He crossed the hall and entered a room. It was the ordinary sitting-room of Peggy and her grandfather; but no one was there. There was every sign of habitation, but no inhabitant. And there came upon David Haldane, for the first time in his life, that sense of dreaminess and enchantment which was so large an element in the life of Peggy Oglivie.

Seeing no one, he went round to the back of the house and stood in the kitchen doorway. An old man sat and smoked by a smouldering fire, and looked up as his figure darkened the doorway.

"Can I see Miss Oglivie?" said David Haldane, frankly.

"Oo, aye! Come in an' wait a wee. Mr. Oglivie has na' been able to get up the day. He's very queer. But she'll be doon or lang. The wife's oot, or she would fess her till ye. Come awa' ben."

With that the old man rose and hobbled through the house, dragging the visitor through the central sanctities of kitchen and pantry, back into the parlour, into which he had already peeped.

"I am glad you have come," Peggy said, simply, as she entered the room; "and I hope I have not kept you waiting. I fear the poor woman is very ill," she added, gravely.

Her whole tone was grave to sadness, and the embarrassment which was rising in the young man's manner at her entrance, disappeared at once.

"I have seen the doctor," he said, "and he tells me there is danger; and I came here to warn you not to expose yourself to it."

"I am not at all afraid," she answered, quietly. "Besides, the harm, if any, is done already; and I have been asking grandpapa if I may have the little one up here for a few days, till her mother is better. Jean will help to nurse the poor mother. She is with her at present, and I promised to relieve her."

"Then, if you will show me the way, I will go with you," he said. "I do not believe much in infection myself, especially if one is quite without fear, and in perfect health. I know the way round," he added; "but perhaps we had better go the way you went and came so quickly yesterday."

"It is very steep."

He smiled. "I think I can keep my feet."

She took a little scarf of black silk and put it over her head, pinning it under her chin. "I am quite ready," she said.

He bowed, and she went on before him. Round the house and to the foot of the garden he followed her, and into the little zigzag path among the trees, where she looked back to see that he was coming.

At the bottom of the path they came upon the biggin, where Peggy entered, while her companion found himself obliged to stand at the door, as the space within was already more crowded than was convenient. The woman lay still in her corner, where Jean had managed to put up a sort of screen. The latter was engaged in trying to feed the infant, and addressing remonstrances in Gaelic to the poor man, who was seated on the little table, rocking himself to and fro with a moaning sort of murmur.

"Has the doctor sent up the woman's medicine?" asked Mr. Haldane from the doorway.

"That he has," said Jean. "She quieter since she had it; but this bairn's very ill indeed; it's been out o' ae fit intil anither the whole morning."

With that Jean looked down into her lap, where the child lay tucked into her apron. "Good preserve's, its deid!" she exclaimed; and throwing her apron hurriedly over the face of the infant, she came out into the doorway, from which Mr. Haldane stepped back, and then into the open air, followed by Peggy.

Here Jean again uncovered the little face, upon which the unmistakable seal was already set. "I maun tell the father," said Jean, "and he's sure to raise a terrible wulla wae" (wail).

"Bring him out here," said David Haldane. "Stay; I will," he added; and going into the hut, he laid his hand kindly on the man's shoulder, and signified his wish that he should come outside.

True enough, as soon as Jean, in a few words of his native tongue, informed him that the babe was dead, he lifted up his voice and wept.

"He had better not tell her what has happened till she misses the child," said David Haldane; "and I suppose we had better go."

"Ay; ye can do little good here," replied the old woman, unceremoniously; "nor you either," she said, turning to Peggy, who stood pale and sorrowful a little aside, having looked in the face of death for the first time.

At length the patients were pronounced out of danger, and began to gain strength. The new cottages down in the village were built and tenanted, and a huge, great fire was kept up in one that still remained empty, in order that it might be dry enough for entry. The pair were about to be removed from the biggin, and with them all further pretexts for David Haldane's visits to Delaube.

It was to announce that everything was ready for that removal that he rode over, for the last time, so he bethought himself. As on the occasion of his first visit, he had to find his way in, and, somehow, his step was not so bold. It might be fear of intruding on the invalid that made him turn aside without entering the room, and go round to inquire of Jean. But when he looked in at the open door, instead of Jean, there was Peggy standing with her back to him in the act of tossing a cake, to take off the loose meal before carrying it to the girdle; and opposite to her, set up on the dresser to be out of harm's way, the other little child, stretching out her hands for the portion which had been too hot for her, and which Peggy had set up to cool.

The child had seen him enter, and desisted from her importunity to stare at him, and Peggy, following the movement, turned on him almost at the same moment. She smiled a welcome. "I cannot shake hands with you," she said. "You see how busy we are."

David looked at the sweet face flushed with the warm work, and thought he would like to try another form of salutation; but he only blushed—a very unusual thing with him—and went over to the child and kissed it instead. Then he began to tell her about the removal, and she went on with her baking, while he leant on the dresser with one arm round the child.

He had often seen the operation before, but it had never occurred to him to think it graceful. Rough red arms and hands plunging among moistened meal, though scrupulously clean, were not very pretty; but every movement of those slender-arms and rosy palms seemed grace itself. Cake after cake she turned out, rounding each on the board with a rapid movement of the hands clasped one above the other, till the circle seemed as perfect as if made by a pair of compasses. He watched how dexterously she tossed the thin, brittle round, and cut it into quarters, and conveyed it unbroken to the girdle, and was sorry when it came to an end, and she looked up with a tired flush and a little sigh of weariness.

David Haldane was not slow to notice these.

"You are tired," he said. "Why do you do this? I suppose it is hard work for one who is not accustomed to it."

"I do it because I must, just now," she answered; "Jean is laid up to-day. Poor Jean! she is getting old and frail. All my life she has been working for me, and now it is my turn to work for her. But I really like work," she added.

After a little pause, he said, "I do not think you have ever been over the works. Would you like to see them some day?"

"Very much," she answered. "I have often heard Jean speak of them, and how pretty it was to see the rows of girls sitting at the long tables painting the webs of cambric with camel's-hair brushes."

"That must have been before my time even. All

the processes have changed since then. I fear you will be disappointed if you expect to find anything pretty now-a-days; but you will come and see?"

She promised; and soon after he took his leave and rode back to Burnside in a very different mood from that in which he had ridden from it. The very horse beneath him seemed to have felt a lighter weight, for he swept on as if, for the first time in his life, he was riding for pleasure, and not for business.

There are times when marked events take place in our lives, and change their aspect suddenly and sharply. At other times, we are busy with something which seems quite outside of them, and go gliding on, till at length we look up and become aware that we have drifted into a new position, that nothing about us is the same as it was, that nothing for us will ever be precisely the same again.

The latter experience had come to Peggy Oglivie. She had glided down the stream in childish playfulness; she had lapsed in girlish fancy into a beautiful dreamland; and when, with a sudden shock, she was brought up on the shore of reality, all that had made up her past was receding out of view. She was no longer the child of that aged household, but its mistress, to whom it must look for help and guidance. Her youth had lasted but a single summer, and, because of the links that were missing between the generations, the cares of later life fell on her heavily, as they fall on all who stand in such a lot.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

CYRIL THE CARELESS.

"CAN quite think that Uncle Cyril deserved to be called 'the Careless,' grandmamma," said Edith Everley, taking her customary seat beside her grandmamma, to listen to the tale; "for when he comes to see us now, mamma does scold him, and tells him she shall pity his wife when he has one."

"Yes, love," answered grandmamma; "I fear he has never mastered his prevailing sin. No childish punishment had ever power to make him remember, for more than a moment, and all the evil I saw through my glasses when he was only a child has come to pass in his manhood. A short time ago he lost an excellent appointment through his carelessness. But with his present life we have nothing now to do: I am going to tell you of his childhood. He is buying now dearly his own experience, and wishing, as too many do, he had listened to his mother's warnings.

"He was naturally from his birth destructive and careless. He broke more toys and destroyed more clothes than all the nursery put together, and was more often in mischief and punishment. The nurse, who, as I have told you, almost worshipped your

papa, was sadly plagued when this new inmate of her nursery began to run about. She dared put nothing out of her hand, but his busy, restless fingers were into it. He was as inquisitive as a raven; and not only did he want to see things, but he had a desire to taste them also. Everything went into his mouth; till, as poor nurse said, he was never safe, and she was never easy about him, until he was in bed and asleep, and that sleep was generally not effected until he had disturbed the little tidy cot in which he had been laid, and precipitated pillow, blankets, sheets, and quilt on to the floor, and had flung himself, with his head at the foot of the cot, on the bare sacking, busily talking to himself in his own baby language, whilst he made this novel arrangement for a night's rest; and having accomplished it, after many scuffles with the under-nurse, who came to put him tidy at least a dozen times, he finally, with a sigh of relief, would say 'There!' and be asleep in a moment.

"His dislike to wearing-apparel was as great as to bed-clothes, for he never would keep on his shoes and socks, or his hat; and poor nurse has often cried when, having dressed him in his best, and sat him down for a moment to dress herself, she has found the

cockade torn from his hat, in an effort to get the hat off, and the buttons off one or both of his shoes, by pulling at them to disembarass his feet of these encumbrances.

"He was a fine, strong, handsome child, and could carry things which many children of his age could scarcely lift; and fancy nurse's terror one day when, expecting visitors, she had dressed him nicely in a spotless white frock, to see him coming along the nursery, carrying the large black tea-kettle, which he deposited on the carpet at her feet, with that triumphant 'There!' which was the word he always used, with an accent of perfect satisfaction, at the termination of his mischievous performances. These traits of disposition in his baby-days led me to expect he would always be, what nurse declared he was—'a handful;' and he certainly has been.

"As he grew older, and had presents of books and toys, like the other children, his were always at once lost or destroyed. He would stamp on a thing on the ground, rather than pick it up; and the loss or destruction of even his most valued possession never appeared to affect him in the least. He would borrow what he wanted from the others, and then lose it, consoling the children with the assurance that he would pay them when he had any money, which he certainly did, even to the last penny he had. He was as reckless and indifferent about money as about everything else. He only valued it as far as it procured him any present indulgence, and he spent it all the moment he had it, if he did not first lose it.

"One thing I must do him the justice to say, he spent his money with equal lavishment on others as on himself. He delighted in giving presents, and was thoroughly good-natured, as he still is. Since he has been grown up, he has given away a handsome gun, a present from his godfather, to a young friend; and when I remonstrated with him, he only answered, 'Well, the poor chap had not one, and was asked to shoot in the moors. I shall get another, some day, I dare say, and I can always borrow dad's.'

"That which tired my patience with him more than anything, was his losing everything. He was very fond of drawing, and, glad to encourage him in any useful, quiet occupation, I set him up with pencils, india-rubber, paper, and everything I thought he would want. Only a few days after, I had brought a book into the schoolroom to read aloud to the children whilst they drew and worked; but I was continually interrupted by a whispered request from Cyril to his brother Philip. At length I inquired what it was he so continually asked for.

"My india-rubber, mamma,' answered Philip, 'and he never passes it back again; it is such a bore.'

"Where is your own, Cyril?' I asked.

"I don't know, mamma; Maude had it last.'

"Of course this was indignantly denied, and a war of words would have succeeded, had I not stopped it by desiring Cyril to leave off drawing until the india-rubber was found; but as he hated the trouble of searching for anything, I gained little peace by this suggestion; for he only wandered about the

room, upsetting things, and causing exclamations of dismay from his sisters at an overturned workbox, or paintbox, so that I was obliged to order him to sit still, and do nothing. Before the work was ended, everything I had so carefully provided for his amusement was lost or destroyed, and the missing india-rubber, which he so persisted was last in Maude's possession, was returned by the laundress, who had found it in his pocket. He was never, by any chance, fit to be seen; his laces had always lost their tags, and were hanging about his heels; the buttons off his waistcoat; his knees through his trousers; and the brim off his hat so that it was impossible to take him anywhere with me, without having him re-dressed from top to toe.

"There came, one day, to the neighbouring town a grand circus, which had been for some time advertised as about to appear, and the children all hoped to be allowed to go and see it; but no promise had been given them that they should, and they had, I believe, nearly forgotten it, when one morning, soon after breakfast, Uncle Roger arrived in his carriage, and said that all little ones wanting to see the circus were to jump into the carriage at once, and come off with him. All the children were at play in the garden, and I ran out to tell them they were to come just as they were. Uncle Roger said he could not wait for any dressing, as he had to run up to London on business, and he should go to the station from the show, and send them home in the carriage. My heart misgave me about Cyril, and my worst fears were confirmed when I saw him; at each knee hung a festoon of cloth; the peak of his cap hung over his left ear, where he had pushed it, that it should not interfere with his sight; one elbow was clean through the jacket; and his hands and face were caked with mud; he had been constructing a mud-hut he said. However, it was hopeless thinking of his going to the circus, and the other children went without him, leaving him, poor child, with his muddy knuckles rubbing the tears out of his eyes. I was very sorry for him; but I hoped the lesson might be of service. Alas! no; his sorrow over, he forgot it and its cause, and was the same untidy, dirty boy the next day.

"A more serious misfortune, however, soon followed on this, and did, I think, make more impression. It was during holiday-time—he was a big boy, between eleven and twelve—his father had forgotten to pay a small sum into the bank, to a fund of which he was treasurer, and without consulting me, or I should have told him it was dangerous, he bid Cyril take it. It was sealed up in a small packet, which he tossed to the boy, telling him to run off with it, and tell the manager who sent it, and he would know all about it. Away went Cyril, whistling to his dog to follow him, and we could see him, as he crossed the fields, throwing sticks for Nip to fetch, and peering up into the trees and hedges for birds' nests, which he delighted, like a boy, to capture. I saw him from my window, but



did not know what errand he was on; he often went across the fields into the town to buy something for himself. Finding him back in the schoolroom at tea-time, I asked no questions, until I noticed his eyes were very red, and that his sister Maude kept whispering something very earnestly to him. I then asked what was the matter; but he turned away his face, and did not answer; and then Maude said—

“‘I don’t care, Cyril, I’ll tell mamma if you won’t; for something must be done.’”

“‘Be quiet, Maude; you shan’t,’ he said, springing forward and putting his hand before her mouth.

“‘Nonsense, Cyril,’ I said. ‘What is it? Tell me directly. Who ought to know your troubles, if not your mother?’ With all his faults, poor boy, he loved me dearly; and, passionately excited as he was, these words calmed him.

“‘I’ll tell you myself, then; Maude shan’t.’”

“‘I don’t wish to, Cyril,’ she said, ‘if you will. But, mamma dear, you won’t let papa be angry with him?’”

“Dreading, yet longing, to hear what he had done, I entreated for an explanation. And then he told me he had lost the money. He wanted to buy a

stick for his dog, and had put the parcel in his pocket, and, as a matter of course, the pocket was torn. He had gone back every step of the way he came; but in vain, it was not to be found. At once I sent out the garden-boy to help him in a fresh search, but it was fruitless; and on his father’s return, there was no help but to tell him. He was very angry, of course; sent him supperless to bed; and stopped his weekly allowance until the money was paid, which of course kept him without pocket-money all the next half at school. At first he was very penitent; but that feeling soon wore off; and he only continued to say he could not help having a hole in his pocket.”

“Poor Uncle Cyril!” said Edith; “how frightened he must have been when he got to the bank and found the money was gone. I wonder it did not make him for ever afterwards as tidy—as tidy: if it was in a story-book it would say so, wouldn’t it, granny?”

“Well, perhaps it might, my dear; but I must own it had but small effect on my poor boy, and that he is still Cyril the Careless.”

THE WIFE

— Saturday, November 16, 1867. —



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE ;

“‘Look up,’ said his wife.”—p. 130.

WRONG ON BOTH SIDES.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF “PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE,” “TALES AND SONGS,” ETC.

CHAPTER I.

“DEAD!” exclaimed Robert Hartwell, with anguish depicted in the most terrible characters upon his youthful face, as he sprang into his father’s bed-chamber.

“Dead! dead!” echoed his mother, a lady barely of mid-life, but on whom care had prematurely imprinted many a sign and mark of age.

“Dead! dead!” sobbed his sister, tenderly

kissing the yet warm cheek, that never more on earth should turn lovingly to hers.

"Oh, poor, poor father!" groaned the young man, following his sister in the sad embrace.

A hush now fell upon all, so far as words were concerned; but the three mingled their tears and ill-suppressed sobs, in the saddest, truest union. A gentle tap came at the door; Robert, who could scarcely have been nineteen, opened it. The servant handed him a letter. As he caught sight of the superscription, a change passed across his face, a reproachful curl stole to his lip, and he cast the missive aside.

"Cruel, cruel, man!" he murmured: "by the smallest reach of generosity from you, our beloved father had been spared to us."

"Hush, Robert!" interposed the newly-made widow. "God's will be done."

An hour afterwards, that letter was returning to its sender, unopened, and no intimation accompanying it, of what had so recently happened.

That the reader may understand why, at such a moment, Robert Hartwell could evince feelings to draw down the rebuke of his mother, it will be necessary to give a little of the family's former history.

Robert Hartwell, Senior, had, till within a couple of years of his decease, been exceedingly well to do. Combining the business of ironmonger with that of saddler, he had gradually accumulated a considerable sum of money, and was looked upon as one of the most prosperous tradesman in the town of which he was a denizen, and which, by the way, was one of the largest in the West of England.

One day a fox-hunting gentleman-farmer, who was a good customer, came to him with a plausible story, and succeeded in borrowing a large sum of money on his own personal security. When the hour for repayment arrived, the cash was not forthcoming, and soon afterwards he suddenly collapsed. Everything was mortgaged so deeply that he could not meet the interest. As a consequence, ruin had ensued. Within a week the wretched creature was found dead in a copse near his abode, and a discharged pistol in his hand told the terrible story of self-murder. The blast which overthrew his house, brought misery about the ears of the man who had befriended him. The latter being strictly honourable, gave up all he possessed, paid his creditors fourteen shillings in the pound, and began business afresh, hoping at no distant date to be able to hand them over the remainder.

Somehow, his honesty did not produce the effect it should have done, and he found great difficulty in getting his credit renewed, even in the feeblest degree. Mrs. Hartwell's unmarried brother, a wealthy farmer in Kent, was appealed to; but he

was found very slow to respond. Though far from ungenerous as a youth, maturity had brought a change over him. He had grown to like money for its own sake.

It is by no means a difficult thing to save, provided we can blind our eyes to the calls of duty and the claims of humanity. Success had been poison to this man's better nature; he was too much inclined to attribute want of success in others to want of care. "Look at me!" was too frequently upon his lips, quite ignoring the source from whom all blessings flow. No wonder, then, when appealed to for the loan of a few hundreds, until confidence and credit should once more smile upon the late insolvent, that his reply was anything but comforting.

For some time he steadily refused to advance a single penny. "My advice," he wrote, "is, leave the town in which you have made such a terrible blunder, go to some place where you are not known, and begin business again in a smaller way. Doubtless, by care and industry, the lost ground may yet be recovered."

In return, it was urged that, with such a well-established business in their hands, to run away were suicidal.

After a great deal of begging, the Kentish farmer was induced to advance a hundred pounds. The money was soon exhausted in the purchase of materials and wares, and long before the yearly bills could be sent out, the Hartwells were sorely aground again. All kinds of shifts were made with a view to tiding over the evil day. Bessie went out and taught French and music, while Robert obtained a situation in a lawyer's office, whereby he earned a few shillings a week. He had only just completed his education, which had been conducted with an idea to his going into the medical profession. All was unavailing, materials and goods grew scant, and if anybody did trust the struggling man a trifle, inferior articles were supplied at high prices. As a consequence, customers began to complain and trade to desert his counter. Appeals were again made to John Giles, Mrs. Hartwell's brother, but to little purpose. In reply, he hinted his belief that Mr. Hartwell was fonder of his glass than was good for his till. The poor fellow, who never entered a tavern, and did not take a glass of ale in a month, bowed his head and shed tears.

"Never mind, dear; look up," said his wife, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.

"I should be sorely off now, Patty, if I could not look up," returned the afflicted man, "up to that One who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

A few weeks afterwards, with love and forgiveness upon his lips, he sank into the embrace of death.

CHAPTER II.

A DAY or two after the funeral, Mrs. Hartwell took counsel with her children upon what had better be done for their future living. The result was, a resolution to quit the town in which they had known so much misfortune, and go up to London. In that Babylon they would be able to shift and struggle, unknown and free of prying eyes. After selling off the greater portion of the furniture, and calling in a few outstanding accounts, they started for the metropolis.

Obtaining a suite of apartments in the neighbourhood of Islington, the little furniture they had brought up was set out to the best advantage, and an announcement was made by means of a brass plate, that the educational opportunities of the neighbourhood had been increased: "Establishment for Young Ladies" were the exact words.

Robert was not less ready than his mother and sister, for the morning that witnessed the affixing of the plate, saw him set out in search of employment. Not liking law work, he determined on making application among the merchants and larger traders. He was surprised that everybody he addressed could tell he was just up from the country, and discomfited to find himself rebuffed on every hand. When he reached home that afternoon, his mother and sister were ready to meet him, and full of anxious, tender inquiries; and, though he put the best face upon his day's adventures, yet for all that, they could see he was disappointed; therefore both strove to cheer him as best they might. The next day, and the next, brought no better fortune to him, nor did the academy prosper at anything like the rate its proprietors had expected.

Strung to increased exertion, Robert trod in all quarters to obtain employ, including even attorneys' offices. As the little stock of money swiftly melted away, his anxiety grew more intense. From applying for a clerk's place, he got to asking for a situation as warehouseman; and at last, so desperate became affairs, that he was glad to offer himself as a porter. Now they began to fall behind in their rent, and in a little while were politely requested to suit themselves elsewhere. Suiting themselves was not the most difficult task: it was suiting other people that gave them trouble. Few liked the idea of a school being kept on their premises; and, more than that, the applicants were unmistakable marks of broken-down respectability.

At last, after much difficulty, they were admitted into a small house, which had been tenantless many months. There were evidences of damp about its walls, and other appearances not calculated to attract; but the unfortunate family were really glad of any shelter. No sooner did they begin to light fires for the purpose of drying the

rooms, than they found, to their horror, the damp increase. Perspirations broke out on every bit of plaster, and unpleasant odours found their way into every apartment. The chimneys all smoked—that is, they did not smoke half enough, but seemed to delight in ejecting into the rooms that which they were constructed to carry over the roof. Once more the plate announcing the "Establishment for Young Ladies" was displayed. It seemed such a satire upon the neighbourhood, that it was hardly to be wondered nobody came to inquire terms. Finally, and as a last resource, the two women were compelled to seek needlework at a slop-shop hard by. Colds and coughs, as the winter closed in, became the common lot, and yet they dare not complain, for already they were behind again with their rent. Bessie kept up her spirits, or appeared to do so, even when both Robert and her mother were inclined to despond. One by one, every little article that could be at all dispensed with, was carried to the broker's and sold, and Robert was fretting and starving himself into mere a shadow.

Things had arrived at this terrible pass when, one evening, he returned with a smile on his face and tears in his eyes. He had obtained temporary employment, and it might lead to something better. His clothes by this had grown very, very worn, but to-day they bore marks about them—let us not call such *stains*, for the soilings of honest labour are as much decorations of honour as are the strife-rents in a warrior's banner—which they had never known before.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartwell, devoutly; and both she and Bessie caught him in a hearty embrace. They always gave him a hearty embrace when he came home, but if they were a little more demonstrative this particular evening, it was not from any selfish motive, but from pure rejoicing at the gladness he evidently felt; and at the peace which they knew his anxious heart must experience at the fact of having his prospects of helping *them* increased.

"Now, I trust," said the gentle Bessie, pushing him into a chair by the fire, "we shall hear no more about your living upon us, you naughty boy."

"Oh, no," he replied, gleefully. Then placing one shilling and ninepence on the table, "There! that's my day's wage!"

"And where and how did you earn it, Bob?" asked the girl, pouring out a cup of tea from the pot, which had been kept for him on the hob, and handing him some bread without any butter.

"I'll tell you in a moment."

"Oh, you can eat and talk too, though it is ill mannered. I don't want you to leave off eating, for you must want something, after all that hard work; but I'm so anxious to know everything, I cannot stop till you've done your tea."

"Well, then," said he, "I've been employed to-day at a wharf in Tooley Street, near London Bridge; I've been helping to remove parcels of goods from one warehouse to another."

Had he told the whole facts of the case, he would have said that, for the sum of threepence an hour, he had been carrying burdens under which he could hardly stagger, rolling ragged hogsheads that scratched and tore his unused hands; and that he had been the fellow-labourer of some of the rudest and roughest to be found on the south side of London.

In the morning he was away before breakfast, and so on every day to the end of the week, by which time he had earned twelve shillings. Furthermore, he had been ordered to be at the wharf by eight o'clock on the following Monday. In a week or two, Robert's superior manner—already he had got nick-named the "Swell Porter"—attracted the notice of one of the foremen, and in the end he was taken into regular employment at a salary of fifteen shillings a week. His mother and sister also began to prosper somewhat. They had found work at a large West-end baby-linen establishment. Mrs. Hartwell and her daughter could now earn four times as much in a day as

formerly, and without working so long by three hours.

The wretched house wherein they had been existing, combined with the meagre diet they had so long been compelled to make shift with, had by this begun to tell upon the health of all three. Robert, by denying himself everything he possibly could do without, had greatly assisted in the reduction of their debt of rent. At length the last farthing was paid up, and at once they set about seeking more healthy accommodation. The deadly exhalations amid which they had so long been living, had done their work too surely, for while they were actually in treaty for lodgings, typhus smote mother and son in one hour. Bessie, in her distress, did all that she could—fetched a doctor, who, seeing how affairs stood, advised the instant removal of both patients to the Fever Hospital, and herself to another abode. The poor girl at first pleaded hard not to be separated from those who were so dear to her, but, when the medical man informed her that nothing but the hospital could possibly save them, then she dried up her tears, and set zealously about promoting their departure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PAIN.

BESIDES the business, the pleasure, and the rest, which seem to share life between them, how large a portion of its time and strength is given to that universal claimant, pain—pain of body or of mind; suffering, whether from disease or accident, or remorse, or fear, or satiety. Pain, in some form or another, is inevitable; but it is more than inevitable, it is advantageous; it is more than advantageous, it is necessary: and the question is, not merely how we may suffer least, but how we may profit most.

If we analyse our own individual experience, we shall find the strange fact, that it is not by shrinking from every possibility or appearance of pain that we can in reality and ultimately encounter least; not by a natural flying from it in every case, as from something unnatural, but by a voluntary endurance, and even search for it in not a few instances, by a utilising, and, so to speak, a culture of it in many. The unforced payment of a small tribute to this universal king, not only bribes him from further extortion, but often buys from him an almost total immunity. But it must be done in a reasonable time and manner. He must be met half way, and propitiated with early offerings. "It is good for a man that he bears the yoke in his youth." If we seek the reason for this state of things, we merely peer vainly into

darkness that hides the origin of all things; we are asking idle questions of God himself. It is worse than folly to trouble ourselves as to that which is inevitably hidden, and which, probably, we are incapable of perceiving, even if it should present itself before us.

To make good our theory as to pain anticipated and cultured, we have but to call to mind the pains of self-denial, of active benevolence, of martyrdom; the pains of curative and preservative measures for health of body and mind; the pains of toil and hardship for the bread we eat, the knowledge, the art, the society we enjoy. This pain or sorrow is not to be found equally distributed in the acquisition or possession of these good things. Like health, and wealth, and happiness, it has no dead level amongst men, or even for the man; but yet the black thread is to be seen constantly, here and there and everywhere, in the warp and woof of the wonderful texture of life. However vulgar and petty in some of its lowest details, it is a strange and awful fact that this giant of wrong, of sin, of pain, broods over all our beautiful earth, and has even cast his shadow on the heavens and slain the Son of God himself. Strange and awful, but we must even face it to the end, till at last we rise and leave it in the dust of forgetfulness and death.

Shakespeare tells us, "Sweet are the uses of

adversity;" and, although there are ills in which we cannot see anything that is not bitter, his words convey a great truth. We learn, or we might learn, from this sad teacher to be patient; to be strong; to bear with our fellows in our common disease; to put our trust and hope in something above the calamities of the world; to find a footing for our interests and affections in that which is not weak and slippery like the common ways of life. All this has been written for us, and preached to us, over and over again. The beauty of self-denial, too, for the sake of others, is apparent in all history, and most apparent in the greatest of all histories. But we do not so readily perceive that there is a self-denial which is necessary for our own sakes, and that there are pains and troubles and dangers which we should anticipate, in order best to grapple with them. A man may have a limb so injured or diseased, that his future safety or happiness can be found only in its sacrifice. This involves present inconvenience, pain, danger; but he does not hesitate. So it is with many of the ordinary concerns of life, and so it is pre-eminently with our higher hopes and possibilities. Life, in this light, is one grand self-sacrifice; not the sacrifice of blood to make atonement; not the apparent sacrifice of a man who gives up something good that he may thereby buy something better; but the sacrifice of a man who puts away with pain something—whether it be a possession, or a sentiment, or an indulgence, or an affection—which stands in the path to something the superior grandeur or truth of which invites him further forward.

What is that which we have been told?—"It is better to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." And again: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it." And do we not hear elsewhere, in the same Divine language, that we must pass through pain here, which is no means of purgatory, nor of propitiation, but is, nevertheless, the necessary medium of perfection? Even to that broken perfection which is to be found now and then in our experience here, there is no path which is not shadowed more or less with sorrow. The spirit must be sublimed in a fiery crucible; the metal beaten out with hot and cruel strokes. It is hard to speak of this matter—the most practical in the world—except in figurative language, because it comes to us in such diverse and sometimes subtle details,—it spreads itself so broadly over life, and pervades it with such a mysterious power, that we cannot represent it in its entirety, except by an illustration. But there is one general and marked result which we may easily describe as following pain and sorrow, that is, the breaking up of the ordinary

routine of pleasure and desire by something which is connected with error and infirmity, and even death, and should therefore call these to mind, if they have been long unthought of. Whatever we suffer, from the pang of toothache to the loss of the dearest friend, is significant of the decay and the incompleteness of all which now surrounds us. Whether our pain be the result of our folly or our misfortune, we alike learn that man is not intended to attain here to the most perfect happiness, and that he must look for the gratification of his better hopes and capacities to something beyond death. Still more, there is a *rational* self-denial which lives in the spirit of such an expectation, such a faith; and the pains which it inflicts are often scarcely felt in the intensity of that spirit. And as the practice of this self-denial grows into a habit; as men, in the contest between principle and passion, learn constantly to mortify the one that the other may live, so their reward, however far, becomes nearer, more tangible, and even present, and the pain itself becomes less.

But there is a self-denial which is *irrational*—a fanatic asceticism, or self-torture of some kind or other—which we must carefully distinguish from the other. Indeed, there is scarcely a false religion on the earth which does not prescribe its purgatory for its devotees: not saying, Strive after such a virtue, and give up such a vice, no matter what pain it may cost; but, For such a sin, submit to such a penalty, that it may be washed from the list that stands against your soul—for such a pardon give so many pounds sterling, so many drops of blood, so many repetitions of a prayer, so many years of moral and mental and physical suicide. Such credulity may be dying out now, but it has numbered its victims by millions.

The liability to pain is a gift to us for the preservation of both mind and body—a sentinel who stands on guard over us when we are ignorant or careless of danger. He rarely betrays his post; but there are occasions when his warnings must be disregarded. The happiest man is not he who has experienced the least pain, but he whose pain and pleasure alike have produced the happiest results. Opposed as these two are, they combine to form in him a unity of purpose and action. In the light of the faith of Christ, they are not two wild principles let loose upon the earth to drive men at their pleasure, but guides which, if truly followed, will lead towards the right path. They can, indeed, when alone, teach man but little of the truth which it is expedient that he should know; but, within certain limits, they are just safeguards from error. Pleasure, indeed, is fearfully abused amongst men; but the avenging pain is sure to follow, not so much in anger, after all, as in mercy. Pain is thus the faithful lieutenant of

God upon earth, and ceases not to perform its office till the last moment of existence has closed the door upon repentance for ever. It is one of the most difficult, as well as the most important, functions of faith to recognise in its proper sphere this great agency of pain; to see it as the minister of God upon earth, and to receive it as such—awful as it sometimes seems, and red-handed with the murder of the innocents. And the light of faith is, after all, the only light in which we can look on it with any hope and comfort. No sug-

gestion of philosophy has ever resolved to man's satisfaction the mystery of this world's troubles; no precept of philosophy, however truly followed, has armed us completely for the encounter. As science can trace from the wound the path of the messenger of pain, but stays upon the threshold of the sentient spirit itself, so it can follow a system and a Providence through the dark and the winding ways of the world's history, but must pause before that sacred source which is enshrined in eternal mystery. J. S. W.

OUR SOCIAL BEES; OR, WILLING WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.



EMOCRITUS is reported to have said, "More are made good by exercitation than by nature." The famous Greek was right. We have heard of rare geniuses that could be profound in judgment without reflection, exact in figures without calculation, elegant in composition without practice, and eloquent in speech without preparation. But we have been fortunate enough to meet with only one who professed such extraordinary powers; and that *rara avis* was very short-lived. Being weak in the wings, from want of practice, he soon fell a prey to the bold, strong, but lawful competition of aspiring industry. Being irritable in difficulty, and impatient for honour, his ten talents were trammelled. Patient persistence has thus often achieved what genius has never essayed; and the earnest worker has retained his well-won place, in the front rank of earth's worthies, long after they who, by a single stride, rose to honour, have ingloriously sunk into oblivion.

"The lamp of genius, though by Nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare."

This has been recognised by all the gifted men of past days, who succeeded in stamping their character on their own and subsequent generations. "There never was an eminent who was not an industrious man," said Cotton Mather. Dip into the biographies of our great men, and you shall find them, like working bees, with a concentrated purpose seeking the well-being of the colony to which they belong. However conscious of the fertility of their genius, they recognised the necessity of cultivation. However muscular their minds, they could not dispense with the gymnasium. The golden key which opened to them the stores of honour, wealth, or wisdom was *work*. A celebrated painter once produced a very powerful, though not finished, picture in three days. He asked 100 sequins. The gentleman for whom the artist had executed the work, objected to the sum

as being excessive for the work of but three days. "What!" exclaimed the vexed artist, "do you forget that I have been thirty years learning how to make this picture in three days?" We know a London physician who, after receiving his patients during the appointed hours of call, can demand, and does constantly obtain, thirty guineas for a visit of not so many minutes.

But this facility of execution, and fulness of reward are, with very few exceptions, the fruit only of antecedent toil. The men were training for years who by a *coup de main* have carried off the laurels. Their conquests of an hour have resulted from a lifetime of lonely, patient, unremitting exertion. Sir Joshua Reynolds truly said, "Excellency is not bestowed on man, but as the reward of labour." Look, for example, at Demosthenes, retiring to his subterranean study, copying Thucydides' history eight times to catch the style, and practising speaking with pebbles in his mouth to cure his stammering. Look at Seneca, plodding at his work so that he wrote to a friend and declared, that not a day was allowed to pass without his writing something, or reading and epitomising some good author. Luther preached almost daily, was continually engaged in controversy, carried on a most extensive correspondence, and yet, to the surprise of all Europe, published, among other books, a very fair translation of the Scriptures. Erasmus was "ever on the wing," and yet, by the cautious employment of his time, produced fully a dozen folio volumes of great learning. Milton from boyhood was fond of studious retirement. He seldom quitted his work before the midnight hour; to which late study, doubtless, may be mainly attributed his blindness. Wesley travelled about 5,000 miles in a year, preached on an average three times a day, and wrote tracts and books to the number of two hundred. Sir Matthew Hale, for many years, spent sixteen hours each day in hard study of the law; which, for mental rest,

would be varied now and then by mathematics or philosophy. David Hume sat at his desk thirteen hours a day. The distinguished statesman, Charles James Fox, attributed his wonderful success as an orator to his determination to speak once every night during each session of Parliament. The Rev. Charles Simeon, whose published sermons number 2,536, and form twenty-one volumes, was known to recompose the plan of one sermon thirty times; and some of his discourses occupied several days in composition. One of the greatest living preachers was known, in his prime, to spend eight hours each day for four days on one sermon; and a late principal of a Nonconformist college used to advise his students, when starting in ministerial life, to write each sermon carefully six times before preaching it.

These are but a few instances out of many which serve to show that, in literature, art, science, and commerce, it has been by prolonged and patient effort—not by a sudden, startling leap—that the great men of the past and present have taken their permanent positions of influence. Each has been able to say with Wesley, “Leisure and I have long taken leave of each other,” and all have found *work* the sure path to reward.

But apart from the valuable additions we may make to our social hive—apart from the honour, the influence, the wealth we may acquire as compensation, it should be remembered that *work itself* is a blessing; that the best wages are *in* the working. Toil educates the faculties. As physical labour develops the muscles, strengthens the respiratory organs, promotes digestion, and thus confirms the constitution; so mental effort accords grasp to the judgment, tenacity to the memory, and tone to the affections. Nature is industrious. All things around us retain their health by action. The earth is ever changing its aspects; the air is ceaselessly in motion; the sea is restless—nothing is idle.

“Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann’d by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumb’rous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.”

Why then should man dream of physical or mental health without industry? Labour is the indispensable condition of preserving a sound mind in a sound body. They are pitiable weaklings who yield to sloth. Counteracting the beneficent law of labour, they become strangers to buoyant health, peaceful relaxation, and refreshing sleep; ay, they pauperise themselves, and

defeat the grand object of their creation. The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere, “of what his brother died?” Sir Horace replied—“He died, sir, of having nothing to do.” “Alas!” said Spinola, “that is enough to kill any general of us all.” We wonder not that Dr. Adam Clarke should say, “The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable lie. Have all in—shovel, tongs, and poker!”

One thing is quite certain, that the surest way to be happy is to be employed. There is a Spanish proverb—“The hound that is chasing the game does not feel the fleas;” and the Turks say, “A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with a thousand.” We have observed often, that when children, growing tired of their playing, become troublesome, if the parent set each child some trifling task, the little folks are happy. There is no doubt that nine-tenths of the sorrows of life proceed from idleness. Inactivity gives birth to evil thoughts, unwholesome comparisons, murmurings, fears, despondings. No man need be slothful from the want of occupation. The Good Master of the vineyard has given “to every man his work.” He never designed that one son of Adam should be a mere supine spectator of the deeds of his fellows, but assigned a special service to each, and will expect ultimately an ingenuous account from all. Neither need any man look far for his sphere of toil. It lies before him. In the circle in which he moves, however limited, he will find enough to occupy his earnest, solemn, anxious thought. In addition to his lawful worldly engagements, he has self to conquer; a carnal heart to crucify; evil passions, lurking in the recesses of the soul, to subdue; habits, which indulgence has fostered into a second nature, to break off; and sins to be rooted out, which infest the life with the tenacity of weeds which shoot their knotted fibres beneath the surface of the garden. Then there are the young whom he may instruct, the poor whom he may aid, the suffering whom he may comfort; there is the Church to help in its militant struggles with darkness, and his generation to serve. The claims of humanity are too pressing, and the wants of the world too great, to allow any man to be idle. From all parts of the earth we are summoned to action; and happy is that man who, with prompt and unreserved consecration, yields his faculties to the work of the Lord.

All ministers of the Gospel have found indolence one of the most fertile causes of spiritual depression among professing Christians. For your own sake, therefore, reader, as well as for the world’s sake, and the Church’s sake, bestir your energies, be a worker and not a drone!

SECOND LOVE.

SAY good-bye here, for our paths are twain,
 And let us part while we can in love;
 Fear not for me. I have borne the pain,
 Yes, once already! but not again,
 I will hope no bliss but a bliss above.

There was something once :—when the stars come out,
 When I look at the quiet moon alone,
 'Tis only then I dare think about—
 Ah me! but my spirit's joyous shout
 Faded away in a mournful moan.

The Spring came dancing over the plain,
 The birds sang out in their careless mirth,
 The sunshine brightened to mock my pain,
 For I never could be a boy again,—
 Could not be young any more on earth!

Have you ever trodden a path alone,
 That you never trod alone before?
 Ah me! how gloomy all things had grown,
 And yet I talked in my former tone,
 And tried to smile with the smile of yore

Yet what was changed did not pain me so,
 As what mid changes remained the same,
 The laughter that wrings out the heart of woe,
 The same old lights in the sunset glow,
 The very sound of my household name!

And so I walked on my lonely way,
 I did not seek for an idol new:
 But ivy grows when the wall is grey,
 We smell the rose that is withered away;
 From the faded love sprang a love for you!

You smiled upon me—your eye was bright,
 Your cheek was ruddy, and smooth your brow,
 You cast a sunbeam across my night,
 But ever darkening before my sight
 I saw our parting—this parting now!

So say good-bye, for our paths are twain,
 And let us part while we can in love,
 The old can never be young again,
 The young ones smile at the old man's pain,
 But there's neither old nor young above!

I. FYVIE.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

YOUNG HALDANE AND AULD HALDANE.

DRASS winna grow at his heels," was a frequent saying among the workpeople, concerning their young master—"Young David," as he was more familiarly and affectionately termed by the old folks, who had known him as a lad about the works. The saying might have been applied on the present occasion, by way of metaphor, to the mental process by which he was arriving at certain conclusions. In the course of his ride home, he had settled, as far as he was concerned, the whole course and object of his future life. He gave no time for the growth of those after-thoughts which hinder most people, and lead them to turn aside in the midst of their slowly forming purposes. He was one of the few who know their own minds. He knew that he had seen the one woman whom he could love, and whose love he would care to win; but knowing this, and resolved to win her, if possible, he could possess his mind in patience. The resolute are seldom rash.

If Miss Oglivie had been rich, the heiress of all the lands of Oglivie, he would have resolved to win her all the same. It was not that he thought highly of himself; he never thought of estimating himself at all. By simple force of manhood, he felt that he had a right to win this woman, or any other woman on whom he had set his heart. If she chanced to be set upon a height above him, he must reach the

height, that was all; he would not drag her down from wealth and ease, though for himself he valued these so lightly. He would win them, and lay them at her feet. Nevertheless, he was glad that the woman of his choice should know the meaning of poverty and toil. It was all the more joy to win for her what he considered her rightful heritage; and then there would be no portion of his life to which she must needs be a stranger, as he feared there might be, such as their often is in the lives of men who have struggled up, and find no sympathy with their early trials in the hearts of those who are nearest and dearest to them in their later days.

David Haldane the younger had known poverty and dependence himself. He was but the grand-nephew of the old man, who had been separated from his relations during all the earlier portion of his successful career. His father had been carried off by the press-gang, and had died at sea while he was a mere infant, and the widow, with her little son and aged mother to support, had been fain to throw herself on the mercy of her husband's uncle. Old David Haldane had allowed his nephew's widow and child but a small stipend. He had no idea of removing them out of the condition in which he found them. Still, but for him the little household would have starved in the years of famine; and they had plenty in a humble way. Then he took the boy into his service and "had an eye upon him," as he said; and at length he took the mother to keep house for him, which she did till she died.



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

‘ Say good-bye here, for our paths are twain.’—p. 136.

Under his mother's care, David had received the excellent groundwork of education provided for children of Scotland at the parish school, and as he developed at the works a genius both for mechanics and chemistry, his uncle had sent him into Bleak-town to attend the classes for mathematics and natural philosophy.

According to his own ideas, the old man had not been niggardly toward his relations. He had not used his wealth to raise them into a higher station than that of honest working people. He had not done this for himself. He lived as plainly and dressed as plainly now that he was a large capitalist, the owner of extensive works, the master of some hundreds of workpeople, as ever he did when he carried all his worldly goods on his own square shoulders. Of all his wealth he consumed but a worker's share, sufficient for health and comfort, and no more. In the way in which his fortune had been made he spent it—namely, in extending "the works." The works were to him wife and children, and end and aim—at least, so it appeared to the outward observer. On himself he might grudge to spend; on the works, never. The newest and most expensive improvements in machinery and plant were at once procured. What the works returned to him he returned to them again, and the returns were not single-fold. He had not worked to live: he had lived to work, and seemed to hold his work higher and dearer than life.

Under these circumstances, it had come to pass that, at the age of twenty-eight, David Haldane the younger was not in possession of an independent income. Holding in all respects the place of a son towards his grand-uncle, like him, he belonged to "the works;" and hitherto he had not felt it irksome, that his best energies should be so devoted. Strange as it may seem, he had never before had a longing to lead a life of his own—at least, not since the school-boy days, when he had longed for peril and adventure, and had thoughts of running away to sea. He had inherited his grand-uncle's passion for work, as he had inherited the features of his face.

For the first time in his life a vision of home and wife—of life and a place in the generations, rose before young David Haldane; and he felt the desire for independence. Not that he was in reality a dependent. There was strong and delicate independence in the very fact of his serving his relative as he did, for a mere nominal salary, in the very prime of his strength and usefulness, yielding his whole energy and power to the insatiable works. Had not the old man supported his mother, and her mother, and himself too, and had he not a right to this return? At the same time, the young man knew his own pecuniary value, and that he had long since repaid all the money expenditure which his uncle's kindness had involved. As for the kindness itself, that could only be paid in kind. Now that the time had come when he thought it right to claim an independence, as far as money was concerned, for the sake of his future life, he was still as ready as ever

to devote to the service of his uncle much that money might not purchase. That very day he resolved to place himself on this new footing, by asking from his uncle a regular salary as manager, and the power of investing his future savings in the works.

In the chill autumn evening "old David Haldane" sat by a fire, in the well-worn, dingy parlour of the printwork house. Before him stood his tumbler, and the "ship's biscuit," on which he nightly exercised his still splendid teeth; and opposite sat young David, with his resolution on hand, but not knowing very well how to frame it—not to his uncle's taste, but to suit his own notions of delicacy in the matter.

They were very like each other, these two men, like enough to be taken for father and son. The old man had the advantage, in point of massiveness and strength; the young man was evidently of finer, and more sensitive temperament, and might prove less robust in the stress of life, though capable of higher things.

After a silence of some duration, no unusual thing in these evening tête-à-têtes, the young man spoke. "I think you have been satisfied with my management of late," he said, fixing his eyes on the old man's face, who was gazing into the fire with an expression which to his companion revealed neither his mind nor his mood.

The old man looked up sharply. "I don't think I ever found much fault, David, my man," he said; "but things are lookin' very well at present. What were ye goin' to say?" he went on, speaking with a broad country accent. He was too shrewd not to know that he had only had the preface as yet.

"Well, the truth is, I have something to say," replied the young man, dashing right into the heart of the difficult subject. "The works can well afford to pay a manager, and if I manage well, I want to have the pay—that's about it. I don't forget what I owe you on my mother's account and my own," he added, seeing a somewhat hard smile on his uncle's face; "but that is not a debt which can be paid with money. I want to make my own life. Give me whatever is fair to live upon."

"And what might you consider fair?" broke in the old man, looking keenly at his grand-nephew.

"What you would have to give any other man in my place," was the prompt and straightforward reply.

"Then you don't mean to live here any longer?" said the old man, interrogatively.

"I hadn't thought of that: of course, you must make a deduction for my expenses here."

"What's the odds, man?" said old David: "it'll a' be yours when I'm gone." It was the first time he had ever made the least allusion to the disposal of his property.

"But I don't want you gone, and I do want the money—what money I can make—that is, I may want it." He hesitated a little, and then added, abruptly, "I may marry."

"Better leave that alone," said the old man. "But who may the lass be that's taken your fancy?"

—nobody here about, I reckon.” He had jumped to the conclusion that his nephew’s heart had been ensnared by some beauty of Bleaktown, the daughter, doubtless, of one of the manufacturers whom he went there to meet on business. He seemed to expect an answer to his question.

“I’ll tell you that when I get her,” laughed the young man.

“Settle first about the lass, and I’ll settle about the siller,” rejoined old Haldane, warily. He acknowledged the fairness of his nephew’s request, but he was fond of power, and could not bring himself to accede to it at once.

But the young man shook his head. “No, no, uncle,” he replied, “I must be sure of what I have to offer. But I don’t want you to settle it to-night. Think it over, and let me know your mind some day soon. I’m off to my den now, to finish an experiment I’m trying with the new blue.” And David Haldane the younger rose, and taking a key from the nail on which it hung by the fireplace, nodded in a friendly and yet half-restrained manner to the elder David, and left the room.

They were both men of strong will, these Haldanes, and a collision between them would be difficult to adjust—nay, if it came to that, would most likely be found incapable of any adjustment whatever, save that of each going his own way in opposite directions. The elder man had perhaps the stronger will of the two—that is, the least likely to be moved by reason, the least liable to influence. He would have his own way at any cost, even at the cost of his own comfort and peace, even at the cost, when it went beyond a certain point, of grievous wrong: for a strong will is not in itself a noble quality, as many seem to think; it is as often, indeed, a source of weakness as of strength.

Left alone in the dingy parlour, old Haldane put out the candles, and sat looking into the fire. His thoughts had been turned out of their ordinary channel, and, from speculations on his nephew’s future, they reverted to his own past. There was a time when he had not worked only for work’s sake, when a vision of home, and wife, and little ones had kept him warm on many a wintry tramp. There was a time when, as he neared the end of every succeeding round, the vision became warmer, and closer, and brighter as he rested in the little farmhouse, with a fuller purse and a lighter heart, under the same roof with his promised wife, and the day drew near when he was to give up his wandering life, and settle down with her as a respectable shop-keeper. The old man’s brow darkened, and his eyes flashed fiercely in the firelight, as memory retraced, in characters far more vivid than any in which succeeding events appeared, the vanishing of that vision.

He had left Bleaktown with a heavy pack on his shoulders, but a light heart in his breast, on his last round of travel, when, a few miles beyond the town, he had encountered the two Oglivies, riding with a noisy band of boon companions. In a frolic they

had stopped him—they knew him well—and insisted on buying his whole stock, pack and all. After some debate with himself, as to whether he should go on to the little farmhouse, a few miles further in the direction which the riders had taken, he turned and hastened back to town.

In the pack which he had just parted with there was a pretty silken kerchief, intended for his sweetheart, which he had taken out and reserved at the sale. This act of reservation had been noticed by Gilbert Oglvie, who insisted on examining the article, and declared that he wanted it for a sweetheart of his own. After some parley, he had parted with it, and the first thing he did on his return to town was to go and buy another exactly similar. Some other arrangements made concerning his future business, he had taken the road again, and hastened to the home of his betrothed. He entered the house, and there, in the clean kitchen, in her afternoon dress, was his Jeanie sitting down to her wheel with the kerchief he had just parted with, and the neighbour of which he carried in his pocket, folded modestly over her bosom. Her mother sat knitting in her accustomed seat; but David Haldane’s whole world had changed. He sat glaring at the token of treachery on his sweetheart’s neck, for he did not doubt that it was the gift of gay Gilbert Oglvie.

“Has ony ill come ower ye, David?” the mother had asked, in alarm, and he had made no answer, but had risen and beckoned the girl to follow him. Bright, saucy, buxom Jean followed him into the little garden, with temper already roused by her lover’s looks—for what could there be to look black about when she was by?—and he had sternly demanded how she came by the kerchief. But Jean indignantly refused to satisfy him.

He had left her standing there in pride and anger, and gone into the house, and made the same demand upon the mother, and the old woman had answered, simply—“She got it frae yoursel’.” Then David Haldane had left the house never to return. And there and then had ended the one love of his life.

“I vowed to be upsides with him,” muttered the old man, looking into the fire which threw a lurid gleam over his face. “I swore David Haldane would be laird o’ the lands o’ Oglvie, and there’s a David Haldane that will! But for him! I would like to turn him oot alive! It’s little triumph to triumph ower the dead, and we’re near of an age, we’re near of an age!”

CHAPTER XXII.

BREAKING UP.

On that same evening, Peggy and her grandfather sat together by the firelight. The old man was in his wonted attitude, slightly bending in his chair towards the pleasant glow. Peggy sat on a low stool on the opposite side of the hearth, her chin resting on her hand. She was wearied out, and, feeling the kind of sadness that comes with bodily weariness, she was glad of the healing, restful dark-

ness, and had not lit the candles, but had suffered it to gather round them in the silence.

"Where's Jean?" said the old man, suddenly.

Peggy had waited upon him all day, and he had not noticed the old woman's absence until now.

"She's not very well to-day, grandfather," said Peggy; "but she thinks she'll be better to-morrow. If she's no better, may I send for the doctor?"

"She may do about that as she likes, as about everything else," he answered, in a tone of unusual energy, which startled Peggy.

"Do you want anything? shall I bring the lights?" she asked.

"No, no," he answered; "there's light enough to light me on the road I'm going."

His sunken eyes flashed in the firelight under his shaggy brows, and Peggy fancied that his face had a strangely livid look. She came and sat down by his knees on the hearth, and clasped them as she used to do when a child.

"Are you ill, grandfather?" she asked.

"Breaking up," he answered, quickly, and more gently—"fast breaking up."

"What can I do?" she said, clinging to him with a subdued sob.

"Nothing, little one," he answered. "What can you do, when the tide is coming up, to keep it from covering the sunken wreck? I feel the waves about my feet."

Sitting at his feet, she trembled, as her cheek touched the chill hand. With all her warm young life she clung to him.

"Let me send for the doctor," she pleaded.

"I might have done better to send for him long ago," he answered, with a faint flash of grim humour. "I might not have burdened the world so long. There's one thing you must promise me, little one," he added: "Whatever you do about this wretched hulk of a body, don't bring any one here to doctor my soul; let me go my way without a stranger standing by my bed, speaking sacred words into senseless ears."

He alluded to the universal custom of having the minister at every deathbed. She was silent, and he repeated, "You will mind that, little one—no minister."

"Grandfather," she said, lifting her face from his knees, "let me be your minister—any one can be a minister. Let me read to you."

"Do," he answered, dreamily.

"I can see by this light," she said, rising.

She brought a book, her New Testament, stirred the fire, and sat down again at his feet, but seemed at a loss what to read. But he helped her in this.

"There is one chapter I remember better than any other," he said. "It was my mother's favourite chapter, and I learnt it, verse by verse, at her knee. Read that, little one."

He named the parable of the prodigal son, and Peggy found the chapter, and read without interruption to the end.

When it was finished, there was an interval of silence, which was broken, at length, by a sigh from

the old man, so heavy as to be almost a groan. Then he murmured, "Ah! but he was young—the prodigal was not an old man, little one. If a man feeds long enough with the swine, he becomes as one of them; he has neither the will nor the power to arise."

"But if he had the power given to him, his being old would make no difference. Do you think it could to God, grandfather?"

"You are nearer him than I am, little one. It is not so many years yet since you came from him, and I have wandered long and far."

"But you are drawing nearer him again," she answered, "and so we are both alike, perhaps."

Another pause, and again the old man broke the silence.

"I feel more myself to-night," he said, "than I have done for years. If there was only time, I would settle some things to-night."

"There will be time to-morrow," Peggy answered. "And there is a great deal I want to tell you, grandfather," she said, her thoughts suddenly reverting to Captain Oglivie.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow," he repeated; "there will be time to-morrow."

He seemed afraid of breaking the spell of peace which seemed to have fallen on his spirit.

"Everything seems different to-night. For years and years I have borne in sullen silence. I thought it brave, little one, when smitten of God and afflicted, to bear it thus, as I thought it brave to blaspheme. A coward's trick, I called it, to cry to God in time of trouble, when I had never called on him before; and to-night it seems such mad, rebellious folly. It is all so different if God is indeed a Father."

The last words were spoken as if to himself, and again there fell a stillness on the room. There is other joy on earth than that of youthful pleasure, or of satisfied affection—joy akin to that which there may be among the angels of God; and some such joy visited and strengthened the inmates of that silent chamber, as the moments glided past.

It was time to part for the night. Poor Tammas came at the accustomed hour, and with many a suppressed groan wheeled his master off to bed. Then Peggy went down into the kitchen and prepared a dish of gruel, which she carried into the little room beyond in which Jean and Tammas slept, and administered to the faithful old servant who lay there, suffering still more from the impatience with which she endured her ailment, than from the ailment itself. The truth was, both she and her young mistress had frightened themselves into the belief that the feverish cold which had attacked her, was the dreaded fever, through which she had nursed the Highland woman and her husband.

Soon all the house was silent, and Peggy sat dreaming in the firelight, till her little world was a paradise of forgiveness, and hope, and love; then, somehow, the waking dream, in which Captain Oglivie was standing behind her grandfather's chair, and wheeling him about in a garden flushed with roses,

while she walked by his side, melted away into unremembered visions. She had fallen asleep.

It was quite dark when she awoke, feeling very stiff and cold. She rose to steal to her room in the dark, for the fire had gone out, and it was no easy matter to procure a light in those days. As she passed her grandfather's room with noiseless steps, she heard, or thought she heard, a groan. She stood still and listened, and the sound was repeated. Then she gently opened the door. He was breathing strangely, and yet not as if asleep. She spoke to him, but there was no answer, and, her heart palpitating with sudden fear, she descended quickly to the kitchen to procure a light.

Tammas and Jean were asleep in the little room beyond, and she was unwilling to disturb them. The kitchen fire, carefully covered up so as to keep alive throughout the night, speedily gave her the light she sought. But soft as her movements had been, they had roused the pair of sleepers, and, stimulated by a whisper from his wife, Tammas called out, "Who's there?" in a tone of valorous defiance.

Peggy went to their half-open door and answered, softly, "It's only me. I've not been in bed yet, and I think there's something the matter with grandfather."

At these words, Jean seemed to fling off the illness of the day before, and, wrapped in her plaid, she was soon standing beside Peggy at her master's bed.

As for him, he seemed to sleep a strange, uneasy sleep, in which he laboured for breath. It was in vain that they tried to rouse him out of it. Then mistress and servant looked into each other's face, and each read the confirmation of the fear that this was no sleep, but the dark passage into that slumber from which there is no waking.

Jean wrung her hands in mute despair, and sat down on the foot of her master's bed, evidently to await the end. Not so her young mistress. "Stay here," she whispered, "and I will go for the doctor."

"At this time o' nicht, and pitch dark," murmured the old woman. "Na, na, Tammas 'ill gang, bad as he is at the gait."

"I'll go in half the time," said Peggy, in a low, firm voice; and with a lingering look at the insensible form on the bed, knowing that even the remnant of life with which it stirred might be gone before her return, she hastened from the room.

She found poor Tammas reduced, between pain and fear, to something like total imbecility, crouching over the kitchen fire, which, he had stirred into a blaze. But he got the lantern and lighted it for her, and, wrapped in her cloak and hood, she stepped out with it into the darkness.

How very dark it was! a darkness that might be felt. Her lantern just served to show her the path. It glanced on the bole of a tree, now and then, as she took her way through the wood; but beyond rose walls of darkness on either hand, and a canopy of darkness stretched above her head. The night was moonless, starless, windless. Worse than the lack of light, Peggy felt the dead calm—the utter breathlessness. It was like the cessation of universal life. She reached the foot of the hill, where there was a little thicket of hazel and briar. Something patted her on the cheek; it was a light branch which she had brushed against. A spray of bramble caught her. It felt like the clasp of invisible arms stretched out to detain her. It needed a high heart to stand still and disengage herself from the clasp. But she passed on swiftly, over the fields and through the sleeping village, till she came to the doctor's house. It was all dark too.

Peggy had knocked rather timidly, and had not succeeded in rousing the servant, but had only roused the more lightly-sleeping master, who, after a short interval, threw open his bedroom window and thrust out his head arrayed in his night-cap, only it was too dark to see it. In answer to his question, she speedily satisfied him as to the urgency of her mission.

At length the little doctor came down, having packed himself into his clothes, but having forgotten to remove the night-cap, which nodded approvingly at Peggy.

"And you came here all alone in the dark," he said, in astonishment, as he gave her admittance. Then, with sundry ejaculations, he thrust her and her lantern into his study, and hastened to rouse his domestic helps.

It seemed a long time to Peggy before the doctor's gig was ready; but at last he came and led her out and placed her in it, and taking some things that might, he said, be useful, from various shelves in the study, took his place by her side and drove away in the darkness in the direction of Delaube.

(To be continued.)

BELLE.



Twas Sunday morning. The cows lay asleep in the meadows, the sweet Sunday bells rang short sermons on the air, and the villagers were wending their way to church. There was the father, a little constrained in his Sunday clothes, but still proud of the change they made in his appearance; there was the mother, matronly and fair, but rather worried by the attempt to convey her flock safely to church; there was Fanny, with her cottage bonnet trimmed

up afresh, and gay with new ribbons, casting side-glances at the young farmers, out of eyes that, when looked at by her mother, were modestly downcast and completely demure. Tommy and the children were lagging behind, and only little Belle was absent from the procession. Belle had strayed. Naughty little Belle did not much care about church. She was not good like mother, to sit so still, and listen so long; so Belle had strayed out into the cool green fields. There were hot blazes of light, on the dusty

highway, but under the hill, and in every dell, were cool patches of shade, and in one of these latter little Belle now sat, in a half-sitting, half-lying posture, opening and clenching her little hand, in an attempt to capture a large showy butterfly, whose bright-coloured wings were now just within her grasp, and again yards away in the blue calm before her. She was a pretty little girl, and deserves a description; but then Belle deserved so many things she did not get, and this, I am afraid, must be one.

When I say "Belle," there starts up before me a child's simple figure, a round little face, red gold hair, like the fashionable chignons, sweet sensitive lips, that were too much given to quivering, and eyes—Belle's eyes were as blue as convolvuluses and about as pretty. Strangers, seeing her for the first time, launched forth into fuller descriptions; but this, as I have said, I will not attempt. Stretching now after the butterfly, which was high above her head, describing gay circles in the air, Belle wheeled suddenly round, and came face to face with a stranger, a young clergyman, who was also half sitting, half lying on the grass, with the back of his neck against a tree, and with a book in his hand, which he was reading intently, quite unaware of the butterfly and Belle.

But if he had been a flash of lightning he could not have transfixed Belle more completely to the spot. She let the butterfly go, though as usual he seemed on the very verge of imprisonment, and stood staring, not so much at the man, as at the white "choker," the insignia of his office, which adorned his neck.

Here was Nemesis in the most horrible form, overtaking her actions—a clergyman, who would doubtless take her with him, in his hand, and would suggest, perhaps insist on, summary punishment for this wilful little breaker of the first long commandment.

Then there would be of course no help for Belle. Her mother was always "guided by her betters," and unknown horrors would then fall on her head. "Why," thought Belle, severely, "was that clergyman, too, not at church?"

There was sufficient answer to this in the young man's wasted frame, and the spots of hectic colour on his cheeks; the fatigue would very certainly have been too much for him.

But Belle saw nothing of all this, as indeed it was not to be expected that she should. She thought the "gentleman" simply exempt from all unpleasant duties, on the ground of being one of those fortunate "grown-ups," and as for health—why the colour on his cheek was beautiful to behold, like her little schoolfellow Anna's doll, which did, indeed, rejoice in somewhat unusual bloom.

All these thoughts flickered through Belle's little brain as she stood before him in fear and trembling, longing, yet afraid, to run away. For how could she hope to convey those little pattering feet of hers noiselessly through the rustling long grass that grew thick on the road to liberty? That clearly was out of Belle's power. So she stood where she was, a sad-faced little culprit, waiting before a most unconscious judge.

How long the time seemed to Belle before the young clergyman raised his eyes from the fluttering pages of that book to the little child's face before him, working so unpleasantly with convictions of guilt. At length, however, the dreaded moment arrived. The book went down, the gentleman's eyelashes up. Belle's cheeks flamed into warm beauty, and the foolish little lips set to and quivered.

Altogether, she assisted the very idea she was most anxious not to convey—or she would have done so to any unoccupied mind; but the clergyman, coming straight from the sweet words of the Psalmist, saw in her no truant, and did not even perceive the trouble on her face. All he thought was, "Why, here is a pretty little girl; now, if my poor Kate had but lived, I too might have—," and he smiled at her, this inconsiderate judge.

Belle dropped him a little curtsey, and her heart beat just one shade less quickly.

The young man put out his hand to her, and kissed the fair open brow still shining from mother's yellow soap, and little Belle stood, his arm round her waist, with all her calculations completely at fault.

What would he say to her—this gentleman who caressed little girls when they should have been at church?

He said nothing, nothing at all, only held her, looking at her closely, as if trying how it would have felt to have had anything so bonny belonging to him—his very own. But if this were amusement, it was so only on one side.

Belle had now partially recovered from her fright, and was sending impatient thoughts after the butterfly, and her feet were positively longing to take a run upon the grass out among the kingcups; but the clergyman, attracted by some vivacious little movement on the part of his prisoner, began to address her, and Belle recognised flight as impossible.

"Stay and talk to me," he said; "we have all the field to ourselves you see."

Belle did not see anything of the kind. Was there not the frisky brown pony—that pony that was at once the admiration and dread of Belle's life—kicking up his heels behind him, gayer and more frisky even than usual? Were there not birds of every form and note concealed in the hedges, high up in the trees, pouring forth their version of melody upon the silent air? Had not the butterfly returned from his travels, and was he not even now, in company with a gayer, gaudier, showier specimen of his tribe, beating bright-coloured wings almost in Belle's little face. And there were insects Belle knew all over the grass, purple moths, and—but then the clergyman was certainly not thinking of purple moths.

"And what is your name, little girl?"

Here again, Miss Belle's thoughts criticised, this was so like a stupid "grown-up."

Belle could not remember to have ever met one who did not ask her what was her name; an act of attention Belle did not at all appreciate; indeed, she thought it rather unpleasantly inquisitive than

otherwise, and was, perhaps, proud of not sharing in the weakness, for she certainly was not curious as to the clergyman's appellation. However, she made him another little bob after the fashion of village children, and gave in her name with all due gravity.

"If you please, sir, Belle."

"Belle? How very pretty! Your mother must be a sensible woman to have given her child such a pretty name. It must be good to go through the world with a name like Belle."

All of which was of course quite beyond the comprehension of his audience. What did Belle know about going through the world—Belle, whose only aim now was to get out of his grasp into the freer air beyond?

"And where is mother, Belle?"

The clergyman said this in all innocence, with no thoughts of applying the answer, and absently withal, for his brain was busy with holy conjectures, and far enough away from the child's misdeeds.

But poor little Belle did not know this, and her heart beat fast under the blue cotton frock that mother had made last week, and which was, indeed, her very best and grandest attire.

"Mother is at church," she said, "and father, and Fan; so's Tommy, and the little uns."

Poor Belle, she had brought it on herself.

After such a speech, how could the clergyman, preoccupied as he was, fail to say—

"And why are you not at church too, little Belle?"

It was over now, and Belle had all the courage of desperation.

"Please, sir, I didn't want," she said.

This, we will suppose, by way of making things better. But now the clergyman was quite awake to the situation, and properly grave.

"Oh, really, and why did you not?" he asked.

She had no resource left but the child's one, dating far back. Large tears gathered in Belle's blue eyes—convolvulus filled with dew—and then overflowed, rolling slowly down her fair cheeks, and splashing heavily on her fat, dimpled hands. Belle had on no pinafore, and she did not dare convert her new frock into a mop, so she stood there the picture of embarrassment and distress.

It was not in nature not to pity her, and Belle had an arm round her, and a fine white handkerchief soaking up her tears, before she knew where she was. The "gentleman," it must be remembered, was very young, and was, in his way perhaps, as soft-hearted as Belle herself.

"Why, how silly! What a foolish little maid! Look here, Belle, if you cry like that you will make me unhappy."

Sobs fainter, at the same time distinct.

"Because I am sure you are sorry, Belle—you will have vexed mother, you know—but you can't be more than sorry."

"Did you ever," said Belle, "do anything so wrong?"

Did he ever, arrived as he was at man's estate, do

anything as wrong as this child! He hardly dared to look at her, this guileless little child, the greatest fault of whose life was the purest innocence beside his sins, good man though, indeed, he was justly accounted to be.

"Did you?" said little Belle, all her soul in her eyes, and waiting as if her chances of improvement depended on his words.

"Many things, Belle, though not perhaps this one. I am only too sorry to be kept away from church."

"What keeps you?" asked Belle, and there was a slight touch of scorn in her voice.

She did not believe there need anything have kept him. He liked better, she supposed, sitting in the bright sunshine to keeping bolt upright in those highbacked pews.

"I am too ill, Belle. It tires me too much."

But little Belle still looked incredulous. She too might have laid claim to illness, she thought, if fatigue were the outward signs.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"I am dying, Belle; but you, I suppose, know nothing of that."

"Yes, I do," retorted Belle, who was always insulted by ignorance on any point being imputed to her, "because I had a little sister once that died. Are you glad you're going to be dead?" said Belle, going on quickly, and carefully avoiding whatever grammar came in her way. "I shouldn't."

"You shouldn't?"

"No," said Belle, decisively. "When baby died mother had her put in the ground, and I shouldn't like, if I was baby, to be all alone there at night."

"Your little sister is not really there, you know; she is up in heaven, one of God's little angels."

Belle looked up at the blue sky, dotted all over with little fleecy white clouds.

"You would like that?"

"Better," said Belle, "but not and leave mother, and father, and Tommy, and Fan—oh, and *not* and leave the little uns."

The little ones! In the name of all the impossibilities, how many younger could there be than Belle?

"Not unless God wanted you to; then, he would take you first up into his beautiful heaven, and give you wings, and make you into a little angel, and give you back your little sister; and your father, and mother, and Tommy, and Fan would all follow, and would be so glad to find you there when they went."

"And the little uns?" inquired Belle, anxiously.

"And the little ones, certainly. Will you not try to be good, that you may go up there, when you die?"

"And when do you think you shall be dead?" asked Belle, who preferred to look at the subject from his point of view, rather than her own. She was too young to feel awe, and put the question in perfect good faith.

The clergyman smiled rather sadly. "When shall I be dead?" he said. "Well, Belle, if you come and play here in the fields this time next year—

not on a Sunday, Belle—you will be a good little girl then, and will always go to church on a Sunday—this time next year, Belle, I think I shall be—dead.”

Belle looked interested, and would have liked, I think, to have heard more; but her newly-found friend was no longer aware of her presence, and had drifted with his own words long past her.

“I shall be—dead!”

Should he indeed be dead—all the doctors had told him so—this time next year, when Belle, just one shade prettier, just one shade less of a baby, would be, perhaps, sitting threading daisies, in this very field, where now she was sitting, looking up in his eyes, her own wistful and large with thought? Suddenly all the bells broke out—four strokes, then the hour. Service in the churches was over.

“I must go,” said little Belle, as there began to be forms visible in the distance. “Mother ’ull want me to help mind the baby, while Nan lays the cloth. Good-bye, sir.”

“Good-bye, Belle. You will think of what I have said, and try to be a good little maid, that when your time, too, comes to die, God may take you with him into his holy heaven, as he did your little sister; then you will not be afraid, any more than I am now.”

“But I am never ill,” said little Belle, and so put up her mouth to be kissed, and left him.

He watched the last flutter of her blue cotton frock, catching in the hedges, simple and pretty in the sunshine, and felt that for him, at least on earth, he should never again see Belle.

Summer faded, the brown leaves of autumn dropped on the ground, winter cold froze up the ponds, spring succeeded, and summer again came round.

The young clergyman had spent the year abroad, in warm summer climates, and the hotter sunshine had been good for his complaint; there was now even hope given him of his life. He who had been so long preparing to depart, must now stay in the world, and work yet another hour in the vineyard.

And so it had happened, the chances of time had brought him again to the little primitive village in which he had last seen Belle. Passing through it, and meeting a woman who had known him when he had last been there, he made close inquiries touching the child, whose sweet face and unawakened heart had made so deep an impression on him. He had, been often thinking of her, and had longed that it might so have pleased God that the words he had said might indeed have been to Belle like the bread that is cast on the waters, and the seed that, when sown in faith, bringeth forth sometimes a hundred-fold.

“Belle, sir?” said the woman, putting up her apron to her eyes—for she was of that class whose tears fall easily—“we aint got no Belle now, sir; she’s been under the ground now hard on a month.”

Under the ground, along with the little sister,

whom Belle thought must have been afraid to have been left there at night! Under the ground! Belle, with her blue eyes closed, as convolvuluses close for the night, with her red lips, red no longer, with her sweet voice hushed, and her pattering little feet still for ever! Under the ground! Belle, who, she had told him, was never ill,—under the ground! dead before the clergyman who was to have been dead this year!

“There aint none of us too young, is there sir?” said the woman, when she found that the young man was too shocked to speak. “And she was such a sweet child, was Belle! She used often to speak of you, sir, and how you was soon going to be dead—excuse me, sir, and lor, who’d ha’ thought it ’ud been she to go first?”

“Did she seem afraid to die? Did she know she was dying? How was it?”

“Well, sir, the early part of this spring—this last spring as ever was—there was scarlet fever about in the village, and there was a many took it, and had it bad, but there didn’t none have it so bad as Belle, and there wasn’t none, sir, as took it so quiet.”

“She had been always a goodish child, but when she took the fever, she seemed all of a sudden to become more like an angel than a child, she was that sweet and gentle. And she’d lay there, and talk of them angels, how they were coming with their white wings, to take her up, and she, poor child, with her pretty lips all red with the fever, and her little hand so hot. Are you going, sir? Would you like as I should show you the way to church? They’ve put Belle in along with her sister, her as she was always talking about, and the clergyman’s daughter have put up a stone to her, for the gentry all round loved Belle.”

So talking, the woman led the way to the little corner of the country churchyard where poor Belle now lay. Then the young clergyman signifying his will, she left him there, standing alone.

The graves all around it were green, and were pretty enough beds for any tired form, and little Belle’s was bright with flowers. There were fuchsias, and crimson and scarlet roses, and some blue flowers that recalled to him her eyes. Though, indeed, he required no outward help to set the little picture before him. In his own mind there was always Belle sitting in the field by the hill, with a shaggy brown pony in the background, and no end of blue butterflies in the air. And now, though her cotton frock would still be as good as new, its childish little owner was lying at his feet, cold and dead.

Then he turned his eyes on her grave, and the simple superscription upon the stone, which the clergyman’s good daughter had erected to the little village favourite, that was never again to be known in the village.

The only thing written there was—

BELLE,

and underneath some sacred words added:—

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, November 23, 1867. —



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE.)

"Here be three ten-pun notes to put in your fob."—p. 147.

WRONG ON BOTH SIDES.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE," "TALES AND SONGS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BESSIE, dear, look up! See how brightly the sun shines to-day; and remember how dull and dreary yesterday was: so shall it be with our fortune."

These words were addressed, one fine morning in the month of May, in an attic in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, by Robert Hartwell to his sister, who sat propped up with pillows in an old arm-chair. Hither she had removed after her

mother and brother had been taken to the hospital, thereby gaining two advantages—change of air, and close proximity to the establishment whence she obtained work.

For a couple of months did that young woman battle for her daily bread, no small portion of the time in constant dread of hearing that her mother or brother, or both, had fled this world of dreams to that of everlasting realities. At length, to her great joy, she saw them out of imminent danger. Robert gained strength more rapidly than did his mother, and had been free of the hospital five weeks, at the moment when he was thus consoling his sister.

That Bessie was very ill, needed no second glance to discover. Yes, a week or two after the convalescent's return home, her overtaxed powers had given way, and for many days she stood in danger of needing a bed within the walls the other had so recently quitted. A low fever fell upon her; but, thanks to a purer air, and much kindness from the landlady of the house, the disease, in spite of her weak state, was vanquished, leaving her, for all that, in a very prostrate condition.

Two or three hours' work a day was as much as Robert could find strength at first to perform; but he soon, in spite of spare diet, grew stronger. Alas! when he was in condition for full service, he could not get the work to do. His illness had forfeited for him his permanent situation, and he was only a casual labourer.

Bessie had listened to her brother's kindly words with a smile, and when he had done she softly replied, "Bob, dear, you're a good fellow, and always try to cheer me up; but I wish you would do what I desire: write to Uncle Giles—I don't say ask him for anything—but write."

"Never!" ejaculated the other, almost fiercely.

"Don't be so unforgiving."

"Bessie, darling, I'm not unforgiving; but you know we should never have seen the troubles that for months have beset our way, if our mother's brother had possessed the least feeling."

"Perhaps he meant well. He was a curious man, and had been to see us but once in eighteen years, though dear mother hardly let a summer pass without paying him a visit. His later letters seemed to show that he was labouring under very false impressions with regard to poor dear pa's habits."

"There, I can't give in, dear," cried Robert, jumping up and running into the back attic for his hat. He returned directly, smiling, and continued, "Now, I'm not going to argue with you any further, but I'll out and see if I cannot earn you a nice little dinner for to-morrow. There, throw this old shoe after me for luck," placing a slipper in her hand. "The landlady says she'll be up to see you presently. It's very kind of her letting

me have the other attic for a shilling a week, and unlimited credit. Well, there are some good people in the world, after all; ah, and mind now you don't get crying, as I found you'd been doing the other day, while I was absent. Good-bye, and God bless you."

"Good-bye, and God bless *you* Bob," sighed she.

"All right," he returned, stopping at the door; "now then for the old shoe."

"There! if you must have it," and the sick girl feebly tossed the slipper in the direction he was taking.

"Good-bye," once again came from the stout-hearted fellow, and away he hurried on his errand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old shoe was not true to its tradition that day, for Robert found no employment, and indeed for a whole month afterwards his earnings were but small. Meanwhile, his sister, amid all drawbacks, gradually mended, and presently was able to resume work; Mrs. Hartwell too improved, and at length was restored to her children. One morning soon after that gratifying event, Robert arose more depressed than usual.

"It seems to be of no use struggling here any longer," he said; "but there are other places where youth and industry are sure to stand a fair chance. You know, mother," he urged, "that I am not afraid of hard work. If we had only money enough to carry us to Australia, our fortunes would be made."

Both mother and sister cast inquiring looks at each other, and then agreed that the idea was a good one; but where was the money to come from?

"Let me write to Uncle Giles," said the widow.

"No, mother, I will never consent; I would die first!"

"Robert, you are too hard in your judgments, and such conduct brings its own punishment. When I listened to your advice to return unopened your uncle's letter, I was bowed down by the greatest grief I had ever suffered, and scarce knew what I was about. I certainly, afterwards, believed we should be able to make our way, and then I fondly thought, when we no longer stood in need of help, that I would seek out my brother, and, while speaking words of forgiveness, show him how much he had wronged your father."

"Mother, I could not let you humble yourself to one who so little cares for you. It strikes me that the Government grants assistance, though I do not know the qualifications necessary to obtain it. At all events, I feel certain, if the Government won't do anything for us, that there's a society specially devoted to sending respectable women out to colonies free of expense, and I might manage to work my passage over. I'll go to-day and see what I can learn respecting such things."

After having been to the wharf to see if his services were likely to be needed, and finding they were not, our hero started for the office of a certain shipping agent in Fenchurch Street, whereat he purposed making the proposed inquiries. Passing through a lane running from Eastcheap, his eye suddenly fell upon a doorpost, whereon stood, in modest unflourished letters, this inscription: "Tussle and Twine, Solicitors." Tussle and Twine! why, they were the London agents for the attorney in whose office he had been copying clerk. He wondered if they could give him anything to do, in the event of his emigration scheme failing. He would call in, as he came back, and perhaps, if they had nothing for him, they might be acquainted with some firm that did want assistance. He was on the point of pressing forward when he kicked against a small parcel. He stooped and picked it up. As he did so it opened in his hand. He started, turned pale, thrust it into his bosom, hastened into the office, and asked to see one of the principals.

"Name!" inquired a boy perched on a high stool.

"I am on important business, but my name is unknown to the firm," was the reply.

Requesting him to take a seat, the boy, an active little fellow, with eyes that were all over you in an instant, hopped off his stool and disappeared behind a green baize door. He returned in a few seconds, saying that Mr. Tussle would very shortly be disengaged. About five minutes afterwards a full, strong voice called down a tin tube, which terminated just under the ear of the before-mentioned boy as he sat on his perch, "Ask the gentleman to walk up."

Hurrying in the direction pointed out, his heart throbbing fast and heavily, Robert tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried the lawyer. He obeyed. A long-limbed, wiry, red-faced, white-haired man of fifty to fifty-five was sitting behind an office table near the window. He looked up and surveyed him with knitted brows, and then sharply asked, "Your business, sir?"

"Oh, I wish to inquire, sir, if"—(the other referred to his watch, and made a note of the time upon his blotting-pad)—"if anybody coming into or going from your office has recently lost anything?"

The lawyer started and pricked up his ears like a terrier at the sight of a rat. "Eh! lost anything? What do you mean?"

"Simply that I have found something near your doorstep, of great importance to the owner."

"What is it? documents or a——"

"I shall not state what I have found. If neither you nor any of your people have sustained the loss to which I allude, the matter is at an end

between us, and I shall go on and lodge what I have picked up with the police."

"If you'll be good enough to give me a minute," cried the other, growing quite excited, "I'll make inquiries."

He called down the tin tube, "Jackson, tell Mr. Winkle to come up;" and Mr. Winkle did come up accordingly. He was a thin old man, in very shabby black, with a stoop in his shoulders—a thin white face, and thin white fingers like the claws of a bird.

"Who has gone out of the office lately?" inquired Tussle.

"Nobody, sir, has gone since Mr. Twine and the country gentleman."

"Has anybody in the office lost any money or—did you say it was money?" turning to Robert.

"I did not say what it was," he replied.

"I've not heard of any loss in the office myself, sir, but I'll go down and inquire."

"My good man," interrupted the prize-holder, "you need not trouble yourself. What I have found is of too much importance to have been entrusted into the hands of any clerk in this office, without coming through one of the principals."

The old man was fumbling the handle of the door while these remarks were being made, when all at once he was sent flying by a little sallow-faced, grey-eyed man in a white neckcloth and clerical-cut coat and waistcoat, who plunged into the apartment, breathless with alarm and hurry. He was followed by a middle-aged, country-looking man, who walked a little lame, and who also appeared considerably agitated.

"Here's our friend lost his pocket-book!" gasped Mr. Twine, for he it was who had so nearly upset the ancient clerk.

"Yes, between here and the Bank."

"What sort of a pocket-book was it?" asked Robert.

All eyes were instantly turned on him, while the countryman cried, "A large black un, wi' a brass clasp, and J. G. upon it."

"What did it contain?"

"Seven hundred pounds in notes and twenty suvrins."

"I found it by the doorstep" said the restorer, quietly, "not ten minutes ago."

"And most honestly and honourably walked into this office to inquire if we knew the owner," observed Tussle.

"That's mor'n many 'ud ha' done," cried the countryman; "and now, young gentleman, you've acted as ye'd like to be acted to, and so, as an acknowledgment o' your manly integrity, there be three ten-pun notes to put in your fob."

Our hero turned away from the money, but the other followed him up with, "Catch hold," and pushed them into the breast of his coat.

Self reliance had ever been Robert's ruling impulse, and accepting money as a reward for merely an act of simple honesty, at once struck him as not the right thing—as, indeed, robbing the deed of much of its virtue. "Gentlemen," said he, "though ashamed to accept these notes, yet money is of the utmost importance to me. For months I have been in London seeking a situation, until I am in the condition you behold. I was on my way to a shipping agent's, to ascertain if by any means I, with an ailing mother and weakly sister, could get sent out to Australia, when I was so fortunate as to find that pocket-book. Now, if, instead of giving me this money, you will kindly assist in furthering my wishes, or better still, of helping me into any moderately remunerative employment, I shall feel myself your debtor to the end of my days."

All were perfectly mute for some seconds, and then Mr. Twine asked, "What have you been accustomed to, my young friend?"

"Before I came to London, I was copying clerk in an attorney's office."

"Indeed!" exclaimed both lawyers in a breath.

"Yes, at Mr. Joyce's, at Millington. You were his agents?"

"Yes!"

"What's your name?" asked the countryman, with great eagerness.

"Robert Hartwell."

"My nephew!" He would have caught him to his arms, but Robert shrank away.

"Don't shun me, my lad—don't shun me. I understand your feelings, and I deserve your scorn; but learn to forgive: John Giles has had his trials, rest assured. I have borne the punishment meted me by my Maker, I hope meekly. Your mother and sister, where be they?"

"They are in London, sir."

"Oh, take me to 'em at once. Gentlemen," turning to the lawyers, "I was not prepared for this; I will call and see ye to morrow morning."

Robert, who was not less surprised than his uncle, bade Messrs. Tussle and Twine, good day, not wishing to give vent to his feelings before them, and hurried down-stairs into the street. The farmer followed, and soon the two stood side by side.

"I could not speak to you in the presence of others," observed the younger, "but now we are alone I must tell you, sir, if you really *are* my uncle—you know I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—that while I regret to hear you have been so seriously afflicted as you say, yet it will be impossible for you and me ever to hold commerce, and I shall not think of allowing you to see my mother."

"Don't say that, Robert—pray don't!" earnestly pleaded John Giles. "I know I've been a bad

fellow, but perhaps not quite so bad as you think. Heaven is witness" (the tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks) "how hard I've striven to find ye out, that I might make amends: that is, what feeble amends were in my power."

Robert himself was visibly moved.

"You will let me come home wi' ye, and see my sister, if for only once, that I may explain all and ask her forgiveness. My heart is not what it was, or I should not stand suing in the public streets. You will now, won't ye?"

That afternoon John Giles sat beside his sister in the garret at Knightsbridge. Bessie and Robert were there also.

"We were all mistaken," said he, after listening to the sad story of his brother-in-law's last struggle and eventual decease, "and I, sorely, very sorely. Prosperity made me forget my duty to my Maker and neighbour; but God in mercy rebuked me. A few days after my letter to you, finally declining further assistance, a murrain broke out among my cattle. In less than a week more than half my stock was dead. My anxiety carried me into a fever, which, though it began to abate in twelve or fourteen days, left me but a baby in strength. Now, when I could no longer go about my usual business, and was entirely thrown upon myself, I began to understand how rotten a staff I had taken to lean upon. Many years o' my life had been spent in utter disregard o' every duty. Self had been my sole study. I had cared for nobody, and now I fretted to find that nobody cared for me. Not a soul came to my bedside but my servant and the doctor. What was the use of all my money to me now? I fell into deep fits of despondency; thought of the harsh manner in which I had acted to you, and would have given anything to have called any one of ye to my chamber, but was ashamed after what I had done. One morning the pastor of the church, to which I never went, and whom I had often gone out of the way to insult, hearing of my sickness, dropped in, and, like the Good Samaritan, poured balm upon my wounds, and spake many a word o' sweet counsel. He came again and again, till at last, under his holy ministrations, I was led to prostrate myself, with all my weight o' cares, at those feet that never yet from the truly penitent turned away, no matter what his offences. My first act, on being able to take a pen in hand, was to write off to your husband, asking forgiveness for the harshness of my last letter, and begging to know if the help he had sought would be of any use to him now. My letter was returned to me unopened. It was a great blow, but I felt that I deserved it, and bore it with as much fortitude as I could command, resolving in my own mind that when sufficiently recovered to be able to travel, to visit Millington in person. I carried out the idea. Judge my grief

and astonishment, on reaching your town, to find Robert was dead, and that his family had departed no one knew whither. From that day my life has been one of unrest. This morning, however, I was rewarded beyond my deserts, by finding myself face to face with my nephew, under circumstances as gratifying to me as they were honourable to him."

"Uncle," said Robert, "I have cherished hard thoughts against you. Mother and Bessie have times and oft wanted me to write to you, but I

never would consent. Much of the misery they have had to contend with may have resulted from my obstinacy and want of forgiveness, but I thought you had so wronged my dear father—"

"My lad, much that you all have suffered was brought about by my first having forgotten my duty. The last lesson upon the cross was forgiveness, even of our enemies. Let us shake hands, forget the past, and make common cause in love for the rest of our lives."

"THEY SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES."



It has been recorded, to the eternal praise of the Jewish citizens of Berea, that when the first preachers of the Gospel came there proclaiming a new religion, "they searched the Scriptures," to know whether the things asserted by the apostle were true or not. Hence they acquired a title to a nobility of spirit and independence of mind far higher than fell to the lot of the inhabitants of a neighbouring city, who, under similar circumstances, clung with a blind tenacity and stupid bigotry to the worn-out platitudes of their fathers, and, as the last resource of intolerance and ignorance, raised persecution against those who claimed the right to exercise that reason which God had given them, and think and act for themselves. "They searched the Scriptures"—worthy example for all successive generations, and the only sure method of arriving at definite conclusions regarding some of the most awful problems that concern human existence.

Once grant the Bible to be the Word of God, and no language can be too express in declaring the importance of an earnest, prayerful, and conscientious study of its sacred pages. We have said "prayerful," for in such a study we are bound to remember that though subject to the same laws of criticism with other books, the Bible differs from them all in this, that it requires a *spiritual* insight rightly to read its contents. It has to do with spiritual things, which can only be understood by those who are Spirit-taught. No prayer can therefore be more suitable, on such occasions, than that short, but expressive, ejaculation uttered long ago by David: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

The geography, natural history, chronology, &c., of the Scriptures, are subject to exactly the same kind of criticism that these sciences are when met with in other writings; but when we come to consider the plan of salvation as therein revealed, we

come at once into an atmosphere altogether removed from that which man ordinarily moves in—we are at once in an element of spiritual things, the doctrine concerning which we must accept from the plain grammatical teaching of those Scriptures themselves, receiving "as little children" whatever God has been pleased to reveal to us of himself, of ourselves, and of Christ the Saviour of the world.

The Bible being, as it professes to be, a revelation from God in heaven to man upon earth, touching the highest and most important subjects—subjects which concern his happiness here and hereafter: being thus a book *sui generis*, must it not be worthy of the deepest study we can bestow upon it? Even its *accidents*, so to speak, deserve our careful consideration. Whatever traces we find here of ethnology, geology, or any other science, should be studied, if possible, as they are studied nowhere else; and we rejoice to know that Bible-students in these lands, are coming more and more to see that nothing that concerns the Scriptures of God is without its importance. All sources of knowledge are being investigated to throw light upon its sacred page. The strata of the earth are being examined, ancient tumuli searched, musty records turned over, stony tablets spelled out, and the whole realm of Nature laid under contribution. Hence, we augur that a higher value than ever will be placed upon this sacred record, when, as we most implicitly believe, these various sources of information will be found to have thrown fresh light upon the Bible, and have combined with the words of Christ himself in testifying, "Thy word is truth."

Above all are the *word* and *letter* of Scripture worthy of our closest attention—that seamless garment with which the inspiring Spirit has been pleased to clothe eternal verities: and that attention they are gaining more and more every day. Bishop Ellicott's books on parts of the New Testament are models of what a close, critical investigation of Scripture ought to be, combining

as they do the strictest reverence with the most scientific method.

In thus *searching* the Scriptures, we ought to be like the miner who mines for *gold*. It is those who carefully sift the sands and break up the quartz who succeed in detecting the precious metal, that would otherwise elude observation; and it is those who sift the language and weigh the words of Holy Writ, that succeed in extracting the precious meaning that lies beneath the outer surface of the Word of God. To those who thus seek to plunge into the depths of that Word—to strike, as it were, right down to the living rock, until they touch the virgin stream, and open up the clear fountain and original of Scripture, may those words of the Canticles be not inappropriately applied: “Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.” The great Augustine, long ago, spoke of a first, second, and third draught of the Scriptures; and it is those who drink most deeply at this sacred fountain, who will return with fresh zest to quench their thirst for Divine things at this heavenly spring of knowledge.

Not only may the Bible be read as the infallible record of God’s salvation, it may also be studied as an exercise at once elevating and refining to the human mind. “I use the Scriptures,” said a great philosopher once, “not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons . . . but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, and the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.”

The Bible testifies to its Divine origin, by the abounding *fulness* of its revelations. In this respect, it stands side by side with that other revelation contained in the book of Nature. Who will undertake to say he has fathomed all the depths of natural science, that he has explored the uttermost limits of creation, sounded all the depths of the remote past, and read the history of primeval ages, until the whole realm of Nature lies before him like a transparent globe full of light? And who will venture to say he has

sounded the depths of that *other* revelation, searched it from beginning to end, until it no longer contains a mystery, but lies before him like a clear, transparent page? He is but a shallow student in Divine things, who would yield to such a confession—one whose ignorance of the exceeding breadth of God’s law can be only equalled by the spirit of lightness with which he approaches it.

It was not after this fashion the great master-minds of antiquity approached the study of the Scriptures. “In divinity,” says Lord Bacon, “many things must be left abrupt, and concluded with this, ‘Oh, the depth!’ for the Inditer of Scripture did know four things which no man attains to know: the mysteries of the kingdom of glory, the perfection of the laws of Nature, the secrets of the heart of man, and the future succession of the ages.” It is recorded of the same St. Augustine already referred to, that he hesitated long over a single psalm, and was only led to write a commentary upon it by the urgency of his friends; “because,” he says, “as often as I essayed to think thereon, it always exceeded the powers of my intellect and the utmost grasp of my faculties.”

Each student of the Bible, who approaches it in a right spirit, must ever feel how *little* the *much* he knows is, in comparison with those untravelled regions, the very outskirts of which, as it were, he has only entered upon. Is it too much to say that the fulness of that Word will only be perceived when “that which is perfect is come?” if even *then* we attain to “the full assurance of understanding,” and shall not occupy the future ages in searching out the depth of those mysteries into which “the angels desire to look.”

May these few words suggest to us a deeper sense of the majesty, fulness, greatness of that Book which is in all our hands, but the very commonness of which has a tendency to depreciate its value, owing to that natural infirmity whereby we are tempted to hold cheap that which is procured without much difficulty, and which lies, so to speak, at our very doors.

CHANGING.

THE silence of the snows was on the earth,
The silence of the frost upon the stream,
The season sickened ere the spring had birth,
And life seemed slumbering in a deathly dream.
I cried, “How long until the hopes that seem,
Shall stand more real than the griefs that are?”
There was no answer in the chilling beam
That sought the earth as from a heedless star,
And the grey shades arose and wrapped the sun afar.

The glory of the summer on the land,
The beauty of the summer in the trees,
The earth lay open, like the hungry hand
Of Want to passing Plenty, and his fees
Of proud compassion, and the kindling seas
Made merry with the sunbeams; but I cried,
“Ah me! what pleasure in the things that please
Too much for pleasure, and for men supplied
In all too full a cup, which once were all denied.”

The sorrow of the autumn in the leaves,
 The music of sad winds upon the wood,
 Came on my heart, as something that bereaves
 Of good, and yet is dearer than the good.
 Upon the summit of my joys I stood,
 And life went floating like a mist away,
 Bright with the tears that yet in nothing could
 Abide, but vanished like the tints of day,
 Hung in the fading west which are too pure to stay.

This was the cycle of my discontent,
 Which ever did pursue those seasons round;
 Until my patience of the world was spent;
 And, wearied of the changing sky and ground,
 Wherein no constant purpose can be found,
 Then I looked upward from the rolling years,
 Where, Ixion-like, my life was bound,
 And saw, all glorious from His sometime tears
 His face who changes not for mortal hopes or fears.
 J. S. W.

A WORD UPON SAFEGUARDS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



HE proverbs of this world are often supremely selfish; they often work death rather than life. It would be difficult to estimate the damage, for instance, that such wicked proverbs as these have done: "Every one for himself, and God for us all;" "Self's the man;" "Every man has his price." There are other kindred proverbs, which encourage revenge and incite to excess. But the proverbs of the Bible, by their spiritual beauty, attest its high and Divine authority; they are all such as to secure our highest well-being—such as we would wish written upon the lintels of our doors and the living pages of our hearts. There is one, for instance, which had some sort of reference to the Jewish law concerning landmarks: "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him;" and it is related to this very subject of safeguards. What a striking suggestiveness there is in it about the hidden and stinging retribution resulting from the neglect of safeguards. A serpent—something the man does not see or think of—is hidden in the tangled copse-wood. Whilst he may be looking to see if his neighbour is watching, or if an enemy is at hand, there, deep down in the very hedge-roots will be the silent, but sure avenger of his wrong-doing!

I need scarcely say that we are all surrounded in human life by many moral hedges, and that we need them. He who says he can do without them, proves, by the very pride of the confession, that he needs them most. Remove a man from surrounding restrictions and institutions, from Sabbaths and sanctuaries, from the influence of right opinion and the salutary sway of good society, and he soon loses moral tone and influence. Our virtues are not only strengthened by example, but our vices are restrained by many small safeguards.

I am quite willing to admit all that my friend says about moral strength coming from *within*. I know full well that principle in the heart, and not palings in the life, is the surest protection from evil; but I am equally sure that this very

principle is weakened or strengthened in proportion as we are careful of little boundaries—propriety, decency, courtesy, delicacy, and sobriety. Directly a man begins to argue that this hedge of ordinances and that hedge of custom is nothing to him, it is time to look sharply after him. Beware then how you trust him with your name, your fame, your wealth, or your child. A man must be above the human, if he can do without the safeguards which keep others right; or else below the human, if he ignores the ordinary hedges of virtue and piety. Our blessed Saviour taught us carefully to preserve, as well as diligently to plant, hedges. He would have us compass the tent of our life by the surroundings of watchfulness and prayer. He never taught us to believe that we could bear up by an invincible resolution, or meet temptation with success, unless we had guarded the soul by devotion. We are to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. Every broken hedge is a beginning of danger. When once the lamb leaves the sheepfold, we little know into what black and deep ravines of the wilderness it may wander. It may quickly be maimed on the rocks, or drowned in the torrents. Once out of the enclosure, the dangers in its path are thousand-fold. So in our life; once let us be persuaded that it is a little thing to break an old custom, or to neglect a known duty, and then the devil will suggest, "As well wander a mile as a yard;" and as the wily tempter excused to us our first fracture of the hedge as a very little thing, so he will turn that into a ready argument, why, having once commenced, we should go on in sin. All gross sins begin with little indelicacies; all vast impositions commence with little frauds; all black perjuries originate in little falsehoods. It is well, therefore, wisely to ponder what the first fracture of the hedge may hereafter lead to: light conversation will ere long become loose; words of exaggerated description will soon merge into equivocating statements, and promises lightly broken, will become discounted at a cheap rate,

like bad or doubtful bills. Little trespasses through the hedge will at last end in making the opening a wayfarers' road.

To avoid any fracture, however trifling, in the hedge of honesty, chastity, or truthfulness, is a far sterner duty than it seems at first to be. The inspired and practical teachings of Scripture must, therefore, form our barriers against sin. The hedge will prove both useful and beautiful. God has planted it, and, like all his works, it combines the skill of wisdom with the strength of love.

It must be noticeable also to us, how minute are the elements of which a hedge is composed. See how the eager huntsman often turns aside from the high, prickly thickset hedge, through whose well-compacted branches even he cannot plunge his steed. But examine it carefully, and you will find that it is composed of little twigs. Thin and easily bent in their separateness, yet are they strong in their unity; and with prickly thorns and blended stems, they are, if not impregnable, not easily passable. Thus it will be found, when rightly examined, are the defences of the soul and the minute regulations of the Christian life. My friend may tell me that the inner principles of soul-life are few—faith, and hope, and love. Doubtless, these suffice; and in their simplicity of power lies our truest strength. Most true! and yet, to take but one of these principles—say faith—how is *that* trained, and nurtured, and protected from decay? Certainly by the Word of God, by meditation, by devout companionship, by religious reading, by blessed examples, and by communion with God through Christ. The east wind of scepticism may blow upon the best belief; it is wise, therefore, to keep strong the hedge of Scripture: the lion of the forest may roam through, therefore let no wandering thoughts be the open thoroughfares by which he may enter in. Every thoughtful student of life must see that he who neglects the little defences will soon surrender the citadel, and that he who breaks the hedge of delicate speech and devout demeanour, will find his fall not far off. Moral safety lies not in one act or habit, but in the mighty unity of little thoughts, and habits, and ordinances, which constitute the hedge of the Lord about the path of life.

The Divine hedge once broken, it may also be seen, is not very easily repaired. The surrounding of character, like the quickset of a hedge, is a growth: it is not like a broken wall, where you can raise the dismantled stones to their place again. Like the withered shrub, or the blighted herb, it takes some time for the life to grow again; and what watering and tending it then needs. Each man's experience tells him how attackable he is in the weakened places of his former defences. The gap remains! Some rude hurdle

may be stretched across it—but the break is there. After all, you can scale the hurdle or lift it: it is not like the invincible hedge itself. Grow again perchance it will; but that growth will be conditioned by time and care. The hedge once broken, how easy is the indulgence of any wayward or wicked habit! To rule the tongue, or restrain the temper, or curb the passion, when falsehood, anger, or desire rush to the breach and take advantage of the broken hedge, is hard and hot work indeed. Christian duty, therefore, in these respects is clear! How diligently ought all men to look to their defences and the safeguards of their folds, and to thank God for Sabbaths and sanctuaries and sermons, customs of early days, memories of home, decencies of demeanour, and strictnesses of speech inculcated in life's beginning, for friends that are dead and gone, for family altars, and many more "quicksets" in the hedge of influence. All experience says, "Each man ought to preserve these safeguards, and strengthen this hedge, for it surrounds the mansion of his earthly happiness and the spiritual sanctuary of his immortal soul!"

The proverb, to which reference has been made in this paper, speaks of a bitten heel—"a serpent shall bite him." How true this description is to nature! We see no danger, and *at first* feel no pain. Soon, however, the ankle begins to swell; the limb becomes contorted; the tongue becomes parched;—and lo! a serpent, hidden and venomous, has bitten the heel. Type this of the penalties of sin—so silent, but so sure—so certain in their advent, and so frightful in their end! Is not this very figure used in relation to the vice of intemperance? When the hedge of sobriety is broken by the carousal and the cup, at last the sin stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder!

How true this is of non-attendance at the house of God—whether it be the city sanctuary, or the sweet village church. Full of wisdom is the Divine injunction, "Not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." Behold yonder is a man who significantly said he could worship God as well in Nature—that he could be as devout in his own room—as in the church of God, and that he knew full well the rocks and reefs in the voyage of life! In one word, he simply said that church and clergy too were alike a mistake upon the part of God.

But did he worship God in green fields?—did he draw as near to the Redeemer in his private room?—had the pilot no duty to discharge towards *his* soul in the sanctuary?—had the shepherd no need to watch for *his* soul in the church? Look and see what his *end* has been! Did he not cease to read God's Word, and neglect to pray?—was he not in time the prey of illicit appetite and lawless desires?—was not the breach



(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"The silence of the snows was on the earth,
The silence of the frost upon the stream."—p. 150.

in the hedge gradually widened, until the sacred enclosure of piety became part and parcel of the common wasteland of the wicked world, no more to be distinguished as the garden of the Lord?

The same truth is seen in relation to sceptical inclinations. When one little branch is broken, another soon follows: one Christian doctrine is doubted, a second is denied, a third is disparaged. Devotion is looked upon more as having a reflex influence on the mind, than as an asking and receiving from God. Sin is looked upon rather as folly than as guilt. Eternity is thought of rather as a may-be than a must! One step further, and then the sceptic considers his former companions superstitious and their conduct righteous over-much! He wonders that his friends have never emerged into the liberty, or rather the licence, which he himself enjoys. The day comes, however, in his history, when the raven of sorrow rests upon his heart. Health fails, or some dear one dies; he is left alone then! In the worst sense, alone! Once he fought against belief, and now, what would he not give to believe? Tell him of the land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, and he draws his hand across his brow and looks distraught. Whisper to him of the Divine Fatherhood, and, alas! he has already said, There is no God! In the hopeless helplessness of such sorrow—in the quivering lip and the desolate heart, surely there is evidence enough—that the bitten heel follows the broken hedge.

Most manifest, however, is this truth in relation to loose and profligate habits. It is sad enough to see prodigal after prodigal taking with him his heritage of health and energy, and spending it upon the husks of sensual pleasure! Woe to those parents who see the early hedge-breaking, and merely say, "Ah! young men will be young men;" and then, with a knowing wink, add, "We sowed our wild oats once; ay, Jones?" Of all

sorts of wrong, no parent can inflict worse wrong on his sons than to be guilty of utterances like these! Surely *they*, too, in silent hours, have felt the serpent's sting coming with the memory of dissipated days and dishonourable deeds! The serpent is in every profligate's path; his sting will come in the memories of bygone days—in the wretched, unstrung nerves—in the enfeebled body—in the lost respect—in the dread anticipations of the future judgment! None who wish to avoid serpents can take too much care of their safeguards. Banish that man at once from your table and your circle who deals in "double entendres," and whose eye suggests the evil which his speech is not bold enough to utter. He who gives up any safeguards gets corresponding sorrows. Dishonesty, injustice, wrong, trickery, or chicanery leave fractures in the hedge of principle, where the enemy will come in to avenge himself. Naboth's vineyard may be gotten, but the getter thinks not of the penalty with the property. In all life we have need to remember that no one can really hurt us save ourselves. All other harm is seeming, but not real. It cannot touch the *me*! It may reach to our fame, or our estate, or our person; but it cannot maim *me*. God is no respecter of persons. "*Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.*" King David shall suffer as much as his meanest subject, and afterwards all his bones will be out of joint. The Divine law takes no cognisance of riches or rank. We are all temptable, or, as the old divines used to say, we are all peccable; and, depend upon it, we shall all be peccant, too, in the worst sense, unless we keep the hedge of God's inspired Word about our path, and tend it well with watchfulness and prayer. Tend your safeguard, and you secure your soul. "Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments." "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word."

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARKED FOR THE AXE.



DAYS passed over Delaube before the shadow of death was lifted from the house; but at length a respite came. Whether by the prompt use of remedies, or by the power of nature, Gilbert Oglivie came back to conscious life.

Though never again to rise from the bed on which he lay, the doctor had pronounced it possible that he might still have years before him, and on that

possibility his grandchild set about ordering the affairs of the little household.

In the dim dawn of consciousness, it was that tender face of hers that hovered over him, and carried a soothing influence even into his dreams. When he came out of the shadow, she was by his side; when he looked at her with eyes of recognition, and murmured, "Is that you, little one?" it hardly needed her exclamation of gladness to assure him that one, at least, welcomed him back to life.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she had cried; and, after a pause, he answered, in a broken whisper, "I did not

think to live to make any one glad that I should still live on, little one."

From that day, Gilbert Oglivie was changed. He had never been impatient with Peggy, who was now his nurse and constant companion; but all impatience, all moroseness and gloom, seemed gone from him. He had grown gentle and easily guided as a little child.

Meantime, Jean crept about the house in a feeble and dejected way, as unlike her former self as possible. She was one of those people who can bear any amount of bodily burdens, but who sink under responsibilities of a more serious kind. Poor old Tammas had become utterly unfit for outdoor work; the oats had perished—were rotting on the field; winter was close at hand; and, unless immediate steps were taken to procure a fresh supply, both food and fire would fail them. This was a rather dismal prospect in a house which might be snowed up for six weeks at a time.

One day Peggy wanted something for her grandfather which Jean's limited larder could not supply, and when the anxious nurse ventured to suggest that it might be procured in the village, "Where's the siller to come frae?" burst from the old woman's lips, with a sob of grief and impatience; and sitting down on a chair, she threw her apron over her head, and, for the first time in Peggy's experience, began to cry.

"You're ill and tired, Jean," said her young mistress, laying a caressing hand on the old woman's shoulder, on which she uncovered her face, and saying, testily, "I'm no ill, and I'm no tired," proceeded to lay bare the utter poverty to which they were reduced—the starvation which stared them in the face.

"Has grandfather no money at all, Jean?"

"It's a' done long syne," was the answer. "He told me himsel', the last time I spoke to him about something that was wanted. I thought o' speakin' to him about sellin' some o' the wood again: he did that when Mr. Louis was here. The belt at the foot of the hill was cut doon then; but I was feared to speak to him for puttin' him in a passion, and then this illness came on, and——"

"I'm not afraid to speak to him, Jean," interrupted Peggy; she might have added, no one need fear him now. "I'll ask him what we had better do at once."

The result of this little scene was, that Peggy was empowered to sell as much of the wood as was needful. It had not disturbed her grandfather to be told of the necessity, as she had told him, with her small hand resting in his, and her fearless smile of trust and confidence shining on him. They were not far apart, these two now. The human relation was being merged in a divine relation in which the elder was as the younger.

Peggy lost no time in going down into the village, and taking her way to the shop of Mr. John Frazer, wheelwright and carpenter. A gig stood at the door of the shop, and within stood the wright himself, up to the knees in shavings, talking to a tall old gentleman, who appeared to be waiting while

one of the men examined the wheels of the vehicle, with which something had gone amiss.

Seeing that there was a pause made for her, Peggy stated her business in the simplest way; and the wright, with a great deal of deliberation, informed her that he was not in immediate want of the timber, but would like to have a look at it, nevertheless. If it served his purpose, he might possibly buy it, and find a use for it some time or other. She replied that he might come and look at it at once—the sooner the better, as it was to be sold without delay: and on this he promised to come that very afternoon, if she liked.

The man was a keen buyer, and he smelt a bargain, which was sufficient to tempt him if he had needed the article less than he did. She accepted the promise with thanks, and took her departure.

The wright saw his visitor very politely to the shop-door, watched her a little way up the street, and then, turning to the gentleman, who had witnessed the interview, said, "That's Miss Oglivie o' Delaube; ye'll maybe no' ken her, for she's lived like a hermit up on the hill there a' her life. They maun be ill off, I fear," he added, "or they would na' cut doon the wud."

If the wright had been observing his companion instead of his visitor, he would have noticed a variety of strange expressions passing over his handsome, but usually quite unreadable, face. He had fixed his eyes with the keenest scrutiny on Peggy, as soon as she named the wood of Delaube, and his feelings had varied from vindictiveness to exultation; the latter was uppermost while he listened to the last words. He could have laughed aloud. He was exulting over the man who had wronged him. He had triumphed at last.

But his face wore its usual mask of strong determination, as he said, in reply, "I'll buy the wood, John—as much of it as they like to sell."

"You're very kind, Mr. Haldane," said the wright, rather irrelevantly, it might seem, but wishing to make his listener believe that he thought it was out of compassion he was about to make the purchase.

"It's out o' no kindness," replied Mr. Haldane, roughly; "I want it, man."

It was very easy to see that he meant what he said. John Frazer saw the bargain slipping through his fingers; but Haldane was his oldest and best customer, and not to be gainsaid, so, with the best possible grace, he acquiesced in the proposal that he should go over that afternoon and make a valuation of the wood to be sold, to be purchased by that gentleman.

"Make it as fair as if you were the seller and me the buyer, John," said Mr. Haldane; and it was clear he was in earnest in that too.

"Weel, weel," answered Mr. John Frazer, "there's naeboddy to look after things but that bit lassie, only it's no every ane that would deal sae kindly by her."

John's little bit of flattery had not the usual effect of relaxing the somewhat stern features of his customer. In truth, it had irritated him almost beyond control, and he took his leave in a not over-genial manner. David Haldane did not find his

triumph wholly pleasant to him—it would have been the worse for him if he could. He knew quite well that this unrelenting hate was a black spot in his soul, and the only good about it was, that he did not attempt to whitewash it. He knew it to be a black spot, and when Mr. Keith would have had him become an elder of the kirk, the man of blameless life and high integrity, with an eye to that black spot, had answered, resolutely, “No.”

David Haldane the younger was at a loss to understand the restlessness which had seized his uncle on that particular afternoon. The former sat working at his desk, the latter had taken to pacing up and down the counting-room, with his hands behind his back. At length the old gentleman fairly startled his nephew, causing a long column of figures, just at the summit, to topple over in his brain by halting abruptly before his desk and saying, suddenly, “Would £300 a year satisfy you?”

“For the present perfectly,” replied the young man, quickly recovering from the irritation and confusion of the overthrow, and much astonished at the inopportune time which his uncle had chosen for his announcement.

“I mean to add a house to live in,” continued that personage, “if it’s all right about the ledgy.” The younger David smiled, thanked him, and turned to his books again.

Having paced up and down a little longer, the old man came to halt again, as abruptly as before, and asked his nephew a question more startling still. “What would you think of Delaube for a place to live at? you know the house, an easy ride from here,” he said.

Had he guessed anything? It was not much, his nephew knew, that could be hidden from those keen old eyes. But the young man replied, after the most approved manner of his country, by asking another question. “What in the world has put Delaube in your head?”

“It’ll soon be in the market, or I’m mista’en,” answered his uncle, and went on to say that he was there and then waiting for John Frazer in order to accompany him thither, and make a valuation of the wood for sale.

Young David’s heart beat with great strokes against his side. On the impulse of the moment he was about to offer to go with his uncle, but just then one of the men came in to say that John Frazer was waiting outside. With a nod to his nephew, the old man hastened away, leaving the former evidently infected with his restless mood.

When Mr. Haldane and John Frazer reached Delaube, they stopped at the foot of the hill, and the latter alone went up to the house, from which he speedily issued again, accompanied by Peggy. They prepared at once for the work before them, Mr. Haldane taking out his notebook, and the wright furnishing himself with a pot of paint and a brush, which he had brought with him in the gig. And first they took a walk round the hill to get a general view of the wood. Mr. Haldane was very silent, but

he could not help saying a few words to the fair girl who led them through it, and pointed out so patiently the finest trees she knew; he could not help looking at her, and seeing that she looked sad as well as patient. And the sadness gave her face—which seemed made for smiles instead of tears—an appealing expression, which melted the old man’s frozen manner into something very like kindness; and to kindness from any living creature, Peggy responded like a flower to sunshine.

The last place she led them to was her favourite spot, her wood-chapel, and they had no sooner entered the grove than Mr. Haldane said, “We had better begin here. These are well-grown trees, are they not?”

His companion assented. Peggy stood beside them, white and trembling.

“What do you say, Miss Oglivie?” the wright asked, appealing to her; “may we begin here?”

“If it is all the same,” she said, “I—I wish you would leave these.”

It was not the “woodman spare that tree” sort of sentiment that prompted the eager words. It seemed to her that the place resolved her painful doubts. She could not bear the thought that it should be swept away. It stood there as a witness for her. It would be easier to believe in faithlessness if it suffered change.

Mr. Haldane was about to insist that these were the very trees he wanted, but, looking sharply at Peggy, he met the appealing look, and desisted.

“It is quite the same where we begin,” he said; and they went farther round the hill.

At length, tree after tree appeared marked for the axe with a ring of white paint round the bole; and Mr. Haldane, who had kept summing up aloud the value of the wood, stopped at the sum which Peggy had named, as the extent of the sale. It was only twenty pounds; but wood was cheap in that part of the country, and a goodly number of tall firs had been doomed for this. The purchaser was ready to take more, and Peggy gladly arranged to let him know when any further sale was decided on. He was also ready to hand over the purchase money on the spot; but he wanted a formal receipt, and, not wishing to trouble her grandfather more than could be helped, she asked him to be kind enough to send it ready for signature. This he promised to do, insisting, at the same time, on her receiving the money.

“I’m going down to the works now, and will send it at once.”

“You are Mr. Haldane!” said Peggy, with an incomprehensible smile, and holding out her hand to say good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WITHIN four narrow, bare, and, it must be confessed, very dirty walls, the manager of the print-works pursued his experiments in colour. It was generally in the mornings and evenings that he occupied himself in this way, often working both

early and late, while the day was consumed in general superintendence.

On the evening of the day on which his uncle had made him the offer of an income, handsome enough in those days and in that part of the country, he had retired to this inelegant, and not inodorous, sanctum. But the young manager was not as usual busy with his bottles and his powders. He was sitting idly swinging in his chair, earnestly contemplating a fierce little fire that burnt on the hearth at his feet. He wore a look of intense and pleasant occupation nevertheless. It was with substances more ethereal than pigments, however, that he was engaged. He was mixing the ideal colours of his future life, and the predominant one at present appeared to be *couleur de rose*. He might seem to be looking straight at a dirty bit of plaster, but between him and it there was a world of beauty and of love, and in its charmed centre the face which alone could radiate for him the sunshine of life.

The manager had had a very late night, but it had been necessary for him to get to work again early on the succeeding morning. He had been at it for several hours indeed, when he was called out of his sanctum to see after something in another part of the works. As it was only across the court, however, he left the key in his private door, which was never left unlocked save when he was either within or near at hand.

He had only been gone a few minutes when he returned, and there, like a realisation of his dreams of the night before, seated in the single chair of his inhospitable den, was Peggy Oglivie. She had asked for Mr. Haldane, and the porter had concluded that it must be the younger she wanted, and, finding the key in the door, had ushered her into the sanctum, and hastened in search of him. She was looking round on the shelf of huge volumes lettered "Patterns," and at the assortment of bottles of all sizes, and shapes, and colours which stood about, when he entered.

She rose as he did so, and he met her grave, sweet smile with a rather embarrassed air. It is always trying to meet our dreams in the morning light. Moreover, David Haldane was but a man, and he remembered that he had on a very shabby old coat, and could not help seeing that his hands were not over clean. He looked, it must be owned, rather awkward and constrained as he held out the dirtiest of the hands to show that it was not fit to be taken.

Her smile in return was quite re-assuring, though it might not have been so to a vainer man. She was not likely to notice either his coat or his hands. But her frank eyes looked at himself in an altogether unembarrassed, and therefore unembarrassing, way, as she said, "Good morning," and added, "I have been wondering what you have got in these strange bottles."

"I hope you have resisted any curiosity as to their contents," he replied, recovering himself completely; "there is enough in them to poison half Bleaktown. It is here that I experiment on colours and washes," he explained.

Before he could say anything further, she had taken a folded paper from a little black silk bag which she carried in her hand, and now presented it to him. He unfolded it mechanically.

"This is for my uncle, not for me," he said, seeing a receipt, written out in his uncle's half-text hand, signed by Gilbert Oglivie.

"A lad brought it last night, and was to wait for the signature," she answered; "but my grandfather was asleep, and I could not awake him, so I brought it here myself. I should like very much to see the works," she added.

Nothing loath, and telling her that he must lock up that Bluebeard's closet of his, he led her out and shut the door, and taking the key in his hand, proceeded to guide her through the rambling buildings. He took her first through the lower floors, where streams of water were running and pouring in all directions, with men and boys paddling about in them, some with bare feet, and some with clattering wooden shoes, while they transferred long webs of wet stuff from one huge vat to another. Now and then he stopped to explain something, as she stepped daintily over the wet floors; but she only shook her head at him till they were out in the court again.

"It's so confusing," she said, when they were clear of the swishing and splashing. "Is it always like that in there?"

He did not know the drift of her question, and laughed as he answered, "Yes, except that it's sometimes worse."

He had led her through the drying-rooms, where she felt suffocated with the furnace-heat, and then through the printing-rooms, where she could not hear her own voice for the deafening clatter of the blocks, and as yet he knew nothing of the impression it was making on her. He only knew that he was unspeakably happy in having her near him.

Passing through the counting-room and wareroom, they came to a light, airy apartment, whose windows commanded a view of the river, the meadow and the woods beyond. The workers here were few, and the place free of all noise and confusion. It was here that the artistic element of the work was elaborated. At one end of the room a few men were engaged in drawing, or rather copying patterns, while the rest were carving out the wooden blocks used in printing.

"I am obliged to go Glasgow or Manchester, and sometimes even to Paris for designs," he said, as they looked over a book together; "and these we must adapt to the taste of our customers. I might have done something in this department myself," he added, "for I am fond of designing; but there is so much to see after that I have no time."

"You will think me very vain, but I am sure I could improve on this," she said, pointing to one of the designs.

"It is not so easy as it seems," he answered, "to produce something new without being strange, and simple without being tiresome. Look at the hideous things which novelty alone produces, and the stupidity which is the result of want of invention;" and

he put before her some dress-patterns. One resembled nothing so much as a brown crab sprawling over a white ground, and another was an ugly miniature of a cabbage rose, leafless and stalkless.

"I am quite sure I could draw prettier patterns than these," she repeated.

"You would make plenty of money if you could," he replied.

"Will you let me try?" she asked, cagerly.

"Certainly, and be very glad if you can succeed," he answered.

She was evidently quite in earnest, and was soon engaged in a practical study of the best style then in vogue.

The teacher was now as eager as the scholar, for a few strokes of her pencil convinced him of her taste and skill; and it had at length dawned upon him—slow to perceive a personal advantage even in his love—that a new and pleasant path of communication had been opened up between him and the almost inaccessible maiden whom it had been his fate to love.

As they descended the stair—for Peggy speedily remembered that nothing ought to detain her longer from her post at home—they encountered old Mr. Haldane. He was coming out of the door which led from the house into that part of the works; and when

his nephew told him that Miss Oglvie had come to deliver the receipt in person, seeing that the visit was to him, he stepped back with his natural courtesy, and ushered her into the room he had left. She sat down for a moment in the chair he proffered, till he had examined the paper; then she rose and pleaded the illness of her grandfather, as an excuse for hurrying away, offering him on his own hearth her gentle thanks, and her friendly little hand, till he fairly forgot that she was an Oglvie of the Oglvies—forgot, as he looked after her crossing to the gate with his nephew, who had waited to conduct her, and thought what a handsome pair they made, she with her girlish grace and unmistakable ladyhood, and he with his manly vigour and beauty. Then he remembered, and turned from the window with something that sounded like a curse. "I would see him in his grave first! I would sink all I have laboured for at the bottom of the sea!" he muttered, as if in answer to the possibility that entered his mind at that moment. But he put it aside the next, little dreaming that on that possibility his nephew had already staked the happiness of his life, and was ready to lose in pursuit of it anything else fortune or his uncle had to offer.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

PHILIP THE PEEVISH.



DON'T like that; it isn't half so nice as the one I had before," said Edith Everley, in a whining voice, throwing down on the table a little sofa, intended for a doll's house.

Grandmamma entered the room at the moment, and putting her hand on Edith's shoulder, said, "Why, Edith, I thought papa had come back a little boy to me; that was just his voice, when I used to call him 'Philip the Peevish.' Aunt Maude had a name given her, and I thought he deserved one as much. Come and hear about him, and forget this small annoyance, whatever it is."

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Edith, though still turning about the little toy with a dissatisfied air.

"What is it that has disturbed my little girl?" said Mrs. Everley, kindly.

"Why, Hannah stamped on my little sofa I bought to carry home for my drawing-room in the doll's house; and she's bought this in place of it, and it isn't half so nice."

"Perhaps not, love; but as it was quite right of Hannah to try to replace what she destroyed, and as her means are not very large, you can but thank her graciously, and make the best of the little toy; which is, after all, better than none. Whining over and grumbling at the one won't bring back the other. What is not to be remedied it is wisest and

best to bear cheerfully. So, come now, and bring your stool beneath the ash, and hear about papa."

Nothing could more readily have dispersed the clouds from Edith's face than this suggestion; and leaving the little sofa to take care of itself, or share the fate of its predecessor, Edith went off into the garden with grandmamma.

"Then this is to be 'Philip the Peevish,'" she said, settling herself comfortably on her stool. "Will you name them all, grandma? It reminds me of the kings, William the Lion, and Philip the Fair, and so on."

"Their names must come with their histories; we must be getting on with our story of to-day, or we shall not have time to finish it."

"All right, granny; I'm listening. 'Philip the Peevish.'"

"Well, Philip had the misfortune to have a nurse who loved him too much; she came to him when he was a poor little sickly baby, and nursed him so tenderly and lovingly, that she was the earthly means, no doubt, of saving his life. Of course, this endeared him greatly to her, and none of the other children, though she loved them all very much, could ever compare in her mind with this darling boy. An affront to him was one to her; and much as she loved me too, she never could forgive me if I ventured to punish or find fault with this idolised child.

"I soon saw the nice harvest she was sowing for herself, and also how she was making my boy the fretful, peevish child he became, and warned her incessantly. I really believe she tried to do as I wished her, and flattered herself she did not spoil the child; but his tears broke down every resolve, and made her give way to him directly. He soon saw this, and became a perfect tyrant to her. If it had not been for the counteracting influence of myself and his father, he would have been quite ruined; but I, Edith, saw through my spectacles the wretched, discontented, fretful spirit which would come of this pandering to his whims; how the little, complaining, whining voice, so often heard in the nursery, would soon grow habitual, and that as he grew older, the impossibility to procure all he desired would render him, not only miserable, but lead to breaking the commandment which bids us not covet or desire other men's goods. What was to be done? To part with nurse, whom we all loved and respected, and who was a second mother to the children, was not to be thought of; to take the boy from her care, equally impossible; he was too young for school, and she would have broken her heart to see any one else have the care of him. It was the subject of much thought and anxiety to me; but I could only come to the conclusion of having him as much as possible with me, to which arrangement she never objected, as she delighted in having him noticed, and taken down-stairs. At first he thought it a great treat; but soon finding each little peevish whim was not attended to, he wanted to return again to the nursery, and I had hard battles to fight to keep him with me. In vain I reasoned with him: the miserable, 'I want this;' 'I don't like that;' 'I'm tired of this toy;' 'I want Nursey,' was for ever sounding in one's ears. At length I thought of an expedient to break him of this wretched trick. Remember, he was very little at the time, and by no means a sharp child of his age, or my plan might not have succeeded as well as it did."

"Oh, granny! what did you do?" said Edith, rubbing her hands with delight. "Go on."

"Well, Edith, one day when poor little Philip had been, as usual, very fretful, I said: 'Philip, I have tried in vain to break you of your foolish, fretful ways,—of that peevish manner of asking for things, and crying for what you cannot have. Now I have heard of a person who undertakes to cure little people of their faults; I fear you will not like her way so well as mine; and, moreover, Philip, she has the most enormous spectacles, through which the faults she sees are so magnified—made so much bigger, you know—that she punishes them severely, according to the size they seem to her. I have sent for her to-day that you may see her, and judge for yourself, whether you would like to have her always with you, instead of dear Nursey. This naughty peevishness is the result of poor nurse's over-kindness, and it is an ungrateful return to her. I must see. I shall ring now, and desire Mrs. Whipwell

to come up.' Accordingly I rang the bell, and desired the servant to show up Mrs. Whipwell, if she had come."

"'Yes,' the maid said, 'she had been waiting some time."

"With wide-open eyes, the tears still wet on his cheek from a fit of crying for something I had refused him, Philip waited, I have no doubt, with mingled anxiety and curiosity, for the entrance of the terrific Mrs. Whipwell. A heavy tread was soon heard outside, and the door opening, admitted a gigantic woman, carrying in one hand a rod, in the other a coil of rope, and from a leathern bag hanging on her arm, there peeped a number of books, which looked like school-books. Her bonnet was of black silk, in which was bright scarlet flowers; her shawl was scarlet and black; her gown was black; and her hair, or rather wig, as it appeared, was black, done in large formal curls; and on her nose rested the largest pair of spectacles I ever beheld."

"'Be seated, Mrs. Whipwell,' I said; 'this is the little boy about whom I have told you.'

"In a deep, harsh voice, Mrs. Whipwell answered, 'I see him, ma'am; he is big enough to know better than to cry, as he has just been doing, for what he was not allowed to have.'

"Poor little Philip drew near to me, and took hold of my hand."

"'He appears but a little fellow to us, Mrs. Whipwell,' I said, 'but I have no doubt through your wonderful glasses he seems big enough to suffer the punishment due to the faults which also seem big to you, and which certainly are very annoying to us. I have merely troubled you to come to-day to see him, and tell me if you can see what his faults are, and if you can cure them, supposing I am obliged to call on you.'

"'Certainly,' replied Mrs. Whipwell; and staring hard at him, she said, 'I can see a peevish, discontented child, growing up into a snarling, fretful man, who will be shunned by all; but I can see that if he begins at once to try, it is possible to overcome these naughty ways himself.'

"'And do you think that if we fail in correcting him, you could break him, Mrs. Whipwell?' I asked, smiling to myself, as the poor child drew closer and closer to me."

"'Yes, ma'am, I believe I could; this rod, or this rope, has seldom failed to master very obstinate cases; these books, which are very excellent ones, on geography, grammar, history, botany, chronology, ornithology, geology, conchology, keep them employed during the intervals of whipping; and I assure you, madam, at the end of a week, I have known a thoroughly fretful, discontented, peevish child, pleased with the commonest toys, happy and cheerful if only permitted to pursue the simplest amusement, which before he had thought dull and stupid. Oh! yes, ma'am, I could cure him; I could cure him, I make no doubt.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'I have your address, and



I will write and fix the day for you to come. I think we might give the little boy a week's trial.'

"Yes, ma'am, certainly; in a week we cannot expect him to cure himself entirely; but we can see whether he is trying to do so. You will certainly be able by that time to judge whether you will require my services or not. Tuesday next, ma'am, then, I may expect to hear from you,' continued Mrs. Whipwell, rising. 'And remember, if you please,' she said, in a deep, clear voice, 'no person—no nurse; no mother—must interfere with me. When once I have the charge of him, he is mine altogether.'

"Oh, decidedly, Mrs. Whipwell. Good day. I shall be sure to write.' And, with a majestic bow, Mrs. Whipwell left the room.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" cried poor little Philip, 'I will—I will be good. Don't, pray, let that horrid woman come. I won't cry or be peevish, indeed, mamma.'

"Well, my boy,' I said, kissing him, 'I should be very sorry to have her for you, and if I see you

really trying, she shall not come; but you must make up your mind really to try.'

"And did he try, granny?" eagerly asked Edith.

"He did, Edith, and succeeded so well that, at the end of the week, we were able to promise him he should not be given up to Mrs. Whipwell's tender mercies."

"But, granny, she wasn't real, was she?"

"Real, dear!" said granny, laughing; "yes, of course; real substantial flesh and blood."

"Ah! but I mean it was somebody dressed up."

"Well, perhaps it was? Can you guess who?"

"Grandpapa?"

"No."

"The nurse?"

"Oh dear no; she was a little woman, this was a gigantic person."

"Oh, I know, I know; that fanny man that called himself Hunguffin."

"Quite right, Edie; it was Uncle Roger, and, through his so kindly helping me in my scheme, papa lost all claim to the title of Philip the Peevish.

THE OVER

— Saturday, November 30, 1867. —



REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

CANYNGE THE MERCHANT, PENN THE ADMIRAL, AND CHATTERTON THE "MARVELLOUS BOY."

THOSE of our readers who have pushed through the close, crowded, commercial and manufacturing Redcliffe Street, Bristol, will remember how Redcliffe Church gradually re-

veals its varied beauty and magnificence to the beholder. The rich tower, the west front, the noble north porch, and the elevation of the building, above the busy world at its feet, combine to

justify the proud description of "the finest parish church in England." Nor is the beauty all outside; the interior is an architectural poem, full of that suggestive power which stirs the imagination and calls up a thousand rich associations. That long vista of sculptured stone, the "high embowed roof," the antique and graceful pillars, have all the impressiveness of true poetry. Then the question will arise, who founded this noble pile? Is an answer confidently given? Yes. In the streets of the old city you will, very likely, be told that William Canynge, "the richest merchant of Bristol," built St. Mary, Redcliffe. Perhaps some may add that Simon de Burton, Mayor of Bristol, began to build in 1292, and William Canynge the Elder finished about 1370. This seems so careful a decision that most are disposed to receive it, and depart, marvelling much that two Bristol merchants should have been able to raise so glorious a monument. Not two, however, but a dozen names may claim to be registered on the founders' roll. Besides Burton, William Canynge, Senior, and William Canynge, Junior, there are the Harringtons, Hungerfords, Cradocks, Medes, Sturtons, Dryicks, Says, Grants, Cheyneys, Fulks, Fitzwarrens, Straffords, Berkleys, and Montacutes, who aided, at various times, in the erection of the church.

Redcliffe Church contains the monuments of two once famous men. On the canopied tomb, under the centre window of the south transept, lies the figure of a man clad in mayor's robes, whose epitaph speaks more of earth than of heaven. We are told that he was "the richest merchant in Bristol," that he was five times mayor, employed 800 workmen, and was the owner of nine ships, the names and tonnage of which are carefully given. We also learn that, about seven years before his death, he took orders. This was William Canynge the Younger, so famous in Bristol annals. The merchant did not trust to sentimental emotions for the preservation of his name; he left a good round sum for the celebration of his funeral, with due pomp, and also for prayers and the burning of wax tapers. In the year 1470, four years before his death, he gave to Redcliffe Church a collection of presents, the very mention of which sounds like profanity, and bewilders a Protestant of the nineteenth century. What can the reader make of the following items?—"an image of God Almighty," a "heaven made of timber." This was matched by a "hell made of timber." After this item, we have, quite appropriately, "devils to the number of thirteen." No attempt is made to explain this odd number, making a baker's dozen. What could such images and apparatus be intended for? Simply to furnish the "Easter sepulchre," and form part of that singular Easter

puppet-show, by which the ecclesiastics of the age tried to set before the eyes of the rude people the facts connected with the resurrection of the Saviour. Such was the ritualism of old times.

The reader may here be fitly reminded, that near the Canynge monument the child Chatterton was accustomed to sit, forming, amid the solemn stillness of the church, the strange fancies which took their final shape in the "poems of Rowley."

The south transept contains the monument of the once renowned admiral, William Penn, father of the famous founder of Pennsylvania. Here are contrasts! The father, a man of war, rests in one of England's noblest churches; the son, the apostle of a peace society, sleeps in a secluded burial-ground amidst the solitudes of the Buckinghamshire hills. The emblems of battle are on the tomb of the one, the wild heath forms a wreath on the grass-covered grave of the other. Torn banners and a rusty sword speak of the father's deeds; a flourishing colony and a noble city beyond the Atlantic proclaim the fame of the son. The monument of the admiral, nevertheless, whispers of peace. We are told that, at the last, he, "with a gentle and even gale, arrived and anchored in his last and best port," on the 16th of September, 1674.

But St. Mary, Redcliffe, is linked with another name, which invests the ancient pile with a peculiar mystery. This church was one of the schools of the boy Thomas Chatterton. Had we seen that strange-looking Bristol Blue-coat boy sitting by the tomb of Canynge, we might have deemed him a truant idler; yet that child lived to perplex wits, sages, and scholars, and then died, a starving suicide, in a London garret.

It may seem superfluous to say that Thomas Chatterton was born on the 20th November, 1752, educated in the mere elements of learning at Colston's Blue-coat school, and apprenticed to Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney, from whom he parted in wrath in 1770. Surely all this is commonplace enough: a birth, a charity school, an apprenticeship, and a quarrel with a master. Is not that the ordinary prose of every-day life? Yes; but now look at the poetry underneath. At the age of six years and a half, the sleeping mind of the boy was awakened by the sight of an ancient manuscript brought from the muniment-room in Redcliffe Church. "He fell in love with it," said his mother; and from that moment his young heart was wedded to romance. The bride was fair to behold, but she carried in her hand the cypress and the yew. The child now quickly learned to read, and old books soon became the gods of his heart. The Saturday's half-holiday was a day of strange work. A small room in his mother's house had come to be regarded as the boy's own, in which he kept what the poor

wondering relations called "his rubbish." Yes, it did look very much like rubbish: a large piece of ochre, some charcoal-powder, black-lead dust, and sheets of old parchment. It seemed as if he were endeavouring to imitate the writing and figures seen on the old documents in Redcliffe Church, and to give the appearance of antiquity to new parchments. How dirty he did make himself on those Saturday afternoons! No wonder that poor Mrs. Chatterton was angered, almost beyond endurance, by the grimy appearance of her son at tea on Saturdays. Perhaps the boy Chatterton thus came in time to muse: "If I, a poor Blue-coat boy, declare these antique-looking poems which I have written to be mine, nobody will notice them; if I say they were found by me amidst heaps of ancient and long-neglected parchments in the old chests in the Redcliffe muniment-room, curiosity will certainly lead the antiquaries and lovers of mediæval poetry to read, and perhaps to admire."

Full of this idea, he began his extraordinary course of literary forgery, before his sixteenth year. In September, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished, and in that month the readers of Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal* read something startling. A short poem, written in old English, appeared in the newspaper, containing a vivid description of the opening of the old bridge, three centuries before. Who had written it? The rumour ran that the author was a Bristol monk of the fifteenth century, named Rowley, chaplain in the family of the great merchant, William Canynge. Where had so remarkable a document lain hidden so long? Who had discovered it? The queries were slowly answered. The boy Chatterton had discovered the ancient MS. in an old chest, where the Canynge records had long been kept. More could not be learned from Chatterton, though the very dons of Bristol questioned him in the style magisterial and mood imperative. The youth turned sulky, and refused to answer any more questions. Here was a nice problem for antiquaries! an ancient poem discovered by a poor boy; a poet, too, of high power, whose very name had been unknown to the old chroniclers. It was most puzzling. No one, of course, suggested that Chatterton might have written the whole himself. The notion was absurd; a poor Blue-coat boy, working in an attorney's office, exhibit such a power of painting the olden times, and with all the old colouring too! Certainly not.

Chatterton next appears as the discoverer of ancient histories. Mr. Barrett, a surgeon of Bristol, was engaged in compiling a history of the famous city. Chatterton brought the anxious topographer copies of ancient documents, which threw a flood of light over the dark ages of Bristol. What

could be more fortunate? the precious accounts were duly printed, and may be read in Barrett's "History of Bristol."

To the monk Rowley was ascribed the authorship of all. The boy had previously played off a less serious, but personally a more provoking, trick upon a Bristol tradesman named Burgum. The gentleman had a great reverence for titles and pedigrees. Imagine, then, Burgum's ecstasy of delight when the Blue-coat boy gravely showed him a document, entitled "An Account of the Family of De Bergham from the Norman Conquest." Here was honour! Mr. Burgum's heart and purse were opened; he gave Chatterton five shillings for linking him with the chivalry of Normandy! The boy in a short time, not only brought a supplement to the first pedigree, but a poem written in the time of Edward II., by a John de Bergham. After the strange boy's sad end, a harrowing suspicion seized Mr. Burgum, and he rushed with his pedigree to the Heralds' College. We will not describe the information there politely and coolly given; we beseech the reader to imagine it.

This was not the only family tree designed by the Bristol Blue-coat boy. Mr. Stephens, breeches-maker, of Salisbury, wished to ascertain his coat-of-arms. Chatterton gratified the gentleman, and also informed him, with due heraldic gravity, that he, the said breeches-maker, was descended from "Stephen, Earl of Aummerle, in 1095." Our readers will not forget that much knowledge of old history, and no slight acquaintance with heraldry, were necessary to give such fictitious documents the appearance of truth.

But Chatterton had higher aims than the invention of pedigrees. He informed a leading publisher, in 1768, of the existence of "the oldest dramatic piece extant," written by one Rowley. Surely a London publisher would nibble, if not bite, at such a bait. No answer came; and the ambitious Bristol youth took a bold step. He sent to Horace Walpole a packet of manuscripts, on "The Rise of Painting in England," declaring them to be the work of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. Here was something indeed. Who was this Mr. Chatterton, the fortunate discoverer of such precious relics? perhaps a quiet, affluent, literary gentleman, living in elegant seclusion near Bristol, like Walpole himself at Twickenham. A polite and most complimentary answer was sent to Chatterton, in which some natural inquiries were made respecting the *original* manuscripts. The youth now probably thought the road to fame was open, and informed the fashionable and fastidious Walpole that he was but an attorney's apprentice, eager to devote himself to a literary life. He also forwarded more ancient manuscripts, in which three poets, unknown before, made their appearance. Matters had now become provoking

and mysterious. Here was no gentleman after all, but an unknown attorney's apprentice claiming the protection and patronage of Strawberry Hill! But were the manuscripts really written by this strange Rowley? Walpole was puzzled, and called in the aid of his two poetic friends, Mason and Gray. They pronounced the poems to be clever forgeries, and Walpole wrote a cool note to Chatterton, advising him to attend to his business and become a thriving attorney. The proud spirit of the youth was stung. He soon after quarrelled with his master, who deemed him insane, and determined to go to London, where he declared fame and fortune would be found. Some friends subscribed a few guineas, he had received promises of engagements from London publishers, and the prospect was not in reality very dark. The youth, having reached the metropolis, lodged first in Shoreditch, and afterwards in Brooke Street, Holborn. His conduct was now extraordinary; he wrote home declaring himself to be on the high road to fame and fortune. In one letter he exultingly cries out, "Bravo, boys! up we go!" in another, written about a month before his death, he says, "My company is courted everywhere," and speaks of himself as the intimate associate of eminent persons. Yet during a great part of this time he was on the verge of absolute want. He had, indeed, obtained access to publishers, and his pocket-book contains various entries of sums paid for articles in magazines; but time was wanted to work his way, and starvation was gradually approaching. He lodged, during the last ten weeks of his life, at No. 4, Brooke Street, Holborn, in a "garret-room," where his landlady, "Mrs. Angel, sack-maker,"* gradually awoke to the conviction that her young and strange lodger was in a sad state of poverty. The weekly rent was indeed paid to the day, but the signs of want could not be mistaken. One loaf lasted him for a week, and a stale one was always bought. Two days before death came, the baker refused even the stale loaf, until three shillings and sixpence, then due, were paid. That money was found. A little more must have been obtained, as the next day the young man purchased from Mr. Cross, a neighbouring chemist, a little arsenic "for an experiment!" When about to go up to his room that evening, August 24th, Mrs. Angel was struck by a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and by his kissing her when he bade "good night." The next morning, the young Bristol poet, the author of Rowley's poems, was found dead, a suicide, in his eighteenth year. Alone, he had dreamed when a child, in Redcliffe Church; alone, he had toiled over his parchments in his little room in his mother's house; and alone, he died in the heart of London. The state of his room spoke plainly of the bitter

and resentful feelings which agitated his spirit in his last mortal hour. His papers were torn into fragments and scattered about the room, and on one small piece were the words: "My curse to Bristol." Yet in that city his mother and sister were then rejoicing in his prosperity, and looking for the meeting at Christmas, which he had promised them. The people of his native place had often called him "mad," and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se*. The printed report of the inquest has been declared to be a *forgery*. Even the grave of the unfortunate poet has been matter for discussion. Where is he buried? In the workhouse burial-ground, Shoe Lane, say the greater number, and Mr. Godwin produces an entry from the burial-register, which seems decisive:—"August 28th, 1770, *William Chatterton, Brooke Street.*" Some one has added the words "the poet." Every part of this entry agrees with the fact except the "*William*," instead of *Thomas*. But others assert that the body is really buried in Redcliffe churchyard, relying on a positive statement said to have been made by the mother of Chatterton—that the corpse was brought to Bristol by wagon, and buried at night by Phillips the sexton. The grave is said to have been made on the "right hand of the lime-tree standing in the middle of the paved walk." It would certainly be more pleasant to believe that the bones of "the marvellous boy" rests near the places which first moved his imaginative mind, than that the bones were scattered long ago, when the market was built on the Shoe Lane burial-ground.

After the death of Chatterton, a furious controversy arose. Had the remarkable poems been really written by the monk Rowley? This was maintained by Dean Miller, the antiquary Jacob Bryant, Dr. Glynn, Dr. Symons, and Dr. Sherwin, and by Mr. Catcott, Bristol, who had bought and sold them as originals. These gentlemen argued with force, that it was impossible for a Blue-coat boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age to have written such poems as the "Song of Ella," or "Canyng's Feast," and to have imitated so closely the old English of the fifteenth century. Dean Miller, in his enthusiasm, placed Rowley *above* Homer and on a level with Shakespeare, and published the poems in a rich quarto volume. But there were greater names on the other side. Dr. Johnson, the poets Mason, Gray, and Southey, Horace Walpole, the critics Tyrwhitt, Warton, Sir Herbert Croft, Malone, George Steevens, Pinkerton, Gough, and George Chalmers, stoutly asserted all the poems to be the works of Chatterton himself. The public agreed in this judgment; but then rose the cry, "What a genius was allowed to perish in a Holborn garret!" The language of Johnson, when his prejudices allowed him to read the poems of the uneducated student,

* Dressmaker; *sack* was then the name for a lady's dress.

was: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge."

Are there any visible memorials of this boy-poet? The London house in which he so miserably perished has disappeared, now forming a part of Meeking's furnishing warehouse. Fourteen years after Chatterton's death, Philip Thicknesse, Esq., raised a monument to the poet at St. Catharine's Hermitage, near Bath. At length, after several refusals by the parish authorities, a monument was erected, close to Redcliffe Church, in the year 1840, by public subscription. The figure of Chatterton, in the dress of a Blue-coat boy, stands on the summit of the monument, holding the poem "Ella" in his hand. Seventy

years before, the starving poet left his "curse to Bristol;" but the old city has done late honour to the name of her wayward but wonderful child. In 1853 a new stone was placed over the grave of Chatterton's father and mother.

Redcliffe Church will for many ages be associated with the strange story of Chatterton. Few will gaze on the monument of the merchant-prince, William Canynge, and not think of the wonderful child who once made a poem from the sculptured marble. The magnificent architecture of the church will recall the image of the Blue-coat boy whose imagination saw the men of bygone ages clustering round yon columns, or moving down the nave.

NO MORE NOVELTY IN ERROR THAN IN TRUTH.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

IT is easier to define the symptoms of a disease than to prescribe its remedy. Some have light enough to perceive the bad signs of the times, but too little to adopt the only hope of their amendment. The authoress of that shadowy, fantastic book, "The Night Side of Nature," in her more recent publication on Spiritualism, complains, so far truly, that "theology is more and more tending to formalism, and science to materialism. Men do not live by faith. They hold it: it does not hold them. How is religion to be made a living power, instead of a dead formula? Has God withdrawn himself from the world; or is it that the world is withdrawing itself from God?"

Did it never occur to this and kindred writers, that spiritualism itself is one of the worst of these "dead formulas" by which "the world withdraws itself from Divine teaching; like Saul, who, when he had fallen from God, and the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, made the matter worse by having recourse to witchcraft and familiar spirits? It was always so, as it is now, men realise the mischief in which their unbelief involves them, but not the unbelief which involves the mischief. Hence their cry for succour is, not, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;" but, like the too superstitious Athenians, they "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

I would to God his Holy Spirit vouchsafed me the grace and power to persuade you who read those lines that there are no new things, whether in truth or error. Every error is the counterfeit, or contradiction, of its counterpart truth. Thus the first temptation, based upon a falsity which man received for fact, implied both. The truth said, "Ye shall surely die;" the error affirmed,

"Ye shall *not* surely die." Truth pledged its own immortality to man on his primitive obedience; error promised even more—"Ye shall be as gods"—to man's disobedience. In the multiplied reproductions of that ancestral heresy, "ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," lies the germ of every falsification of truth in successive forms of error, every one of them alleging authority on a par with the Divine. Satan has no interest in error, apart from its demolition of the foundations of truth, hence naturally there is a constructive immutability in error analogous to the eternal unchangeableness of truth. Consequently it may be affirmed of both: "They are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Are you athirst for novelty? you will no more find it in the Dead Sea tides of "man's devices," than in the inspired verities of the sacred Pool of Siloam. The wise king said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, This is new?"

"Do you believe *that*?" said a sceptic to his fellow-traveller in a railway carriage.

"I do," was the reply; "there is nothing new."

"Is not the electric telegraph a new thing? and gas, magnetism, and the like?"

"No; they are simply new applications of old natural forces, like the powers of steam or pneumatics."

"Well, the rock-oil they call petroleum, is not that new?"

His companion paused, and I ventured to interpose the suggestion that "petroleum, or rock-oil, even as a discovery, was as old as the oldest book in the Bible."

"Petroleum in the Bible!" the sceptic sneered;

"that won't do for me, without chapter and verse."

"Here they are, sir," I replied, quoting Job (xxix. 6), who, recalling his sources of wealth in the days of his prosperity, said, "I washed my steps with butter, and *the rock poured me out rivers of oil.*" "There's your petroleum, sir; nor was its possession confined to an individual—the whole nation of Israel enjoyed it, as you may read in Deut. xxxii. 13: 'He made him suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.'"

The unbeliever was surprised, and so far silenced.

Returning from this digression, we assert that there are no new errors, simply because there are no new truths. The novelty is invariably one of form, or of application, or of appearance; the substantial realities are old "as the everlasting hills." So of the pretentious novelties of our own times we repeat the challenge: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, This is new?"

Is ritualism new, when St. Paul condemned it, as "the old leaven" of the ancient church, by the declaration: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost?"

Is materialism new, when its general theory is typified in every detail of idolatry which deifies stocks and stones and all the host of heaven, eternalising creation with the attributes of its Creator?

Is rationalism new, which, in the language of one of its writers, "sets up the strong present tense against all the rumours of wrath, past or to come, and insists: No law can be sacred to man but that of his nature," when, in the same spirit, Pharaoh challenged Moses: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?"

Is spiritualism new, which, in the tone of old apostasies, "turns from the faith to give heed to seducing spirits," consulting indifferently the sacred Urim and Thummim of the Temple, and the witches' séance at Endor; and, in its more refined and modern phase, places on the same footing of didactic reverence "the Indian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and classic mythologies with the Hebrew traditions," and dares to include in the same profane bracket of equality, as teachers of their race, Plato, Swedenborg, and Jacob Behmen with the Lord Jesus Christ?" It is the blasphemy of the Philistines, lodging the ark of the covenant in the house of Baal, or Pompey setting up his statue in the Temple of Jerusalem, or the blind toleration, if not contemptuous impartiality, of the Pantheon, which would have allotted a shrine, among the rest of its sculptures, to a material image of God.

Well may the only inspired revelation of the Divine will exhort us against "the wisdom of this world;" against "oppositions of science falsely so

called;" against the treacherous comminglings of "Christ with Belial;" "the temple of God with idols;" or "he that believeth with an infidel." The peril is in their contact; the safety lies in coming out from among them, and being separate from all that is "earthly, sensual, and devilish," and cleaving, with singleness of eye and simplicity of faith, to "the wisdom from above, which is first pure and then peaceable," guaranteeing peace to the heart, mind, conscience, soul, and spirit, on the unassailable basis of "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement."

We solemnly warn the readers of THE QUIVER against these "children of subtlety and enemies of all righteousness." Do not be misled by a pompous intellectuality of sentiment or phraseology. There is nothing new—nothing which has not been answered long ago, and again and again condemned, and left to the inexorable execution of time, which, like the fabled Saturn, devours its own offspring, each fresh form of error dying with its respective author, while "the word of God liveth and abideth for ever."

When Eli thought of his unworthy sons in charge of the ark, he trembled for its safety; but the type of the Divine presence survived alike the degeneracy of its priests and the hatred of the Philistines. Timid believers are still found apprehensive of preserving the soundness of religion, because of the defections of some of its ministers and professors; but "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." Not long was the ark in captivity in Philistia, where it proved too strong for Dagon, even in its bonds. Madame de Staël said, "Error may prevail for a season, but ages celebrate the triumphs of truth."

It would not be difficult to take up seriatim every false doctrine in religion, and tabulate it side by side with the truth which it perverts or misrepresents. Nor would it be any harder task to trace the origin and the special antagonism of each secularist, spiritualist, or transcendental theory with the corresponding contradiction in inspired theology; but the profit would be doubtful. Better let them alone; they be blind leaders of the blind, and if both fall into the ditch together, it is because they wilfully close their eyes to the light which is come into the world, "loving their own darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Sufficient for our side if we maintain that the object of every error is to neutralise some analogous truth, and leave to our adversaries the burthen of proof for the originality, independence, or novelty in any given error.

Truth is what the Spirit of God teacheth; error is what man's wisdom teacheth. Truth is the luminous half-moon with its light shining, whence

it fell, upwards towards the skies; error is the other half, darkened by its earthly shadow, and destined to be swallowed up in the fair satellite's growing light. Were there no lunar orb, there would be no phases of obscurity, and where no conscious truth is, there are no conscious errors.

Heresies have multiplied in the Church, *because* she was the depositary of sound doctrine: seeing, "where the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered together."

The series of heresies were the repeated blows on the Lord's stronghold; but "her bow abode in strength, and the arms of her hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob;" though "the archers have sorely grieved her, and shot at her, and hated her."

Let the truth as it is in Jesus fix itself in your hearts by faith, and you will never tire of "the old paths," nor of the old canonised words of "the voice behind you, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." The novelties, the confictions, the fluctuations of modern thought will present no attraction to your satisfied souls; for "no man having tasted old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better."

Men become so accustomed to error as to mistake her for truth, so that when the latter is preached, she is denounced as a "new light," and her teachers for "setters up of strange doctrines." There is no greater mercy than the grace which inclines our hearts to "buy the truth, and sell it not;" on the contrary, would rather urge us, like the merchant who found the pearl of great price, to "sell all that we have, and buy it." An unbelieving Church bought and sold it for thirty pieces of silver; but the true disciple, like Paul, "counts all things but loss for the excellency of its knowledge." Nor be dismayed at the evil perseverance of Satan in sowing crop after crop of tares among the wheat. Both abide their reaping and ingathering. "They that sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; and they that sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

In the meantime, even errors pay their involuntary homage to truth, as devils reluctantly confessed the presence of the Son of God. They are often overruled to the effect of giving greater prominence to the very truths on which they take their disingenuous standing. Thus the anti-Trinitarian brings out into brighter relief the precious doctrine of the Divine unity, like the shadow of the Prince of darkness forming a background for the glorious light which shone upon the pinnacle of the Temple, illuminating the dictum: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve!" Besides, St. Paul describes error as the sieve by which the wheat is sifted from the chaff. "There must needs be heresies among you, that they

which be approved may be made manifest." Hence they become a practical test of "the unfeigned faith that is in you." Do you feel a drawing of sympathy towards these ever-recurring fresh forms of fallacy, whether in the gross rudiments of the world" or in "the traditions and commandments of men?"—as Elisha taxed Gehazi: "Went not thine heart after these men, with their talents of silver, and changes of raiment?" If so, take heed lest the leprosy of their sentiments infect and cling to thee, for "cursed is he whose trust is in man, and not in the law of the Lord his God."

Distrust your Christianity, if you detect it leading you in any shape apart from Christ, or if you detect yourself hankering after the multitude of successive theories and pretensions with the old cry, "Lo, Christ is here;" or "Lo, Christ is there." "Go ye not after them," if you would be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

"Hold fast the form of sound words, which you have received." If there be a danger of satisfying the soul with the words, without the doctrine, there is a temptation to initiate apostasy from the doctrine, by objecting to the sameness of the words. Guard against disrelish of evangelical phraseology; it not seldom proceeds to more ungodliness. St. Paul insists on orthodox reiterations. "To write the same things, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe:" and St. Peter lays equal stress on the important duty "of putting you in remembrance of these things, *though ye know them*, and be established in the present truth." Who is the Christian professor who ever felt he could do without "the line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little?" like the feeding of children, little and often, and the simplest possible; like the daily repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, of which no devout man ever wearied, or would substitute another form.

If you would realise without abatement or interruption a believing sense of your adoption into the heavenly family, of your reconciliation with the Father by simple faith in the atoning blood, the justifying righteousness, and sanctifying Spirit of the Son of God, our one and only Saviour and Advocate, then do as he bids you: Take up your cross daily and follow him.

Pattern and patron, priest and victim, God and altar, Christ is your all in all! What more do you want? To seek more is to deny, or be insensible, to "the fulness of him who filleth all in all."

When the next allurements to some religious vanity, or superstitious variety, with its too natural charm of fictitious novelty, meets your "lust of the eye, or your pride of life," let the plaintive echo of the forsaken Saviour fall upon your ears

as he sighed to his chosen ones in the days of his flesh, "Will ye also go away?" and may God's Holy Spirit touch and tune your hearts to adopt Peter's grateful, loving response: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

Of every doctrine, precept, and promise St. John's predicament holds good: "Beloved, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning."

Astronomy has made her discoveries in the heavens, geology in the bowels of the earth, navigation in the seas; but the revelations of theology have been in all ages complete as the attributes of their Divine Author, and of all things, whether in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, or in the Church—which is equally his creation with the rest—the challenge holds its ground: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, This is new?"

ON RASH JUDGMENT.

"I said in my haste, All men are liars."



THIS confession is not the least valuable portion of David's religious experience. It exhibits in a startling, but true light, how prone even the best of men are to indulge in hasty and rash judgments upon the actions and motives of their fellow-men; and to such a pitch is this sometimes carried, that individual faults and failings are imputed to the whole race, and all are unjustly brought under condemnation, when only a section is in fault. Such is the great difference between man's judgment and God's.

We propose to devote this short paper to a consideration of some of the evils of rash judgment upon the actions and words of others, and to point out some of the evils resulting from this pernicious habit.

It must be guarded against, because such a temper of mind is injurious to our neighbours as well as to ourselves. It is injurious to our neighbours, because it frequently lessens them in the estimation of their friends, by concealing their good qualities, and exaggerating their bad ones; and not unfrequently is their good character entirely taken away, or at all events seriously damaged, by rash judgment.

It is injurious to ourselves, because the constant inroads of a habit of this kind make fearful havoc with an "honest and good heart;" like acid eating into a metal, be the former never so pure, the latter cannot come into contact with it with impunity. The soul is a very delicately-adjusted apparatus, and if not carefully guarded, will acquire that very habit it so harshly censures in others: an utter want of appreciation of the consistency and beauty of truth.

The great evil of rash judgment is, that in nine cases out of ten it is *false*. People fly at conclusions, who can never have the opportunity of knowing the truth. It may be that their feelings carry them away, and totally upset the sober balance of the mind, to say nothing of the grave duty of Christian charity. There is a great

temptation in many minds of having something new and startling to communicate—something which shall take people by the ears; and, so long as this effect is produced, it is much to be feared that truth is a very secondary consideration.

It sometimes happens that everything seems to go wrong, and we are tempted to get out of sorts with everything and everybody. It is with this fretful and discontented spirit upon us that we may be tempted to say in our haste that "all men are liars." Can anything be more unjust? Others must suffer for our hasty tempers and expressions; so that in giving vent to the sentiment that "all men are liars," the greatest liar among that very large company is the person who asserts it.

But the sad phase of the case is, that when a man brings such a sweeping accusation against his fellows, he is apt to consider himself an exception to the general rule; and amid the surging mass of surrounding falsehood, to regard himself as a paragon of truth and goodness. The Christian rule is, of course, the exact reverse to this: "Love covereth all sins;" "above all things have fervent charity: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

Let us look at the same truth in a somewhat different light. The Psalmist makes use of the expression placed at the head of this paper, by way of confession. This is as much as asserting his sorrow, first, at using hasty words at all, and then the utter untruth of those words. Mature thought will prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, as in the best there are some bad qualities, so in the worst there are some good ones; for it cannot be that the Almighty image is utterly defaced in any man. We know, alas! too well, the inroads sin has made and is making upon all of us; but God forbid that we should go so far as to say (in our haste) that any one is utterly and entirely bad. It very frequently happens that, as high lights have deep shadows, so those who seem, at first sight, one tissue of



.(Drawn by L. STRASZYNSKI.)

"All last night she was restless and fretful,
Father was trying to sleep in his chair."—p. 171.

wickedness, possess good points and qualities, which would be worth worlds to their detractors.

The great mistake people make is this: instead of looking for good, they strive to ferret out evil, or what they conceive to be such. They have a peculiar pleasure in this. Good words and good deeds go for nothing, but as soon as their extreme sensitiveness scents out anything not quite up to their own ideas of propriety, immediately "they stretch forth their mouth unto heaven, and their tongue goeth through the world." It is a habit which grows wonderfully fast, and against which men and women need to be earnestly and affectionately cautioned. It behoves them to beware of indulging in the seductive and pernicious habit of rash judgment, lest by so doing they fall under the grave condemnation and sentence of the Psalmist: "Thou hast loved unrighteousness more than goodness: and *to talk of lies more than righteousness*. Thou hast loved to speak all words that may do hurt, O thou false tongue. Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever: he shall take thee, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling, and root thee out of the land of the living."

We have been considering the general *falsehood* of rash judgment. It remains to point out a duty connected with the subject. Suppose our neighbour has his faults and failings, as will most certainly be the case, our duty is to make certain allowances for human infirmity; to remember that all men's temptations are different; that the cross to be taken up and carried daily is not the same to all. For instance, how common is it to hear the liar condemning the sin of drunkenness; the scandalmonger, "whose tongue cutteth like a sharp razor," holding up her hands in pious horror at the enormities of the gambler and the thief; the habitual neglecter of the worship of God in his temple, declaiming against formalism and deceit, and exalting what he is pleased to term spiritual religion. But who ever heard the envious condemning "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?" the impure, in righteous indignation against "fornication and all other deadly sin?" the proud, hard upon selfishness, unbelief, ostentation, ambition, vanity and self-conceit? or the angry, upon violent language, spite, cruelty, or vindictiveness? As a rule, men and women are very easy with their own sins, and very hard upon those of others. What seems a very small

fault in themselves, is a very large one in their neighbours; and such is the extraordinary extent to which this self-deception is sometimes carried, that it is not an uncommon occurrence to hear people enlarge upon their own virtues and their neighbours' vices with almost the same breath. "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee, I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess." Reader, do you recognise the portrait? a great many copies have been printed from this negative.

If, then, we would have our shortcomings overlooked, we must do the same with respect to those of others. It is only on this condition that we ask of God forgiveness, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Let us ever remember the hold that Christian charity ought to have over us, when tempted to sit in judgment upon the motives, the words, the actions of others. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." What a contrast to that restless and unhealthy state of mind which is never content except in raking up something to the disparagement of another!

It generally happens, however, that sooner or later the tide turns; and then it is curious to watch how such people take the altered state of things. Those who are so industrious about the affairs of others, are, as a rule, wonderfully thin-skinned when anything touches them; one of two curious phenomena usually happens: they either consider themselves the most ill-used people upon the face of the earth, or else fly into a violent passion, and say in their haste that "all men are liars."

But, let us ask, what is our duty in this matter? Reason, experience, and Scripture all alike tell us that it is our business not to judge our neighbour, but *ourselves*. The wise, the safe course, is to transfer hard and harsh judgment from our neighbours to ourselves. It matters not how many faults and wrongs we see *around* us, if we will but "inquire within" we shall find them in still greater abundance. Till we are faultless and perfect—which will never be on this side the grave—let us suspend our judgment upon others, and turn our attention to a quarter where our vigilance is much more needed, and where it will not be labour in vain, or worse than in vain. R. C. N.

"THREE-PAIR-BACK."



THREE-PAIR-BACK little Allie is lying,
Ill on her bed through the sunshiny day;
Hush ye, good people, our beauty is dying,
Dying this middle of May!

Up and down children pass with unceasing
Patter and clatter of feet on the stairs;
Never are still, and her fever's increasing,
Allie's,—and nobody cares!

Would we had never come to this city,
Leaving our cottage and neighbours the best;
Here neither man, maid, nor child knoweth pity,
Here there's none feels for the rest.

One close room for us, waking or sleeping,
High as the nests in the rookery farm;
Wages are good, but the rents are in keeping—
Little to bless, and much harm.

Here all steams of the cooking and washing,
Dusts, and the smells of the cleaning ascend;
Hither loud echoes of doors that go clashing—
Clashing with never an end.

One small fuchsia we brought of our flowers,
With it a bullfinch we caught in the lane;
These two, and this delicate darling of ours:
These, and not one will remain.

All last night she was restless and fretful,
Father was trying to sleep in his chair;

Trying in vain, for he's never forgetful
Share of our sorrow to bear.

Early to work, nor back till day closes,
Far must he speed, and toil hard for the bread;
Night's bit of ease, too, must snatch as he dozes,
Watching in turn by the bed.

Ah, dear me! a sick life at best of it,
This that we trail from the day to the morn;
Once like a joy, till sorrowful test of it
Showed all its ways were forlorn.

Doctor says plain, she will not recover;
Poor little heart that is beating so fast!
Soon, very soon, will her struggles be over;
Soon will her troubles be past!

Sweet, pretty bird, here caged in this prison,
Mother nor father could wish thee to stay!
Only we weep that our own wings uprisen
Bear us not with thee away.

W. JOSEPH SMITH.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROUND.

YOU are working too hard. You are looking pale. Come out into the wood a little way with me."

It was David Haldane who spoke, and, as he spoke, he looked tenderly at the fair face of Miss Oglivie, just then bent over a heap of drawings. His look had in it that intensity which always carries with it a touch of pain. But she did not see the look. She would have met many such if she had been in the habit of watching his face, as women watch the faces of those they love. But she heard and heeded the words, with their tone of half entreaty, half command. He had earned the right to assume such a tone—the right of a friend whom she had learned to trust and rely on with implicit confidence. So she looked up as he left off, and said, with a little sigh—

"Well, I will finish these beside grandfather this afternoon. I have done a good deal, with your help, this morning."

He had managed to give her a great deal of help during the past months—a little more, perhaps, than was absolutely necessary, in order to turn her exquisite natural taste into the tamer channel of designing.

She rose and put away the heap of drawings before her, and went to get bonnet and plaid and go out into the sunshine.

"I am losing all my healthy outdoor habits," she said, as she came back equipped for a walk; "but I sometimes get so restless with sitting still, especially when I am just finishing something which I want particularly to finish, that I run out into the

garden, let the snow be ever so deep. Jean is more than ever convinced that I have 'a bee in my bonnet;' though, ever since you sent me that first five pounds, she has been much more tolerant toward my eccentricities."

It should have been spring, but it was winter still. The March winds, instead of breathing over violets, blew on drifts of feathery snow. But now, for the first time, the sun shone out with something more than a mere wintry gleam, and promised soon to efface that fairy world—so lovely, and white, and cold—and replace the honest brown earth with its sprinkling of spring flowers. Everything was flowered now with the beautiful snow-blooms. They had fallen freshly in the night. The snow was not deep, as it had been in the early part of the season, but it lay all about Delaube quite trackless and untrodden. The wind had been blowing in the direction taken by Peggy and her companion, so that each tree fronting them was sheeted in white from head to foot, while on the other side the dark trunk was left bare. The high light and the deep shadow threw the whole picture into exquisite relief.

"I am glad you brought me out before all this melted away," said Peggy, the colour rising in her cheeks, and the weight lifting from her spirits, as they moved on through the fairy scene. "What is it like?" she went on. "I am seeing a hundred resemblances in the fantastic shapes of the bushes and trees. This—(pointing to an old thorn, which in summer was nearly as thickly clad with blossom)—is like an immense piece of coral."

"It is like a huge bride's cake," her companion answered, with a smile for his own more homely illustration. "I mean the hill; look at that coating

of white over the brown bank, crowned with its white trees for ornaments."

She laughed, and they went on, chatting almost gaily as they went. There is something to the healthy and hardy very exhilarating in being out in the snow. The dazzling purity of everything, the fresh, cold, sparkling quality of the air, from which every particle of earthy matter has been swept, refresh the spirit as well as the body, and give it power to cast off enervating influences. As they walked on, Peggy began to glow with pleasure. For the first time these many months, she felt a return of the old joyousness which had made her feet trip so lightly and her voice ring so blithely through the woods as she roamed with her boy companions. It was the triumph of youth and health over every heart-sickening, depressing influence. Quite unconsciously she had shut back the tide of thought and feeling that rose within, and opened her heart to the happy influx of natural beauty and delight, these great healers of the spirit.

In this mood she failed to perceive the silence which had fallen upon her companion. They were quite old friends now, with no need to make talk, and David Haldane had never assumed the character of lover. Instinctively he had felt that any nearer approach to her would but frighten her away. At first he had said to himself, in the words of the gallant, proud old ditty—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who will not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

But he had already won what was far too sweet to risk the loss of carelessly—her confiding, child-like trust. He must risk this gentle friendship, this pure, womanly regard, the first influence of the kind that had ever sweetened his life, in order to win her love. And he felt that he might easily lose it all by putting it to the test; and he did fear his fate. In the grave trouble and anxiety of these months he could not have tried to win her heart, and in contact with her sweet, unselfish nature his own love had gained unselfishness—a rarer quality in love than at first sight may appear. The desire to win was overruled by the desire to bless and benefit the beloved object.

And it was this feeling that now urged David Haldane forward to meet his fate. He knew, although as yet she did not, that Gilbert Oglivie was slowly but surely sinking into the grave. The friendly doctor had told him this, with sundry lamentations as to the desolate condition of Oglivie's granddaughter, and marvellings as to what was to become of her when he died. David Haldane knew very well what would have become of her, if the ordering of her fate had been in his hands. She would have stayed just where she was, in the dear old house on the hill, where a new day of gladness should have dawned for her in the sunshine of his protecting love. She never seemed to think of the future that awaited her; but he knew it was a

cheerless, friendless one, which he had faith enough to feel that he might brighten. If a brighter had offered to her willing acceptance, it had come to this with him—his love had so purified itself from selfishness, he would have stood aside and prayed that her gain might be as great as his loss would be.

She had not noticed his silence, but he was not slow to notice hers. They had entered a part of the little wood which had been sheltered from the wind, and where the snow had fallen without drifting. Straight from the smooth, white floor rose the dark columns of the fir-trees in the form of an aisle, closed towards the west by a grand pointed arch, framing the pale blue sky in what now looked like fretted marble—the boughs of the snow-laden trees. Her silence was so sudden that her companion looked down at her in something like alarm, and asked if she felt ill, which, indeed, she looked, for the glow had faded from her face, and in its paleness her eyes looked almost sunken. The confinement was telling upon her, he thought.

"No, I am not ill," she answered, absently, and with a strong shiver; "but I will go home now. It is so cold, so deathlike here! Look at that mound under the tree! it is like a coffin under a white pall. It used to be my favourite seat."

"You are indeed ill," he said, anxiously. "Your life is too heavy, too sad for you."

"It is sadder than you think," she answered.

He offered her his arm, and she took it gladly, for her limbs were trembling. She felt his arm tremble too. But a great desire had come upon her to tell him all her sadness, and she looked up into the face which was bent above her. Then she encountered that look which there was no mistaking.

There was no manner of use in gentle approaches now. He saw that she had read his face. She was conscious of his knowledge that she had done so. It was time for him to speak. They stood still, and he spoke out hurriedly.

"I would give my life to make you happy; is it possible for us to be more than friends?"

She would fain have stopped the utterance; as it was, she could only murmur, "Oh, Mr. Haldane! I am so sorry! It cannot be."

She had quitted his arm, and he turned away his face to hide the pain that was contracting it; but, as he stood there, quite motionless, she laid her hand upon his sleeve with a look that was half-pitying, half-beseeching.

"Forgive me if I have been in any way to blame for this."

"You to blame!" he exclaimed, turning quickly. "No; it is no fault of yours. I have startled you by my suddenness; but why cannot it be? I will wait; I will work; only I will never change. As I want you now, I shall want you always. Say only that it is possible. You are free?"

"No, I am not free; I am bound—bound utterly!" and her voice had so sorrowful a sound in it, that he almost forgot his own pain in wondering pity for hers.

"To whom had she given her love, and who had dared to make it a sorrow to her?" he thought, almost fiercely. She had covered her face with her hands, and it was all that he could do to restrain himself from clasping her to his heart; but he forced himself to be calm, and to say, calmly, "Let us still be friends."

It is not often that a man seeks for friendship where love has been denied; but in most cases the woman is ready to grant it; and the pure-hearted girl to whom David Haldane had offered his love was grateful for his friendship. So he took her passive little hand, and rested it once more on his arm, and led her home almost without a word.

David Haldane was honest with himself, and he knew that he had not quite given up hope—knew that he would "wait and see;" and if hope had to be given up, there was work, he told himself grimly, work enough to keep a man from—despair. "One of these boys," he thought, bitterly, "who might have had their choice any time these next ten years, has gained the one prize I coveted;" and he regarded the Grants at that moment with a mixture of feelings in which there was not much of charity. But why was she so sad—so almost hopeless? Was there hope for him in this? There was something he could not explain, turning over in his mind the possibilities of the case; he only knew that in all of them there was torture for him—the torture of doubt and of suspense. "She will sacrifice herself in some way or other, if she has the opportunity," was the only conclusion he arrived at; and it was a perfectly correct one, as regarded Peggy Oglivie.

As for her, she did not love David Haldane; but she thought of him higher things than she had been able to think of Captain Oglivie. No obstacle would have prevented him (David Haldane) from loving her openly and claiming her fearlessly. No penalty that could have fallen upon him would have caused him to give her a moment's needless pain. Yet it might not be "needless." It might be for both their sakes that she suffered from what seemed very like desertion on Captain Oglivie's part, she argued; for she was a little sophist, and could always find more reasons for everything than could anybody else. One thing had happened to her; she had become more fully alive to the nature of the promise she had made, and to all that it involved. In the light of David Haldane's love, she felt that it had been too lightly made; she felt that she had parted with a precious thing without knowing its true value; but she had no thought of blame for him who had taken it at less than its price. "No one ever loved me before," she said to herself, and her sweet loving-kindness, for it was nothing more, went out to her kinsman more strongly than before.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INHERITANCE.

THE Forest House was far less dismal than in summer. When the leaves had fallen the sunshine came streaming in. Through the lovely tracery of forest

boughs, the late sunrise and the early sunset shone and glowed, and were reflected from the windows and the walls. There was light in the cheerless rooms in those brief winter days, which was shut out when summer was in a blaze above the woods.

There was light in the house, for the bare boughs were laden with snow, which had fallen lightly and softly in the night. An utter stillness reigned all round it; not a print was on the white walks, except that left by the little brown birds who pecked about the windows where they had been wont to find crumbs scattered day by day, by one who loved them and every living thing. There was something very deathlike in the silence and the whiteness, and in the breathless stillness of the skeleton trees.

And within there was whiteness and stillness too. In that room into which the morning sun was entering, through the close drawn blinds, Janet Oglivie lay dead. She had died as she had lived, very gently. The doctor was astonished at her death. It had seemed to him that the disease was hardly active enough to kill. It did not occur to him to think that many would die of less than it sometimes takes to kill them, if they came to care as little about living as she did. People hold on to life by love, and hope, and joy, many and many a time when doctors have given them over in despair. And when she drew near the end, the timidity that had overwhelmed her, hiding all that was individual in her, passed away, and she began to speak what was in her mind to Margery, in a way she had never done before. She who had always been led and guided into all her habits and opinions, seemed now to take the lead. Was she not about to take the lead in the greatest and most solemn step of life—that of leaving it? She often said strange things to her sister then. Strange things to say Margery, thought them, and stranger still that she should say them. One day she said, "I think we might have been happier, Margery, if we had tried; and I think we ought to have tried."

Margery only shook her head.

"We had no right to shut ourselves up with our grief. If we had not done that, happiness might have come to us. We shut it out."

"But happiness is not a thing for sinful creatures to seek after," said her sister, in perfect faith, and yet with a sickening heart—a feeling that it might be so, and that life might have been a better and brighter thing for her too.

"I don't mean," said the dying woman, staggered in her assertion, not in her truth, "that we should seek for happiness, but we ought not to refuse it. We should be ready to take all of it God puts within our reach; instead of shutting out the sunshine"—it was streaming in upon them—"we should let in all we can. It's God's sunshine, and there's plenty of God's happiness in the world to warm and light us, even when our hearts are heavy with the sorrows he has sent us. We might even go a bit out o' our way to catch some o't," she added, with a smile, "as I've gone round by the village to see the bairnies play. No out o' the way o' duty. I dinna mean

that, Margery: you know I dinna mean that; but it may be in the way o' more."

She said many things in the same strain, for her loving nature was asserting itself in a deeper faith in the love of God. And this deeper experience was leading her to expect tenderer treatment from him than she had been allowed to hope for, tenderer treatment for herself and for all. And when she felt that the expectation purified more than all the fears of torment, and made earthly things heavenly and human things divine, she could not and would not let it go. And so love made her bold.

"Margery," she said, when it was very near the end, "I would like to shake hands with Gilbert Oglivie; but he's on his deathbed, and I'm on mine. Will you go and see him, and tell him my wish? And there's that bit lassie o' Louis's—she'll be sore forsaken when Gilbert's gone. I wish you would look after her."

And now that she—Janet Oglivie herself—was gone, and missed out of that mournful house, as few of the brightest and the best are missed, her words had a weight they had never had in her lifetime, and her sister set about fulfilling them to the letter.

In the course of carrying out her purpose, she made inquiry of the doctor as to the condition of her kinsman. It surprised him not a little, for the utter estrangement of the families was a thing of such long standing that it had almost ceased from memory. But it proved an inlet through which he poured the praises of Gilbert Oglivie's grandchild; and he was not checked in his enthusiasm when he told the story of her devotion.

"She saved his life, and nothing less, that night," he said, winding up. "A man might be content to be ill who has a nurse like her!—a treasure, I assure you—a perfect treasure!"

Not only had the doctor received no check, but his story had been listened to with greedy ears. Margery Oglivie was coveting the treasure with all her heart. But it was not for herself that she did so, though she confessed that she was sorely shaken by her sister's death.

Shaken indeed she was, both in mind and body. She and her sister had been so closely united, that the severance seemed to cost Margery half of her life. The roots of their lives were so entwined, that when the one fell the other seemed to totter. Margery began to feel that she too might die; and then what was to become of him, whom they had hitherto sheltered from every ill that could reach his blighted existence? The contingency was one which had never presented itself to her mind—which could hardly have presented itself to any one's. Year by year, from his infancy upwards, it had been expected that Alexander Oglivie would die. It had been considered impossible that he should live. The sisters had even spoken of, and laid plans for, the time when their sad task should have ended, while they husbanded every spark of the vital flame that flickered

so feebly in the poor child's breast. As he grew towards manhood he had gained in strength; but his hold on life had never been such as to make it in the least likely that he would survive the two vigorous women who nursed and tended him.

But now it seemed otherwise to the survivor of the two. He might outlive them both—the idiot heir; and the inheritance, which passed to the sisters on his death, to be disposed of at their will and pleasure, must go to the nearest kin. For so long as he lived it was his, and no one could dispose of it for him, and his great calamity had rendered him unable to dispose of it for himself.

In the case of his surviving his sisters, he being incompetent to will it otherwise, all that he possessed—and he had been rapidly enriching during his long minority—would pass to Gilbert Oglivie.

Louis Oglivie was believed to be dead, because years had elapsed since any one had heard of him; and he had been in the habit of allowing himself to be heard of, from time to time, when he was in straits for money. Unknown to his father, he had even appealed to the generosity of the sisters, and had not appealed in vain.

Failing her father, the inheritance would descend to Peggy Oglivie, provided that she could prove herself Louis Oglivie's daughter, of which Margery had had her doubts.

The sisters had agreed together as to the disposal of the property when it came into their hands, as they had every reason to think it would come. They had agreed that it should go to the only other Oglivie extant, as far as they knew—to him who would bear the title in the event of the extinction of Gilbert's line. Therefore they had been glad to welcome Captain Oglivie, and to find him such as he was. Margery had her doubts as to the qualities of the young man's heart; but then, she might be mistaken. Desertion, profligacy, cruelty, ran in the Oglivie blood. She forgot she was an Oglivie herself; but he might be an exception to the rule. This disposal was rendered null and void if, as Margery now feared, the property never came to her at all.

So much thought she gave to Alexander Oglivie's inheritance; but it was far more of himself she pondered, as the possibility of his surviving came home to her. Who would befriend the helpless idiot when she was gone? All his riches would not avail to purchase for him more than the cold services of careless strangers. They to whom his accumulated wealth would go could hardly be expected to care for him, for they were strangers too. And by whose will had they been estranged? As she thought of this she felt humbled. She felt ready to go to Gilbert Oglivie and entreat his favour, ready to propitiate this girl, who was said to be so gentle and so good—who might be the heiress after all, and who might befriend her helpless kinsman, and keep back the curse from following the inheritance.

(To be continued.)

THE CELANDINE.



AM so fond of these lovely wild flowers!" exclaimed Emily, as her cousin Charles handed her a bunch of primroses.

"I do not care much for flowers," he answered. "It is good fun to gather them, particularly when they grow in difficult places. I had to climb a high bank, and hold on by a branch, to reach these large primroses for you. If you wish to hear interesting stories about wild flowers, you ought to ask my sister Mary to take you to walk with her; she knows a great deal about plants, and tells it so pleasantly, that I like to listen. Aunt Ellen says we ought to learn botany. She has a large book full of dreadfully long names, which, I am sure, no one could be expected to pronounce, much less remember."

"Indeed, Charles, I do not think I could love flowers better, if I knew ever so much about botany."

"Here comes Mary," exclaimed Charles; and both children ran towards that young lady, who was advancing to meet them.

"Cousin Mary," said little Emily, "Charles says you know such nice interesting stories about wild flowers. Look at this beautiful bunch we have gathered; but they are so common; I dare say you will not be able to tell us anything very wonderful about them."

"Do you know all their names, Emily, common as they are?"

"Oh! yes, of course, I do," replied the little girl. "Every one knows primroses, and violets, and starry buttercups. I do not much like the buttercups—they are too bright; they spoil my other flowers, and make them look pale and faded."

"That flower you call starry buttercup, Emily, is the celandine."

"What a pretty-sounding name, Mary!"

"If Charles had not such an objection to long words, I should tell you its botanical name; but I do not expect either of you would remember it, and celandine is quite enough for you at present."

"Oh, Mary! please do not tell us to what class it belongs, and all that kind of thing," said Charles; "it would put me in mind of Aunt Ellen, and her tiresome book."

"Well, children, I will not, although this golden star of spring is a great favourite of mine, for many reasons; and I am afraid you will think I have bad taste, Emily, when I tell you I prefer it to your pale primroses and violets."

"Is it possible, Mary! Why do you like it so much?"

"I should have to tell you a long story to explain that. When I was a little girl——"

"Oh, Mary! go on; I do so like to hear you begin in that way."

"Well, when I was a little girl, I lost my way in that wood which you see to the right."

"And how did that happen?"

"I will tell you. My father and mother were obliged to leave home early one morning, to visit a friend who was ill. During their absence, some companions of mine came to see me, and persuaded me to walk part of the way home with them, saying I could easily find my way back by a path through the wood, which would shorten the distance considerably. I consented, although I was fully aware my parents would not have permitted me to walk so far alone. It was a very strong temptation to me, for I dearly loved to play with my friends. So I yielded at once—for I was very wilful, and easily led to do wrong. The morning passed agreeably. I ran about with my friends until we were tired; and, after we had refreshed ourselves, I fulfilled my promise, and walked part of the way towards their home. We loitered along—sometimes chasing the butterflies; again stooping to gather wild flowers; or sitting on some bank to talk—while hour after hour flew rapidly past. At length we came to the turn in the path which led towards the wood, and I proposed returning home, as I feared my parents might have already arrived. I begged of some of my companions to accompany me for a short distance; but, while I was speaking, a dark cloud appeared in the sky, and, fearing a shower, they advised me to hasten home; and we parted. I made all possible speed to gain the corner of the wood, from which I knew the path opened. Even in my haste I observed that the banks—so gay a little while before with the blossoms of the celandine—were now dark and sombre. The golden flowers were closed, and all things around partook of the gloom of the sky. There was no sunshine now, and the clouds were becoming each moment more dense. A feeling of terror took possession of my mind. I had never been alone before under such circumstances, and most heartily I wished myself safe at home. In a few moments large drops of rain began to descend. I hastened onward, in the hope of finding shelter; but before I could reach any place of refuge I was thoroughly wet. Upon entering the wood, I was startled by the extreme darkness. Even on bright days, few rays of light can penetrate the branches of the trees, so thickly interwoven overhead; and the dim obscurity which reigns around never fails to impress me with a feeling of solemn awe."

"Oh, yes, Mary, I have often felt just as you describe, when passing through that wood," interrupted Charles; "I do not know what came over me, but I could not laugh or talk as usual."

"Then, Charles, you can understand what I felt, when the sky was covered with threatening clouds, and all Nature dark and gloomy. My only comfort was, that I had but a small corner of the wood to cross, when I hoped to regain the open fields. I ran onward for a long way, expecting each moment to find the opening I sought, and emerge again into the light of day. I redoubled my efforts, but all in vain;

darker and darker became the gloom around. Overpowered by fear and fatigue, I stood still and gazed around, hoping to find some clue to guide me through the labyrinth in which I was enclosed. At this moment a brilliant light illuminated the wood. It was a vivid flash of lightning, and was immediately succeeded by a loud peal of thunder. I threw myself on the ground in an agony of terror. No words can describe my sensations; alone, lost in the dark wood, in the midst of so fearful a storm. Another and another flash followed; and louder and louder crashed the thunder overhead. I tried to pray, but could not.

"I lay on the ground crying bitterly, until the flashes of lightning ceased, and the roll of thunder became more distant. Then I rose, feeling that I must make some effort to find my way home. I tried to retrace my steps, in order to discover the well-known path through the wood; but without success. Several times I sat down to rest, and consider my position, and rose each time with fresh hope to continue the search. But, after many disappointments, I began to fear I must remain where I was all night, and perhaps perish with cold and hunger. Again I rose in a kind of desperation, and determined to go straight forward in the path I had chosen, feeling sure that if I was able steadily to persevere I must in time reach some opening. Often I was obliged to rest, and many times my feelings fluctuated between hope and despair; until, with joy inexpressible, I beheld the light gleaming through the stems of the trees; and knew I must be approaching the border of the wood.

I hurried on, as well as my fatigue would permit, and soon approached the green bank which bordered the wood on that side. As I drew near, I perceived a profusion of the celandine blossoms; their petals expanded in the light of the evening sun, as if the bank were studded with golden stars: a hopeful sight for me, in my forlorn condition. As I stood gazing, I heard distinctly a voice pronounce my name. I climbed the bank; the sun was again shining brightly; all the angry clouds had passed away, and there stood my father; for it was he who had called me. My heart was filled with joy at the sight, yet I felt weak and ill; I shivered from cold and excitement, and was ready to sink. My kind father did not ask me where I had been, or why I had acted in so disobedient a manner; he did not utter one reproach, but folded me in his arms, saying, 'My poor child! Thank God, I have found you! How weary you must be! Come, I will carry you home.'

"It was very ill for a long time after this adventure, and it was during this illness that I began to think how I had been, all my previous life, wandering away from my God and my heavenly home, going astray like a lost sheep.

"And now, children, you will understand why I love the celandine well enough to prefer it even to your primroses and violets; not only is it connected with that first gleam of light which broke upon me in that hour of childish sorrow, but, like the star that guided the wise men to Bethlehem, it appears to rest over the place where I first saw my Saviour."

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND. (SIXTEENTH LIST.)

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Brought forward from List		15		Flora Thompson Atter-		J. S. Park View, Harpur-	
Fifteen		744 9 9		cliffe		ner, Manchester	
W. Burdall, De Beauvoir		0 3 8		P. A. Statman, Islington		Miss Hatcher, Ventnor, Isle	
Town		0 3 8		James Much, Eilon, Aber-		of Wight	
W. Davies, Aberdare		0 8 10		deen, Shire		Miss M. A. Penn, 13, High	
Adeline Leicester, Enfield		0 8 6		Mrs. R. 42, Manchester St.,		H. B. a Servant, Leamington	
T. Newbold, Gainsborough		0 3 0		W. C.		M. A. Hancock, Spring Farm,	
Mary Jane Smith, Worcester		1 0 0		J. Davies, 28, Hill Street		Snitterfield, near Strat-	
Park		0 7 9		(4th subscription)		ford-on-Avon	
Mrs. S. Q. Clemence, Alex-		0 12 7		Mas. E. W. G. Hobrow,		Kate Collins, Baddesley-	
andra Park, Horney		0 12 7		Kensington Town		p. "P."	
Mrs. A. Quigley, Dundee		0 12 7		Rhoda Webb, Wotton-under-		E. W. Strand	
Miss Mills, Limington		0 12 7		Edge, Gloucestershire		A. A. Hedges, Peckham (6th	
Brewery		0 12 7		A. A. Hedges (5th collection)		collection)	
Mrs. Gordon, Carrarvon		0 4 0		Jesse Garrett, Bournemouth,		James Calderwood, Balston,	
P. Chapman, Colchester		0 4 0		Hon's		Carlisle	
Elizabeth Adamson, Scar-		0 7 0		E. E. Hodgkinson and		Euphemia Fraser, Parton,	
borough, Yorkshire		0 7 0		Friends, High Street,		Kirkcudbrightshire	
Edith, Ennesh, and Edgar,		0 3 0		Clay Cross		J. L. Cringam, Kilmarnock	
New Cross		0 3 0		Mrs. Edington and Friends		C. M. Oxenford, Giron	
T. J. M. Sneed, Ilanely		0 2 0		Miss Wayland, 1, Long-		Mrs. and Miss Garrod, Good-	
G. C. Harris and Elizabeth		0 2 0		ford Road, E.		stone	
Lloyd, Kensington Gar-		0 2 0		H. E. Smith, Lindfield,		J. W. Chavlin Hall	
dens Square		0 2 0		Sussex		Albert Co. K. Brynmawr (ind	
An Invald, Leeds		0 4 0		E. H. R. Leicester		collection)	
Miss Reeves, 4, Edward Ter-		0 10 0		A. L. McKay, Canonbury, N.		Fred, Frank, and Rose	
race, Peckham		0 10 0		C. A. Screen, Anerley, Surrey		Lumley, Donington	
Blossie, Cheltenham		0 14 0		Folly and Patty Kent, 1,		Mrs. P. Bottomby, Rostick	
J. Wood, Stoke Newington		0 8 0		Cheltenham Street, Man-		E. Loft, Liverpool	
J. Harrison, Bristol		0 11 0		chester		J. A. K. H. St. Leonards	
Eliza Archer, Wellingboro'		0 11 0		W. R. D. Manchester		Lily Ballard, Dublin	
Alice and Francis Russell,		0 4 0		John Dowell, Breton, near		F. A. Winwick, Newton-le-	
Woodside		0 4 0		Stafford		Willows	
Mrs. M. and Family, Not-		0 4 0		S. L. P. Shorcliffe Camp,		Alfred E. Tanson, Bistol.	
tingham		0 4 0		Kent		J. Mill, Shrubland Hall,	
Robert Bell, Stannore		0 10 0		Anne, Wells, Somersetshire		near Ipswich	
Lodge, Cardiff		0 10 0		C. W. H. H.		F. Talbot, Bristol	
B. S. Muehew, Mistoron,		0 5 0		A. Mite from Chelmsford		An Orphan, Ramsey, Hunts	
Gainsborough		0 5 0		A. Friend, Middlesbro'-		i Cor. x. 26, 31	
J. Fitch, Liverpool Road,		0 3 6		on-Tee		Miss H. Birdsall, Industrial	
Islington		0 3 6		John Brooks, Bollington,		Seeds	
Mrs. McCure and Mrs. Kent		0 4 0		Macclesfield		Mrs. Lacey, Shortwood,	
Mrs. Goodale, Flackburn		0 1 3		Staines, Middlesex		Mrs. Bell, Gulton, near Leeds	
John R. Oxley, Beverley		1 0 0		Annie Mary and Anna Sophia		Woodhouse, Yorkshire	
A. A. Hedges, Peckham (3rd		0 4 8		Miss Kate Bings, Tenter-		croft Street, Lincoln	
collection)		0 4 8		Miss Kate Bings, Tenter-		croft Street, Lincoln	
C. S. Market Rasen		0 2 6		Miss Kate Bings, Tenter-		croft Street, Lincoln	
Lily Whitehead, Aston Park,		0 0 10		Miss Kate Bings, Tenter-		croft Street, Lincoln	
Birmingham		0 0 10		Miss Kate Bings, Tenter-		croft Street, Lincoln	

THE BUIVIER

— Saturday, December 7, 1867. —



(Drawn by R. BARNES.)

"It wouldn't be to my interest, ma'am, to give up the free trade."—p. 179.

"ONE TRIP MORE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY FOWELL."

"MRS. AYMER'S husband has come home," said Sophia; "he returned last night."
 "What is he like?" said Agnes, looking up from her drawing, with some interest.

"Such a good-looking, honest-looking young sailor! just a match for his pretty young wife—and so domestic! He is now sitting by the kitchen-fire, basting our goose."

"Home just in time to keep Michaelmas Day," said Mrs. Monkton. "I must have a talk with him by-and-by, I think."

Mrs. Monkton and her daughters were lodging for a few weeks in a cottage so small that they had had no idea, at first, of remaining there for more than a day or two to look out for better quarters. But better quarters were not to be had, and in the meanwhile, the exceeding kindness and simplicity of their landlady so won on them, and the neighbourhood of the little fishing village seemed so worth exploring, that they were continuing where they were without any fixed plan when to go. Mrs. Aymer "did for them," as the saying is; and she was as neat-handed a Phillis as even an invalid could desire. There was hardly an idle moment in her life, yet she made no bustle; and whatever she might be about, there was a look of smiling content on her fair, child-like face, as if she were thinking of something pleasant.

The women and girls of the place were better dressed than persons of their class can usually afford to be; and on Sundays it was astonishing what gay turn-outs there would be from very poor cottages. To a superficial observer, this gave an appearance of thriving prosperity.

During the first few days, it did not transpire whether Mrs. Aymer were widow or wife. A respectable-looking mother occasionally dropped in on her, but there was no man about the house. On the Sunday, however, she casually observed that she stayed at home to take care of the house when her husband was away. When he was at home, they took it in turns to attend morning service, and went together in the evening.

"Mrs. Aymer, what is your husband?"
"A smuggler, ma'am."

Mrs. Monkton stopped short. Her daughters looked petrified. Mrs. Monkton said, "Oh, but I'm sorry to hear that," quietly, but very gravely.

"Are you, ma'am?" said Mrs. Aymer, with her pretty, innocent look; "why, I think I do things worse than that every day."

Her daily life was apparently so blameless, that the mother and daughters wondered what she could be thinking of. She evidently meant to imply that, in her view, smuggling was no fault at all.

"I see it in a very different light from what you do," said Mrs. Monkton. "I am the daughter of a Government officer, and, of course, have always been accustomed to hear smuggling spoken of very strongly. It is defrauding the revenue; and you know the revenue is as much *property* as the possessions of a private individual. It is as dishonest to defraud the Queen as a private person."

Mrs. Aymer looked as if this were too difficult

a question for her to answer. She said it had never been considered so among her people. Every man in the place was a smuggler, except her husband's brother. Their wives encouraged them in it, because it brought them so much money.

So here was the secret of the gay dressing!

Mrs. Monkton argued the point a little more with her, using the simplest words and illustrations she could think of; but it was almost like talking to a baby: comprehension was wanting. The grand idea seemed to be that "Charley" could do no wrong.

And here was Charley back, slipping into his own house like a culprit on Michaelmas Eve, and sitting by his fire, basting the goose, on Michaelmas Day, like an honest man that had no load on his conscience.

The Monktons were endued with that knack of entering into the interests of others, and conciliating their regard, which seems born in some people. Before the day was out they were on sociable terms with Charley; and towards gloaming, when his wife had stepped out to her mother, and he was sitting in the window, looking out on his little garden, Mrs. Monkton, seeing him through the open door, stepped in and commenced a colloquy.

"This is a nice little place of yours, Mr. Aymer."

"Well, ma'am, it is" (rather sheepishly). "I'm afraid you can't be very comfortable, ma'am."

"We are very comfortable indeed, thank you. Your good little wife lets us want for nothing. We are quite pleased with her."

He looked almost as much embarrassed at her being praised, as if he had been praised himself.

"I'm sure she'd do her best," said he. Then, after a pause, "I'm glad, for my part, she should have ladies along with her when I'm away, for it keeps her thoughts off me, and prevents her being lonesome like."

"She must be often lonesome by herself," said Mrs. Monkton. "Every sailor's wife must have anxious thoughts when he's at sea; more especially when he is concerned, as I am sorry to find you are, in what you call the free trade."

"Ah," said he, smiling, and beginning to pull a flower to pieces, "Mary told me you'd been speaking to her about that."

"I did, indeed, but I did not say much, for it is your affair, not hers; but I do wish I could get you to see it in the right light."

"Well, ma'am, we all think our own the right light, I believe; or, at any rate, we don't like to see a thing in any other light when it's against our interest."

"Interest is one thing, duty is another; but yet I believe, Mr. Aymer (and I have lived a good

deal longer than you have), in the end, we find that in following duty we have followed interest too."

"It wouldn't be to my interest, ma'am, to give up the free trade. I've a third share in a boat; my partners are both of 'em great hands at bringing over brandy. Our trade would be quite done up if we didn't."

"Has this been a good trip?"

"Why, no"—(very reluctantly)—"we saw the Custom-house cutter rounding the point, so we'd nothing for it but to sink our tubs and leave a buoy."

"It does not always answer your interest, then."

"Oh, we shall fish 'em up again, you know, when the preventives are not on the look out."

"The preventives and you are not very good friends, I suppose."

"They can't expect us to be *their* friends."

"And yet they are only acting in the way of duty."

"An exciseman might say that."

"He might, and with truth. You look a true Englishman, Aymer—it is written all over you. It is a fine thing to belong to this free, happy land."

"Tis so, sure-ly."

"And her sailors are her glory,—always have been. It seems a pity that any of them should injure their mother-country, that they love and are proud of, and would fight for and die for, if need were, by setting her laws at naught, even in the smallest instance, and defrauding her of her substance—be it ever so little."

"Well, ma'am, all things go by comparison—they will have it that our boat hinders Government of about three thousand a year."

"Three thousand! you shock me! And do you three partners each get a thousand?"

"No, indeed, ma'am!" and he laughed heartily; very little of it *indeed*."

"Not much more perhaps than you could get in lawful trade—and with all the risk and opprobrium besides. Oh, do be persuaded by me, Mr. Aymer, to give up free-trading! Think of your good little wife."

"She *is* a good little thing, that's a fact."

"And your calling is a very precarious one, and, you know, is unlawful."

"Well, I do know that—better than she does, poor little myrtle."

"Ill-gotten gains never prosper. A little that the righteous hath is better than great riches of the ungodly. I'm sure she would love you quite as well, if you had only your honest earnings to bring home."

"Yes, she would; but— Well, I'll tell ye this, ma'am: you've not been talking altogether in vain. You might have talked all your breath away to Grimes and Briggs, and they wouldn't have

minded you a bit; but I'm not of their sort. I'm minded to leave the free trade after the next trip."

"Oh, don't go once more; give it up now."

"No, ma'am—no, I can't. It couldn't be managed without hurting my partners; but I'll only take one trip more." And with this Mrs. Monkton was obliged to be content: indeed, she thought it was a great concession to have obtained, and her daughters were quite surprised at it.

It was a bright, sparkling autumnal morning when the wicked little *Spitfire* sailed on her "one trip more." Many a glass was pointed towards her, as she danced out of harbour, throwing showers of sparkling spray from her sides as she cut through the waves, now and then almost heeling over in the fresh sea-breeze. Everybody, friend and foe, knew what she was going for: the friends wished her good speed, and trusted in her good luck. The foes had never been able to catch her *in flagranti delicto* yet; but they felt sure of doing so, soon or late, and of seeing her sawn in two. Mrs. Aymer, with her fair curls blowing in the wind, and screening her blue eyes from the sun with her hand, watched her husband's vessel out of sight, and then turned into her cottage—doubtless, feeling

"The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away."

And so things resumed their regular course.

One evening when she came in to remove the tea-tray, Mrs. Monkton observed she had very red eyes, and asked if anything were the matter.

Then the tears burst forth. "Oh, ma'am! don't you know? The *Spitfire* is seized, with her cargo on board, and the men put in the county gaol!"

Here was a thunderstroke! it was no use, now, to say, "If Aymer would but have been persuaded by me, not to have one trip more." Mrs. Aymer regretted as bitterly as it could be that he had not been persuaded, now that it was too late. All her friends could do now was to pity, condole, and try to console; but there was little consolation within reach.

"They'll be tried at the assizes, and we must club our money together and sell a few things to pay for a lawyer. Mother and I are going over to see Charley to-morrow—it's a long way to walk, and will take us all day, to be home before dark, even if we start very early. You won't mind Mrs. James doing for you, ma'am?"

"Oh, no—tell your husband I'm very sorry for him, and wish I could help him; but you see, Mrs. Aymer, the laws must be observed, and those who break them must be punished, or where should we all be? You would be in much harder case, and so would everybody, if there were no law in the land."

"Yes, ma'am, I dare say,"—and tears rolled down.

She returned late the next night, worn out and comfortless; almost too dejected to take the cup of nice tea they made for her. Charley was very cast down, he wished he'd taken the lady's advice; he was sure he and his partners would not be let off, because there was such a spite against them.

Because there was such a just fear of their returning to their old courses, would have been the better word; but the unreasoning always attribute distrust and disapproval to spite.

The fatiguing walk was repeated when the trial came on. The men lost it, and nobody was surprised. The vessel was condemned, and the owners sentenced to imprisonment till they could pay a fine of £600.

"Which we never can," said Mrs. Aymer, through her tears. "Grimes and Briggs may pay their share, maybe, but they won't help Charley, they're so selfish. He's been their tool all along."

On investigating the matter very closely, this so plainly appeared to be the case, that the Monktons' pity for the misguided young man greatly increased. For his young wife, now near her confinement, they had deep compassion. There seemed every probability that the men would pass the winter in gaol; "And serve 'em right," said many.

Mrs. Monkton's sympathy was never barren, when she could help people. The weather was bitterly cold when Mrs. Aymer undertook her next visit to her husband—perhaps the last she would pay him before she was confined.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Monkton, "that he knows what strong objections there are to the course which has brought him into this sad trouble; and that I hope to hear from him, through you, that he now firmly resolves never to have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with smuggling again, whatever may be his temptations."

When Mrs. Aymer returned from her sorrowful journey, she brought Mrs. Monkton a little note from Charley, which she said he had written on

his knees, and in tears. It began with the emphatic word "Friend," and was to this effect:—"I regret I did not take your advice; and I now promise, on my knees before God, that whatever may be my temptations, I will never have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with smuggling again. So help me, God. Amen."

And God did help him, through the instrumentality of his kind friend. "Vows made in pain are violent and void"—at least, so some say; but Mrs. Monkton had seen enough of life to know something of the expression of genuine contrition. She thought the young man's word was to be trusted, and she acted on that conviction, and addressed a memorial to the Queen. That memorial spoke of Aymer's offence, his temptations, his inability to pay the fine, the good character borne by him and his wife (save in this one bad course), his sacred promise to abandon it, and the reasonable security there was that he would keep his word.

After strict inquiry being made on the spot, through the preventive officer of the station, the Queen, then very young, remitted her half of the fine; which was, indeed, all she could do, as the other half went to the excise. Was it not a merciful and womanly deed?

At dead of night, when the Monktons were in bed and asleep, the wakeful Mrs. Aymer heard a pebble thrown against her window. On opening it, her heart leaped to find Charley standing below. He had walked all those miles, directly he was liberated, to his home and his wife. How joyful their meeting was, they only knew. His first care on his return was to raise money on his little property to pay off the remaining half of the fine.

What became of his partners, I do not remember. Charley kept his word: he never had anything to do, directly or indirectly, with smuggling again. He spent the winter quietly and thankfully at home, and before long might be seen with a nice little girl in his arms. In the spring he was engaged, for good wages, as cook on board a gentleman's yacht.

THE MANNER OF CHRIST'S LOVE.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."—John xv. 9.



THESE words are enough to strike awe and wonder into the heart of the most faithful Christian. It is much to know that Christ loves us at all. Wonderful, when we think of it,

that his benefits have not been bestowed from a lofty sense of duty, or from desire to do the Father's will, unmingled with a warmer and more

human feeling. He did not merely compassionate our wretchedness, and so stoop and save us, as men of finely strung sensibilities might stoop to rescue a reptile from the ploughshare or the wheel: in his heart there was real *love*, warm, ardent, individualising, self-crucifying love—love in its kind as genuine, but how much greater in degree, than that which burns in the heart of husband

and of mother, suffering for wife and child. Such is the love of a Christian to his Lord; and we know that if we love him, it is because he first loved us. And hence, if we were left alone, we might infer that Christ, who so loved the world as to die for it, must feel a very peculiar tenderness for those whom the Father hath given him out of the world. In them he beholds the fruit of his labour, the travail of his soul, the reward—which he deems sufficient—of all his sorrows, humiliation, and blood. Very dear they must be to him, and very comforting their love, amid the ingratitude of the mass of mankind. But there are many kinds of love, all genuine, yet various. The lower creatures have often a very beautiful and striking love for their young offspring, which nevertheless entirely disappears when the strength of their brood has ripened into maturity. The affection of various men is so widely different as to seem unlike the same emotion; and no person will pretend that his love for sister or parent, at six years old, was that enlightened, and calm, and deep affection that he would fain hope it is now. And the love of a Christian for his God is, or ought to be, something quite above and beyond the purest and strongest pulsation of his heart for any fellow-creature whatsoever. While even this is, doubtless, overtopped in stature and out-reached in extent by the love of those blessed and sinless creatures who kept their first estate, and eternally behold him as he is.

Now, considering our degradation when Christ espoused our cause, our long resistance to his gracious invitations, and our many rebellions since we bent our necks beneath his yoke, would it not have been much if he had gone to the love felt by the highest of these to him for a picture of his love to his own people here? If he had told us that no creature ever loved God more than he loved the Church? And would we not have been astonished if he added yet this also, that God's own infinite heart cherished for no creature a love which might not fairly be used to illustrate his love to us? But our Lord Jesus went further yet. He fixed not upon God's love for those ministers of his who do his pleasure—for them who fall down before him with veiled faces—for Gabriel who in the presence of God stands erect; nor yet for that whole vast creation of which they are the crowning point, and which through all its parts abounds in wisdom, smiles in loveliness, or blazes in splendour; but he chose a grander image still. The love of the Father for himself, for the one Son, his well-beloved, who was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, is set forth as a not presumptuous parallel for the love of Christ for his own people. Not, of course, that the degrees are, equal or the intensity alike; but the manner and the nature are the same.

1. The Son owes his Divine existence to the Father. It is true that he was not created, but he was begotten. It is true that each Person in the glorious Trinity came down through all the past eternity, but that is because the Son was "begotten of the Father before all worlds (or ages); God begotten of God, light begotten of light, very God begotten of very God." He said, "I live by the Father." "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." And when God looks upon Christ he sees there the express image of his own person, and loves it when he sees.

But can we not see that a kindred pleasure (like, though not the same) is felt by the Son when he looks upon his people whom he has redeemed? Has he not said, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, even so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me?" Every act of faith and love—every victory which a loving child gains over its worst passions for Jesus' sake—every taunt endured by a Christian schoolboy, because Christ reviled not again—every temptation to dishonest gains resisted by a careworn man, to secure Living Bread amid the dearth of the meat that perisheth, flows from him as its author, and tends to him as its goal. Ay, more. Whatsoever things are really true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, where there is any genuine virtue and any worthy praise, in them we trace the features of Him who is the father of true honour and deeprooted chivalry, as well as the Head of the Church, the author and finisher of the faith. And in his heart also the mysterious joy of authorship glows and deepens, as more and more he sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied.

2. The power and energy of the Son are derived from his Father; as he said, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do. The Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth." Here the latter clause, and, indeed, the whole context, proves that he speaks of more than his human nature; and the infinite love of the Father for his Son is proved by giving his own Spirit and his power not by measure unto him. The power that woke Nature from the sleep of chaos—the power that sustains the universe in order, and prosperity, and loveliness—the power that shall yet shake that universe to its base, and call the forgotten dead from long-levelled graves, where their very bones have crumbled back into dust, all this committed freely to the Son, is a noble standard by which to estimate the love that shines eternally upon him.

We cannot tell how much of Christ's judicial splendour it is "his to give" his people; but we know that the apostles shall sit with him upon

twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, and the saints shall judge the world, and to him that overcometh he will give to sit with him on his throne. He says, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed me." This truly is to love us as the Father hath loved him.

Not only in the future, but now also, Christ proves his affection by giving us power and energy. How does the Christian overcome what his neighbour cannot? How does the converted man resist those allurements which once led him captive at their will? By the enjoyment of a sacred vigour not their own, by a revelation from Christ of his lovely character, and of the beauty of holiness, giving to his followers something of what the Father has given him, making them to be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world.

3. And as God beholds in Christ his own offspring, and his own power, so does he recognise his own image and likeness too, "the outshining of his glory, and the stamp of his personality."*

Doubtless the joy of creating the universe was that of showing out and expressing God's own power. And not power alone, but love, and order, and beauty were written upon the face of all the worlds, and enjoyed most of all by him who could best appreciate the merits of his own work. In his eyes they were "very good." But never was there such an utterance of what lay deep within the Godhead as in Christ, who is therefore called the Word of God. The Father's nature conveyed itself into him complete and undiminished, and, even shrouded in his veil of flesh, none could see the Son without seeing the Father also. Surely this union of character was a strong bond of love.

But in like manner the character of Christ is seen in his obedient people. Just as truly as the taint of Adam is felt in the world's blood, so surely does the righteousness of Christ reveal itself in his own elect. Christ is formed in them; in his death they die to sin, and in his new life they live again to God.

A true Christian may sin, but sin is not the expression of his true self—not what he may best be understood by—not that in him by which a stranger would get a fair idea of the man. His seed remaineth in him, and (taking the whole man together, reason, and conscience, and affection, heart and head, as well as impulsive hand) he cannot sin.

Where, then, shall we turn for the true character of a man of God? Have you ever thought how little a man's deeds tell about his real self, how often some commonplace, unnoticed person

risks to sudden heroism, and another, respectable and blameless hitherto, sinks to the level of a scoundrel and a rogue? None could tell, by their previous lives, which was the villain or which the nobleman. But if you could have looked into their minds, and seen what people they admired or envied, then you could have predicted which would burn like dross in the fire of temptation, and which would shine out true gold. A man most truly is, not what he does, but what he copies and desires to be. Therefore a Christian is best understood and most faithfully represented by Christ, his great exemplar, his model, and his chosen leader. God acts upon this principle, and accepts for ours that perfect righteousness towards which we so imperfectly aspire. And when Christ looks upon the weakest of his people, he sees there at least an infant resemblance to himself—"Christ born"—and expects the time when the likeness shall be perfect—"Christ all in all." And thus he can love us, as the Father loves him, with the love of resemblance.

Such is the privilege, the honour, and the dignity which the worldly man casts behind his back. Is it, then, so much better to be praised and flattered by a crowd than to be loved by the King of kings? Are the pleasures of sin for a season so far superior to the solid, the deep, the un-failing conviction that He has set his love upon us, in whose favour is eternal life? Is the prospect so far more desirable, of waking up to see treasures wasted, hope dead, heaven closed, and the infinite eternity stretching out above our unsheltered heads, without a star to cheer it, than the prospect of going where our treasures are laid up, and our hopes hid with Christ, and of looking down the shining vistas of a boundless future, without finding one moment of separation from the truest and most faithful Friend that ever cheered the journey of life or the bed of death with the golden light of love?

Is it not strange that Christ should have to warn the subjects of such love lest they should wander outside its range? Sooner, we might think, would a dweller in regions of Southern loveliness and warmth turn for pleasure to the frozen zone; sooner would some winged creature, that had freely bathed in the blue of morning, fix his desires upon a cage and a master, than a Christian, who had received Christ's love, be tempted away from its warmth and its largeness to the poor, and selfish, and lonely pleasures of a Christ-forgetting world. But experience does not tell us so. How often have we allowed ourselves to wander far away from the joy and confidence, from the safety and the fellowship, which continuance in his love bestows! What little idea was that which caught our fancy, or tempted our

* This is the force of that memorable verse, Heb. i. 3.

desire, or enraged our self-esteem, or smoothed down our vanity?—and, behold! we have forsaken in heart the fountain of living waters, to drink the stagnant drops which remained in broken cisterns. How very few there are that can claim the calm and settled faith, the bright hope of heaven, and the tranquil contentment in time, which are given to us all while we faithfully continue in the love of Christ.

Therefore we need to be warned and exhorted, lest our own hearts, and the pressure of care, and the flutter of hope destroy us. Therefore each day should have a time, at its commencement, when holy thoughts and fervent prayers may give a tone to the succeeding hours; when earthly

wishes may be calmed down to moderation, and the presence of the Master be consciously enjoyed. Therefore there should be a season also at its close, when we may question our own hearts, and force them to confess if they have been faithless and cold, and call our Lord back to the abode which has admitted other occupants. And lest we be lured away by the world, we should think (until we feel) how short a time it has to last, so that if we did not leave it, there is no doubt that it would presently fail us. And also let us fortify ourselves by the hope of those enduring and pure delights with which Christ's love will crown his followers when all other delights have faded.

THE SKY.

“Look unto the heavens, and see; and behold the clouds which are higher than thou.”—Job. xxxv. 5.



HOW many hundreds will elbow, and fight, and pant, and push to see a royal personage or an unusually atrocious criminal, but of these same gasping, eager hundreds, how few will take the trouble to lift their eyes above the carriage of royalty, or the gallows of the criminal, and gaze for a moment on the ineffable beauty and wonder of the sky! “Say, why is this, wherefore, whence can it be?” Does it not seem marvellous that God should be almost daily preparing for our careless eyes sights which man’s utmost dexterity can but feebly imitate, and that nine-tenths of us should be so utterly forgetful of, and thankless for, their glorious spectacles, compared with which royal pageants are but a gaudy mockery? Is it due to carelessness of observation, lack of sympathy with the natural world, or selfish hard-heartedness? We think that it has a mixed origin. Some of us are at best but careless, superficial observers; others, again, hold but in slight estimation the beauties of inanimate Nature; and, thirdly, too many are so utterly consumed with the business of getting together gold, that we actually grudge the time to watch the rolling of a cloud. It is an unhealthy mind that cannot, or will not, cease from grovelling on the earth, to rise for a few moments into the purer, loftier beauties and interests of the sky. A mind thus set in this changeless, iron mould, must be of the earth, earthy.

Depend upon it, if we were to become more of sky-gazers, we should not on that account become worse men of business, worse lawyers, worse physicians, worse ministers; the very sympathy shown with this most glorious and most intelligible of God’s revelations would of itself tend

very much to raise and purify our minds, both morally and intellectually. Let but the merchant look upon the fair, open countenance of the sky, and fraud must be exorcised from his mind like some foul spirit; let but the minister glance up to the wide canopy of heaven, and he will forget the clashing of the creeds, and only remember that, “as the blue sky bends over all,” so there is one God, the Lord and Father of us all.

We should acquire the physical habit more of looking up, and not, as so many of us do, walk with downcast eyes, as if the pavements had some magic spell to bind us with, or as though the areas were caves of beauty. The pavements are mostly interesting from the amount of mud they can develop, and the areas are dark, cheerless recesses, railed off from the whirl and hurry of the street. By looking up, we gain light, colour, beauty; by looking down, we find darkness, muddiness, ugliness. Do we lose by merely exercising a different set of the muscles of the eye? Most distinctly, no: we gain. We ought, as human beings, to hold sympathy with the sky, for it has so many features of identity with our own human hearts. The clear and tranquil blue of midsummer is but the image of a heart at peace with itself and the world beside; the dark and lowering gloom of the thunder-cloud is but the shadow of the dark heart at war with itself, and threatening to the world around. The joyous roll of the fleecy cumulus echoes back its music into our joyous hearts, and when the morn rises, “dim, and sad, and wet with early tears,” our hearts are troubled and our eyes are dim. So that it would be but a part of our human dispositions to rejoice with the gladness of the white cloud, or to sorrow with the tearful mists of morning. Artists and poets have hitherto monopolised this sky sympathy;

why should it not be extended to all mankind who have eyes to see?

One poet makes use of the wild element of the sky when, in that marvellous description of a storm, in his "In Memoriam," he puts the finishing touch by saying—

"And wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

The wildly-dashed sunbeam striking along the tempest-stricken world is the keynote to the whole picture.

In Shelley's poem, called "The Recollection," we see how powerfully the character of the sky influenced his mind when he wrote these lines:—

"The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of paradise."

The perfect purity and tranquillity of the sky instilled into the restless heart of Shelley a sacred calm, which is all the more remarkable for the rarity of its occurrence, as this poet sang best and strongest when his heart was filled with wild unrest.

Wordsworth shows in many parts of his works the importance of the sky, and its great influence on the human mind. The feeling of association that is awakened by the sky is well instanced in his poem of "The Two April Mornings," where Matthew replies—

"Yon cloud, with that long purple cleft,
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn,
Such colours and no other,
Were in the sky that April morn,
Of this the very brother."

That the mind should have gone back thirty years into the past, merely from seeing an April cloud with its purple cleft, seems at first sight strange, nay, passing strange, to those who care not for the sky, and are heedless of its beauties; but to any one who is a sky-gazer in even a small degree, this link between a cloud and an incident will at once appear most natural, and the very suggestion of such a link in the chain of our ideas shows Wordsworth to have been a great observer as well as a great poet. And indeed, I think that, after all, most of us can remember some pre-eminently bright day, full of sunshine and gladness, which has been associated with happy memories, "one of those heavenly days that never die," and one which owed its charm to the glorious sky that hung smiling over the happy landscape.

As another instance of sky influence on the mind, another quotation from Wordsworth would, I think, be scarcely foreign to the subject; it is from "The Affliction of Margaret," and runs thus:—

"My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass."

Who does not feel the power of melancholy when the last rays of the sun grow dim, and only a faint, tremulous glow is left brooding over the drowsy earth? What is it that lends poetry to those distant elms, but the pale yellow gleam that plays between the branches, making their stems more sombre, and their boughs more weird in outline? Yon pool with its reedy bank is now a mirror of gold, thanks to the golden sky. As the moor-fowl skims with hasty wing along its surface, she leaves a track of fire. To-morrow the mirror of gold will be a dull, grey pond, where ducks do mostly congregate: so great is the power of transformation possessed by evening skies.

The sky, again, gives one a greater idea of vastness, nay, of infinity itself, than any other of God's creations: for who hath "meted out heaven with the span?" Look for a moment up to the blue region overhead, and try to fix a sky-mark by which you may measure this unfathomable, palpitating sea of colour. The mind fails, and from our finite ideas we have a suggestion of the Infinite; and so are we led, by the greatness of God's works, to appreciate the greatness of Him who fashioned them so gloriously, "who made the outgoing of the morning and evening to praise him;" and when led to thank that God for having made the sky so exceeding beautiful, that, should we but raise our eyes above, the very wonder of its beauty could not fail to make our hearts overflow with gratitude and praise.

In Job we have a fine allusion to the sky. It begins as follows:—"Hearken unto this, O Job: stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God. Dost thou know when God disposed them, and caused the light of his cloud to shine? Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?" And again, "Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass?"

To show how the absence of all sky, and consequently light, brings suggestions of death and annihilation, I would quote again from Job one verse in the third chapter, where, in the utter misery and desolation of his soul, he curses the day of his birth: "Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day." On the other hand, we could, from the very force of antithesis,



(Drawn by A. C. Gow.)

"That I might seem not to have lived in vain!"—p. 186.

have imagined that Job, in the days of his prosperity, when the dark cloud of trial had passed away, would rather have exclaimed with the preacher, "Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun!"

Could we but for a moment conceive such a creation as a world without a sky, or rather, we would say, without an illuminated sky—a sunless, moonless, starless existence—and have but a grey, pale mist enshrouding the earth, how completely would our ideas be changed. Then, indeed, should we of necessity cling to the earth, and cease to aspire to higher things; nay, the very word heaven, meaning originally the sky regions, would find no place in our language; light would be such a feeble emanation that we could scarcely have shadow, and day and night would cease to alternate; but one perpetual twilight would reign in cold, unyielding order. As colour owes so much of its beauty to light, we should have sombre greys and dull browns; instead of the bluebell, would spring up a pale, ghostly flower devoid of hue; the rose would forget its blushes, and the laburnum its

fires; the emerald and purple of the sunlit sea would be exchanged for a dull and uniform grey; heathery mountains would no longer glow with the sunset, nor daisied meadows shimmer joyous in the morning; the flash of the breaking wave, the gleam on the wild bird's wing, the dazzle on snowy peaks, and the lightning of love's eyes, would be unthought of as unknown. We should live a set-grey life, with no sunshine to cheer us, no colour to refine; our thoughts would be lifeless, and our aspirations would be limited. We should grope through existence, as men who dream that they are half-blind, and even feel with blunted faculties. Life, with its glorious alternations of light and shade, would be a cheerless monotony, without light, or hope, or love, or gladness. Grey children of the mist, sprung from grey sires, without a blush in the cheek to suggest either modesty or health, without light or colour in the eye to speak of sorrow or of love, we should totter with uncertain steps from this earthly twilight to the uncertain twilight of the grave.

"NE FRUSTRA VIXISSE VIDEAR."

[Immediately before the death of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, he and Kepler were engaged in the composition of tables from the Oranienberg Observatory, built for him by Frederick II. He was suddenly seized with an acute disease, which, after a few days of intense suffering, terminated in mortification. During his delirium, he constantly uttered the words, "Ne frustra vixisse videar:" their double meaning cannot be rendered in English.]



MIGHTY sage lay at the point of death,
Tossing, delirious, in his feverish pain,
And, mid the gasping of his difficult
breath,

Muttered this sentence, ever and again—

"That I may seem not to have lived in vain!"

A mighty sage—to him the boundless stores
Of Nature lay disclosed: her subtlest ways
He traced observant. Heaven's empyreal doors
Rolled backwards at his will, and to his gaze
Showed all the wealth of stars wherewith her
regions blaze.

Princes and kings had vied in noble strife
To win the wizard. In a peaceful isle
One built him up a palace, where his life
Might pass in converse with the stars the while—
"The City of the Heavens"—"Oranienberg" the
pile.

The wise, the great, the noble, from afar
Made pilgrimage to see him, and commune
Upon the glory of each separate star—
The orbits of the planets, sun, and moon,
Sweeping the heavens with glass at midnight's noon.

And now beside him, at the supremest hour,
Stands, sad and mute, a fellow-sage, who came
To labour with him 'mongst the stars—whose power
Revealed the planets' laws—a glorious name
Three centuries embalm in deathless fame.

And as he sought to soothe the dying man,
Whose wild eye knew him not, he heard again
The same strange murmuring, ever as it ran,
Between the pauses of the sufferer's pain—
"That I might seem not to have lived in vain!"

What meant he by these words? 'Twere hard to
tell.

Perchance he uttered them in conscious pride
That in the hearts of men his name should dwell
A living power, spreading far and wide,
Long as the heavens should last, the earth abide.

Perchance, in trembling fear, as in the face
Of the tremendous future, all unknown,
His spirit hovered, and could find no place
Within its gloom to rest in hope upon,
That all he did in life had not been vainly done.

What! though he knew all mysteries, and read
Heaven as a scroll—what were to him the gain?
To take his science down unto the dead,
Giving the worms for food his wondrous brain!—
Ah! if 'twere so, then had he lived in vain.

Perchance he spoke in hope, as one who knew
Life's nobler use—to count all things as dross,
No knowledge excellent, no science true,
Save that which showed him Christ upon the
cross—
Teaching to die was gain, to live was loss.

And Kepler stood by Brahe till the spasm
Of anguish passed away, and that great brain
Ceased to throb wildly. Over the dark chasm
'Twixt earth and heaven the spirit of the Dane
Passed! Who shall say that he had lived in vain?

Who?—Not the student, who, at dead of night,
Watches the welkin from his tower on high,
Telling by name each several orb of light—
Planet or star—that studs the luminous sky,
And scans the glories of the galaxy.

Who?—Not the seaman, when, from land afar,
His course upon the trackless deep he steers;
Fixing his eye upon some well-known star,
His heart is tranquil, for he knows no fears
While in the heavens that guiding light appears.

Oh! not the Christian—for he trusts that God,
Who formed that mighty intellect and brain,
Will raise him up, through Christ's atoning blood,
Amid his own redeemed saints to reign—
A servant good, who did not live in vain.

J. F. WALLER.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EAST WIND.



HEY'RE moving off at last, mother!" said Captain Oglivie, from his sofa, looking up from the letter he had been reading.

"Who are moving off?" said the lady addressed, in a rather querulous tone.

"These old Oglivies," her son replied, tossing the letter into her lap. And silence followed while she read.

Captain Oglivie's regiment was quartered in Edinburgh Castle; and Captain Oglivie had apartments there, apartments which were dull enough, notwithstanding that the Castle commands one of the finest views in the kingdom. They simply looked upon a paved courtyard, in which the only movement that was ever to be seen was a company at drill, or a parcel of staring strangers making a pilgrimage to the rooms which Mary Queen of Scots had graced with her presence.

The captain might walk on the batteries, however, and they might well have atoned to him for the dull outlook of his chambers. There was the deep green valley at his feet; and beyond that, the fair and regular streets of the New Town, sloping to the green fields beyond; these in their turn running down to the silver firth, with its islands and its sails; and beyond the firth, if the mists were propitious, there were picturesque shores; and still further to the north and west, hints of cloud-capped mountains. To the east, among the hills that stand round about the city, there was the bold crest of the Salisbury Craggs, and the rugged head and smooth, green flanks of the lion couchant of Arthur's Seat.

But of these, and of all the other "beauties of Edinburgh," Captain Oglivie got tired before he had been many months in the place: as also of the beauties of another sort whom he met at the endless evening parties which he, as part of his duty, was expected to attend: as also of promenading up and down Prince's Street, the fashionable afternoon's lounge, and bowing perpetually to the hundred and one

acquaintances who already claimed that honour in the head-quarters of Scottish hospitality. His mother was with him in the town, and he was tired of her too. Not that he was a particularly undutiful son. He was fond of his mother, with the fondness people have for those who devote themselves exclusively to their, the said people's, interests. But she bored him nevertheless, insisting on accompanying him always and everywhere. She contrived to get herself asked out with her son continually, and Captain Oglivie knew that she was always on the look out for a suitable wife for him, and he lived in dread of her finding one.

His mother's taste and his own did not exactly correspond in that particular. The captain was fastidious in his taste. He could not make himself agreeable to a plain woman, and he could not tolerate a stupid one, and he scarcely dared so much as to look at or speak to a poor one, let her be ever so pretty or ever so witty, or even both at once. He was reduced to living on his pay, and a wife could not be maintained on expectations which had failed adequately to support himself. Besides, he did not want to get married. He did not think marriage, on the best of terms, compatible with making the most of himself.

Poor, with a taste for riches, idle, and yet having in him both the will and the power to exert himself with energy, given something which he considered worth the working for, Captain Oglivie was not a happy man. Moreover, he was a man deteriorating—a process which, happily, cannot go on without creating some discomfort. What was good in him was being overgrown by what was bad—by rank selfishness and self-indulgence.

His mother's apartments were in Prince's Street; he could see the windows from the ramparts above, and he lounged into them every day for luncheon. She was by no means luxuriously lodged—for the houses are comparatively mean—in "the finest street in Europe;" neither was she a luxurious liver. In truth, she had barely enough to live upon.

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair (the backs of the last generation must have been stronger than

those of the present), after a frugal meal, at which she drank water, while her son drank wine. He lay stretched at full length on the sofa, when the servant entered with a letter brought by the midday post. It was for him, and, with his mother's eyes upon him, he took it lazily, and proceeded to break the seal. First, however, he looked at the post-mark, having noted the mourning edge, and when he had read it, he manifested a little more interest, by bringing his feet to the floor.

"What is it?" asked his mother, eagerly.

But he took his time to answer, and then he vouchsafed the exclamation and explanation recorded above.

And there was silence in the room until she had read the letter, in which Margery Oglivie announced her sister's death. She had not written immediately—that is, not till after the funeral, as she did not expect Captain Oglivie to come so far to attend it, at such a season.

"What a mercy!" exclaimed his mother, when she had finished her perusal.

"Well, I can't say I see any particular good in it," rejoined the son. "There's the other old lady, a great deal tougher than the one that's gone; but, for all that, the present Sir Alexander may live longer."

"I did not mean that the death was a mercy, Horace," said his mother, reproachfully; "but it is a mercy for a man who has suffered so long as Gilbert Oglivie to be taken away."

"He's not dead!"

"No; but don't you see what she says at the end of her letter? he's not expected to last much longer."

"I didn't notice that," said Captain Oglivie, taking back the letter out of his mother's hands. "It is strange that she should mention him," he muttered, as he re-perused the concluding portion, which, to say truth, he had skipped, as containing only "suitable reflections." "I shouldn't wonder if they trumped up a reconciliation at the last. It would be all up with me in that case."

"How?" said his mother, sharply.

"I don't think Mistress Margery is specially fond of me, that's all. But I don't see that it matters much: she is like enough to see me out. As for Gilbert Oglivie, it seems to me, since he has lived so long, there's nothing to hinder him from living for ever. I wish," he added, bitterly—"I wish I had learned to work like a man, instead of hanging on, waiting for others to die. But there isn't a chance in this wretched profession!"

"You're going to the ball to-night?" said his mother.

"I suppose I must," he answered, sulkily; "are you?"

It was rather an abrupt turn which the old lady had given to the conversation; but it followed quite naturally the association of ideas in her mind, the connecting link being the future fortune of her son. She replied in the affirmative. "Do you think you could settle it to-night?" she went on, after a pause.

"Oh, bother!"

The settlement thus politely shelved, was that of no less important a matter than the securing of the hand of a very plain young lady, who had been recently left an orphan, and was entirely her own mistress, to whom, in a fit of desperation, the captain had contemplated sacrificing himself.

"Well, there's Miss Jessie Barclay," persisted his mother; "she's pretty enough, and I'm sure she's only waiting to be asked."

"Stupid as an owl!" he answered. "I took her down to supper the other night, but I could get nothing out of her but 'yes' or 'no.' She could not take up the simplest subject—dropped them all—till I could think of nothing more to say. I could only feed her, and it wasn't an easy task, mother, I assure you: trifle, and tartlets, and creams, disappeared like magic. She would eat up her fortune in the course of a year, I'm certain."

"How very ill-natured you are, Horace," cried his mother. "She's a sweet young lady."

"Very," he answered, wickedly, and added, "my dear mamma, your society is infinitely preferable to hers;" a statement which restored the old lady to good humour and pertinacity at once.

"Then there's the father, you know," he replied, after listening to a statement of the advantages of marriage in general and of this marriage in particular; "he is sure to insist on settlements. I don't want to be thrown over again, as I was by that old soapboiler only three months ago. It's most likely this Mr. Barclay would do just the same—ask me how I meant to provide for my wife, and tell me to table an equal sum in case of my death." It's always the way with these traders; they must make a bargain about everything; and they never think of dying. There! I hate the whole thing," he exclaimed, his pale face flushing with anger, mostly at circumstances, but partly also at himself for being the slave of these, and he flung himself back on the sofa in no very amiable frame of mind.

Being in an uncomfortable mood, his thoughts reverted to Peggy Oglivie. His thoughts did not turn to her very often,—indeed, only when he could not help himself. He was vexed with himself about her, and that did not make the thought of her particularly pleasant to him. He wished that he had denied himself the gratification of making love to her, and of finding out if she would return it. But he was not in the habit of denying himself any gratification. "She was both pretty and clever," he thought; "no, not clever: she might be quite dull at an evening party perhaps; but refreshing, somehow." He had not felt so like himself—his best self—with any woman since. "Poor little thing! I hope she has forgotten all about me by this time," was his reflection with regard to her. Then he said, aloud, "I wish Miss Margery had asked me to go down, I think I should have gone; indeed, I shouldn't much mind going yet."

"The wind is in the east, my dear Horace," said his mother; "and you know you cannot bear the east wind."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEATH AND CHANGE.

DURING the winter, Delaube had not been left so entirely to itself as formerly. Peggy's name and fame were being spread abroad by her friend the doctor, and one or two ladies of the neighbourhood had ventured to call upon her, half in kindness, half in curiosity. Their verdict was strictly favourable, for they had found her "nothing particular,"—who ever does find anybody anything in particular in the course of a morning call? And so their kindness had increased as their curiosity diminished. Doctor and Mrs. Grant had come whenever open weather permitted them, bringing news of Archie and Sandie at their studies. And Mr. Keith had also come, accompanied by his wife, a quick-eyed, merry little woman, who could almost have persuaded any one that there was no such thing as care and sorrow in the world.

It was not, therefore, an unprecedented occurrence that of Peggy being summoned from her grandfather's side to receive a visitor. But she left him, and went into the long-disused drawing-room, which Jean had lately insisted on furbishing up, expecting to see one or other of the above-mentioned ladies. It appeared to be a stranger, however, who stood with her back toward the door, looking out of the window. She faced suddenly round as Peggy entered, saying, abruptly, "You won't know me, I dare say."

"Now I know you," answered Peggy, at once recognising the voice, though she had failed to recognise the face—which was in shadow—or the figure, draped in deep mourning.

The sensitive blood was rising in Peggy's cheeks. She was at a loss how to receive her visitor, who still remained standing, and whose embarrassment was so visibly painful. To put an end to it was her immediate impulse. She therefore drew near and offered her hand, and Margery Oglvie found herself seated, and speaking as freely as it was her nature to speak, before she knew how it had come about. After the exchange of a few sentences, "How is *he*?" she jerked out, uneasily.

"My grandfather is rather better to day," Peggy answered.

"I have come to see him," said Margery, in the same uneasy tone.

"I must ask him whether he is able first. It might agitate him to see you without warning. Shall I go to him now and tell him you are here?"

Margery assented, and Peggy, more than half afraid of the consequences, went to prepare her grandfather for the visit.

It was certainly a great change that had come upon Gilbert Oglvie. He no longer desired to hide himself, like a wounded beast, from the sight of his kind, and though he trembled visibly at Peggy's communication, he only said, "I am glad she has come; tell her I am glad she has come. I had thoughts of sending for her, for your sake, little one."

"For my sake, grandfather!" but the questioning

"why," was interrupted by the eagerness with which the dying man repeated, "Send her to me as quickly as you can, child."

Peggy returned with her message, and speedily ushered Margery Oglvie into her grandfather's presence. She seemed to divine that the two should be left alone, for she prepared to leave the room at once, saying, "I will come to you when you ring for me, grandfather."

"Ay, that will be the best," he answered; and as she left the room she saw a thin hand held out to Margery Oglvie from the bed.

A long time elapsed, so long a time that Peggy became quite uneasy, and still the interview had not come to a close. More than once she thought of interrupting it, lest it should prove hurtful to her patient. But at length the visitor came out, looking not paler—she could not well look paler than she was—but, more gentle and subdued, with that abstracted, concentrated look which long-continued or strong emotion gives.

"He does not want you just yet," she said, softening her harsh tones till her voice sounded strangely humble. "I have given him some wine. He will ring for you in a little;" and with a promise to come again, she took her leave.

An hour after, Peggy went into her grandfather's room, and found him asleep, and came away again softly.

And again she sat patiently waiting, and working also, till the light waxed dimmer and dimmer, and she could no longer see to draw the delicate pattern she was elaborating. The day was closing, and Jean came in to say it was time for tea.

Then she thought it would be best to waken the sleeper, and she went in to him once more. She called to him softly, but he did not stir. Then she went and drew aside the heavy curtain, and let in the last light of day, and, looking in his face, he was dead! And a great cry rang through the quiet house.

Gilbert Oglvie lay dead at last; and, instead of looking like a man who has suffered sore defeat, he looked like a king reposing in his triumph. And he had triumphed. On the battle-ground of his soul he had routed and put to flight the demons of wrath and pride, and won the sum of all victory—peace.

It was after the funeral, and Peggy was left alone with Margery Oglvie.

"What will you do now?" said the latter, in her sudden way.

"I will stay here," was the answer, very gently spoken.

"You will come home with me," was the somewhat peremptory rejoinder.

"I cannot."

"But it is not fit that one so young as you should live alone," said the older woman.

"I am not afraid of being alone."

"You will be the wonder of the whole countryside," said Margery.

Peggy, in her sorrow, felt utterly indifferent to their wonder. The argument did not move her. She only repeated, "I cannot come."

"Think better of it," said the harsh-seeming woman, with tears in her eyes. "I'm a poor lonely creature, and I would do what I could to make you happy. If you knew what it was to wish you had been kinder, when those you might have been kind to will never need it more, you would come. My life has been very hard. It's harder now than I'm able to bear almost," and she fairly gave way, and wept.

She had fallen upon the right sort of argument at last, for Peggy softened at once at the sight of her suffering, and hastened to offer, as a sort of a compromise, to go and stay with her for a time at least.

And thus it was settled. It was the first spring morning of the year, counting, not by the calendar, but by the bursting of buds, the singing of birds, and the warmth of sunshine, when Peggy set out on her visit.

She was conscious of a chill falling upon body and spirit as she was driven into the neglected domain of the Forest House, through the open gateway of the principal entrance. The last year's leaves muffled the sound of the wheels, so thickly were they strewn upon the drive. The sunshine seemed to be less warm within the enclosure, the very birds seemed to sing less gaily. She was glad that the gate stood open behind her; it seemed like a way of escape. Had it closed, she would have felt as if a prison had received and shut her in.

There was a chill also in the welcome which was awarded to her, not on the threshold, but within the room which she remembered so well. Margery Oglivie had relapsed into her customary rigidity, and stood, as stiffly as one of her high-backed, uncomfortable chairs, holding out her hand with scanty greeting.

Peggy forgot, or rather she did not know, how impossible it is to throw off the habit of a lifetime. And to her, to whom expression was so easy and so natural, who could not help expressing herself as it were, the constraint of one in whom the power was wanting was difficult to understand. Margery Oglivie seemed cold and constrained, while in reality she was suffering from excess of emotion.

They spent a painful morning, these two women, with nothing in common but subjects that it was better to avoid, or at least that they thought had better be avoided. They went over the house, in which there was nothing to see, and they went over the grounds, from which there was nothing to be seen, the place being built almost in a hollow. They were returning to the house, when, at the end of the walk along which they were advancing, they saw two men coming toward them. One was the old gardener, and the other was poor witless Alexander Oglivie.

"You won't be frightened at my brother," said Margery, with an appealing look which softened her

rigid features. "I wished him to keep out of the way for a day or two, but he is not always easy to manage. He may cry out, till he gets accustomed to you."

With a conscious shrinking Peggy replied that it was better to let him get accustomed to her at once; and so she advanced up the walk, feeling that she would gladly have taken hold of her companion's arm, but fearing that such a sign of timidity would give her pain.

But, instead of behaving wildly, as he sometimes would, Alexander Oglivie greeted Peggy with a reassuring smile. It was really only when he was frightened that he cried out, or when any one exhibited signs of fear, and she had put forth all her energies to repress any such signs. She had even ventured on giving him her hand, and he smoothed it between his own long, thin fingers as one smooths the coat of a pet animal. They were to be friends, it was evident, for Peggy's fear had given place to pity, and he seemed to accept her presence with signs that betokened pleasure. And they were friends from that hour.

After a day or two he began to seek her, and to follow her about, and to exhibit for her a kind of dumb animal affection, which was very touching. Margery saw it, and was glad, and yet there mingled with her gladness a feeling that was very like jealousy. He had been worse to manage since Janet's death: perhaps it was that there had been two to bear the burden while she lived; but Margery, with all her devotion, had never been able to exert over him the soothing influence which her sister had exercised; and here was a stranger who already had more of that influence than she.

Peggy had taken out her drawing one afternoon, when the poor fellow came to the window, and demanded admittance in a noisy fashion. Under the impression that he might disturb her at her task, Margery had risen, and was endeavouring by signs to send him away. But he would not be sent.

"Please don't," said Peggy, divining the motive; "let him come and sit beside me: he will not disturb me in the least."

"He will be certain to disturb you," replied his sister. "He will take away some of your papers. We cannot keep a bit of written paper for him."

"Oh, never mind," Peggy answered; "let him come."

And he came, and manifested an immediate desire to take possession of her whole stock. But she restrained him. She always spoke to him as if he could hear and understand. And while he watched her movements, he did somehow seem to understand. Then she took her pencil, and made a rapid sketch for him, a rude representation of a tree and a cow. After that he was content to sit beside her while she drew, till it became quite an occupation for her to amuse him in this way.

The painfulness and restraint were wearing off between Margery and her guest, greatly helped by

the good understanding established between the latter and poor Sir Alexander; but the awful monotony began to make itself felt; Margery felt it for another, though she had never felt it for herself, and strove in some measure to break it up. She went beyond the grounds in their daily walk; she got the chaise and drove to Delaube, that Peggy might see how Jean got on in her absence. Still, she was conscious how very dull the life must be to a mere girl, and she could think of nothing to enliven it. When they sat together, there were great blanks in their talk,

"like the spaces between these awful chairs," Peggy thought. And then the prison-feeling would come over her, and she would look sad, and pale, till the rigid woman who sat opposite regarded her with keen, cold eyes, that ought to have been soft with pity if they had only been lighted from within.

At last she had thought of something. Sitting together one evening, she said, suddenly, "I have written to Captain Oglivie, a relation of ours, asking him to come and stay for a week or two while you are here!"

(*To be continued.*)

MRS. O'HALLORAN'S HOSPITALITY.



ABOUT twelve years ago I paid a visit to London, and during my stay there took charge of a Sunday class. The school was held in a long, dingy room, over stabling; and the high, small windows admitted but a scanty portion of light or air. The place was situate in the heart of a squalid, crowded neighbourhood, and the children were of a sadly neglected type. My heart ached as I glanced at the pale, sharp faces which gathered round me.

"Are all this class here?" I inquired of the eldest girl.

"No, teacher, there's little Mike O'Halloran; and sure, here he comes."

The opening door admitted a lad about eight years old—a striking contrast to every other child in the room. His hair was auburn, his cheeks were red, his eyes were blue, he had on a green tie, in short, he gave one the idea of something particularly fresh and smart. He came forward smiling: the other children made way, and Mike gave me a bashful obeisance as he took his seat at the top of the class.

When school was over, I proceeded to take down the names and addresses of my scholars. It was not a very easy task. Many seemed almost unconscious of the possession of a surname; and in lieu of "numbers," I was instructed "to go down the court, and ring the top bell three times at the rag-shop." Puzzled and anxious, I waded through the duty, until one by one my poor pupils left, and only little Mike O'Halloran remained.

"I know your name," I said, smiling, as he stood before me, and pulled his radiant forelock. "And where do you live?"

"At No. 3, Elm Court," he answered, promptly; "push open the front door, and walk straight up till you see a door with 'O'Halloran' on it—that's ours: and, please, mother says, when may she expect you to see us?"

I looked up astonished. He seemed to think I needed an explanation, and went on, "We knowed there was to be a new teacher, miss, and mother telled me to say that, with her reverence and respect."

"I shall try to come in the course of the week, Mike," I answered, getting greatly interested in the boy.

"But, please, miss," and he spoke in a confidential

tone, "won't you make me able to go home and tell mother when you'll come, or haply she'll be out, and she's mighty sorry to miss a wisitor, cause we has so few!"

"Then I will come to-morrow," I promised; "but what is that at the door?" for Mike and I were left alone in the dingy room, and there was a mighty scratching outside.

"It's only Smut—that's Mr. Smith's, the butcher's dog. He always comes to fetch me; good arternoon, miss;" and the little fellow hurried off, and I heard him receive a very noisy canine greeting.

Now, during this conversation, I had time to observe the boy, and saw that, despite his bright appearance, he was very poorly clad. The green tie was only a bit of worsted braid, and his clean collar was quite embroidered with darns. I concluded there must be active hands and a brave heart in little Mike's home, and I was quite glad when Monday evening came.

Elm Court was a dirty noisy place, with great old houses which had once seen better days, and were adorned with quaint wood carvings, whose shattered remnants still remained, only serving to harbour dirt. "Number 3" was no better than the others. The front door stood open, and I groped up the wide, dark staircase, till the name "O'Halloran" stared in my face. Now this was not on a plate, nor yet painted on the door, nor yet written on a card; the name was composed of single letters, of various colours, apparently cut from play-bills or placards, and pasted on a piece of thin wood, nailed over the door. "These are clever people," I thought, as I knocked.

Mike let me in. The room was at the top of the house, a low, wide chamber, with sloping, whitewashed walls. There were two beds on the floor, each covered with gaudy patchwork quilts. Close to the fireplace, was a small deal table with a white cloth over it, and some stools and chairs about it. Mrs. O'Halloran came forward from this corner.

"I'm right proud to see you, miss," she said, "and the 'tay will be ready in a minute, if you'll do us the favour of taking a cup."

I could not refuse, for Mike's smiling face told that he regarded the affair as a grand entertainment; so I took off my bonnet and sat down.

"There's only us three," said Mrs. O'Halloran, as she set out two cups and a mug. "I'm a widow, miss, dear, or the place would be better worth coming to."

"But Smut's coming," put in Mike.

"Well, go and fetch him," said his mother. "Mr. Smith lets us have Smut, whenever we like, miss; and that's a great favour, for he's a famous play-fellow for the boy, and we couldn't afford a dog for ourselves."

"Mike will soon be a great help to you, I remarked."

"Mike's a help now, miss," she answered, "for he earns a little money, let alone keeping the place clean, and giving me heart to work. Sure, miss, I've heard people pity widows for having children to maintain; but says I, God help the widows that has none! It's mighty hard to be work, work, working, with no one to work for. And then the ones that has the care and 'sponsibility can't well keep things nice; they begins to think it'll do to eat dinner in the street, and it'll do to lay down on the bed without making it; and they loses all comfort in life, and perhaps takes to the public."

We were a very merry party, Mrs. O'Halloran and I, Mike and Smut, who held up his black nose with an expression that said plainly, "The smallest contributions thankfully received." Gradually, the mother and I fell into graver conversation.

"I can't read myself," she said, "and I always look forward to Sunday evening, when Mike tells me what he's heard in the school. He reads the Bible to me now—it's very little I knew about it before he could; but yet I knew just enough to get along with. My poor man and me both knew the Lord had died for us, and though we'd neither of us any learning, we'd been taught one or two texts that stuck to us all along, telling us that we must all love one another, as Jesus had loved us, and not be over-careful, but to always give thanks. And when poor Michael was a-dying—he was hurt by a fall, miss; but, thank God, they brought him home, and not to the hospital—he just put his arm round Mike and me, and said, 'Mary, I'm certain sure there's a text where God says, Leave the fatherless children and widows to me, and I will provide,—only it says it in beautiful words than I can remember. And Mary,' he says, 'you hold fast to that, and mind there's some one taking better care of you than poor Michael could.' And the Lord has provided," said Mrs. O'Halloran, with streaming eyes. "Mike and I have always been well and hearty, and if the meal has been sometimes scanty, better the good appetite without food, than food without appetite. Some folks said, 'Get the boy into some school, and go to service;' but I answered, 'Not I! leave the charity for orphans; Mike isn't an orphan while he's got his mother.' And now, miss, we're getting on better every day. I can get enough to keep us, and Mike manages to pay his own schooling and get his bits of clothes—the time'll come when he'll have better; and we can always pick up pleasures without

paying for 'em. We're seldom without a flower in the room, Mike finds 'em among the rubbish in Farrington Market—a little faded, maybe, but fresh water sets 'em up, and their scent comes over me, with the memory of the times when Michael and I were courtin' in the bonny lanes of Bargo! Oh, the Lord has given us many blessings!"

"And none greater than your cheerful spirit," I said.

"That's just the young gentleman's words," interrupted Mike, pausing in his gambols with Smut.

"Who is the young gentleman?" I inquired.

Mrs. O'Halloran looked confused. "Just a poor boy I gave a night's lodging to, last week," she said.

"It was a mortal cold night, and he was lyin' on the doorstep," explained Mike; "and mother took him down a basin of porridge, and arterwards she let him sleep up here."

"I'm feared he was an impostor," said Mrs. O'Halloran, shaking her head, "for in the morning, instead of owning he was a honest lad, tramping the country for work, he said as he was a gentleman's son, who had run away from home, thinking he would like to go to sea. So I advised him in that case to make his way back, and I gave him a copper or two, but I was very stiff to him after that story, for I didn't believe it. But a little kindness couldn't hurt him, whatever he was."

Just then came a knock at the door. Mike went to open it, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Mother, it's the young gentleman himself! and some one else beside."

Then entered a tall, well-dressed youth, whom Mrs. O'Halloran evidently could hardly recognise, followed by a stout, farmer-like man, who shook the widow's hand with bluff heartiness.

"Where would yonder young fellow have been, but for your kindness, mistress?" he said. "I've made inquiries about you since, and find you're a well-spoken-of woman; and I like you none the less for not being over eager to believe that boy's romantic story. I think he'll take your advice for the future, and stop at home. But suppose you come and live in my lodge, and then you'll be able to keep the gates shut, if he wants to run away."

"Oh, miss, dear!" sobbed Mrs. O'Halloran, when her visitors were gone, after making arrangements to expect her and Mike (and Smut too, if Mr. Smith would part with him) at the lodge in the course of the week—"oh, miss, dear, isn't it altogether too wonderful?"

"Not too wonderful, Mrs. O'Halloran," I whispered; "Mike will show you a text which says, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

Then I bade them both good-bye. Oh, their room was very humble, and yet it pained me to leave it for my own lonely lodging. But I comforted myself by looking in at Mr. Smith's, the butcher's, and completing Mike's delight by securing the pleasure of Smut's society in his pleasant country home.

But how I missed the boy's bright face next Sunday!

I. F.

THE GILDED AGE

Saturday, December 14, 1867.



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"And, finally, Mrs. Goldbag brought some grapes from under her shawl."—p. 196.

THE GOLDBAGS AND THE PENTURBYS.

IT was a strange sort of street; houses were jumbled together in it without any reference to appearances. I don't think there was more than one pair of houses in that street bearing any resemblance to one another. Why the whole street wasn't pulled down, and rebuilt with two rows of handsome, uniform houses, I can't conceive; and I wonder that the wealthy people who

lived in their gorgeous *gazabos* could tolerate the shabby, dingy little tenements that clustered around them.

Two houses there were in that street, where the contrast between threadbare respectability and glossy extravagance was most remarkable. These houses stood facing one another. The first was a gigantic mansion—one of those huge stone fabrics, square and solid, which seem to be conscious that their dignity depends on their immobility. The inhabitants were supplied with provisions, I have no doubt, for there was a side-entrance for tradespeople; but the great front-door seldom swung on its hinges, and then only under the grasp of the majestic footman. I never saw a pedestrian enter or leave the house. Carriages rolled up to the steps occasionally, and satined dames passed the threshold, and repassed it after a conventional period. The family vehicle drove to the door once a day, in fine weather, and the delicately-kept, sleek horses ambled away for a short hour, and returned.

Throughout the house there diffuses itself a glow of stately comfort, which seems to defy the dark shades of sorrow; but in the faces of the master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Goldbag, you may trace hard, sharp lines and deep furrows; anxious, timid glances—unmistakable tokens of the skeleton which lodges in that firm mansion. The bright household is somewhat sick of its gloomy grandeur. Those long and majestic halls, those heavy and tapestried rooms, are never jocund with the peals of baby merriment. In the midst of the grim magnificence is a feeble, sickly, frail-looking child, silent and awed, prematurely well-bred—the sole stay, the melancholy representative of all that pomp. Often, too, have I seen a tearful woman's face and a regretful man's pressed against the smooth squares of plate-glass, looking with half-envious glances at the many happy, healthy children of the mouldy little habitation opposite—a straight, narrow, brick house, running up four storeys in all, each storey boasting its two small rooms, front and back. No lack of children to fill those eight little cells—to give them a room apiece would have filled them all—well-fed children, following one another with the regularity of steps, from Edward the eldest to Samuel the baby, who won't be the baby much longer.

Every morning at eight, and every evening at six, Mr. Penturby, the father of that goodly array of children, might be seen on the doorsteps of that dusty house. He was a mechanically punctual man. He had never been late at his office but once, and that day was marked with a black letter in Mr. Penturby's almanack; he felt himself degraded when he recalled that day. He had done nothing wrong—no; he had not been indulging

in any spirits the night before, which made him oversleep himself—no; his being late that day was purely accidental; but poor Mr. Penturby felt himself degraded when he remembered it. He was shy and punctilious and nervous, and he couldn't bear being late, even though the cause was an honourable one, as it was on that solitary occasion. He had met a little child who had lost her way, and what could he do but take the poor crying thing home? as he said to Mrs. Penturby afterwards.

Mr. Penturby was a thin, tall man—unlike his opposite neighbour, who was short and stout; and unlike his opposite neighbour, Mr. Penturby had only one great coat. It was bright and new and fashionable when the nuptials of the happy pair were celebrated, and it had done duty every winter since—fifteen winters—a long, but not an impossible time for a great coat to last; “at least for such great coats as were made when I was young,” said the poor clerk, as he gazed with fond affection at the shabby relic.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Penturby, one day, to her husband, as that worthy gentleman returned home, “I think there must be somebody ill opposite, a carriage has stopped there twice to-day, and I am sure it was a doctor's, for the gentleman went in and out so fast, just as if he hadn't a moment to stay. Perhaps there's going to be another baby. How pleased they will be. Wouldn't it be kind just to step over and inquire?” added Mrs. Penturby, in whom curiosity and sympathy were both at work.

“My dear,” said Mr. Penturby, “I shouldn't presume to do such a thing.”

“But why not, my dear?” urged the partner of his bosom; “why not? There can be no presumption in making inquiries which couldn't be taken otherwise than kindly.”

“Well, my dear, I should be very pleased to show a kindly disposition towards my neighbours, whether they were rich or poor, but I am not at all sure that Mr. Goldbag would not think it great presumption.”

And so the conversation ended for the time. Later in the evening, however, Mr. Penturby said to his wife, “My dear, I see Mr. Goldbag's coachman standing at the corner. I have a sort of acquaintance with him—in fact, I did him a good turn once—so I think I shall just run over, and inquire.”

A minute afterwards, Mr. Penturby was seen slipping across the street, and addressing with timid deference the burly coachman. When he returned, a shade was on his brow, as he told his wife that there was no prospect of another baby over the way, but every prospect of losing the only one, for the doctor gave but little hope. “And my dear, Mr. Jenkinson—that's the coach-

man, my dear—has promised to tell us how the little fellow goes on."

For the next few days the whole Penturby household felt an all-absorbing interest in the little sick child over the way, and Mr. Jenkinson kept them constantly supplied with the most recent intelligence. One evening, the master of the stately mansion was looking gloomily out of the window, thinking of his trouble, more with the feeling of thwarted and impatient pride, than of fatherly affection, when he perceived the lean figure of Mr. Penturby in the attitude of deep conversation with the coachman. Mr. Penturby was listening eagerly to Mr. Jenkinson's somewhat pompous account of the doctor's last opinion. But Mr. Goldbag felt angry to see his coachman engaged in such close intercourse with a shabby-looking stranger. Perhaps the fact that a group of little eager faces were looking anxiously from the opposite window, may have contributed to Mr. Goldbag's displeasure. Be that as it may, he rang the bell somewhat violently, and sternly demanded of the footman who came to answer the summons, "Who Jenkinson was holding that long palaver with?"

"It be Mr. Penturby, sir," said the footman, "who have been so unremitting in his inquiries after young master, sir. He have been here many an evening just to ask."

"Who is Mr. Penturby?" asked the astonished parent.

"Mr. Penturby be the gentleman who have that extraordinary lot of children, as you may have noticed over the way."

"Oh!" growled Mr. Goldbag as John Thomas withdrew. "I should like to know what business he has in making inquiries; I never asked him." But notwithstanding that Mr. Goldbag grumbled, he could not help feeling pleased at the genuine and unobtrusive interest which the crowded house over the way took in the welfare of his heir.

A few evenings after, a man arrived at the big house, bringing with him a little coffin; and the next day a gorgeous but gloomy procession left the door; the black horses, tossing their long dark manes over their arched necks, were followed by sombre carriages, in one of which sat Mr. Goldbag, pale, stern, and unresigned. But he noticed one thing—the blinds at the little house opposite were all drawn down, and there were no little faces at the window that day.

Mr. Goldbag felt his great house cheerless indeed after that sad day. Mrs. Goldbag's tears aggravated him. He moved about listlessly; he had nothing to do, and the little purpose he had in life was ended with the death of his child. For a long time he hardly moved from his private sitting-room, and when he did, it was to steal into the great dining-room and take a look at the little

house opposite, and the little crowd of faces which were sure to be gazing into the street. Yes, there they were, and they angered him; but though he was angry at the sight, day after day he came and gazed at them, especially about six o'clock, when the little faces grew wistful, watching for the pale, thin man returning home, and an eager clamour greeted the father at the door. Poor Mr. Goldbag! the tears stole into his eyes as he beheld the family ovation.

To watch this scene became Mr. Goldbag's sole employment, and it afforded him a melancholy pleasure. His mind was somewhat perturbed one night to find that the little faces were not to be seen at the window, and though six o'clock, and half-past six had chimed, no Mr. Penturby was to be seen. Perturbation grew into wonder and anxiety when the next evening came, and brought no Mr. Penturby and no happy greetings. Could the little family have left? He would ask John Thomas. But some days elapsed before Mr. Goldbag could summon up courage to ask his majestic footman; and when at length he managed it, I must confess it was very clumsily done—much more clumsily than was Mr. Goldbag's wont—and much more clumsy than the footman's grandiloquent reply, in which he informed his master that "Mr. Penturby were very ill; and he were always a poor creature, were that Mr. Penturby; and how they does live, at the best of times, is more nor I can conceive, much less now. Why, he have much less to live on, and support that prodigious family, than Jenkinson! he have—when you take into account as Jenkinson have a house and perquisites. The matter, sir? Why, he caught cold, and didn't take care of it; and went out to his business, when he best have been at home; and now he's right bad, he is."

Yes, poor Mr. Penturby was ill, but not so ill as the magnificent John Thomas asserted. He had taken cold and neglected it; and the doctor had been called in, after much remonstrance on Mr. Penturby's part. They couldn't afford it, he had said. But much less could they afford his being ill, replied his wife. And so the matter was settled, and the doctor came.

"Complete rest, liberal diet, plenty of port wine, change of air and scene. General debility has more to do with it than this nasty cold. We must get rid of that, and then you must go away and travel."

But the nasty cold did not yield to the doctor's injunctions; it still hung about its victim, who fretted and worried that his business was being neglected, and that they could not afford this terrible expense. Fretting and anxiety did not improve his condition, and the poor clerk became feverish, and his wife looked worn. It was on one of these days that Mrs. Penturby was

looking out of the window, when her attention was attracted by the sight of the great door of the opposite mansion opening. There was no carriage at the door; but out of it emerged a little, stout, black-suited gentleman, followed by a somewhat ponderous, black-dressed woman—no others than Mr. and Mrs. Goldbag. They descended the steps and walked—yes, actually walked—across the street; they came upon the pavement, approached Mrs. Penturby's door, and knocked (Mr. Penturby would not believe it, till his wife and all his children severally affirmed it) at her door; inquired after the invalid; came into the little parlour, and talked to Mrs. Penturby (who was ready to drop) so sweetly, and noticed the children (the tear that quivered in Mr. Goldbag's eyes as he spoke to little Tommy was not unobserved by Mrs. Penturby); and, finally, Mrs. Goldbag brought some grapes from under her shawl. "Would Mrs. Penturby accept them?—they were so refreshing to the sick; hoped Mr. Penturby would like them—they grew in her own garden; trusted poor Mr. Penturby would soon be quite strong again;" and then they departed; but a train of light seemed to linger behind them.

In the evening, when the big family Bible was opened for prayers, there was a clean, beautiful ten-pound note lying on the very chapter they were going to read, and they all declared Mr. Goldbag must have done it; and little Rosy remembered seeing him fumbling about with the family Bible. After talking and wondering for a little, and looking with thankful eyes at the magic and mysterious piece of paper, they read the chapter; and the big tears rolled down Mrs. Penturby's cheeks as they read—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow."

Then the children went to bed, and Mrs. Penturby undressed little Jessie, who had been watching by her father while he slept, and told her to slip off and hear the good news from her brothers and sisters, and not to forget to thank God for it in her prayers.

Presently Mr. Penturby woke, calmed, and refreshed, and gently did his wife communicate to him the joyful intelligence, and told of the beautiful and appropriate words in the chapter at prayers.

Poor Mr. Penturby was quite overcome at first; but he soon recovered, and said so quietly, "To be sure, and I've been serving mammon all this time. I thought our poverty was enough to keep me from that; but now I see that my anxiety, and fretting, and worry about the morrow, was just serving mammon, and not trusting God. Absorbed in money-getting, and forgetting the kingdom of God and his righteousness—not that I meant it; but I see now what it is to serve the Lord Christ. How foolish we are! How kind of Mr. Goldbag! how thoughtful! how shall we thank him! Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of such things."

And then Mr. Penturby went to sleep again, and dreamt that he was worshipping a great golden image, and that an angel (which looked very much like Goldbag) came and pointed him to heaven, and told him to worship God and trust in him.

I need not tell you how Mr. Goldbag was thanked; nor how Mr. Penturby went down to Margate—and not alone—but with his wife and all the little Penturbys; nor who treated them to their two months' trip there; nor who interested himself and got Edward such a nice place in a merchant's office; nor how Mr. Penturby's services were recognised by his employers, and his salary greatly increased; nor how Mr. and Mrs. Goldbag stood as god-parents to the new little Penturby, when it arrived. I shall only tell you of the evening—it was Mr. Goldbag's birthday—when Mr. Penturby and his wife, and all the little Penturbys down to the baby, spent a few happy hours in the grim old mansion, which at first looked forbidding at the intrusion, and then seemed to relax its dignity, under the genial influence of merry faces and cheerful voices.

And when the last echo of childish delight had died away, and the great hall door had closed with a bang, there was a soft tender sadness on those two faces in the great drawing-room; they were thinking of their little one—their only one, who sleeps among the tombs. And the sad silence was broken by Mr. Goldbag: "I think, my dear, God took away our babe in mercy. Had we never known that sorrow, we should never have had our hearts drawn out as they have been by the poor Penturbys; they have been as much God's angels to us, as was the one which took our little one."

And in the little room over the way, just then, Mr. Penturby was saying, "I think the Goldbags are sent by God to be our guardian angels."

THE OLD PROPHET OF BETHEL.



IN a recent paper on the man of Judah who came to Bethel, I endeavoured to keep his story separate from that (which interweaves with it) of the old prophet of Samaria. From the former we learn that public services do not cover the neglect of private, personal obligations. The mission of Jehovah is performed, but the messenger is lost; the greatness of his public performance soothing him into forgetfulness, and making him listless as to the fulfilment of his own private obligation. We see how public courage and lofty discharge of duty may co-exist with disobedience, weakness, and folly in the conduct of our own lives. Such reflections form on our minds as we read the story of the mission and the fate of the prophet, whose name, as if in tenderness to his memory, has not been recorded. But the instrument of his ruin, the old prophet of Samaria, is even a more instructive type of character, interesting, as being exactly what we might expect of one of his order, living in the midst and bearing the marks of the corruption and schism, against which he did not struggle.

"There came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Bethel." "Now there dwelt an old prophet in Bethel." Here we have a prophet dwelling on the spot, and venerable by age, superseded by a stranger, brought at a risk through a hostile country, to deliver his message, and return. This seems to require an explanation; and it is afforded by the narrative that ensues. And first we learn, that his sons had been at the feast which Jeroboam was holding, for they came and told him of all that had happened at it. Like Hophni and Phinehas, they hearkened not to the voice of their father: and here we have already an indication of that remissness, and laxity, and submission to evil authority, on the part of the local prophet himself, which made it necessary to call in one from a distance, whose mind would not be overawed by the royalty of Jeroboam, or his prophetic zeal enfeebled by living in the midst of a corrupt people. They told their tale, and the old prophet said, "Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him: and he rode thereon."

In following the man of Judah, he acted on the impulse of a moment; but, probably, many, and some of them conflicting, feelings entered his mind simultaneously and produced the determination he adopted. As he rode quickly in pursuit of the stranger, these feelings developed themselves; some of them mean, and some kindly the former speaking from and hiding behind the latter. Why had it needed to bring a prophet out

of Judah? Had the message been entrusted to him, the prophet of Bethel, perhaps he would have known as well the proper time and place to deliver it. He, indeed, had not been at this idolatrous feast; it would have ill-become him to be there; but he judged that his absence from it was a species of protest that could not be mistaken. It certainly was unaccountable that a stranger had been employed; for surely Israel would have been more ready to receive the message from him, than from the prophet of a hostile country.

It was natural that a prophet of Judah should be inclined to denounce the establishment of places of worship in Israel itself, as plainly diminishing the importance of Judean prophets. He himself from an opposite point of view, had been rather inclined to wink at it. Besides it was scarcely becoming that this man of Judah should hasten away, like another Lot, from the seat of the new worship, where he himself resided permanently. It implied that a man of God could not reside there for one hour without being contaminated thereby. He went, no doubt, believing that he left behind him no one as good as himself, and that he was relinquishing Bethel and its altars to the predicted destruction. Spiritual pride had always been the fault of the prophets, and this man of Judah had thought within himself: "I, even I only, am left." It needed to show him that there was still one in Bethel who had not so much distrust of his own faith as to be obliged to fly from the surrounding idolatry. But in passing, perhaps, it occurred to him indirectly that Aaron was as good a precedent as Moses. At all events, he could stand his ground, without taking harm. What, however, would the people of Bethel think if this new prophet out of Judah were not to recognise him as a prophetic brother, and were to go entirely away without acknowledging communion with him? Would they not contrast unfavourably the hasty withdrawal of the stranger prophet from the region presided over by the golden calf, and peopled by idolators, with his own long residence in their midst and tacit acquiescence in their practices?

Such were, probably, some of the feelings and reflections of the old prophet, as he rode after the man of Judah. But, no doubt, the motives which he acknowledged to himself—in some degree genuine motives—were good nature, admiration, a desire once more to hold converse with a brother prophet, and talk with him over what, if conversing together, they would probably call the sad alienation of Israel; added to all this a great desire to be connected with the prophesy

and miracles of the man of Judah, even by lodging him in his house for a single night and publicly showing that they were fellow-servants.

There may also have been a wish to propitiate his wounded self-respect, by receiving one whom it was dangerous to harbour, as having defied the king, and denounced the idolatry of which he himself, at its first establishment, ought to have been the denunciator.

In estimating the part taken by the old prophet, we must remember that his sons cannot have forgotten to inform him of the stern refusal of the man of God to eat bread or drink water in that place, and the ground upon which he had put it, "Though thou shouldest give me the half of thine house, I will not go with thee, nor eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so it was charged me by the Lord, saying, Eat no bread and drink no water, nor turn again by the way that thou camest."

The prophet of Bethel knew, then, the objection he would have to encounter, and he thought of a means of overcoming it, and calculated on the condition in which he would find the stranger to render his task easy. He came up with him, sitting under an oak: the invitation was given, and the expected objection raised, almost in the same words as before; impressing on us the idea of something learned by rote, with which the inclination did not go; he repeated the words that were put into his mouth, but God's will evidently was not his.

And now the spectacle is presented to us of a prophet degenerated into a liar. To turn aside his brother from following God's command, the old prophet made use of a false pretence to that prophetic function which he had allowed to rust in its sheath, while Israel forsook Jehovah, and went after the golden calves. "I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water." He thus exhibits the effect produced on him by long dwelling in the midst of idolatry, and the injury he had done to his conscience by neglecting the duty of denouncing it, which was peculiarly the office of a Jewish prophet. The mild, tolerant spirit of the Gospel, as heaven doing its work by an internal action, gradually, imperceptibly, and without violence, was utterly misplaced in a prophet of the old dispensation.

The future of the world depending on the deposit of the true faith being preserved in the Jewish nation, and the worldwide flood of idolatry being excluded from it, the utmost rigour of cursing and extermination of error was necessary to accomplish that end; and besides, indeed, the chief ground of tolerance—*i. e.*, our fallibility—did

not exist in men directly authorised by inspiration. But the office of the prophets ceased with their authority. At this time, however, it was in fullest force; and the prophet of Bethel, who was old enough to remember the tabernacle as standing near his own dwelling-place, where still Jacob's pillar marked the spot on which he dreamt the heavenly ladder had rested, and the descending angels had stepped on to the earth, was bound, at all risk, to oppose the desecration of this hallowed site, by the erection in it of Egyptian idolatry, and the impious representation of Jehovah as the calf-god. But instead of this, he truckled to the power of this new Egyptianised king, and possibly to a national feeling—a wish that Israel should not have to acknowledge the religious supremacy of Judah, and worship in and towards Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. He wronged his conscience by silence; and at last, his moral sense being perverted by the long injury to it, he lied. He had learned to be dishonest; he had acquired that easy-going morality which values quietness and convenience above integrity and duty. As he has found excuses for his own indifference to what was going on about him in Israel, so he readily finds a good-natured falsehood to induce his brother prophet to return to his house to rest and refresh himself.

Perhaps it seemed what is termed an "innocent" falsehood, when employed in such a service—its being good natured seeming to diminish, if not to neutralise, the guilt of the deception. Good nature has often this strange illuding power; as, for instance, when the later Jew delivered himself from his moral obligation by the word "corban, it is a gift."

But good nature is generally two-edged. To gratify his own desire of conversing with so distinguished a servant of Jehovah—to enjoy an hour of the interchange of prophetic ideas, and invest himself with a portion of the awe and wonder which the stranger had produced at Bethel—gave an activity to his good nature, in which it might otherwise have been deficient. He prevails over the man of Judah, who gladly accepts the excuse that is thus provided him—a poor excuse, indeed, to believe on the testimony of a man, who professed to have derived it from an angel, that God had contradicted himself. But he longs to be seen again by the shouting multitude who almost transferred to him the adoration they had been paying to the idol. He longs for a draught of the wine of popular applause, and to hear the echoes of his deed still living in the place where it had been performed.

He draws near to Bethel; but all is dark and silent, like the reprobation of Jehovah. No eyes are upon him but the stars, those manifold eyes of God. To him he had resigned the glory of his

deed, leaving no name behind him in Israel. He returns to seek for it; but instead of the voice of praise, he hears from the lips of his betrayer the startling cry, "Thus saith the Lord," with which the prophets commenced their awful communications, "Forasmuch as thou hast been disobedient to the mouth of the Lord . . . thy carcase shall not come to the sepulchre of thy fathers." Thus the same lips that had beguiled the man into disobedience, now involuntarily (but how often they are the first to do so voluntarily) pronounce his doom. With trembling haste he sends his brother prophet away, no longer craving for a share of his glory, but dreading lest he should share his fate. He gives the weary guest his own beast, to be rid of him the quicker; exhibiting in this, as in what precedes, the easy-going, good-natured, worldly character, which would tell an innocent falsehood to make us happy, but is too much bent on self-preservation to undergo any risk to shelter us. Our diminishing wonder ceases that the native prophet was not employed; that it needed to bring one out of Judah; and that this latter was forbidden to stay to eat or drink there, lest he too should be tainted by the prevailing corruption, or taken captive by the attractiveness of idolatry.

But when the awful fate of the stranger is reported to the old man, we see in his remorse and grief something remaining from the wreck of a nobler character. There are circumstances in which the most worldly man forgets himself. Where lately he found the man of Judea lingering in his flight, and giving the temptation time to overtake him, he now finds him overtaken by punishment. That prostrate figure shall never again arise to resume its journey; but by the same road he lately induced him to return to eat

and drink in disobedience, he now brings him back to bury him. And still we see mingling with his sorrow, but chastened and purged of all baser feelings, the regretful admiration of his brother prophet, and the desire to be connected with his fame in sacred history. "When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried; lay my bones beside his bones: for the saying which he cried against the altar in Bethel . . . shall surely come to pass."

How sharp, but unavailing, was the remorse of that old prophet, as he stood by the torn body of him in whose ruin he had been instrumental, and raised over the fresh grave the mournful lament, "Alas, my brother!"

No misery can ever be so poignant as the knowledge, should it be the Almighty's will to reveal it to us, of the injury, and it may be ruin, in which we have been instrumental. It may often not be of a nature to be manifest to us in this life. No ghastly corpse may startle us on the highway; no fresh-made grave invite us to weep. But, whether apparent or not, it will be deeper and more ineffaceable than the stain of blood, this guilt of soul-destruction. Forgiven by God, we could not be forgiven by ourselves. The thought would penetrate heaven itself to find us out, that, by our means, other souls had been made joyless for ever. If, therefore, we are contented to cast our own lot in the land of secession, to dwell amongst a rebellious people, under the shadow of that golden idol to which men burn the incense of their strength and energies, and desires, let us not strive to tempt others from the strait road that leads to life; lest the companionship of an hour, as with these two men of God, should end in the eternal companionship of the tomb.*

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—III.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.



THE whole subject was so entirely new to the mind and usual range of ideas of Captain Scott, that it took him some time to ruminate over and, as it were, digest in silence all that his friend had been telling him, for it must have been a good quarter of an hour before he again resumed the conversation.

"There is much that is very interesting and commendable in this work, no doubt," said the captain, at length; "and I can quite understand some fellows feeling just as deeply or highly enthusiastic as you seem to be in the matter;

but don't you think that one ought to feel sensible of some sort of regular call, or vocation? It might, perhaps, come in time, you know; but I cannot honestly say that I am, as yet, conscious of any particular sensation of that description within me. There are some men, who have naturally the right sort of long face, and serious manner, and solemnity of speech, which one ought to have when addressing poor people, and giving them good advice. But I am afraid that I should not be able to do that properly, or indeed, know exactly what to say to them at all, when I found myself amongst them—not that shy-

* See 2 Kings xxiii. 17, 18.

ness is a foible of my nature, nor do I generally feel any nervousness on entering new or mixed company; yet I am sure that I should be awkward, and look like a fool, and a regular fish out of water, if I were to try to go about alone, knocking at strangers' doors, and poking my nose into their houses and rooms, without being asked."

"My dear friend," replied his Mentor, "I know exactly the feeling of natural hesitation which you describe, and had it myself, at starting, quite as much, probably more than yourself at this moment; but I very soon became interested and used to their ways, and then it all came easily and naturally. As to going in at them with a long-drawn face, and upon the strength of having given them a few shillings' worth, just to keep body and soul together through a pinch, taking upon myself to preach, and find fault, and lecture them, even if I were inclined, I do not see that I have any right to do so; many of them are quite as good, and much better than ourselves, considering the poor creatures' circumstances, and temptations; so, except sometimes in the way of a word of cheery encouragement, or friendly advice if they ask for it, I do not reprove and tell them of their faults and shortcomings. But, for my own part, I find that all that is required, is a little tact, and a scrupulous attention to one's own good breeding in little things. For instance, I am always very careful to take off my hat on entering their rooms; and never think of going in without knocking, and mentioning, as a sort of introduction, the name of the poor neighbour, or district visitor, or curate, or whoever it may be, through whom I may have happened to have heard of their distress. Then I never take a seat until invited, or at least specially asking permission to do so, for though a chair is almost always offered at once, sometimes that ceremony may be forgotten; but immediately upon the slightest hint, is invariably corrected, with an ample apology. It is wonderful what such trifling courtesies will do. Many a time have I seen a slatternly vixen suddenly drop her akimboed elbows, and loud, defiant tone, with which she has been, as if almost instinctively, prepared for the entrance of any stranger, and begin to wipe off the dust from her best though dirty chair with her dirtier apron; while the husband, slouching against the window, will draw his hands from the depths of his pockets, and lug his cap off his head (very often, it is true, as if almost in spite of himself, and on the half-pretence of only wishing to scratch his head, and not out of any servile respect); but somehow he will invariably do it, if you will only set him the example. Another rule I make is, never to ask any impertinent questions, or make reflections upon their furniture, or dress, or food, more than I should think of doing in the house of anybody of our own rank of life. Though

I often take a quiet notice of such particulars, as good criterions of character, as well as of the actual state of their circumstances, and act accordingly, without giving any reasons, or making insidious remarks; in short, I always try to be more particular while amongst my poor friends in doing credit to that extra twopence, which was traditionally charged in our youthful days for 'manners,' then I am in my own accustomed society—or at any rate, I think more about them, and as a rule I find myself, in return, treated with the greatest civility, and I may say friendly respect."

"But do you never," inquired Captain Scott, "find yourself brought into unpleasant contact with any rough characters? for that is where I should, I am afraid, find my temper fail me. Suppose some half-civilised navvy, or facetious costermonger, for instance, was to take it into his uneducated head, either to kick me out of his private apartments—which I do not say that he would be altogether wrong in doing, if he did not happen to appreciate my personal appearance, or exactly to see what business I had there—or was to indulge in some of that lively style of banter, vulgarly called 'chaff,' at which the latter class of gentry whom I have mentioned are sometimes supposed to be particularly accomplish adepts, I might, under such circumstances feel—as Dr. Watts, if I remember right, expresses it—'my angry passions rising,' and get into some awkward row, which would bring trouble upon myself and discredit upon your most respectable society."

"I can only repeat my assertion," answered Sydney, "that in my own experience, although I have sometimes found myself in some very queer places, where I have occasionally met some very queer characters—roughs, if you like to call them so, both male and female—I have never yet been implicated in any row, and hardly ever had an uncivil—that is, an intentionally offensive word from any of them. I do remember once, it was on the next day after Christmas Day, a year or two since—which might be taken as a sort of excuse, though, perhaps not a very good one, for the poor fellow's condition—that a half-tipsy vendor of cats' meat was certainly beginning to be rather rude, and slightly abusive, when the wife of his bosom fell upon him, and then and there corrected his bad manners, by battering him so unmercifully over his head and ears with an old tin saucepan, that I was actually obliged to interfere, though it seemed like ingratitude on my part to do so."

"And did the fellow beg your pardon, or thank you for the interference?" asked Archie.

"Well, I forget now; but you must bear in mind, by the way, that the familiar term of 'fel-



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"And Wisdom then and there they slew,
And stood a people free and proud."—p. 202.

low' is not understood or admitted in that class of society in at all the same sense as with us, amongst whom it is used as an habitual term of familiarity and social good feeling.

"'No more fellows than yourself, sir,' is a mild rebuke I have before now received, when having casually addressed any of them collectively as 'you fellows,' or called any one 'old fellow,' in a friendly way, as we so constantly do to one another. 'Fellow, indeed!' was a wife's rejoinder, taking me up very shortly; 'old, if you please, though that's no fault of his'n, and we knows we are poor enough, but I don't think he has done anything to have been called a fellow.' I of course apologised, and attempted an explanation; but I have been very careful not to give the same offence again.

"Indeed, I find that the very poorest classes, in their intercourse with one another, are much less familiar, and more punctilious in their manner and address, than those above them in society. When speaking to one another they almost always repeat their friend's name at full length, to which they seldom omit the prefix of Mr. or Mrs.; and two old washerwomen at their gossip, or even quarrelling, will ma'am each other at every sentence.

"I was asked, not long ago, to call in upon a *gentleman*, at the end of the court, who sold oysters and periwinkles, but was in great distress—down ill, and would have been without food, or even a bit of fire all that bitter cold weather, if it hadn't been for the good *lady* who keeps the coal-store, who let him have a little upon trust. And another poor old woman told me that her boy had got a job with a gentleman who swept chimneys and cleaned out drains.

"I have now become so accustomed to their really polite way of speaking of each other, that it scarcely strikes me as it did at first. Like all other grades in society, they have their own peculiarities and fashions, which any one who is a gentleman himself of course soon understands and falls into. The real main thing to be acquired by experience is, how to judge as to the reality and extent of their distress, and then as to the best and most advisable method of assistance or relief; for there are many other ways besides giving either food, fuel, or clothes, though these requisites of course must, and do, constitute the principal form of relief in most cases."

"I should have thought those three necessities of life fully comprehended all that one could do for them," interrupted Archie Scott; "especially as you don't pretend to go in for offering good advice, or finding fault with them. What more can one do to help them?"

"Oh, a great deal; such as giving them orders for the local dispensaries, letters of admission to the various great hospitals, of which, through our many influential subscribers, we have generally as many as we require to dispose of among those of our people who are suffering from any sickness or accident; then often by recommending them, or by using personal interest with some of the large firms, one is able to provide employment for poor fellows, who, perhaps, having been thrown out of work by illness, and, not finding it immediately upon their recovery in their own district, have never heard or thought of its being likely to be found in any other at the further side of London."

(To be continued.)

WISDOM.

WHENCE no one knew, and none could guess,
With slow and stately step he came,
And through the busy market press
Proclaimed in simple speech his name.

"T'was "Wisdom," and the word was caught,
And tossed from noisy tongue to tongue,
Whereat a tumult rose and wrought
The crowd to phrenzy, and they hung

With eager ears upon his voice,
Who said, "What would ye have of me?"
A thousand answers came, the choice
Of wealth, and toil, and penury.

Then fell a silence, such as when
The lightning glints upon the storm,
And winds are still, and hearts of men
Wait on that coming note of harm.

He spoke: "I may not sell for gold
The simple tale of star and sod;

My secret freely take and hold—
The fear of God, the fear of God."

Then, as a wind from out the west,
When red and wrathful sinks the day,
And burns upon the turbid breast
Of writhing wave and ghostly spray,

A sullen murmur rose, and grew
To thunder, from the shaken crowd;
And Wisdom then and there they slew,
And stood a people free and proud;

And bought and sold, and went their ways,
And Nature tamed, and spanned the skies,
And lived their lusty length of days,
And answered Death with happy lies.

But it is said that, far away,
Beyond their wealth, or waste, of years,
They seek that ancient man, and pray
His secret with unpitied tears. J. S. W.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN OGLIVIE IS GENEROUS.



ON hearing the sentence recorded in the last chapter, Miss Oglivie's first impulse had been to fly. She would not meet Horace Oglivie thus. If he had a mind to forsake her, she would not have him recalled to her side by a favouring circumstance. She would go home to her own place, and await there till he sought her. She would have gone further away, if possible. She longed to put difficulties between herself and him—to set herself out of reach, as it were. But when, at length, she ventured to propose her plan, it was at once overruled. Margery Oglivie's will was the stronger of the two, and she received the proposal as one altogether out of the question. She made it appear to her a positive duty to remain—a positive unkindness to go away. Therefore Peggy had to make up her mind to stay.

Then it occurred to her how awkward their meeting must be. To meet as strangers would be to practise a deceit—to act a lie; to meet as friends, would be to reveal to Margery what had hitherto been concealed from her—their knowledge of each other. Not that she had any right to know their hearts; but their meeting involved a matter of fact which ought not to be misrepresented. She was very glad, therefore, when Margery proposed to drive over and meet Horace Oglivie herself. The coach would set him down, very unceremoniously, bag and baggage, in the middle of the road, where a by-way branched off to the house, and leave him there. The point where he was to be picked up was not more than a couple of miles distant, but it would leave him time to make any communication he liked to make. But, further and better, Margery fixed the day of his arrival for Peggy to visit Delaube. The elder woman treated the younger very much as she would have treated a child, in making arrangements for her; and she was to be sent for early in the evening, like a child who has been allowed to spend the day abroad.

Margery Oglivie had her own reasons for sending Peggy out of the way, and arranging for her on this occasion. She was anxious to have a word or two with the captain herself, in order to remove from his mind a certain misapprehension with regard to Peggy, which she desired above all things to clear away before they should meet, as she thought, for the first time.

At length the day arrived, and everything took effect as arranged. The coach was punctual, the captain was duly deposited, Margery was waiting to pick him up, and they were soon driving back to the Forest House together. Horace Oglivie was aware that, with regard to Peggy, he was on delicate ground, and required to move with caution; yet he wanted to make the most of the short time at his disposal to learn

all that he could concerning her in her new position. During the drive, however, he learnt nothing more than he already knew—namely, that her grandfather was dead, and that she was staying at the Forest House for the present. Yes, there was one little circumstance which he learnt, just as they were alighting—a circumstance which had greatly relieved his mind—and that was that he should not be compelled to meet Peggy as a stranger in the presence of Margery Oglivie. That lady had detailed her little arrangement, and on it the quick-witted Horace had founded another of his own—viz., that, when the time arrived, he would volunteer for the service of bringing Miss Oglivie back, and thus secure an opportunity of seeing her alone.

Margery had wound up by saying, just as they entered the house, "When you have had your dinner, I have something to say to you."

She had spoken in her usual measured manner, and not in harsher tones than usual; but, as he took his way to his room, he wondered what it was she had to say to him, and whether it was possible that Peggy had told, after all.

And at last the dinner was over, and he ventured to remind her that she had the something to say.

She began at once. "You know," she said, "that Gilbert Oglivie and I haven't been on speaking terms for many years—for half a lifetime nearly." He bowed assent, and she proceeded: "You will understand, by what has happened, that I saw him before he died. What took place between us concerns nobody but ourselves, except that he begged me to take care of this girl—of Louis Oglivie's daughter and heiress." She laid an emphasis on the last word, and added, "Her mother's marriage-lines and her father's letters to his wife are now in my hands."

"What has become of her father?" said Captain Oglivie, not knowing very well what to say, but thinking how very much Peggy's position and prospects would be changed.

"Dead!" was the stern answer. "It's more than a dozen years since he was heard of. Louis Oglivie is dead."

"So much the better," thought the captain. "It is just as well, perhaps, for the girl," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "If I die before Alexander, everything will be hers. And if he dies first, I mean to make it hers, if she will now promise that in any case she will never leave him to strangers. I cannot make it conditional, you see. I shall have only her word and promise. But she has taken to Alexander, and he has taken to her. If she will stay with me, I can make her secure both ways. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, perfectly; but I cannot see why I am called upon to do so," said the captain, who was thinking it was rather hard to be brought so far to hear only this.

"You have a right to know," she answered. "You may have had expectations; it was quite natural you should. Under other circumstances it would have been yours. My sister and I had settled it. But we have saved out of Alexander's allowance; and if you will let me, I can buy advancement for you. It is all I have really in my power," she added, "for I believe Alexander will outlive me. And now I have said all I had to say."

The conversation terminated as abruptly as it had begun. Horace Oglivie subdued his conflicting emotions, and politely took to the topics of the day. At last the sound of wheels was heard on the gravel. It was the chaise coming round before setting out to fetch Peggy back. Captain Oglivie was on his feet in a moment, offering to go and bring her safely home; and after some objection from his hostess, on the score of his recent travel, easily overruled, seeing that he had reposed no further off than Bleaktown on the previous evening, he was allowed to depart.

"He can introduce himself," she thought; and she smiled grimly as she saw him set out. He was very cool about it. "Perhaps he is only tired of my company," she said to herself.

It was rapidly getting dark as he drove along, and by the time he reached Delaube, it was dark altogether. The front gate was closed, and could not be opened from without, though it did not seem to be locked. The truth was, that a great stone was nightly rolled up against it. But Captain Oglivie remembered the little garden gate, and groped his way to it with slight effort. The same difficulty might have greeted him there, but that egress was still needed. As it was, he entered, and went straight on to the kitchen entrance, to which the path led. All was dark save one long, low window, through which he could not choose but see. An old man was smoking by the fire. An old woman sat at the wooden table, doing something which caused her head to nod in a measured fashion; and opposite, with the light shining full on her face, sat her he had come to seek, evidently quite at home with her surroundings, and holding something apart with her hands. It was a hank of blue worsted she was holding, while Jean wound it, when Captain Oglivie knocked at the door.

"That's for me," she said, crossing to open it herself, and expecting Margery Oglivie's ancient man-of-all-work, a relic of the past, like Tammas.

She was rendered dumb with amazement when she saw who it was, and her heart began to beat fast and her limbs to tremble. But to an observer she only seemed very quiet and pale. As for him, he was perfectly cool and collected, meeting her neither warmly nor coldly, and stating his mission simply and with all the grace in the world. As she went to get ready, Peggy recovered sufficiently to say, "Jean, this is Captain Oglivie;" and when she came back Jean herself lighted them down the garden-path, having in the meantime fallen a victim to the captain's blandishments.

They were soon rattling along in the darkness, and as yet they had hardly spoken, only a hand had clasped hers firmly and fondly. But, instead of meeting the clasp, she was shrinking from it. He was treating her as if he had parted with her yesterday, instead of well-nigh a year ago.

"You are not angry with me?" he whispered, reproachfully, as she attempted gently to withdraw her hand. "I have managed so well she will never know that we have met before."

"Then we must be as if we had never met," she answered—"as if there was nothing between us."

"That cannot be," he hastened to murmur in reply; "that cannot be, if we love each other still. It cannot be with me, at least."

And at that moment Captain Oglivie persuaded himself that he really had been true at heart, and that only adverse circumstances were to blame for his inconstancy. He persuaded himself at that moment that he loved the shrinking girl beside him as he never had loved any other; and perhaps he did.

Then he set himself to explain, very delicately, how impossible it was for him to involve her in a clandestine correspondence, and how wretchedly circumstanced they both had been.

She was sitting with her hands clasped before her, looking out into the darkness, through which they were swiftly passing.

"Now it is all different," he said; and in saying it he drew yet closer to her.

She felt his breath warm upon her cheek, and raised her hands to her face.

Then he threw his arm round her, and whispered her name; and for answer came almost a wail of entreaty:

"Oh! Horace, be generous, and set me free!"

He was here by her side, loving, and she did not love him; the same, and she was changed. Thus she reproached herself.

And he, suffering some slight pain beyond that of wounded self-love, withdrew the caressing arm, and, after a little, replied, "You are free; only let me be free also to win back the love I have lost." He never for moment doubted his ability to do so.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LETTER IS LOST.

As in the old childish days, when she wanted everything in heaven and earth explained to her, Peggy Oglivie now sought an explanation of herself. But she found it as difficult to obtain, as it used to be to get at the meaning of the riddles which her oracle, Jean, had been wont to propound in order to be rid of her importunity. In vain she sat thinking, till her cheeks burned and her brow throbbed, asking herself, over and over again, how it had come to pass that her love for Horace Oglivie had, as it were, shivered at a touch. In vain she flung herself on her knees, and tried to read her heart, as it lay open to the Searcher of hearts. No true interpretation

came. She had proved herself fickle and inconstant, for under no circumstances, she felt, ought love to change. The very idea that it could, was terrible—was deadly, and seemed to strike at the root of all faith, human and divine.

There are men, as well as women, of the feline order, and perhaps Captain Oglivie was one of these. He was, undoubtedly, very graceful and very agile, both in body and mind; but it might be possible for him to be very cruel. He was letting Miss Oglivie alone, but he was watching her every movement with the conviction that she was completely in his power; that she could no more resist him, or escape from him, than a mouse could from a cat. And the more he watched her, the more he liked her—loved her, in his passionless way. He liked the lovely face and the slight, perfect figure—light as a young birch-tree, and the quaint, tender expression of smile, and voice, and speech. He could marry this girl, and if he did, and she was devoted to him, he would, in all likelihood, go on loving her to the end of the chapter. But he was capable of marrying her whether she liked him or no; and in the latter case he might, nay, certainly would, cease to care for her. He could torture the heart that was not his own, and which he yet had power to torture.

It was Captain Oglivie's opinion, and one which he had not unsuccessfully put to the test, that he could conciliate whom he chose to conciliate, and win whom he chose to win. But there was one whom he could not conciliate in Margery Oglivie's house: poor witless Sir Alexander was proof against his blandishments. For one thing, he deprived the poor fellow, to a great extent, of his new companion. He had been suffered to sit beside Peggy, and watch her drawing, till the faculty of imitation had prompted him to seize a pencil, and try to follow the lines of the rude sketches which she made to please him. Then he would point to familiar objects, and show that he knew that the drawings represented them. Latterly he had succeeded, with the help of his teacher, in copying some of the simplest forms. Without knowing it, she was developing what little of mental power he possessed.

One morning, when Peggy was engaged in teaching him, Captain Oglivie came into the room where they sat together; it was a large, bare room, like a nursery, clean and uncarpeted.

"It is perfectly marvellous how you can take such pains with that idiot," he said, in a slightly impatient tone.

"Oh, Horace, see how well he is getting on. It is quite worth the pains I take."

"I don't see that it matters in the least."

"It makes him happier, I am sure," she answered; "and do you know I think it is making him wiser. I believe he feels more and knows more than we think. What if it should all belong to the body, this idiocy, and be a mere distortion of the power of expression, and the soul should be lying within, suffering a terrible imprisonment?"

The captain laughed. It was a pleasant enough

laugh, with a slight ring of mockery, not for the thought, but for its truth; but Sir Alexander gave a low growl, like an angry dog.

"Just look at the creature," said the captain.

Peggy did look, and was startled by the expression of hate and malice in his face. "One would think he understood every word," she said. "You see he is capable of love and hate," she added; "he knows by some instinct that you do not love him."

Sir Alexander bent muttering over the paper.

"Do you believe in such instincts?" asked the captain.

"I'm not sure that I don't," she answered.

"It's all capable of explanation," he rejoined; "everything is."

"Well, I suppose it is," she replied, thoughtfully, almost thinking aloud. "Perhaps there are such delicate indications of character in every look and word and act, that they escape the conscious mind and yet impress the spirit."

At that moment Sir Alexander had looked up again, and met the eyes of Captain Oglivie. Neither maintained the gaze but for a moment, but in that moment their companion had glanced from the one to the other—from the man with the deformed body and the darkened mind, to the other with his graceful bearing and intellectual face, and there flashed upon her a likeness of expression which made her chill with horror.

"Come away," cried the captain, "and blow these Scotch metaphysics out of your little brain. I never saw you look so pale and ill."

That afternoon Horace Oglivie sat down to write to his mother. He had been more than a week in that bleak northern region, and his first care was to assure her of his bodily well-being. There was nothing to hinder him from surviving a winter in the trenches, and yet he could not bear to wet his feet. Then he went on to tell her the position in which he found affairs. He gave her an account of his conversation with Margery, and took the liberty of execrating that lady pretty freely. He paused before he mentioned Peggy. Any great frankness on that score might bring his mother down upon him in bodily presence. So all that he said was, "The heiress is rather nice. I wouldn't mind going in for her and her inheritance at once. She wouldn't be at all a heavy encumbrance, though I certainly prefer an unencumbered estate. I almost hope she may inherit direct, and cut out Miss Margery. As for that hideous creature, Sir Alexander, I dislike him worse than ever—dislike is not the word, I positively hate the sight of him. I could almost have put an end to him with my own hands this morning."

It was a hateful, heartless letter enough, though neither he who wrote it nor she who was to receive it would see how heartless and how hateful it was. The receiver would remain thoroughly well satisfied with the sender, and the sender was thoroughly well satisfied with himself.

But it was fated never to be sent. While he was

writing there looked in upon him that white face of Sir Alexander's, and on it, deepening as he lingered, the scowl of malice—surely an aimless malice—at which the writer there could afford to laugh. He sat with his profile to the window, which was slightly in the rear of the table at which he wrote, so that he could look up without seeing the face, grotesque in its maliciousness, that was peering upon him.

At length the letter was finished, folded, and sealed. The captain had been warned not to leave letters about, but he intended to walk out and post this one himself; he also intended to have a companion in his walk to the village; therefore he put the letter behind the tomb-like structure on the mantelpiece, and went out of the room in search of Peggy.

No sooner had he done so than the window was lifted from the outside, and Sir Alexander crept in, went swiftly to the fireplace, and, with a look of concentrated cunning, took possession of the letter. Giving vent to a gurgle of satisfaction, he thrust it into his breast, and swiftly made his escape as he had entered, not having wit enough to close the window behind him. A minute or two later, Miss Margery herself came in, and shut it down unsuspectingly. So, when the captain entered with

Peggy, no letter was to be found. There was, of course, but one conclusion as to who had taken it; but when, and how, was the question. The captain had met Miss Margery on her way to the room, and had detained her a minute or two, but she had been there ever since. It was well that she did not see the quick look of suspicion which he darted at her.

"Did you leave the window open?" she asked at length, when the bewilderment had reached its height.

"No."

"Then I know how it has gone," she said. "I have just shut it. He has come in and taken it, and gone out again by the window."

Horace Oglivie did not wait for more. In a moment he had opened the casement and flung himself out.

"If he finds him he will hurt him," cried Margery, almost wildly.

"He will never be so base, as well as cruel," said Peggy, soothingly; "but I will go after him, and, perhaps, if we find him, he will give it up more readily to me;" and, without further parley, she set off in pursuit.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—V.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

DORA THE DAINTY.

DDARE say, deary," said grandmamma to little Edith Everley, one afternoon, "you are very much disappointed Emmy cannot come to tea."

"Yes, I am disappointed, granny dear, I must own; I should so like to have her! she is such a dear little girl."

"She is a very nice child, Edie dear, and I am quite sorry too, she cannot come. What do you think if, by way of consoling ourselves, we ask Sibby to put us tea out on the lawn, and I tell you the fifth story? There will be very few more such days as this, and only one more story to tell."

"Oh, granny, dear granny, I am so sorry! I wish you had twenty children to tell about."

"Thank you very much, Edie dear," said granny, laughing, "but I am glad you have not got the fairy wishing-cap, to make such a wish come true. Dearly as I loved my children, I found five quite plenty. But do you like my idea of tea on the lawn?"

"Very—very much, granny. Shall I run and tell Sibby?"

"Yes, please, love."

"And I will get your lounging-chair and my stool, and we will be cosy;" and away flew the child, quite consoled for her disappointment by this fresh idea. She helped Sibby eagerly to lay the tea, getting permission to gather fruit and flowers to decorate the table, and was delighted to hear her tasty arrange-

ments admired by granny, and to be assured she had not enjoyed a meal so much a long while.

The tea cleared, granny thus commenced her story: "I don't think, Edith, you have ever seen your Aunt Dora. I am punished for loving her the best of all my children, I suppose, by her being separated from me. She has been in Australia for many years, and though she keeps telling me in every letter they talk of coming home soon, I dare not hope to be permitted to see her again."

Something very like tears glistened in poor granny's eyes; and little Edith, not knowing what to say to her, by way of consolation, kissed the thin, white hand which was resting on the table.

Mrs. Everley seemed to understand the action, for she smiled at the child, and said, "I have got you to love and keep me company, have I not darling? and what is more, you are very like Aunt Dora, exactly what she was at your age. Well," she continued, "this little loving pet, who was my constant companion, was rather delicate—the most delicate of all—which may account for my feeling rather more for her than the others, and as my nurse was the most indulgent of human beings, so my little Dora became humoured in every fancy, and was on the high road to being spoilt, like her brother Philip. At every meal some new whim was evidenced, till at last it became difficult, if not impossible, to order anything she would be sure to like. At one time she would eagerly eat rice, and the next shudder at it; some days an excellent dinner was made on cold meat, and sometimes, on

hot; and I have known five or six different things brought up for her little ladyship at one meal, while dear nurse coaxed her with every inducement and bribe she could think of to eat something. I believe she was never more angry with me than when I insisted, one day, on the child having no dinner at all, if she would not at once eat what I had provided, and which only a few days before she had liked excessively. She cried, and assured me, when the child was dead I should be sorry for my cruelty; but I did not think so: I knew, Edie, I was doing what was right for the dear child, that I should never reproach myself if she was taken from me, and that she would thank me if she lived.

"At that time I had an old maiden aunt living—a dear, kind old body, who had a small income, and lived in a pretty little cottage in a quiet seaside village in Hampshire. A little gem of a place it was. I had passed many, many happy days there before I was married. The cottage, so homely, yet so clean and picturesque, was on a breezy, healthy common, on which you would have supposed yourself miles from the sea, but a steep, shady lane brought you suddenly on to a romantic beach, where for hours I had run races with the waves, whilst the dear old lady sat with her book beneath the shadow of a cliff. Well, she came to stay a few days with me, just at the time when this sad daintiness of Dora's was giving me so much trouble.

"I tell you what, my dear," she said, 'let her come back with me; my sweet pure air will make her feel strong, and I think I can promise to send her home cured of this tiresome fault. Barbara'—that was an old servant of hers—'delights in children, and will like nothing better than the charge of her. The memory of your own childish visits to me will render you easy as to her happiness.'

"Though to part from my little darling was a great trial, I would not for worlds have allowed any selfish feelings of my own to interfere with what was so much for her good.

"Through my glasses, Edie, I could see the mischief which would come of this fanciful daintiness, in after years, if not corrected now. Already the evil was spreading: she was getting as foolish and fussy about her clothes, her bed—in short, nothing was ever quite right for her. Her clothes were too tight or too loose for her, or they smelt of 'nasty soap,' or they were dirty; her bed was too hard or too soft, the blankets too heavy or too light; and she was beginning to tire the patience of those who loved her most. And so, though with a heavy feeling at my heart, and eyes dim with tears, I watched my little, fairy-like, fragile girl go off with Aunt Raymond.

"The child herself seemed delighted to go. It had been one of her favourite stories, as she called it, to listen to what I used to do at Stoneleigh; and she thought it something wonderful to be going to the same place, to sleep in the same little bed, to see the same old china and stuffed birds, and be waited on by the same old servants. She should fancy she was

mamma when she was little, and do everything she did. Of course, it was a great consolation to me to see her so pleased to go; but I looked anxiously for the first letter.

"It came, with the information that they had arrived quite safely; that Dora was in an ecstasy of delight with everything, and had eaten an excellent tea without making any complaint. 'She had a tiny loaf all to herself,' wrote my aunt, 'and a bantam egg, and the little cup and saucer to drink out of that you used to have, and it would have done your heart good to see her thorough enjoyment.'

"I read this to nurse, but she only sighed, and said, 'Yes, that is as I always say, she is so very delicate. The change has done her good. After she's been there a day or two, she'll be just the same as she is at home, poor lamb; and if Miss Raymond goes to punish her to make her eat, she'll be sorry for it, as sure as she's alive, for she'll have the child to nurse.'

"'There is no fear of punishment there, nurse,' I answered; 'Miss Raymond is the kindest creature in the world.'

"My aunt had promised to write often to me, and so she did, and in all her letters she continued to say Dora was quite happy, but they had had one or two failures with the meals; but I was to make myself quite easy, as the child was looking very well, 'and is none the worse,' said the letter, 'for my strict discipline. Tell nurse so; and that I think the daintiness will be all mastered by the time she returns.'

"Dora was away three weeks, and I began to want my little bird home very much; but Aunt Raymond begged for one more week, and so I, somewhat unwillingly, yielded. At the end of the time I watched anxiously for her return. Her father was to run down for a day to fetch her, and bring her home on the following. Bright and rosy the little thing looked when she rushed into my arms, delighted to be once more with 'darling mamma,' but having enjoyed herself, as she expressed it, 'dreadfully.'

"She brought a little note from my aunt for me, in which she begged I would be particular in not asking Dora what she would like to have to eat at any meal, but simply give her what I thought right; to take no notice of her leaving her food, if she should do so, but not supply her with any other kind.

"The next morning, therefore, at breakfast, a basin of bread and milk was placed before her like the other children's; and without a word she eat it all. A plain dinner of roast meat and a fruit pudding was also quickly and uncomplainingly dispatched, and, in short, for a week after her return home she found no fault with anything, and was, therefore, the sweetest, brightest little thing imaginable, that having really appeared the only fault which marred the beauty of her character. One day, however, some unlucky boiled mutton appeared at table, and, as I helped her to it, I suddenly remembered



her former great dislike to it, and expected a scene. She looked at it for a moment, whilst the colour mounted to her face, and then quietly eat it all without a word. I took no notice, only I did not ask her to have a second supply; and after dinner, whilst I was sitting at work, she came to me and said, 'Mamma dear, shall I tell you all I did at Aunt Raymond's? I haven't half told you yet.'

"Certainly, darling," I said, 'if you like.'

"And so, perching herself upon a chair beside me, she said: 'Well, you know, I told you I used to go, the moment after breakfast, down on the beach by myself, and when I had played ever such a long time, auntie used to come and take me into the village shopping, and to the schools, and sometimes to her poor people. Well, one day, mamma, I hadn't—I hadn't,' she said, very hesitatingly, 'eaten quite all my breakfast; I didn't think it was nice, you know; but auntie didn't give me anything else, and so, when I sat on the beach, I was hungry, and I began to cry, and wish I was at home; and I was crying when she came, and she asked what was the matter. I told her, but she didn't answer—only took my hand and led me to a little miserable—oh! such a miserable hut, under the cliff, and we knocked, and a woman with a thin, white face and ragged gown opened the door, and we went in, and there was no furniture in the room hardly, and two or three dirty, thin

children sitting on the floor. And auntie talked to them some time, and then she said, "How long is it since these children tasted hot roast meat?" And, oh, mamma, what do you think the mother said? "Never." Then auntie asked how long since they have had bread and milk for breakfast; and then the poor woman said—oh! mamma, I shall never forget it—"Bless you, ma'am, they know only the taste of weak tea, field turnips, and bread. Now and then they have a taste of father's cheese, for a treat."

"Then, Edie, I could see," continued granny, "what the lesson was my child had learnt; and this letter, received from Australia after she had been married out there some months, will show you how she appreciated it." And granny read these words to Edith: "'I can never sufficiently thank you, dearest mother, for the perseverance with which you strove to break me of my childish faults, above all, that of daintiness. It was so wise of you to let Aunt Raymond effect my cure: for which I am eternally grateful to her, or out here, amidst the privations we have had to suffer, I should have starved.' And so, Edie, dear, I think my spectacles must ever be honoured for seeing so quickly and plainly these little childish errors, which, neglected, become the sins of our riper years. Now run and play, and look forward to the next of granny's stories."

THE BUIVYER

— Saturday, December 21, 1867. —



(Drawn by JOHN GILBERT.)

"And we kneeled down, hand-in-hand."—p. 211.

A CHRIST-CHURCH SERMON.

PLEASANT life on the river? Yes, sir, so it is; I've been in the Indies, and almost all round the world, and I'm none the less content to be captain of a Gravesend boat. It's a quiet

life, sir, and a regular one, and, sitting up here, I can see the passengers, and they are always a change, though the shores and the buildings are the same. And one might do worse service for

one's fellow-creatures than take them out for a blow on the river, and bring 'em back all tight and tidy.

Ay, sir, there's the *Dreadnought*: I shall miss that when the Government people take it away. I was in her once, God bless her!

You see I was a London lad, born in a close off Watling Street. My father and mother both died when I was a little one, and I was got into Christ's Hospital. I'd only one sister, ten years older than me: she was a well-educated girl, and had a place in some West-end shop, so I had no home to go to except in her heart, and, bless her! I was always welcome there. She had not time to be with me on those days when they turned the boys into the streets to fend for themselves, but she always contrived to send me a shilling or two, so that I never wanted a dinner, as some did. And she used to plan where I should go telling me she would like to hear about some new curiosity in the British Museum or the picture galleries, or, in summer, she wished to know about the improvements in Kensington Gardens, and so on. And generally one or two of the others thought they might as well join me, and I shouldn't wonder it kept us out of mischief, and did us good as well. Then before I went in at night, she generally managed to meet me in Holborn or the Strand, and we went up and down quiet streets to have a talk, and she kissed me in the twilight, and very particular I was to be in a shady place, for I was ashamed of people seeing, though I wouldn't have gone without those kisses for the world. Bless you, I could feel them on my cheek for days after! Bessie came to Christ Church every Sunday morning when it did not rain. She used to sit in the side aisle, in the sideway seats, so that she could see the gallery. That was something to look forward to all the week. Boys' friends often came to Christ Church, some of them quite stylish people, who looked in the empty old place, like a fashion book on a dusty file. I often wished Bessie could have gay silks like theirs: once I told her so, but she said, quite flushing—

"Tom, if I could, you wouldn't be in a charity school." And I always remembered that, when any of the rest boasted of well-to-do fathers and fine houses.

It was soon settled I should go to sea. The doctors said I had the right constitution for it; and the masters knew I'd no particular head for learning. Bessie didn't make any fuss, as I feared she would. But after that, she came to Christ Church every Sunday, wet or dry. And I remember her face got curves the wrong way, though she didn't seem thinner. But I did not think anything of that then.

There was some one else who used to look out for her besides me. One of our Grecians at that time was Richard Whyte; and all the college was

proud of him, he was such a clever chap. The other boys always wondered why he took notice of me, who was so different in every way. I wondered too. On holidays he would go with me to Greenwich, and sit all day on One-Tree Hill, and walk home along the Strand to Bouverie Street, where Bessie used to wait. At first he took no notice of her, and we could hear his heavy shoes clump off, as we went down into Whitefriars to make our talk a little longer. We used to turn up Bridge Street, cross Ludgate Hill, go up the little court by Stationers' Hall, where the trees are, along Paternoster Row, and through the passage leading into Newgate Street. There Bessie kissed me, and said her parting words; but she always came out into the street, and shook hands again; and there was Richard Whyte waiting for me, having come round by the thoroughfares.

At last, with hearing my talk, she grew to know him like, and smiled and nodded to him when she met us, which made him go off double quick, and very red. But one day, after hearing some story of how he had befriended me, she held out her hand, and thanked him. That wasn't in the Strand, but at Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn. Bless you, he walked home so fast, it nearly took my breath away. You see she was older than him, and being in business, and about in the world, and he shut up at school, she fancied him quite a boy, and never thought— Poor fellow!

He used to sit and look at her in church. We had a dull parson doing exchange duty at the time, and I often grumbled, and the first that ever made me notice about Richard and Bessie, was his saying, "At any rate there is always one good sermon preaching in Christ Church." And I said, I didn't know where. Said he, "In your sister's face, Tom. God's love exceeds all human love, and when one thinks of hers, it teaches us how vast is his."

I think Richard was a poet, sir. If so, perhaps it was as well he was taken away. It was settled he should go to college, so he took a little holiday before he went. And in that holiday he sickened and died. Rapid decline, they said it was. I missed him terribly—most of all when I went alone to meet Bessie, and during services. I'm only a rough sailor, but I have fancies of my own. When we miss the dead so sharply, that we feel almost like crying out after them, then I fancy they are present in the spirit, and calling to us with voices that our souls can hear through our veil of flesh. It may not be so, sir, but still it may.

Well, I was put to sea, and went abroad. I did not grieve very much to leave Bessie, for after Richard's death, I made friends with lads who did not improve me. The captain I sailed under was a hard man, and when I got to America, I ran

away, I don't want to say much about the next ten years, sir. It's pleasing to remember hardship, they say, but it's bitter to remember sin. It seems strange, doesn't it, that some of those who've done most honour to the old school were forsaken by kith and kin? and here was I, with a good woman planning and praying for me, I turned out bad. There were others, of course, getting on, and wishing they had some one to rejoice in their prosperity, while I was only too glad my sister did not know where I was, and couldn't guess how bad things were. Somehow, it's often so. God seems determined that sinners shall always have a loving hand ready to call them back to him.

So time went on, sir, and when I was six-and-twenty I didn't look much younger than I do now. At times I fancied I'd like to die, and I've come down to the wharves about Bankside, and looked in these very waters. But I always came away. For one thing, I thought if *she* was alive, I needn't go and fling myself where my dead body might be washed up at her very feet. So I just went on, making short voyages, for I hadn't strength for long ones, until at last I was laid up on board the *Dreadnought*.

That was a weary time. I kept my bed for weeks, hearing scarce any sound but sick men's voices, and the splashing waves outside. At last I crawled on deck. It was a fine day in early autumn, and the river was quite gay with craft of all sorts and sizes. Presently there passed a steamer, filled with London folk out for a breath of fresh air, and among them was a little fair-haired Blue-coat boy, all alone. You don't know how I felt. They came up, things I'd quite forgotten, the very sunlight on Bessie's face, sitting in the sideway pews. I couldn't stay on deck, but went below and lay down, and cried—cried like a child. There were one or two fellows saw me, rough, swearing men as any on the seas; but in my misery I couldn't help telling them about it. Did they laugh, sir? Not they! One of them began to wonder if his old mother was alive, and the other stood stock still a bit, and then went to his chest and got out a book. Presently I smelt something sweet, and turning my head, found he had laid a little dried crimson flower on my pillow. "*She* gave it to me," he said, "the girl I was to have married; but the foul disgrace came to me, and it could not be." He gave two great, tearless sobs, took it up and put it away again.

In a week or two I left the *Dreadnought*. I had only a few shillings, and I went into a common lodging-house in Ratcliff. But the hunger after old times was strong within me, and the very first Sunday morning I crawled up to Newgate Street. It was much changed, made broader, and old houses replaced by new ones. But about

the church porch it was exactly the same, and I entered softly, and went to the sideway pews. I did not know where Bessie was, I feared even to seek her, but it seemed a little comfort to sit in her old seat, and the great, strange chequered windows looked like familiar, friendly faces. Presently the boys came in, and I bowed my head and *wished*—I dared not pray, then, sir—that not one of them should ever come back such an outcast as myself. Then service began, and I stood up and looked round. On the back free seat of the middle aisle sat a lady, very quietly dressed, with a gleam of golden hair shining through her black lace veil. I knew her. It was Bessie.

For some minutes I stood still, like one struck. Then a sudden impulse seized me, and I stole out, re-entered the other door, and softly took a seat beside her.

She looked blankly at me for one moment, and then the old sweet smile burst out upon her face, and I knew she welcomed me! As in a dream I heard the clergyman read—

"Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me—"

And we kneeled down, hand-in-hand. And, sir, I felt as if Bessie had caught me at last, and was leading me up to my Father to receive his forgiveness.

We did not leave the church until the service was over; and then we went together to her quiet home, not very far away—a lonely home, sir. There was no one to blame her for killing the fatted calf for sake of the prodigal.

And, sir, the wonder of my story is this—when I asked Bessie how I chanced to find her at Christ Church the very Sunday I went there, she answered—

"Whatever Sunday you had come, Tom, you would have found me there. I have never missed one since you went away."

And since then I've found out the reason. It was the only place she could ever hope to meet me. She thought I might come there, for remembrance of old times. So there she came. Whenever I think of it—I—I—

You'll excuse me, sir, I always lose my voice over that. She's still alive, and I shall see her to-night, please God. If I'm not a credit to the Hospital, it's my own fault; and if I'm not quite a disgrace, it's due to her.

And now I understand what Richard meant when he said, "God's love exceeds all human love, and when one thinks of hers, it teaches us how vast is his."

And so, good day, sir, good day, a pleasant holiday to you, and I hope you'll soon come this way again.

I. F.

OUR BUTTERFLIES; OR, THE PLEASURE-SEEKERS OF SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.



WE were taught, in childhood, to believe that everything in the world was created by the Divine Artificer for some wise purpose; nor do we venture, now we have reached our riper years, to abandon that infantile belief. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly difficult to discern the final cause of some existing phenomena. There are objects, which, though not decidedly obnoxious, are of very little or no practical utility. What purpose is subserved by the butterflies which flutter around the flowers of the garden? Their varicoloured wings are beautiful to the eye; their lively motions in the fields of air are graceful; and they afford pleasant sport for eager, hopeful, nimble youth; but their positive profitableness to the great world-field we have yet to discover. On and on they fly, from flower to flower, from garden to garden, until their short day is ended, and the summer closes, and the nipping frosts smite down the last survivor of the annual tribe.

So is it in the social world. There is a race of persons living, who, humanly speaking, are of no service to their generation. They look around on Nature, ever exerting herself to the utmost to replenish and enrich her sons; they look out on a busy world, where good and bad men are untiringly at work; they know their lot is cast in an age eminently characterised by progress; they see that their season of life on earth, at the best, is brief, and yet, with lamentable indifference, oblivious to their own present improvement and future well-being, as well as to the advantage of others, they spend life in indolence and diversion. They say with Shakespeare's King Lear:—

"So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out."

Thus sauntering in the intermediate realm between solid pleasure and scorching pain; now frivolously flitting from one gay scene to another, and then sluggishly reclining on the couch of sloth—their life is that of fools at large. The precious hours pass unimproved, the whole career is unprofitable, and when they drop into the tomb, their epitaph might well be that which John Foster suggested for an indolent man:—"Here lies a person who has lost nothing by being buried; for he is just as good a man under the ground as he was above it."

Perhaps you are acquainted with one or more of these social butterflies, in the quiet town or vil-

lage in which you dwell; if not, you are most fortunate, and we offer you our congratulations. London is the place, and May, with its three succeeding months, the time, in which to find the largest number of specimens. Then, when Nature robes herself in her fairest and sweetest dress, and Flora chooses from her casket her most gorgeous jewels, you will see some of God's creatures, not only competing with Nature in the grandeur of their garb, but turning away from her inviting charms to artificial pleasures and unhealthy riots. Week after week is filled up with egregious dissipation. If curiosity led you across the threshold of one of the brilliant saloons, a bewildering scene would be open to your gaze—a gay, gaudy throng striving, by the aid of flashing lights, and sweet music, to forget, from sunset to sunrise, their pecuniary cares, or personal jealousies, or heartaching disappointments, or heaven-appportioned duties. Did you follow them to their homes at break of day, you would see them spend the hours in feverish slumber, and in anxious arrangement for the next night's folly. And then, when the season of fashion and finery terminates, the members of those vivacious companies are smitten with painful ennui; looking to the withered garlands and faded feathers with melancholy remembrances of the past, mingled with vain resolutions, and buoyant anticipations of the future. Alas! for what we have witnessed behind the scenes—the hours wasted in training pure-minded girlhood to be the slave of hypocrisy and the puppet of pleasure; to think supremely of appearances—to trust in tinsel to the neglect of mental and moral worth. It is sad to see mothers treating their daughters as though they were not rational beings—as though they had no important part to play in the solemn drama of life. It is grievous to find young women omitting to cultivate the intellect and emotions, but permitting thoughts of gay attire and giddy pastimes to become regnant in their minds. We would fain impress upon them, that there is something better than the restless, febrile excitement of social gatherings—that there is no ornament, however costly or chaste, equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. We would urge upon the attention of our mothers, sisters, and daughters, the words of Tertullian:—"Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion; let them adopt that chaste and simple,

that neat and elegant, style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions and fantastical draperies of dress, which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery all those mild, amiable, and modest virtues by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned."

But it is not alone among the gentler sex that social butterflies are found. Manliness blushes to record that there are vain, conceited simpletons called *men*, whose lives correspond with the picture above drawn. Rising late, they

"Take a world of pains
To prove that bodies may exist sans brains."

Their morning is devoted to fashion's form. As Carlyle says, "Every faculty of the soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well." When caparisoned and bejewelled, they saunter forth, with consequential air, to lisp away the afternoon in Pall Mall or the Row, and then spend the evening in frequenting varied tempting places of Bacchanalian amusement. Day after day the nauseous round is repeated, whilst the heart is unsatisfied and restless. Oh, it is a lamentable sight—a being made a little lower than the angels, in subjection to the world over which Heaven gave him dominion!—a God-breathed nature sold into captivity, the manhood quiescent, the majesty gone! The slave of Pompey's triumph whispered into the ear of his master, "Remember, thou art but a man." We could not address so much to the character we now describe. He is a *thing*, not a *man*; or, to employ the language of Young, "an immortal being, that has but two marks of a man about him—upright stature and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not."

By nothing thus advanced do we intend to depreciate legitimate rest and recreation. These nature claims, and often craves. The bow must now and then be unstrung, or it will soon be useless. The grand old Bible says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;" but medicinal draughts are only now and then taken. So long, as our amusements are derived from pure sources, and not indulged in to excess, there is no prohibition that need trouble us. Perhaps we have made too little provision, in the past, for the lawful recreation of our young people; and this may, in part, account for many going wrong. "The Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them. The chaplet of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ and given to mammon." But so long as we are not pursuing pleasure for its *own* sake,

but with a view to preparation for mere efficient discharge of our God-allotted work, so long we may seek it with a calm conscience. The sea is not all ripple. Beneath the laughing, dancing waves are the pacific, silent deeps. So, if there be solidity of character, we see no reasonable objection to occasional liveliness. Our remarks, however, are condemnatory of those Epicureans who live wholly *for* pleasure and *in* pleasure—to whom worldly mirth and worldly show are the grand goal. We cannot but denounce those who, like the gaudy butterfly, "the child of the sun," dream of nought but sportive hours and then—death!

Moreover, we egregiously mistake if we conclude that the votaries of pleasure are happy. To be endowed with beauty, bedecked with fashion, and surrounded by fairy enchantments, is not to possess a calm conscience and a joyous heart. Burroughs quaintly remarks, "One may have a very fine new shoe, but nobody knows where it pinches but he who hath it on." Ay, men often miss happiness in their eager search after pleasure. They gulp down week upon week without extracting any true delight. They remind us of the alderman, who turned from his turtle soup to a talkative companion, and said, "You most unconscionable fellow, your remark made me swallow a large piece of green fat without tasting it!" Homer says, in the vicinity of the throne of Jupiter are two urns, one of pain, the other of pleasure, of both of which all mortals must drink. Ah! the transition from one to the other is quickly made. Indeed, some mortals seem to drink of both urns at once; like the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, who was known whilst living to be "the most unhappy man on earth;" like Charles Matthews, who endured great pain whilst moving hundreds with laughter; or like the profligate young man who, appearing very cheerful, was addressed by a friend in the words, "I long to be as happy as you," and replied, "Do you? I am so wretched that I wish myself the dog at my feet." It is possible—

"To carry smiles and sunshine in the face
While discontent sits heavy at the heart."

The fact is, sin and sorrow are wedded—unholiness and unhappiness are counterparts of each other. Hence we are quite sure that the vain pleasure-mongers of society are strangers to substantial joy. They may be privileged with frequenting the sunny heights of learning, fame, wealth, and influence; but they cannot discover happiness there, so long as the unhallowed emotions of the heart are not allayed. With lawless appetites, and stormy passions in the breast, there *cannot* be peace. The pleasure attached to vice is but the ease with which the

soul descends to the dark haunts of tribulation. The joy of any man who loves not Jesus is but like a ray of sunshine through the bars of a prisoner's cell. The shepherd in Eastern fable sighed for a brook that in winter should not overflow, and in summer should not dry up, imagining if he could find it he would secure satisfaction. Each social butterfly, ay, every man, has some place or thing which occupies, in his estimation and aspiration, the place allotted the brook in the mind of the shepherd. Would that

it were understood that the religion of Christ alone can satisfy! The water Jesus gives is a well of water springing up to everlasting life. He who has it can look with tender compassion on his fellows, who roam among the flowers of life, or buzz round the brilliant luminaries of earth, and, raising the eye of gratitude to God can sing—

"From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss,
My soul is satisfied at home:
The Lord my portion is."

SONNET.—TO DEATH.

THOU soft-plumed, pitying angel, lovely
Death,
Clear-eyed with gazing on the Father's
beams,
In zealous watch for that all-quickenng breath,
Which bids thee waken men from their dull
dreams—
Knowest thou, gentle Death, how joyfully
Pent souls look outward from their narrow prison,

To hail thy signal, growing silently
Out of faint twilight as a star new risen?
Open thy golden gate into the light,
And o'er the sapphire floor plucked roses fling;
But spare each plant defiled and sick with
blight—
If so forbearing thou obey the King—
Till it be washed with living waters bright,
And burgeon to its heavenly blossoming.

F. W.

CHRIST ASLEEP.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"



NE does not see at a glance how the disciples merited so heavy a rebuke. The ship was covered with waves; it was filled with water, and they were in jeopardy. Is it wonderful that they were alarmed? They had watched and waited for the Saviour to arise and help them. Many a quail of natural fear had they suppressed, or he would long since have been aroused from a slumber so strange and dangerous; but now things have reached a crisis, and they break upon his repose with various cries. "Lord, save us: we perish," exclaims one; another cries, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"—not meaning to imply heartless apathy, but merely want of attention; a third simply states the pressing danger, "Master, master, we perish." But in every case there is an appeal to him; amid raging winds and devouring waters they are not without hope from him who lay sleeping there; and instead of saying, as the shipmen to Jonah in similar peril, "Arise and call upon thy God," they are content to invoke his own power to deal with so tremendous and urgent a necessity. Perhaps if Christ had asked them, as he asked a suppliant once, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" not one of the disciples would have denied his power.

Yet the Saviour complains of their weakness: in Mark he even says, "How is it that ye have no faith?" And the reason is, not that they roused him up, or that one at least had used intemperate language in his terror; it is simply that they were fearful. Amid scowling skies and yawning waters they should have been firm and calm; for had not Jesus gone before them into the ship, and they followed him? Therefore they were safe in the vessel that shook at every buffet of the wave—safe as if they stood upon some rock of ages, and saw the proudest billow shivered into foam beneath their feet.

Here there are lessons for the Christian at all times:—

1. We are not exempt from trials, even in our providential path; for the storm burst, although they followed Christ into the ship. Let us not imagine that any amount of faith or obedience will make our path to heaven smooth for the spirit, or this life untroubled for the earthly part of us. This is not our rest, for it is polluted. God has no intention of making the wilderness brighter than the land of promise—the tabernacle of witness than the temple. Life here is typified by the stormy lake rather than the rippling river, unless in the case of those unhappy wan-

derers who are gliding down the river to the cataract.

Abraham had the torture of binding down his own son upon the altar of burnt sacrifice. David was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains by Saul, and afterwards driven from his throne by his spoiled child, whose death made the woe of victory more bitter than that of flight. Christ himself had not where to lay his head. Paul was in deaths oft, and thought that God set forth the apostles as a theatrical exhibition to the world and to angels. Who are we, then, that we should think of our religion as exempting us from the common lot of men? The Christian is bereaved as well as the sinner; nor is his business secure against competition, his harvest against blight, his body against disease. The old covenant said, "Never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." The new covenant says, "Take up thy cross;" and its disciples often have to say, "For him I have suffered the loss of all things."

Religion itself is often the cause of trouble in life, just as the disciples were caught by the storm because they were sailing along with Jesus. Persecution—especially the small but dreadful persecution of one's own hearth—is not yet dead. The intolerance of sect and faction is abroad and rampant still. Men have to lose their popularity, to offend their customers, their clients, or perhaps their congregations, if they will not prophesy smooth things. How people pray to be kept from such trials, shuddering and shrinking from the cold shadow of poverty or the icy touch of misrepresentation, and wondering that God says, "When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee," instead of leaving them quietly upon the shore!

I do not say that the Christian loses much in this respect, for the world has its own troubles also; I only say that he is wrong if he expects to escape the common lot, even as a child is wrong who thinks his father should always carry him, instead of making him exercise his limbs. It is by the trial of our faith that our patience is to be wrought.

Other boats were tossed upon the same storm as this one, but the sailors along with Christ may have dreamed that no danger could come where he was found. They were mistaken.

2. We learn, again, that the absence of help is no reason for clamour or disquietude. We can easily picture the disciples' feelings for a while before our Lord was aroused. They saw the gathering squall, and longed to beg permission to go back; but remembering how clear was the expression of his will, persuaded themselves that he knew best, and the danger would pass away. So does a Christian think, if I altered my course

I might escape sorrow, shame, privation; but no, Christ has plainly sent me forward, and he will save me from suffering in his cause. Yet the suffering comes. The storm did burst upon their open boat, and they rowed hard and long in vain. All this time they expected him to arise and help them. Another sleeper, they think, would have started up in alarm long since; can it be that his miraculous gifts only produce supernatural indifference to our need of him? Their fears increase. "Yes," they think "*he* is safe, and knows not what danger means; whatever happens the vessel, his Father, of whom he speaks so much, will deliver him; but we are common mortals, and must force our claim on his attention—he must be awakened, or we perish." They waited until the very last moment, until the ship was full, but then there arose that sharp, reproachful cry of anguish by which his repose was broken.

And thus, to all but the most faithful Christians, a moment comes in sharp afflictions when the prayer of submission becomes the prayer of dictation and demand; when, instead of trusting our Lord to work as he thinks best, we cry out to him to work some particular deed, and to do it at once, or we must perish. There are prayers which simply mean: "I cannot bear this any longer; take thy plagues away from me; I am even consumed by reason of thy heavy hand." There are prayers which refuse to endure the furnace heat—prayers which say, "Not *thy* will but *mine* be done—prayers which impeach the fidelity of God, unless God will change his course, and heal our wound, or cheer our sadness, or deliver us from the bereavement that we fear.

3. Our proper course is, like theirs, to have faith in Christ's sympathising love, even when his providence gives no sign. They are not blamed for speaking to him of their trouble, nor even for arousing him from the toil-demanded slumber that was being snatched, amid the most unfavourable surroundings, by a worn-out frame. They are only reproved for going to him in a state of panic. Had they come in faith he would have thought upon that coming day when he himself offered up prayers and supplications with strong cries and tears, and for the sake of his own care sympathised with theirs and helped them. But think how much grander still would have been their trust had they gathered around his pillow, and felt that even while he slept they were under his wing—he was their keeper and protector always—and so awaited the result. How happy then would they have been when he arose in his majesty and love, and the eye that overawed the tempest beamed its approval upon their faith!

And for us, also, the evidence of Christ's sym-

pathy must not be sought in quick release from affliction. No, nor in any rapt and overwhelming sense of scorn for the sufferings of the body. There may be times when the Saviour gives no visible proof of his care for us, when there is no gleam breaking through the cloud to say that the sun still shines. If our Lord sees us trusting more in consolations than in him, he may take away the consolations, to show us the falseness of our confidence. Yet he does not really remove. When we ask where is he, that question is a proof that he is near. When we sigh for the Spirit to comfort us, the Spirit is working in that very sigh, whose sound is so forlorn and desolate.

Be content to know that he is always by, always sympathetic, always strong and wise, and having laid your desires before him with all earnestness, and yet with all submission, then be still, and see his salvation, and, though he tarry, wait for him.

To be delivered from the furnace is much; to glorify God in the fires is far, far more: and the richest promises are given to those who bear, and forbear, and do not tire. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires," saith the Lord.

4. But there is one more lesson of personal interest in this narrative. There is a great difference between the absolutely best thing, and the best thing under certain circumstances. The absolutely best was, that Israel should have been saved by Christ; yet the best thing when Israel rebelled was, not to gather her children like chickens under his wing, but give her up to the Gentiles, till their time shall be fulfilled. Now Christ always does for his people the best thing he can do under the circumstances; but we may create circumstances that force him to treat us far worse than the absolutely best; and thus we may lose much, very much, by our own conduct to the Saviour.

For my part, I never read this story without longing to know what Christ meant to do if he had been undisturbed? Would he have slept on, and simply let the tempest die away? would he have arisen presently, unsummoned? would some voice from heaven have spoken? or would angels have ministered to his safety, as at other times to his strength? We do not know; we shall never know in this world. The impatience of the disciples made it cruel for him to delay longer, and their unbelief would have been confirmed if the storm had ceased of itself. They forced upon him a change of action, and perhaps they robbed the Church of a great lesson.

Let us learn the moral. Sorrow is sent us to discipline, to refine, to chasten our belief; and

there is much that can only be done by a long exposure to the white heat of trial. Now, if we are not resigned, although we be not unbelieving, there may be too much hazard in the operation. We may pray so importunately for release that longer torture would shake down our faith to the foundation, and God may give us our heart's desire, and send leanness withal into our souls. We sometimes wonder why the great saints are almost always the most severely tried; and one reason is doubtless this, they alone will submit to the close and sweeping use of the pruning-knife by which to be made very fruitful.

5. Finally, there is teaching here for the whole body, as well as for each member—the Church, as well as individuals within its pale. People sometimes argue as if a Church were not sound unless it has peaceful and prosperous times. Dissenters sometimes point to the fierce commotions that are distracting the Church, and ask, Is that a Christian state of things? And churchmen sometimes watch the convulsions and distractions of dissent with a sad smile of very unreal superiority in that respect. The Romanist is sure to argue from the tranquillity of Rome, as if we never heard of Jansenists and Jesuits, or Dominican and Augustan brawls. In truth, the ark of Christ's Church is destined to be tossed upon stormy seas, which only his Divine voice, heard once more as across that Galilean tempest, can ever charm into repose.

And in our troublous and stormy times, when infidelity and superstition beat upon our bulwarks and over them; when the ship itself is once more filling with water and we are in jeopardy; when the arms of the rowers are very weary, and the lightning-flashes show us no sacred form treading upon the foam to save us, it well becomes us to remember that Christ may be with us in our little ark itself, although we behold him not, or he seem to us as one that slumbers: for a while—only for a while. Controversies shall not affright us; the floods of ungodly men shall not make us afraid; for we know that One is among us, and upon our side, who can quell the rage of this flood also with a word, and make its surges die down to the stillness of an infant's slumber: and he will do it by-and-by. In "the church of the future which all hearts forebode," there will not be fightings without and fears within, but the most serene tranquillity, the most unclouded safety, and no sterner sound than that of the cloven waters which hiss under a prosperous prow. For that time we wait, and work, and pray. At times it seems very near, and at times terribly remote, as the signs of awakening seem to be discernible, or the immovable Master gives no token.

But this we know, that troubles are no token of desertion to the Church, nor adversity of ship-



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"Never mind your marbles,
Labour while you can."—p. 218.

wreck; and that after a while He will arise in his calmness and his majesty, and there shall be a great hush upon the atmosphere and the lake, and the barque shall reach the haven where the over-

wearied mariners would be. Let us not cry out nor be impatient, but in faith and submission remember that our times, and all times, are in his hands.

NEVER MIND A PINCH.

NEVER mind a pinch, boy,
 Never mind a pinch;
 Set the wedge the closer;
 Heroes never flinch!
 Mind it fits the cleft, boy,
 Firm, and tight, and strong;
 Ne'er to worthy labour
 Did indolence belong.

What if frequent effort
 Frequent failure seems?
 From narrowest mountain springlet
 The mountain torrent streams.

Then lift the mallet high, boy,
 Strike it like a man;
 Never mind your marbles,
 Labour while you can.

See, the rift grows wide, boy,
 Deeper sinks the wedge,
 There's your sturdy block, boy,
 Split from edge to edge!
 Then never mind a pinch, boy,
 Labour while you can,
 Fit your wedge the closer,
 And strike it like a man.

"JUILLET."

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

WHEN Captain Oglivie got clear of the house, he looked round in every direction to see if he could catch a glimpse of the fugitive. But though the leafage was yet but a cloud of tender green on each individual tree, he could see but a little way down the tortuous walks, for the closeness of the stems and the luxuriant growth of evergreens which rose every here and there to intercept the view. He took, however, the narrowest and most tortuous path, as the one most likely to conceal the thief of the letter, and was soon himself concealed among its towering shrubs. There he stood still for a little and listened; but he could hear nothing for the singing of the birds, whose gleeful little throats he would have stopped on the instant; and could Peggy have seen his face just then, with its expression of murderous rage towards these harmless creatures, because they seemed to conspire to baffle his pursuit, her heart would have known no relenting towards him for evermore. It was no use standing still to listen, so he soon went on again at a swinging pace.

"By this time he has either destroyed or secreted it," he said to himself. "If the former, it does not so much matter, and if the latter, it must be somewhere out of doors here, or about his person. Out of doors here, I dare say it would be safe enough; I can keep watch on him for a day or two, and perhaps discover it, and, if he has it, I'll make him give it up;" and he set his teeth as he strode along.

At length he caught a glimpse of the object of

his search emerging from among the trees, and, with stealthy aspect, taking a nearly parallel path towards the house. It was easy work to cut off his retreat by crossing the ground, and this was what Captain Oglivie did, for the poor fellow was stealing along, in his shambling way, even more slowly than usual. But as soon as he saw his enemy, and the expression of the captain's face was not disguised for his benefit, he turned and fled. He was in the path that led to the gate, and he made directly for it, and into the unknown country beyond. There was the gleam of the river, and, with the captain following behind, he made straight towards it. But, with his shambling gait, and limbs unaccustomed to the exercise, he could not escape. His pursuer made up to him, caught him, and detained him with no gentle grasp.

There was a short but desperate struggle, and the weakling had the best of it. For one thing, his hideous outcries unnerved Horace Oglivie, who was endeavouring to find his letter by tearing open with one hand the poor creature's vest, within which he was in the habit of concealing his treasures, while he held him with the other.

Then Sir Alexander, as might have been expected, was not scrupulous, and began to use those natural weapons, his teeth, and his antagonist quitted his hold in horror, when he felt that they were about to close upon his hand.

Miss Oglivie, who had followed a wrong path at first, had, guided by the cries, come up in time to see the last of the painful scene.

Sir Alexander had set off again in the direction of

the river, and Captain Oglivie was standing still. The river was full to the brim, for the sun had not yet drunk of it, and the snows had newly melted on the hills.

"He will fall in!" were the first words Peggy spoke, as she came up to the captain. "Oh, Horace! save him!"

"I could not hold him," he answered, hoarsely; and the thought flashed through his mind that it would not be his fault if he fell into the river and was drowned. "You saw that I could not hold him." At the same time he started off again.

As he did so, the hapless Sir Alexander turned and saw his pursuer, and faster than before hastened on to destruction.

"I am driving him to it!" thought Horace Oglivie, but still he went on, not any longer in wrath or passion, but driven himself, as it were, to be the instrument of death to him towards whom he had, but a moment before, felt the murderous intent. His heart seemed to stand still as he was borne along—to stand still at the bar of conscience, listening to the strange "guilty or not guilty?" The one emotion which he felt was suspense. But it was with a face of genuine horror that he stood on the river-bank, and saw the turbid water broken by the leap of his wretched relative, and the rapid current bearing him hopelessly out of reach. He looked the picture of despair. Peggy had never seen such a look on human face before, and her heart went out to him who could suffer thus. For there was no need to act. The catastrophe had had another witness, who was already acting, and to better purpose than was possible to either of them.

David Haldane was already in the middle of the stream. He had made a leap lower down almost as soon as Sir Alexander fell, for he had seen his wild intent, and was prepared for its consequences, though he had been too far off to prevent it. He had sprung upon one of the huge stones that strewn the stream, sometimes loose, sometimes shelving out from the bank. It was covered now; the amber water, coloured with the peat-mosses of the mountains from whence it came, was rushing over it more than a foot high; while on the further side a strong current, of drowning depth, was running doubly fast. It was into this depth that the stream was bearing the drowning man. Even over the great stone on which David Haldane knelt, the water, shallow as it was, was curving with a force which it took all his strength to resist. He had just time to secure his position there, and stretch out his arm, when the body, covered, but not sunk, was whirled past. He stretched out his arm, and caught it—a few inches farther out, and it would have been beyond his reach. As it was, he had a terrible struggle to stand his ground, and raise it sufficiently. Then Captain Oglivie, obeying his order, came to his assistance, and together they dragged it up the shelving rock, and through the shallow, and laid it on the bank.

It appeared that nothing worse than a wetting had happened to Sir Alexander. It had all been done so

rapidly, that he was sitting up and beginning to stare about him by the time Miss Oglivie reached the group. Captain Oglivie had left her side when Haldane shouted to him for help, and she had stood with clasped hands and bated breath watching the rescue. Now she knelt down beside the poor creature, who began to tremble and to cry like a child. The two men stood over him ready to help, while Peggy tried to soothe him by holding his cold wet hands in hers.

But first she had thanked his deliverer. It was but by a look, but a look eloquent with grateful praise. She had recognised him at once: she could not fail to do so, for his brown locks were bare, their wonted covering, a Highland bonnet, like a miniature canoe, was dancing down to the sea, the sport of the brimming Strathie. But he had not recognised her till she came near, so intent had been his occupation with the object before him, and his recognition was eager and demonstrative. He named her, and held out, not one hand, but both. It was not that he meant her to take them, for the next moment he was thrusting them awkwardly through his hair, but the gesture was full of meaning: it spoke the man's whole heart going forth toward the supreme object of its desire.

He had been taken off his guard; and no wonder that it was so, for it was of her he had been thinking as he came up the bank of the river—of her who was further removed from him than ever—almost hopelessly beyond his reach, indeed. Then his head was swimming with intensity of effort, and the rush of the water was in his ears, as if he had still been looking down into its depths, to snatch from it its prey—the life of a fellow-creature. He was thoroughly off his guard, and what had become the ruling passion of his life was visible for a moment in look and act.

In kneeling down by Sir Alexander, Peggy had not noticed either look or gesture; but Captain Oglivie had noticed both, and a pang of jealousy was added to the other sensations, which he was that day doomed to feel. He looked from one to the other, and thought as he looked, "These two understand each other."

They did not understand each other according to his meaning; but the great charm which each might have found in the other—which David Haldane had found in Peggy Oglivie—was the possibility of understanding, and being understood. And it was to David Haldane that Peggy turned for help as she said, "Let us try and get him to go home, and it may do him no harm." Then she added, "It is no use thanking you, Mr. Haldane; you seem to be the good genius of the place: you are always at hand to help."

The words were gall and wormwood to her other listener; and just then Sir Alexander, looking round, caught sight of him, and gave utterance to one of his cries of alarm and rage. He suffered David Haldane, however, to assist him to his feet, and Peggy took hold of his hand to lead him away.

David was now on his guard again, and he said, quietly, "Are you sure it is quite safe?"

"Quite safe for me," she answered; "but he may try to escape. You had better follow me with Captain Oglivie."

A slight introduction, to which each responded rather stiffly, and the two men were following Peggy and her dripping companion toward the gate, both of them well drenched, and David Haldane hatless.

Once within the gate, Sir Alexander did make his escape, but to the relief of the whole party he made his way directly to the house, and following him quickly, but still at a distance, they saw him enter. Then David Haldane halted and announced his intention of turning back.

"But you are thoroughly wet," said Peggy. "Come up to the house and get dried."

He smiled. She was thoroughly ignoring the necessities of the case.

"Perhaps I can assist you," said the captain. "I can lend you a hat, at least."

"I have been in a worse plight than this," he said, carelessly. "I will turn back."

Peggy would have pleaded—had raised her eyes to his for the purpose—but he had become suddenly constrained and cold. He had been thrown off his guard, and now he was holding to it firmly, and looking thus in consequence. "Ah," she thought, "he will not come—he will not, willingly, come near me any more," and she held out her hand to him wistfully.

"Good-bye," was all he said, and with a second and still stiffer bow to the captain, he turned back to the gate.

"Boorish," muttered Horace Oglivie: but his companion neither heard nor heeded. She was walking on beside him, with trembling steps, and a sad, white face: and he, too, said nothing further, but marched up to the house in silence. It was no wonder he was silent, for his mind was occupied with two distinct trains of thought, or rather two distinct thoughts lying one over the other. That he was an injured individual was the uppermost—that he had been saved from a lifelong haunting horror, was the one he tried to keep under. And it was the former that rose to his lips, as they were about to enter the house.

"So you have thrown me over for that man," he said.

"Horace!"

He repeated the words that had stung her.

"It is all the other way," she answered, in a low, passionate tone.

"And you repent it?"

"It is possible that I may," she answered, deliberately lifting her eyes to his face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GRATITUDE.

THE elder Haldane was evidently in a genial mood. When he was in a genial mood, he was not above a little mild jocoseness with the people about him; and in this humour he had gone about the place all day. He had ignored signs of remissness here and

there, made light of difficulties, and praised praiseworthy efforts, in a way that spread good humour over the whole establishment: for of late the old man had been gloomy and irritable—more gloomy and irritable than his nephew had ever known him to be.

The death of his old enemy had strangely affected him. He could never triumph over this man now. He could never stand face to face with him again, and tell him, "Long ago—perhaps so long ago that you have forgotten all about it—you took advantage of your position to injure me; now our positions are reversed." This was what he had longed all his life to do—this had become a purpose tenaciously and secretly held: and now it could never be accomplished. But still he had desired to stand face to face with Gilbert Oglivie again, and that he had resolved to do.

It had been easy to accomplish his wish without observation. In that part of the country it is held almost an obligation of friendship to look upon the face of the dead, and up to the day of the funeral it is expected that all who have known the deceased will pay this mark of respect to the remains. There had been few to pay the tribute to Gilbert Oglivie, but among them, though not of them, was old Haldane. On the morning of the funeral he had carried out his intention. He knew that the women of the family would be in strict seclusion, according to Scotch custom, and, as it happened, no one had seen him but a hired mourner, who had admitted him to the house, and ushered him into the sacred presence. He was not a man who analysed his motives, but he repented him of the act as soon as it was done. The pure, passionless repose of the dead rebuked his enmity. He was forced, in spite of himself, to bow to the majesty before him, and to go forth from its presence feeling his own littleness. Not a pleasant sensation to a man who had been all his life feeling his own greatness, and the man who rises step by step, as old Haldane had risen, is ever feeling his relative greatness—his power to fill a higher position. It is the ensnaring temptation of such men to keep growing in their own esteem. So he had been very gloomy and morose for some time, and the black spot had burned at his heart. It was because of what was good in him that he felt it as a sore. A man devoid of generous feeling would have gone on hating, without so much as knowing that he did so. But this man was by no means devoid of generous feeling; therefore, his mood had been bitter to himself and others.

But just because his mood had brightened, his nephew held aloof from him that day, being himself, just then, rather averse to outward brightness. It was evening before they met—night indeed, considering the early hours the house usually kept—and the old man had had his tumbler, rendering him more jocose than ever. He began at once to rally his nephew, and, as is usually the case, he chose the most aggravating subject that there was to choose between them.

"Well, Daavid, what are ye thinkin' about—bringin' hame a young mistress?"

"Time enough," answered his nephew, smiling, and trying hard not to be annoyed. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure, you know."

"Ay, ay, that's well enough in a sense; but somebody may step in before ye. If ye've chosen a lass to ye're liking, be quick about it, man."

"You seem to have made up your mind that I must marry," said the young man; "it is by no means certain that I shall."

"The house will be ready," said his uncle; "I've bought it."

"What house?"

"I've bought Delaube," was the answer.

"Has Miss Oglivie sold it?"

"You mean the grandchild: it was never hers to sell."

"Whose was it then?" said the young man, eagerly.

"Her father's, and he parted with his interest in it long ago."

"But her father is supposed to be dead."

"Dead or no dead, it's mine," said old David, in a tone of exultation. "Gilbert Oglivie had signed the papers too, and on his death the property fell into the hands of the man who lent the money to his son. It's mine now, and I mean to live there. It's an easy ride to the works, and I would like a little grandeur in my old days."

His nephew regarded him with astonishment.

"I mean to set up a carriage. Why shouldn't I?" he said, seeing the look of astonishment growing at every word. "I'm rich enough for that now." He had risen in his energy, and was walking up and down the room. "You could easily ride over here every morning."

"What! leave the works altogether?" said the nephew.

"Yes, you don't think I'm going to live up there all by myself," said the uncle.

"I would greatly prefer remaining where I am," said the former, rather ungratefully. "You know I could look after things better on the spot," he added, unwilling to appear ungracious to the old man; "but for you, I think, sir, you have earned more of ease and comfort than you can find here."

"Things will go on here well enough without you," replied the old man, a little discontentedly. "I don't mean that there isn't plenty to do, but the main thing has been done for you, David; and," he added, coming up, and laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "I would jist like to see ye marry, lad. I dinna want ye to lead the mill-horse life I've led. I would like to see your bairns afore I dee yet."

The young man was profoundly touched. "Don't say any more about it, uncle," he said. "I'm not given to love-making, and my first trial has not been successful. It will most likely be my last."

His uncle walked up and down a little longer, regarding him with a queer expression. "I know who it is that has jilted you."

"Nobody has jilted me."

"I know who it is," he repeated, regardless of the interruption: "it's that girl o' Oglivie's. Her friends ha'e ta'en her in at last, and she thinks she'll be a great heiress; but she's mista'en there: she'll never ha'e a penny!"

"Stop, uncle!" cried the young man, rising; "I will not hear another word. You know nothing whatever about it!"

Perversely enough, old David Haldane, who was ready to vow that he would rather have seen his nephew marry a beggar from the streets than a daughter of the Oglivies, was very wrath at Peggy for tilting him, as he persisted in calling it.

"I'll say no more about it, David, my man," he said, overlooking the outburst of temper on his nephew's side, "after this night I'll say no more about it. Something o' the same happened to me in my young days, and a' through Gilbert Oglivie. It made me what I am. I never could look at anither, and I never could look at her again. But you'll be twice the man I am lad, and I advise you to look out for a wife. Anybody will be welcome to me except an Oglivie. I couldn't stomach that. I would rather leave my money to found a charity, than that it should go to ony wi' that had blood in their veins. I'm glad ye've gien up the idea o' her, at any rate."

"But I haven't given up the idea," said his nephew, who had allowed him to go on uninterrupted, for one reason, that the old man had never before alluded to his own misfortune, and his listener's sympathy and interest was roused.

"Not given up the idea! surely you would never ask a woman twice," said his uncle, sharply. Instead of an answer, his nephew put a question, but he put it gently.

"Uncle, in the matter of which you spoke, would you have allowed any one to interfere with you?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"Then can't you see that it is not likely that I will let anybody interfere with me? I will never give up the idea as long as I can honestly keep it, any more than you would have done in my place, and though it seems a long way out of my reach at present—"

"There'll be as good as her within your reach. I tell you, David, you may marry the proudest lady in the land some day; and she has a good chance of being a beggar," said the old man, with the persistence of age.

"You seem to know more about her than I do."

"I ken more than most," was the answer; "but we'll say no more about that."

"Only remember, uncle," said the younger David, motioning to retire, "that I will act in this, as I believe you yourself would have acted, uninfluenced by anything you have said to-night."

"You mean you would break with me for the sake of this girl?" said the old man, fiercely—he was not of the whining order.

"No, I should leave that to you," answered his nephew, holding out his hand. "Good night."

"Good night."

"If he had only been my son, I might have forced him to obey me," thought the imperious fortune-maker; "as it is, he may go and leave me at the last, after all I have done for him;" and the old man's heart grew bitterer than ever, and he said to himself, "There is no such thing as gratitude on earth."

It was through the hands of his agent in Bleak-town that David Haldane had transacted the business of purchasing Delaube, and the said agent had long been watching for it, or any of the adjoining land, to come into the market, with instructions from his client to buy it up at any price. He had bought it, however, for no very extravagant sum, and his client was highly satisfied. It only remained to put him in possession, and the agent had had his instructions to

warn out the present occupiers. He now had further instructions that it was to be done as quietly as possible, and without, for the present, allowing his client's name to appear.

The agent, accordingly, sent down a trustworthy individual, instructed to deal with the parties concerned about the effects of Gilbert Oglivie, to look after the transfer of the estate and the removal of the personal property; all of which he would have accomplished very quietly indeed, but that the guardian of the domain, who held the front entrance permanently barricaded in the absence of her young mistress, on learning the object of his mission, absolutely refused admittance.

(To be continued.)

TOM FELLOWES'S LARK.

A STORY FOR BOYS.



H, bother! there goes the bell. Never mind, though, there's five minutes' grace allowed us; and I *think* I could manage to tell you all about it in that time."

"Oh, yes, yes," exclaimed several voices together; "you really must tell us——"

"Like a good *Fellowe*," added another, to which persuasive sentiment came a universal echo.

"Ah, that wretched pun again," cried Tom. "I've a great mind now to keep you all in the dark till the evening, as a penance for it. Well, then, I won't," added he, as several modified yells of disappointment escaped his hearers; "I'll let you off this time, only pray don't make that awful row, or you'll make me feel quite nervous."

Tom Fellowes sat on the playground wall, dangling his legs backwards and forwards, his heels performing the part of puny battering-rams against the brick and mortar that enthroned him above the uplifted faces of his schoolfellows. Tom's exalted situation was not inappropriate to his position in the school. As truly as there was never yet a school without a hero, so truly was Tom Fellowes the paragon of St. Philip's. He was by no means a model for good conduct, or studious application, or, I regret to say, he would not have been so popular in the playground, but in all kinds of pranks and mischief, or, as the boys had it, "larks," Tom decidedly carried away the palm. We must do him the credit to say that he never wished to hurt the feelings of those against whom he transgressed. "The fun of the thing" was all he cared or thought about. Still this was a very grave fault, and did not lessen the ill effects of his larks one jot, for, as a namesake of Tom's says—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

But we should not stay to quote the poets while so great and important a revelation is pending, and the boys are almost on tiptoe to catch the first syllable

that will dissolve the mystery under which they are agonising.

"Well, as you are quiet again, here goes. I'll open fire with a solemn catechism. Who knows Cherrybob Orchard?"

Tom was immediately overwhelmed with an ocean of "I do," "So do I," "I should think I did," "Well, and what then?"

"Order, order! I'll tell you in good time. Has any one seen old Cherrybob these last few days?"

A general chorus of noes.

"Of course you haven't," pursued Tom. "And I know why. He's gone away for good: and left behind him the jolliest crop of apples and pears that ever grew in that orchard—*such* apples!—my eye!—and *such* pears, too! Wouldn't I like to have a go at them, if I could, this identical moment!" and here Tom went through a pantomime expressive of what he would do under those blissful circumstances. "Well, as I said before, old Cherrybob has gone for good; and the best of it is, nobody's come to take possession as yet; so I move that to-night we go and get a regular tuck-in, for we mayn't have such a chance again for many a day to come. And then, you know," added Tom, "it won't be like regular orchard-filching, because, you see, nobody's come yet to own the place; and there's not even a servant there to take care of it: and what's nobody's must be everybody's, and what's everybody's must be ours. And then," concluded our orator, in his most eloquent style—"and then, who is there will dare to prevent us from taking our own?—not even the Queen, nor the Lord Chancellor, nor the Lord Mayor of London, either!"

This wonderful little piece of sophistry had an amazing effect on the boys; and some of the most convinced were for taking the orchard by storm immediately after school. Then Tom, like a wise president, saw the necessity of checking the impetuosity of his council.

"Not so fast, my young friends, not so fast; there is no occasion for this terrific hurry. We must do our business discreetly, as becometh sage heroes. Suppose old Joe the constable were to take it into his head that we had no right to our share of the spoil, we might get into a jolly row, when there is no need for it. Now, I vote that we meet at the mill end of the common at seven o'clock sharp this evening. From there we will start for the orchard, and if we get back by eight o'clock, I think we shall have satisfied all reasonable stomachs."

Here the voice of one of the monitors was heard, calling them in under awful penalties, and Tom, descending from his throne, retreated into school and to his class, where he held a much less distinguished position.

I am sure that not one half of the boys could afterwards tell how they managed to scramble through their lessons. Metaphorically speaking, their heads were full of apples and pears, and consequently not over much room was left for the reception of Latin syntax or Greek verbs. But all things come to an end, even afternoon school, and mightier than usual were the shouts of joy that proclaimed to the world around St. Philip's that cramming and construing were over for one day at least.

Oh, happy Mr. Cherrybob! or rather Mr. Cherrybob, how happy you *might* feel, did you know how fervently the youthful hearts of St. Philip's blessed your departure! Already in the joy of anticipation have they voted you no end of "bricks," bricks enough—again metaphorically speaking—to build you as extensive a mansion as you would desire, in which to pass the rest of your years in peace! For now the school clock is banging out the hour of seven, and a knot of eager boys have assembled at the appointed spot on the common. Tom Fellowes is there, and during the last five minutes has been actively engaged in haranguing his tiny army.

"All right, then; as you've chosen me captain, I mean to have strict discipline, or I'll resign my commission. Now we must go quietly; not that we should sneak or skulk along though. Let's go four abreast: that's your style, comrades. Ready? Then—quick march!"

It was an unusual and lonely road down which they struck, and it was not the most direct way to Cherrybob Orchard. They did not anticipate meeting any one down there, and they were not a little surprised at seeing a tall figure come suddenly into view and then stop, as if waiting for them, close by the orchard. Tom called a halt; and they remained some moments in silence, peering at the unwelcome intruder. Then one of them exclaimed, "Ah, I know who it is; it's our football friend."

"So it is," echoed Tom. "Well, I don't believe he would harm us—he's much too jolly for that. Remember, how he begged leave to have a game with us, and what a splendid player he turned out too—sending the ball spinning leagues away at a touch. He's quite a stranger in the place, and I'm sure if we tell him all about it he won't be for spoiling our fun."

So Tom gave the word, and they marched on until they came up with the stranger, who greeted them with, "Good evening, gentlemen. Out on parade, I see; how do you style your regiment—'St. Philip's Own,' eh?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Tom; "nothing of that kind. In fact—we don't mind telling *you*, sir—we're in for a jolly lark."

"A jolly lark, eh? And may I ask what kind of a bird this particular 'lark' is like?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, it's Cherrybob's orchard," answered Tom; "at least, you know, sir, it is *not* Cherrybob's orchard now, and that's just the fun, because," continued our young commander, in his most impressive style, "no one has come to live there at the house yet, and so, if it's nobody's in particular, it must be everybody's in general; and then, of course, no one has a right to say we fellows mayn't have a shy at it."

"In that case, certainly," said the stranger, "you have a perfect right to scour the whole orchard; but suppose that you are mistaken; suppose that some one *does* own the orchard, and has taken possession without your knowing it—what then, my boy?"

"Oh, I never thought of that," said thoughtless Tom. "Well, never mind, I don't care; we're not coming all the way here, and making all this great shine for nothing: in for a penny in for a pound!" concluded our dauntless sage, putting his hands in his pockets with an air of great determination. Then suddenly an idea struck him, and he asked, "What would you say, sir, to coming along with us?"

"Well, it is very kind of you to invite one whom you scarcely know; but I have no objection—besides, I may be of some service to you in your campaign, for I just happen to know the ins and outs of that particular orchard, stranger though I am. In fact, I don't mind confessing that I have taken some of the fruit myself, though under different circumstances. Now you must follow me wherever I go, and then you will have a better chance of safety."

"Very well, sir," answered all the boys, who were already beginning to feel alarmed, and had their doubts of the righteousness of their proceedings, but were determined not to be disappointed of their anticipated feast.

"You are all willing and determined to go," asked the stranger once more, "whoever owns the orchard?"

"Yes—yes, sir," was the hurried answer on all sides. "And we must be quick about it," added Tom, "or we shall not be back by eight o'clock."

"Stay," said one of the boys, "I for one will not go, for we don't know whose the orchard might be. I don't think it's quite right, after all."

"Oh, humbug!" was Tom's reply. "But if you do like to sneak away, I am sure you are quite welcome to do so. It's only a lark, after all."

"Lark or no lark, I think it's wrong to go, and I'll have none of it, and I'd advise you to think better of it."

"Your advice, Saint Jim," retorted Tom, "is

worthy to be adopted only by your worthy self. If you are going, hook it, and lose your apples, that's all I have to say."

"Have the rest of you decided to go on?" the stranger asked, as Jim walked slowly up the road.

"Of course, we have," said the ready spokesman, and "of course" the echo came, though not very enthusiastically.

"Then follow me."

Easily said, but not so easily done. It appeared necessary to squeeze through a labyrinth of hedges of blackthorn, which pricked and scratched their hands and faces in most ruthless fashion, and made sad havoc with their jackets and trousers, and occasionally they found themselves almost hopelessly floundering in unlooked-for bogs; and many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" would have escaped the lips of the less plucky of the company, had it not been for the abject fear which was creeping over them, and a guilty consciousness that they had no right to complain. At last they were within the orchard, and were about to repay themselves handsomely for their toils and pains, when they espied coming towards them a man, evidently the gardener, who was bearing down upon them in such a manner (for they were all in a corner), that escape was all but impossible. Nevertheless, Tom made a scramble for it up the high wall, but missed his footing, and came heavily to the ground. Others were wildly following his example, when the stranger cried, in a voice of thunder, "Stop!"

They were at once transfixed to the spot, their eyes dilating upon their "football friend," who repeated the command, "Stop!" and nodded to the gardener to go away.

"Now, boys," said the stranger, "you are here at last, and very much you wish yourselves elsewhere, I have no doubt. I have not introduced myself to you before; however, I will do so now. I am the owner of this orchard."

All eyes opened very wide, and then dropped down to a study of sundry pairs of muddy boots.

"Now I hope you feel that if you got your deserts, you would all be soundly punished—there, don't be alarmed, I will not add anything to what you have already suffered in fear and scratches. And I also hope that in future you will not be afraid, when you want fruit, to ask for it, and not delude yourselves with convenient suppositions and arguments, which look very fair at a great distance, but which will not bear any close inspection. I trust this will be a lasting lesson to you; for, depend upon it, boys, the moment you get out of the right road, you can never know what bogs and thorns you may not get into and amongst. That is the way out; you may go now."

The crestfallen band needed no second bidding. Poor Tom, however, could scarcely move; he had sprained his ankle in the fall from the wall. He

would not accept the invitation given him to rest in the house, but, leaning on the shoulder of one of them, limped off. It was an unpropitious thing for him, that failure, and that leaning and limping. The boys thought he was not such a hero, after all. From that time his sovereignty departed for ever, and was transferred to "Saint Jim," who the next day received the jolliest hamper-full of apples and pears, which he generously divided out to his schoolmates, amidst cheers for their "football friend." Jim forgave, but did not forget, poor Tom, who was confined within doors on account of his sprained ankle: he gave him a fair share of the fruit. Poor Tom! he was fairly overcome, and would on no account have been seen as he munched those apples, for the tears were rolling down his cheeks all the time—not because of the pain of his ankle; but because of the repentance of his heart.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 96.

"Sarah."—Gen. xxiii. 1.

1. S huttle Job vii 6.
2. A sp Deut. xxxii. 33.
3. R ainbow Gen. ix. 13.
4. A haziah 2 Kings i. 2, 3.
5. H azael 1 Kings xix. 15.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 96.

"The hour is coming."—John v. 25.

1. T eresh Esth. ii. 21.
2. H ilkiah 2 Kings xxii. 14.
3. E liezer Exod. xviii. 4.
4. H aman's Esth. vii. 10.
5. O phrah Judg. vi. 11.
6. U ri's Exod. xxxv. 30.
7. R ehoboam 1 Kings xiv. 27.
8. I rijah Jer. xxxvii. 13.
9. S helomith's Lev. xxiv. 10 and 11.
10. C abul 1 Kings ix. 13.
11. O thniel Judg. iii. 10.
12. M ahanaïm 2 Sam. xvii. 27.
13. I ra 1 Chron. xi. 40.
14. N eriah's Jer. xxxvi. 4.
15. G ezer 1 Kings ix. 16 and 17.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE WHOSE UPRIGHT CONDUCT SECURED HIM A HIGH POSITION IN A PERSIAN COURT.

1. One who was encouraged by his wife to trust in God.
2. A Jewish measure.
3. The place where one was born, resided, died, and was buried.
4. Where an image was set up.
5. One who purposed to slay his brother at his father's death.
6. A chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth.
7. A robber.
8. An archer in the wilderness of Paran.

THE WOLF

— Saturday, December 23, 1867. —



(Drawn by C. GREEN.)

"Young Felix Guèroult was suddenly missing."—p. 227.

WOLF LEGRANGE.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE, AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP'S WALLET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"THE wolves, say you?" demanded Pierre Guèroult of his son Felix.

"I saw their track in the snow, father," an-

swered Felix; "a pack of fifty, at least. They were making for the plain."

Pierre Guèroult took down his gun from its staples on the wall, and handled the lock me-

chanically. "Lucky that the cattle and sheep are well housed," said he. "We shall have to scare these marauding brutes away. Our neighbours would help us."

"Yes, father," answered Felix, cheerfully. "I met Mr. Atkinson on my road home, and he is only anxious to be on the hunt."

"Mr. Atkinson, eh—the new English settler?" queried the old farmer. "Was he alone?"

The young man hesitated a moment in his reply. "Yes—no, his daughter was with him."

"Ay, ay," assented the father. "Jessie, isn't that her name?"

Felix made no direct answer. "I think, father," he said, "it would be well to call our neighbours together to destroy these creatures before they do much mischief. Shall I saddle Cartouche, and be off at once?"

"Not alone, Felix. They are cunning thieves, and bold too, when they are hungry. I will go with you."

With these words the elder Guèroult made his way towards the stable, followed by his son.

It was bitterly cold. The winter of 1866 in Lower Canada, where our story takes us, was almost unexampled in its severity. The storms of snow had been like mountain avalanches in weight and bulk, but, unlike them, had been continuous. Vast sheets of water were frozen into apparently solid masses, and even the running streams were fringed by ridges of thick ice.

Père Guèroult, as the Sieur Guèroult was commonly called, was a descendant of the early French settlers, and owned a large tract of land in the district of Three Rivers. He had a faithful partner in his wife Annette. Sons and daughters had been born to them, of whom Felix was the eldest. The lands of the Sieur Pierre Guèroult lay close upon the frontiers of Lower and Upper Canada, where a tributary of the St. Lawrence, the Utawas, flowed from the mountains into the great river.

From the proximity of the division line between the two Canadas, the population was of mixed race; the French predominating on the Lower side. But there were many sturdy English settlers among the neighbours of Sieur Pierre Guèroult, and among them John Atkinson stood conspicuous. The French Canadian farmer called him the "new settler;" and, comparing John Atkinson's tenure of his land with that of the Guèroults, the term was sufficiently correct; but the Englishman had been in possession of his broad acres quite long enough to set an example of farming to the whole French community.

Any other man than John Atkinson, taking such a stand among foreign neighbours, would have created jealousy and dislike; but his manners were so genial, he was so ready to give help or in-

formation to others, that, so far from being regarded as an intruder and a troublesome teacher of new-fangled notions, he was welcomed on all hands as a valuable acquisition to the community. John Atkinson had a bustling, thrifty wife, two stalwart sons, and a daughter who was as much distinguished for her beauty as her father was noted for his sound knowledge and experience.

Père Guèroult and his son Felix were soon mounted. Wrapped in their loose, ample cloaks, they were well protected from the weather, and yet had their hands at liberty for action. They were both well armed. Felix whistled two wiry-haired dogs to accompany them, and father and son sallied forth, taking the direction of John Atkinson's farmhouse.

For a time the dull thud of their own horses' hoofs was the only sound which broke upon the dead stillness of the scene. The dazzling whiteness of the landscape almost blinded them. Presently, they heard shouts on their right, but at a considerable distance. Following the sound, and hallooing in reply, they soon came upon a party of three riders—John Atkinson, one of his sons, and a neighbour named Linwood.

"The wolves are out, Mr. Guèroult!" shouted Atkinson. "They have come upon us like a scourge from heaven."

"A scourge, indeed!" was the grave reply. "Have you tracked them?"

"We are close upon their trail. Look!" The Englishman pointed with his whip to a broad strip in the snow, where there were marks of many feet. With one accord the horsemen made this their path. They might have ridden for half an hour, during which time the most complete silence prevailed amongst them, when they were startled by the loud report of a rifle. The ground rose in front of them, forming a ridge, and the shot seemed to come from the other side. With a bound they dashed to the summit, just as a second report rang with a sharp, reverberating burst through the air.

A strange conflict met their sight. A single horseman stood battling with a score of wolves, who leaped, and yelled, and snapped their lean, hungry jaws around him, and already threatened to drag him from his seat.

"It is Antoine Legrange!" shouted Pierre Guèroult. "Forward!"

For an instant, the hungry herd of wolves hung upon their anticipated prey, biting and rending his garments to get at the flesh. Already one huge brute had his teeth in the neck of the rider. A blow from the hatchet of Felix Guèroult sent the creature howling on the ground; and the next moment the rest of the pack were scattered in every direction.

"You have had a narrow escape," cried John

Atkinson, riding up to the side of the rescued man. "Are you hurt?"

"Nothing to talk of," answered the other, panting nevertheless, and gathering his torn cloak about him. "The brutes were almost too many for me."

Pierre Guérout was right. It was Antoine Legrange, a French Canadian, and a neighbour: not one, however, whose acquaintance was courted. Legrange was of a reserved, churlish disposition; and even now, although he owed his life to the small band who had come so opportunely to his aid, he did not return their expressions of solicitude with a word of thanks. From the peculiar character of this man's face, and his sullen, boorish manners, it was not uncommon to call him "Wolf Legrange."

"You are bleeding, man!" exclaimed Atkinson. "Come with me; my house is the nearest."

Legrange, from whose neck there trickled a thin stream of blood, signified his assent by turning his horse's head in the direction of New Haven. This was the fanciful name given to his homestead by the English settler.

The arrival of a troop of six horsemen at the door of New Haven startled its inmates; but this was only a momentary surprise.

The occurrences of the last half hour were related in a few minutes, and the wounded man was under gentle treatment before the story was half told.

"That's right, Mary," Atkinson cheerfully exclaimed to his wife; "lint and ointment for the wound. Jessie, my lass, our friend has been in mortal peril to-day, and needs refreshment. We may thank God he is no worse."

Even the sour temper of Antoine Legrange softened under this hospitality, and he submitted himself to the management of his kind nurses with a few blunt words of gratitude. He must have been morose indeed if he could have remained insensible to the soft, pitying looks and gentle services of Jessie Atkinson; for Jessie was the type of a beautiful English girl—of middle height, well grown, fair as a lily, with a bright, sensitive flush on her cheeks, and eyes of a deep bluish grey.

"We must call our neighbours together, Mr. Atkinson," said Pierre Guérout, "and make a clean sweep of these wolves."

"More easily said than done, I fear; but I am one with you to try."

"They have scented blood already, and nothing will satisfy them but its taste."

"You are right, Mr. Guérout," Atkinson rejoined. "Yet even these brutes have some purpose on the earth: They are God's creatures, and must be dealt with accordingly."

Young Atkinson, a stalwart but awkward youth, here ventured to speak.

"Whatever we do, father, must be done at once—before Christmas."

"That we may eat our beef and pudding in peace—eh, lad!" laughed his father. "Not a bad idea."

Then turning to his daughter, "Jessie," he asked, "when's Christmas Day?"

Jessie turned a bright, merry face towards the group, as she answered, "Don't you know, father? To-morrow is Christmas Eve."

"That is true," added the Sieur Guérout, gravely; "to-morrow is the *veille de Noël*."

"Then we must have our wolf-hunt in the morning," said Atkinson, in a decisive tone. "The best thing we can do will be to ride round, and summon all friends to the work."

With one accord the men prepared to depart on this errand.

"Remember," interposed Legrange, "I am one with you in the hunt."

"Better stay at home," said Atkinson, kindly. "You need rest and care, neighbour. You have escaped a great danger."

"Not I," answered Legrange, making an effort to rise. "I must have my revenge on these brutes. They have not set their fangs in me for nothing."

John Atkinson shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps it was meant as a warning, neighbour. One should not tempt God's providence."

Legrange, with an oath, reiterated his determination.

The men were soon mounted, and ready for their errand. Strangely enough, young Felix Guérout was suddenly missing. His small, rough-haired, but sturdy pony stood waiting by the door; but where was the rider?

Jessie Atkinson could tell that best. Felix and Jessie stood side by side, hand clasped in hand, whispering tender farewells in the ante-room. They had long felt secretly drawn towards each other, but something had happened that day which had set the seal upon their love, and made its utterance irresistible.

A little while, and with a flushed face Felix appeared at the outer door, and lightly vaulted into the saddle.

(To be concluded in our next.)

USING THE WORLD.

"Use this world, as not abusing it."—1 Cor. vii. 31.

THE children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The profession of the children of light is good, but the practice is often bad, as the above sentiment shows; and the case stands very much in need of a radical reform, before their walk and conversation will have much effect for good on the children of the world. The worldly man's treasure is in the things of earth, and he shows his wisdom in making the most of it while he can. But too many of those who profess to have their treasure in heaven, to all appearance neglect it, and follow as keenly after the world as the other. I wonder if the reason is, that they consider their treasure so secure that they need not trouble themselves further about it, but, with the burden off their minds, can pursue, with all their energy, and without distraction, the things of the world, and with all the greater zest that, if these fail, or their time come to a close, they have the other to fall back upon? Such, however unnatural, *may* be the reason; but the heart is generally where the treasure is, and it is to be feared that the indifference bred by worldliness is the reason.

But although we are to take no thought for the morrow, or what we shall eat and drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed, there is an abuse of the principle by those who think they ought to be so fervent in spirit that they are in danger of being slothful in business. They are fain to look on the things of this world as so utterly worthless, that not to enjoy them is a duty, ay, that it is almost a sin not to despise them. They think of the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, which God feeds and clothes without any care of their own, and literally overlearn the lesson, till they reach the extreme opposite of the man who said to his soul—"Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry; thou hast much goods laid up for many years," when that same night his soul was to be required of him.

In one place the Word of God enjoins us not to be concerned about the future, and in another eloquently speaks the praise of forethought and industry, and the consequent blessings of prosperity. Passages of both kinds taken together seem to ask the question—"Is it possible to make the most of both worlds?" and reason and revelation both tell us that most assuredly it is at least possible to make the *best* of them. Man is furnished with capacities for enjoying both. He is both body and spirit, and the animal or earthly part must find its enjoyment in, and be filled with, earthly things—nothing else will fill it.

There are desires in our nature to which the things of earth give sustenance, delight, and satisfaction. The philosopher must come down from his soaring flights of soul and take his dinner, and very likely enjoys the one as much as the other. And why not? "Every creature of God is good, and to be received with thanksgiving." All are the gifts of a kind Father; let us take them thankfully, and seek his blessing on the rich abundance and variety of creature comforts he has given us.

I once heard a lecture, part of which was to the effect that Christians ought to strive after such fervour of spirit, and communion with things above, that they would go about their worldly business as a hard necessity, feeling it distasteful, and long to get back again to devotion and holy contemplation. Now, if it was meant as a figure of speech, to give an idea of the supreme importance of spiritual things, in comparison with which the earthly are as nothing, it was quite right; but, taken literally, that would not be the best or most useful Christian for any world that was not altogether inhabited by saints. In our world, as things go at present, such a character would not do very well for practical purposes; for worldly wisdom is needed as much as any other: the wisdom of the serpent is as necessary as the harmlessness of the dove.

Our daily business in the world, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, is part of the religious life, if done heartily as unto the Lord. These things, our earthly concerns, if pursued in a proper spirit, are not adverse but helpful to the life of the soul, for they are then one continued service of God. They are not hurtful, unless we let them degenerate into what the apostle calls "earthly, sensual, devilish." We cannot, as a matter of fact, walk with our eyes always fixed on the heavens, without stumbling and falling over the stones and clods of earth—we must look around as well as upward: and "diligence in business," if kept in its proper place, strengthens and intensifies the vigour of body and mind, and helps and fits us to follow the higher aim of existence with increased relish; for the habit is imported into whatever service we are engaged in, and whatever our hand finds to do, we do it with our might.

Diligence in business is altogether distinct from the mania of business which one sometimes sees eating up the body and soul of its victim. Industry is a great virtue, but when it goes over the cords, and becomes what is commonly called "keenness," it is a vice, and is fairly started on

the highway to avarice. Business is not kept in its proper place if it is made the sole end of life. As a very pleasant writer says, to be done properly it must be done, "not as an end, but as a means." The following extract is so true and so beautiful that I make no apology for quoting it: "Business is too often regarded as the hindrance to the spiritual life. I regard it as amongst the finest means the world affords for strengthening and causing to grow this inner real life. For every deed may be done according to the fashion of the outward, perishing life; or it may be done after the fashion of the inward, endless life—done righteously, done nobly, done, upon occasion, magnificently—ever regarded as something to be put under the feet of a spiritual man to lift him to the height of his high calling. Making business a means to such an end, it will help us to remember that this world and the fashion of it passeth away; but that every deed done as Jesus would have done it, lifts the man who so does it up towards the bosom of Him who created business and all its complications, as well as our brains and hands that have to deal with them."

I have known men who were as forward and farseeing in professional enterprise, as skilful and clear-headed in their various avocations, as most men, and who found enjoyment and satisfaction in thus exercising their talents; who were yet humble, earnest, and useful God-fearing men; watching, waiting, and working, sharply, patiently, and energetically; none the worse or inferior, but rather the better and superior type of Christians for their tussle with the world. Along with the light and guidance of God's Word, to those who are not hearers only, but doers, contact with varieties of character met with in our daily occupations, together with the rubbing and furbishing of the strife of ideas, and theories, and speculations, and clashing of opinions, with differences of practice and diversity of wants among our fellows—these widen our sympathies, and give a practical wisdom, and readiness, and tact which must help more or less in strong and useful development of the inner life.

Some of the foregoing remarks may appear as if the writer feared, or at least half believed, that people in general were too apt to neglect the world for the pursuit of heavenly things; but, God help us poor muckworms, it is all too much the other way. The great desideratum is, not the absence of such neglect, but of a converse eagerness after more substantial and enduring good. Men are more ready to abuse the world than to use it only. Like children, they do not well know how much to take of it. They try to get out of it what is not in it—to satisfy their nature with it. Then the hunger of the soul breeds discontent; for the thousand blessings

which Providence gives to fill earthly want leave the soul utterly empty; and discontent, instead of leading the man to seek another source of supply, generally drives him to cram heavier doses of the world, its wealth, or fame, or pleasure. The devil is the great quack doctor of the soul, and his pills and potions are always such as the man's heart likes, sugar-coated, and good for keeping a fair skin on the outside, and making believe that there is no dangerous disease in the blood. The too, too common practice is to stifle as much as possible the spirit's aspirations, or, if that cannot easily be done, to feed it on garbage, which, however unsatisfying, gives it a distaste for anything better; and the devil's trio, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," give ample scope for such exercise, but not one jot of satisfaction in the end.

Then, if we are to "use the world, as not abusing it," we must enter it with firm and intelligent Christian principle; with a living belief in the excellence of the life that now is, and the momentous bearing it has on that which is to come—such a belief as will enable us, in the sight of the Omniscient, to do all with an eye to his glory, and prepare us for the hereafter, by conforming our lives to that of our perfect Example, by looking to him for righteousness, and putting on "the whole armour of God," that we may be able to stand. The transfusion of his living Spirit into ours, will work such a likeness of character, such a readiness to receive all the good we can find in the world as a gift from him, and such a test to reject all the evil, as shall enable us to walk through life, safe in our Father's care, living, moving, and having our being in him; so that we do not need to leave our work in order to go and seek him, for he is with us there; and we serve him amid the multiplicity of our duties, as well as in our worship. Though the two kinds of service can never take the place of each other, as some would like to believe, when they follow the world too hard to have much time, or inclination for their devotions; or when they go on the Sunday to the fields, to "follow nature up to nature's God," instead of to his house to worship in company with his people. If we neglect the worship of God "in spirit and in truth," we are not very likely to do our usual work in the spirit that makes it his service; but by performing both services in such a manner that they mutually stimulate and help each other, we are in the way of being more useful members of society, and Christians of a fuller stature than we could otherwise be.

Yet, even the necessary duties of life have a tendency to fill the mind to the exclusion and neglect of things eternal, especially as they so often lead us into scenes and circumstances un-

favourable to growth in grace. Our Saviour himself tells us what to do then, as well as at all times: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Avoid as much as possible what you find to be injurious; and for an antidote seek closer communion with God. The daily duties of life, and the natural enjoyment of earthly things, are not in themselves evil, but good; it is the associations and practices of men in the one, and intemperance in the other, that make the evil. It is the over-anxiety with regard to the morrow, as if the reign of Providence were coming to an end to-day; it is the slavish indulgence in luxurious habits, often descending into vicious ones, making the world's good extend so largely that it lessens and clouds away "the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and creates a desire that the fashion of this world would never pass away.

Speaking of luxurious habits, reminds me that the luxuries and amusements in which a Christian may indulge have often been subjects of discussion. I think that with regard to these no very close rule can be laid down. Some of those commonly indulged in are perhaps harmless in themselves, but the associations connected with them undoubtedly give them a downward tendency in many cases, and the sooner they are put out of the category the better. For the rest, how often and how far one may indulge, after studying his Bible well, "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" for that which is beneficial to one is sometimes hurtful to another. And this makes another limitation: a thing may be lawful for me, but not expedient; for there are circumstances, as St. Paul says, in which it is wrong to gratify ourselves, even in what we know would be beneficial, for fear of setting a stumbling-block in the way of a weaker brother. With amusements, a good test, so far as we ourselves are concerned, is this: if after indulgence we find our spiritual life as strong and bright as before, then indulge; if it is not, then abstain.

If we abuse the world, it will have its revenge before it has done with us; our sin will find us out. But the more we can get of it the better, if we put it to a right use. And the right using of it will beget the habit of estimating it at its true value, and teach us to lean lightly to it, because the fashion of it passeth away, and, with the weight of an eternity coming upon our hands, is worthy of but a little of our lowest regard and solicitude. Yet the same Bible which teaches to take no thought for the morrow, says also, "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand." Let not any one, then, view these lesser things with a feeling akin to contempt for their littleness and evanescence, but glorify God by bringing all the talent he can to bear upon them, doing them

well, not as unto men, or himself, but unto God; and then, under God's blessing, his diligence will be in the fairest way of being rewarded with success, and the earthly comfort of himself and others augmented.

We may rest assured that, if, like the fowls, we sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns; and if, like the lilies, we toil not nor spin, notwithstanding our trust in Providence, we shall starve and go naked. The principle which Christ taught is, to cast our care on God, and trust his providence while doing what we can—trusting, as if we had nothing to do ourselves; working, as if it all depended on ourselves. A Christian merchant may—nay, it is his duty to use foresight and prudence, and make a bargain honestly to the best advantage. It is the duty of a Christian tradesman to do his business to the best of his ability. A Christian who acts up to his profession is the highest type of a man, and he ought to be an example of uprightness and industry to his neighbours.

Use the world, use it well, and enjoy it. "Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." Hold the truth in love. Have manly principle, that will not swerve a hair's breadth right or left from what you believe to be right, nor follow one step what you think even doubtful, in practice or theory, though all the world should cry after it.

Use the world, use it well, and enjoy it. It is only the God-fearing man that can truly enjoy the world. "The meek shall inherit the earth"—that is, all that is really valuable in it. They shall "eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart;" they "shall not be afraid of evil tidings," for their "heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." He, and he alone, can truly rejoice in the labour of his hands, and find the world's good in the using of it. For Christianity is neither asceticism, nor a system of effeminate or maudlin sentiment, that weakens the freshness of life, and renders tasteless the enjoyments of earth. It is a living impulse, whose effect is to quicken with fuller life all the springs of action, and give zest and relish to every good the world can bestow; because it renders powerless—or ought to render, if its professors would only give it the chance—the fear of death and the uncertainty of earthly things, teaching that these are all the good gifts of a loving Father, and to be valued accordingly, and are also an earnest of the better things that shall be our portion when these shall have passed away.

The joy of the worshippers of mammon, and the world's pleasure and applause, is but like "the crackling of thorns under a pot"—plenty of noise,

and smoke, and flame, for a moment, and then—ashes! The words of “the Preacher,” when he calls life “a sore evil,” and speaks of the labours and delights of the earth as “vanity of vanities,” have been echoed by the hearts of men in every age, when they set the world before them as their supreme good, and seek satisfaction from it. Satisfaction it cannot give, except to the lowest part of our nature; and those who have no higher

aim, must just go sorrowing and sighing over the bitter disappointment that poisons even the good they can find. But when the hope of a blessed immortality fills and lifts up the soul, it sweetens all the enjoyments of earth. It is only the Christian who can sing of his earthly pilgrimage, “The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.” J. H.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—IV:

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.



HERE are many cases brought to our notice,” continued Sydney Welworth, “which, though sad and distressing enough, are quite hopeless, and far beyond the reach of the temporary assistance which is the main object and intention of our society to offer. For instance, a man with his wife and family may be starving, from their own faults of wilful idleness, drink, and reckless improvidence, and if you were to give them a pound a-week, they would be no better off when that was discontinued than they were before; they must go to the workhouse sooner or later, and it will be all the better for the little children, at any rate, when they do; though in such a case I should probably give them an order for a little firing for that night, and a meal for the hungry children: but no more can be done.

“But where it is from no fault of their own that they are out of work, and consequently have no means of buying food for themselves and children, as in such severe weather as at present, when all building, digging, and all work on the river is stopped entirely by the snow and frost, this is the time for real help with orders for soup, and coal, and blankets, and everything else to keep body and soul, and, what the more respectable ones really think almost as much of, their little homes together; that is, their few articles of furniture from the pawnbroker’s, which, if once carried there, are seldom, if ever, brought back again. Support in these cases for a fortnight or three weeks, will often see them through their troubles, and set them going again.

“The most satisfactory cases to help, and where one really sees the result of the little good one can do—which, of course, adds immensely to one’s own personal interest in the matter—is, when you find a poor hardworking labourer, the bread-winner of the family, down on a bed of sickness, stricken with fever, or doubled up with rheumatism, or sometimes with a broken

arm or leg; then one feels that, by providing warm clothing, good food, including meat and soup, and bringing him back as soon as possible to his health and strength, and making him fit for work, upon which himself, his wife, and half-a-dozen little ones are depending, five, seven, or ten shillings a-week is well bestowed, not in money but in kind, for the month or, perhaps, six or seven weeks while the pressure lasts: for that poor fellow, unless he has the funds of some benefit club or union to fall back upon, which in the very poorest class few can afford, has no hope of any help.

“Should he send to ask or claim relief from the board, he will be told by the overseer—and not unreasonably so—that he must come into the workhouse; and before he can do that, everything he possesses in the world must be first parted with; his bed and bedstead, chairs and table, and, perhaps, old-fashioned chest of drawers, his wife’s clock and bits of crockery, which very likely have taken the scanty savings of many years to purchase, must all go. He will be separated from his wife and children, and, in short, his family broken up, with scarcely a hope or chance of ever being reunited.”

“But,” said Archie Scott, “if you don’t give them the money to buy the necessaries you mention, I do not understand how you manage it, for I suppose you do not take them round the loaves of bread, and the tea, and meat, and all the rest of the things they are in want of; and when they have got your money, I do not see how you can depend upon their spending it in the way you intend them to do.”

“Against giving money,” answered Sydney, “we have a strict rule, which, of course, like all others, has its exceptions, as in the case of an actual immediate necessity for a bed, or a blanket; or, as sometimes occurs, in redeeming their necessary articles of clothing, or tools for working, from the pawnbroker’s, which may be done occasionally, with due discrimination, when it may

be the means of their obtaining work for the support of their family—if it can be ascertained, on full inquiry, that the pressure under which those articles have been pledged, or, as their own delicate term usually is, “put away,” has been from illness, or actual want of food, or some other *bond fide* distress, and not, as it too often is, a craving for drink, even in these cases, I scarcely ever should trust them with the money; but go to the second-hand shop, or even take the tickets to the pawnbroker’s myself.

“The latter proceeding is not agreeable, and but very seldom to be considered advisable, though we have had one or two, if not more instances, where within a few weeks of being thus set on his legs again, and enabled to work at his trade, which he would not otherwise have been able to undertake, for want of proper tools, the poor and honest mechanic has actually proved his gratitude by coming to offer his guinea, not as repayment—for that is never asked for—but as his voluntary subscription to the funds of the society.”

“I suppose you didn’t accept it from the poor beggar, did you? though he deserved some credit, I will say, for his honesty in offering it.”

“Indeed we did,” replied Sydney, warmly, “and would not for a moment have thought of wounding his feelings, as I am sure we should have done, by refusing it.

“But I was going to tell you how we manage our relief, without giving them the money. We have always with us printed tickets, or orders for bread, groceries, or fuel, which they have to take to some respectable general shop, or coal-store in the neighbourhood, where an arrangement has been made, and whose accounts are settled, on the production of these vouchers, every fortnight, or month, as may have been agreed upon. That system works well enough, as long as you can place reliance upon your tradespeople; but it is as well to keep a certain watch upon them, to prevent their complying with what I believe they are sometimes requested to do; I mean, instead of letting the bearers have the full value of the order in kind, to pay them a less sum in ready money, which in that case is pretty certain to go straight to the gin-shop.”

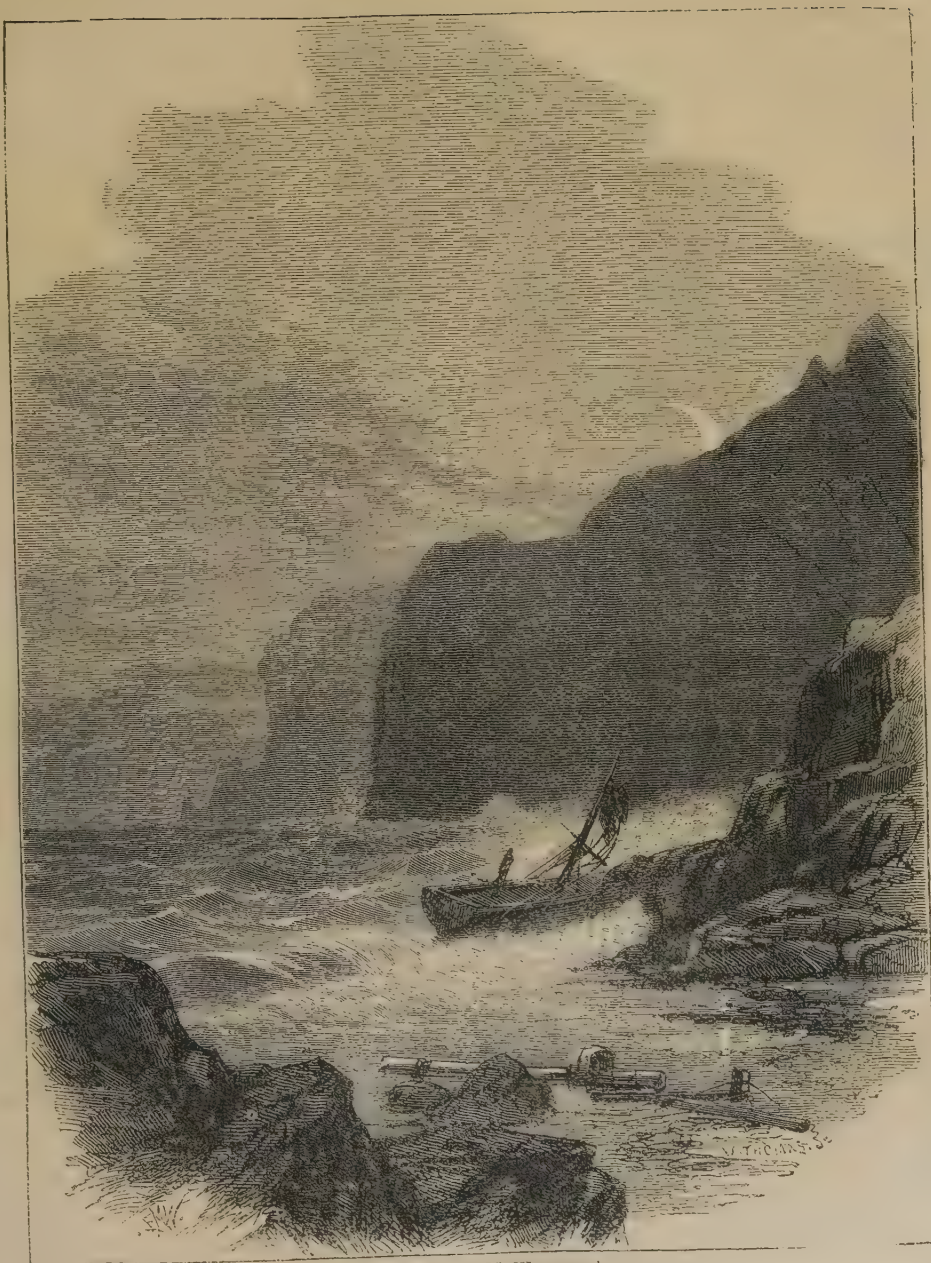
“Well, it is as well to know that, for, if you had not told me, I should certainly have given them the money, as being less trouble to oneself, and also thinking that they would have known how to make it go further in useful things than we do.”

“Ah,” said Sydney, “you have no conception what the temptation of a little extra ready money is to many of quite the poorest classes. Even with some who may have been sober for months to-

gether, the possession of an unexpected half-crown, or a few shillings (unlike that for which they have had to work hard, and having thus reckoned upon, already settled in anticipation how they shall lay out to the last halfpenny, if, indeed, it has not already been spent beforehand,) is more than many of them can resist; besides, they suppose it to be a mark of gratitude to drink the health of their friend and benefactor in, at least, some portion of his bounty.

“Not very long ago there was an ardent young philanthropist, who took it into his head to commence a course of charitable visitation on his own hook, and did no end of mischief in one of the poorest and lowest parts of my district. He found his way down into a court entirely occupied by a colony of the wildest Irish, and there was much shocked to come upon a family of nine, all living together in one small, miserable back cellar, a father, mother, and her sister, and six children of different ages, who, as I could have told him, all lived entirely by street begging. There had been a party there a few evenings before, and the consequence was, there was not a single whole pane of glass in the window, or a vestige of furniture left, either in the shape of bed, bedding, table, chair, or any other article, except a broken orange-box, on which the mother of the family was sitting, two cracked marmalade-pots, and an old iron saucepan without a handle, in which they did their cooking. How they contrived thus to live at all, or to pay their two shillings a week rent, which they must do, is quite marvellous, as all they have to depend upon is what is begged for by the women and children in their different beats all over London, while the head of the family himself enjoys his leisure, leaning against his favourite post at the top of the court, where he and four or five others of his intimate friends, spend the greater part of their day in pleasant fellowship, talking over their affairs, general and domestic, while they share their one pipe, passed round sociably from one to the other in regular turn.

“My young friend Verdant, as I will call him, was so horrified at the utter destitution found at this first place into which he had been led by his good heart, and the youngest but one of the interesting infant mendicants, that he instantly presented them with a five-pound note, desiring the mother to go out at once and buy her family proper bedding, and all the other necessities of life. The consequence of which lavish munificence was, that through all the eight houses or hovels of which that court consists, neither man, woman, nor child was sober for more than a week. I myself was offered a marmalade-jar full of whisky, upon happening to go down that same court in search of a poor widow charwoman, who had been strongly



(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Though here and there the hapless mast and shroud
Mark the sad gulf where half a kingdom slips."—p. 231.

recommended to me by a most conscientious and precise lady visitor, as highly deserving some special assistance and encouragement.

"It was so far fortunate for me that it was only early in the next day after my young friend's visit, while the orgy was scarcely in its height, and before the general fighting part of the

proceedings had yet begun; but I am sorry to have to record that the widow, who was the particular object of my visit into those precincts, was as far gone as any of the company, and as tipsy as Cloe, in spite of her high character and recommendations."

(To be continued.)

TRUTH.



THESE patient stars, which do allow each cloud,

However light, their glory to eclipse,
Are truths eterne, which every babbler loud

And vain may hide with his unlearnèd lips.
The ocean, with her hundred navies ploughed,
Bears little note of those imperious ships,

Though here and there the hapless mast and shroud
Mark the sad gulf where half a kingdom slips;
They are not touched by little deeds of men,
They do not blur with his deceiving breath,
Which forms o'er him the mist of life, and then
Parts, and he sees the purer skies of death.
Time as a veil God o'er himself hath thrown,
But we shall know at last as we are known. J. S. W.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEALING WITH WOMEN.



HERE was a certain revulsion of feeling in the heart of Margery Oglvie, when she came to believe that her distrust of Horace had been unjust. She, at least, had no faith in instincts, except in such as were wholly evil; as, indeed, were all the natural propensities of man, according to her belief. When the wet and woe-begone figure of her poor brother had fled past her into the house, she had been ready to accuse the captain of the mischief that had been done, whatever its nature or extent might be. She had no means of knowing that her brother had been exposed to danger; but she could see that he had suffered violence, and against the inflictor of that violence her heart had been hot. She had already sent the poor creature to bed when the other two arrived, and it fell to Captain Oglvie to relate to her what had happened; for Peggy had suddenly fallen into her arms, sobbed out a few incoherent words, and hurried off to her own room.

To do him justice, Horace Oglvie had related the simple truth of the story, as far as others were concerned; his own part in it had been more passive than active. But at length Margery, noticing his dripping garments, had exclaimed, "Why, you have been in the water too!" and he had owned, with seeming reluctance, that he had helped to drag Sir Alexander out of the river.

Afterwards, Peggy had said the same thing in nearly the same words, and had made so little mention of David Haldane, that Margery had very naturally come to the conclusion that Horace Oglvie

had taken an active part in rescuing his witless cousin from self-destruction.

Peggy had not been able to come down again that evening. Margery was engaged in nursing her brother, and Captain Oglvie had had the long, dismal dining-room all to himself. There he had been so wretchedly uncomfortable—"the whole thing," he had said to himself, "was so nightmarish"—that he had better get away as fast as possible. But his jealousy had been roused, and it was a much keener incentive to pursuit than the still somewhat distant prospect of the Oglvie inheritance. It was not vulgar avarice that filled his heart with its selfish craving to enter into other people's possessions; it was desire for the good things of the world, for freedom and ease, and more or less refined enjoyment. Peggy, penniless, had been one of the good things beyond his reach; Peggy, with a fortune, was something to be won. But Peggy with a fortune, nearly won, and about to be lost, and to slip into another man's hands, was something to be secured at all hazards. He resolved, therefore, to give her no chance of escape. The mouse was not to be allowed to play any longer.

Margery was present when they met at breakfast on the morrow. Horace Oglvie put on the air of an injured man; he could see at a glance that Peggy was very ill at ease. There was little said on the subject of yesterday's event, especially as its issue was doubtful. Poor Sir Alexander was alarmingly ill. The shock and chill had fevered the sickly frame, and it seemed already more than likely that the river might prove fatal to him after all.

There were three letters that morning—two for Captain Oglvie and one for Miss Oglvie. Con-

cerning the latter there rose a little dispute as to who it was intended for; but Peggy, declaring that she had no correspondents in Bleaktown—nor, for that matter, anywhere else, handed it over to the elder lady.

"This is for you, not for me," said Margery, at last, handing it back again; not, however, till she had made herself acquainted with its contents.

It was the notification from the lawyer that Delaube had passed into other hands, and must be vacated forthwith.

"What does it mean?" said Peggy, in painful bewilderment.

"May I see the letter?" asked the captain, laying aside his injured tone.

She put it into his hands. "Can it be true?" she said, when he raised his head from the perusal of it.

"I see no reason to doubt it," he answered.

"But I am sure my grandfather did not know."

"He must have forgotten," said the captain.

She folded her hands, and sat for a few minutes quite motionless, looking straight before her into vacancy. She was realising her new position of homelessness and dependence. "It is very hard to bear," she murmured.

"There are harder things to be borne," said Margery, in an unsympathising tone, which had the effect of checking the coming tears. But the hardness of the tone came not so much from want of sympathy as from the keenness with which the speaker felt the truth she told herself: that the girl did not like the thought of dependence upon her. It is never hard to be dependent on those we love.

"If you only knew how I love the place," Peggy said, in appeal. "I have been so very happy there!"

"I don't see what there was to make you happy," answered Margery. She would have added, had she uttered all her mind, "You ought much rather to have been miserable."

And neither could Peggy see any ground for happiness at that moment, for the gladness had been all her own, except what had come with the sunshine, and the breezes, and the birds.

What was to be done was the next consideration; and Horace Oglivie had proposed, and Margery had seconded the proposal, that he should go into Bleaktown and call upon the lawyer that very day, when a gentleman wishing to see Captain Oglivie on business was announced.

One of the captain's letters that morning was from his mother; the other missive was of a much less pleasant nature: it was a request that he should take up a little bill, which he had intended to renew, and which ran its course at the end of the current month. At that moment he had no more money in hand than would suffice to meet his expenses—the bare necessary expenses of his gentlemanly existence.

A gentleman waiting to see him on business! the gallant captain's heart sank within him. He had no business on earth, save the getting and spending of

money, and as he had none to get, he concluded that the business related to that which had been spent, which is generally an unpleasant business. In a word, he feared that one of his creditors had come down upon him, through an agent in that part of the country. The thought flashed into his mind, as he once more read the reminder about his bill, that he might make a clean breast of it, and get Margery to assist him. "She is not so hard as she looks," was his reflection, as he rose and went to meet the stranger, who had been shown into the drawing-room, and awaited him there.

The clerk sent down by Mr. Haldane's agent had not expected any difficulty in executing the task assigned to him. He had not anticipated having to take possession by main force, and he was therefore not prepared for the rather rude reception accorded to him by Jean. He had been about to go to Mr. Haldane to complain of the obstruction, when he thought that perhaps, after all, it was only the ignorant opposition of a servant, and that he would find the mistress more reasonable; so he had spent the afternoon in enjoying himself in the neighbourhood, and the evening in enjoying himself at the inn; and in the course of these proceedings he had learned that Miss Oglivie might be considered a minor, and that a male relation was at present staying at the Forest House, under the same roof with her. To him, therefore he resolved to go, "For," he said to himself, "it's no use dealing with women."

This was the gentleman who had waited upon Captain Oglivie, and who certainly found him much easier to deal with than honest Jean. The captain was, in fact, particularly gracious, as soon as his apprehensions as to the character of the visitor were removed. He assured him that Miss Oglivie was not in the least responsible for the reception he had met with; that no obstruction whatever should be offered to him; but that it would be necessary, on Miss Oglivie's behalf, to examine the papers connected with the transaction, of which the family of Gilbert Oglivie had remained in ignorance. The result of the conference, therefore, was that Captain Oglivie promised to come into town and examine the papers, and to come armed with the necessary authority to settle the matter. With this the emissary was obliged to content himself.

"May I know who is the purchaser of the property?" said the captain, as his visitor was about to depart.

"It is not with him you have to deal," was the answer; "but, under the circumstances, perhaps, I had better tell you. It is Mr. Haldane, of the print-works here; a highly respectable man. You will find it is all right, sir, unless"—he hesitated—"unless you have any suspicion of forgery."

The captain only smiled, and said, "I have no suspicion whatever," and bowed the man politely from the room.

Then he returned to the two ladies, and repeated to them the substance of his interview; at the same time expressing a hope that he might be allowed

to take the affair into his own hands, and save Miss Oglivie all trouble and anxiety in it.

"Certainly, it is very kind of you," said Margery, answering for Peggy.

"It is very kind of you," echoed the latter, not knowing what else to say.

So Captain Oglivie took Peggy's affairs into his own hands, that the gentlemen concerned might not be driven to their wits' end, dealing with women.

"I wouldn't wonder if he had forged his father's name," said Margery, when Peggy had gone out of the room. She was going over to Delaube, without loss of time, to prepare herself, as well as her old servants, for the worst.

"Who? her father!" said Horace Oglivie. It was the second time the idea of forgery had been mooted to him. "It is very unpleasant," he added; "but if it were so, I don't suppose we could do anything."

"Nothing," she replied.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNDERSTANDING IT ALL.

THE Grants were coming home with flying colours. There was no need for them to remain and read after the session closed this year. They had really worked hard, for the first time in their lives, and it didn't seem to agree with them. They were longer and lankier than ever; they were somewhat pale too, and had lost the last vestige of their boyhood. They were carefully-attired young men, who evidently visited the barber, and paid some little attention to the tailor.

It was a lovely April day, and no one could be induced to go inside the coach, on the pretty bit of road between Bleaktown and Strathie. Everybody insisted on a seat on the roof. Three jovial old gentlemen, of whom the fattest was placed in the middle, because of his tendency to somnolency; a newly-married pair, distinctly recognisable, but who thought it quite marvellous that the jovial old gentlemen should know all about it, and begin to poke the mildest of fun at them, in the matter of sitting together—these and various units of society, climbed to their seats. Among them Archie and Sandie Grant. Sandie had an outside seat on the box, and Archie had one immediately behind him, with an air-cushion for his feet, he said, as his long legs, as much in the way as ever, dangled over the side of the coach. It was a capital place for him, for it allowed him to pour an uninterrupted stream of nonsense into his brother's ear. He had nicknamed the fat old gentleman "Centre of Gravity:" unfortunately, he was on the top of the coach, instead of at the bottom of it, where he ought to have been.

They had rolled along, top-heavy as they were, till the Grants were getting near the end of their journey. There was no Peggy to hail them this time from the little hill. Their mother had duly kept them informed of all the doings at Delaube, therefore, they knew that she would not be there

to meet them; but they were looking none the less eagerly for some familiar sight or scene, at every turn of the road. It was a very rough road, with many ups and downs—a bank here and a brae there; near the bed of the river strewn with great stones, and on its higher levels, with blocks of granite showing their teeth through the sod.

They were passing a comparatively easy bit, and getting quickly over the ground. The coachman was choking, somewhere under his huge cravat, at Archie as he rattled on behind his ear. Suddenly the leader stumbled and started aside, and the heavy coach gave a great lurch over to the left. It righted again in an instant, but not till three of the passengers found themselves standing, and one found himself sitting, on the turf at the side of the road, regarding the world around them with wonderfully scared faces.

The young bride was in her husband's arms, not very sure whether she would like to laugh or to cry, and the fat old gentleman was seated on his right-hand crony's knee, who, being a very small man, was nearly-annihilated under the burden.

At the moment when the coach lurched, the four who occupied the outside seats on the left, had, as by one impulse, leapt clean off their seats; while the next row had instinctively thrown themselves towards the right side, and thus the coach had been saved from a disastrous overturn.

At length the three who stood on their feet unhurt fell to laughing, and then the little bride laughed, and then everybody else laughed. And Sandie Grant, who had looked very rueful, sitting on the ground, got upon his feet and laughed too, though it cost him an effort to do so. Then they all got up into their places, and began congratulating themselves and each other that there had been no harm done. The jovial old gentlemen declared it was a pity that it had not taken place at the beginning of the journey, they had all become so sociable from being well shaken together.

"You're not hurt, old fellow?" said Archie to his brother, who had not recovered his spirits like the rest of the party. Sandie declared he was not hurt, only bruised a little by his fall; for he had not fallen on his feet, as the others had done.

Then the coach stopped to set the brothers down, and they shook hands all round; and there were the servants waiting to carry up the boxes, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant coming down from their post of observation in the garden, where they had caught a first glimpse of them. And the coach rolled away and left them standing together. The servants moved on before, but the little household found themselves standing still. Poor Sandie had at last given in, acknowledging that he was in horrible pain, and unable to move a step without assistance.

Between his father and Archie he was almost carried up the short brae to the house, Archie telling, on the way, how the thing had happened, and how innocent up to that moment, it had appeared.

The little bruise turned out to be a serious dislo-

cation. Sandie had been an instant longer in taking the leap—an instant later in getting the general impulse into his slower brain, and, consequently, he had come down heavily. The doctor was called in, and poor Sandie found himself confined to an invalid's couch, and sentenced to weeks, if not months, of inaction.

Sandie, always slow and thoughtful, had time now to become slower and more thoughtful still. After the first pain was passed, it may be questioned whether he did not enjoy his invalid condition. There had come to him that deep, patient, sustained thirst for truth that nothing can slake or satisfy—that never is satisfied on this side the grave; a thirst which finds the forms of sound words, out of which other souls get sustenance and refreshment, as broken cisterns which can hold no water. Thus, in his illness, there came to him thoughts which he could not communicate even to his brother, who had hitherto shared his whole life, and for the simple reason that he had not put them into words even to himself.

As for Archie, if the accident had happened to himself it would hardly have sobered him so much as it had done. In the course of a week he grew quite worn with watching by his brother, day and night, and the whole house missed his fun and frolic.

In his own way Archie was unsettled too. He had shared the same influences as his brother, and, both being destined for the sacred calling, these influences were, naturally, religious. But unlike his brother, all that he wanted was a faith that would work. He was not of a speculative turn. The faith of the many would be enough for him, so long as it was real, and truly moved their hearts.

"You'll be going to the kirk to-morrow," said Sandie. It was their second Sunday at home, the first having been the day after their arrival. "I can stay by myself now."

"I don't want to go," Archie answered.

"But father will be vexed if you don't. He spoke about your taking notes of the sermon," rejoined his brother. Archie pulled a long face.

"I could do that just as well at home," he muttered; "and when they're written already, what's the good?"

It had come to be to Archie, as it is to every soul in which is the breath of life, simply intolerable to do that which there could be no manner of use in doing. It made him feel like a prisoner who has to turn a crank to fetch up empty buckets. It was something worse than intolerable to him, to listen to his father's sermons in his present state of feeling, in which he knew that they were no longer serving, even as bodily discipline—it was positively hurtful. Loving his father as he did, Archie was in despair about this matter.

"I want desperately to go over and hear Mr. Keith again," Archie continued, after a while.

"I wish you would," said Sandie, unconscious of the struggle.

"Do you think he would feel it though?"

"Who—father? Well, I don't know; I didn't think of that. Half the parish is going, you see; even Tam Lane has taken to the kirk under Mr. Keith."

"And he drinks worse than ever," put in Archie; "maybe he drinks to drown ill thoughts."

"If you fall in with Peggy," said his brother, "I wish you would ask her to come and see a fellow."

"She's a great lady now, mind," was the answer, "and mayn't care to come our way so often."

"It won't make a bit of difference in her," said Sandie, impatiently. "I'm sure ye ken that. I would like to see her. And, Archie, you understand, that was all nonsense."

Archie understood the *that* to refer to their last year's love, and he laughed. They were still at an age when they could afford to laugh at love, though life had grown more serious to them than it used to be.

On Sunday morning, Archie settled the matter with his father, for that day at least. "Are you going to the kirk to-day?" Dr. Grant had said. And his son had made answer—"If you have no objections, I would like to walk over to Burnside and hear Mr. Keith."

"Are you going to desert me, too?" the father asked, with a touch of disappointment in his tone. And Archie, because he could not tell him that this was true, stammered out several reasons at once for his wish, among others, his desire to see Miss Oglvie.

Then Dr. Grant, always generous, sent him off with a good grace, saying, "Mr. Keith is a fine preacher, and it will do you good to go and hear him sometimes. Mind, I shall expect you to bring back copious notes of the sermon."

Sunday had intervened on the business which Captain Oglvie had undertaken on Peggy's behalf. He had gone into Bleaktown, and had ascertained, from an examination of the papers in the lawyer's hands, that she was no longer mistress even of the small property of Delaube. He had also arranged to meet Mr. Haldane for a settlement of minor matters. For instance, it seemed that after the date of the deed which assigned the property to Louis Oglvie's creditor, on the death of his (Louis Oglvie's) father, the wood on the small estate ought to have been left untouched. Peggy was eager to set this right, by the sale of whatever else she had a right to sell; but, as has been said, Sunday intervened, and she was very glad to lay aside her perplexing thoughts, and obey its call to rest.

Margery was detained at home by her brother's illness, but she ordered Peggy and the captain off to church together, and there was no escape; but they could not go on longer as they were doing, at any rate. Horace Oglvie was acute enough to perceive that the injured tone was the best he could take. The walk to church was a longish one, and he went on quite silently beside her for some time, looking very miserable—not more so than he felt, perhaps, but he gave free expression to his feeling.

At last he said: "This must come to an end, for both our sakes, Peggy."

"I know it," she answered, wistfully.

She was very unselfish, and it was easy for her to look at it from his point of view, and to consider him more than herself. Such unselfishness is very rare in the world, and the few who possess it are not often fortunate in exercising it.

"I must go away," he said, "for I cannot endure it longer. Not that I shall be the happier for going away from you, but it will be easier to bear my fate like a man. You make me wish that I had never seen you. I would have been a better man if I never had," he added, with the energy of truth.

"Oh! do not say that," she said, in a pleading voice. "And yet you have a right to say it. I have used you ill, Horace."

"Did you ever care for me at all?" he asked, bitterly.

"Yes—oh, yes," she answered.

"Then why have you been false to me?"

"These are cruel words, Horace," she said, quietly, though with quivering lips. "I was true to you then, I am trying to be true to you now."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," she answered, struggling to express herself, "that I loved you then as well as I knew how, and now I know that I ought to love you more before I can be your wife; yet I feel it is very hard for you to understand this; indeed—indeed, I hardly understand myself."

"But you can tell me if that other man has come between us or not."

"He has not," she answered; "but I do not think I would have felt thus but for him."

He turned away, and walked on in silence. Her transparent truthfulness mirrored his deceit, so that for a moment he saw himself as he really was.

"And you compared us together, and found me wanting," he said. "Peggy, I don't mind telling you that I think I am wanting in some things—that I think I deserve the treatment I have had from you; but if you will only love me, darling, I shall

not deserve it again. Think this time before you answer me. I am ready to throw away my whole life as utterly spoiled if you refuse."

And she did think, and thought of nothing else, as might have been supposed, all through the service, only that every time she raised her eyes they met those of Archie Grant honestly fixed on her face. And David Haldane noticed how much graver and manlier the youth had grown, but he could not understand either his look or Peggy's. Their looks were not those of youthful lovers. Then he turned steadily to the business in hand.

At the church door Archie found himself side by side with David Haldane, with Peggy and Captain Oglivie a little before them.

"I want to speak to her," said Archie, pressing forward; "but she has that fellow with her. He is marching her off as if she belonged to him."

"Do you know him?" asked David Haldane.

"I saw him last summer," said Archie, discontentedly, "and he took possession of her at once. I will come back to you presently;" and so saying he hurried after the pair.

Just then, however, as if by concert, Peggy turned, saw him, and advanced a few steps to meet him, leaving her companion standing alone. She was looking very grave and sad, and as David Haldane passed she was already parting with Archie, who was holding her hand, and saying eagerly, "You will be sure to come."

Then David thought he understood it all, and gave up hope on the spot. Her heart belonged to the youth at his side, and she was bound, probably by some domestic treaty, to marry Captain Oglivie. "She is doubly bound," he said to himself; and he thought that she had even shunned him, for as he advanced she had barely acknowledged his distant salutation, and hastily retreated to the captain's side, who bore her off in triumph.

From that day, Archie and David Haldane were fast friends.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—VI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

FRANK THE FIDGET.

THE last story; oh, dear! oh, dear! I am sorry," said little Edith, taking her place at grandmamma's side.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Everley, "they have lasted just the right time, for I have had a letter from mamma this morning, asking for you to come home on Saturday."

"The day after to-morrow! well, the last day is worse than the last story," said little Edith, sighing.

"Why don't you wish to go home, Edie?"

"I want to see mamma and papa, of course, but I should like to fly home and kiss them, and then fly back to you."

"Notwithstanding the spectacles, Edie?" said granny, smiling.

"Yes, granny; I don't mind the spectacles now, because I think they are kind to find out all our naughty ways, and break us of them."

"That is right, love; you will soon lose all your faults when once you become aware of them, and try to mend them yourself. You have, I think, seen your uncle Frank, have you not?"

"Yes, granny, but not very often."

"Have you noticed that his good looks are quite spoiled by an unusually large under-lip?"

"Oh, yes! I thought he was ugly, granny."

"He would be very handsome, Edie, but for this

disfigurement, occasioned entirely by pulling his lip when he was a child. He was as deserving of his title as any of the children, for I never beheld such an incorrigible fidget. No amusement pleased him that compelled quietude. His fingers were for ever touching or playing with something, his feet for ever scuffling, so that the place where he sat in the nursery could be seen by the wear of the carpet, and when put to bed for his morning sleep he pulled the knots all off the counterpane or bit holes in his petticoat.

"Don't do that, Frank; put down those scissors; leave that collar alone; don't touch that bracelet—such were the constant reproofs that went on. He could not stand near any one without pulling something they had on, till I dreaded seeing him approach any visitor.

"I was tired of the incessant, 'Don't touch, Frankie,' and yet knew not how to cure him. He had had endless punishments, but it really seemed almost a disease with the child.

"His restlessness was mental as well as physical; he could not play for any long time at one thing, and no story amused him that took more than a few minutes to read; he could not sit still long enough to listen to it. We used to try taking him for long walks, and thoroughly tiring him; and even then, when he was weary enough to throw himself on the ground to rest, he would roll over and over, or take something from his pocket to pull to pieces. The pulling of his lip began after he went to school. I never noticed that until his first holidays. Of course, I spoke to him of it directly. He said he did not know when he did it, but that he believed he did it when he was learning his lessons.

"During these holidays, an old friend of your grandfather's came to stay with us. She was very rich, and had lived a great part of her life in India, from whence she had brought a great quantity of curiosities, and the children looked forward to visits from her, as she always brought them each some curious present. A certain box, that came with her luggage this time, caused great wonderment amongst the little folks; and little Dora, more bold than the rest, ventured to ask what was in it.

"Ah, something to amuse you little folks some day.' You may fancy how eager they were, therefore, for this day to arrive, and how numerous were the speculations as to what it contained. One afternoon, after this lady had been with us a short time, it happened to be very wet, and she said it was the very day for the opening of the mysterious box. Accordingly, the children were all summoned, and seated round the large dining-room table, and Mrs. Mosse displayed to their wondering and delighted eyes models of various trades and occupations of India, the little figures all in their national dresses, and each following his own occupation; the whole of the groups were arranged on a kind of raised board. After the first exclamations of delight had subsided, she told them to wait a moment, and they would be still more delighted.

"I must fetch something first,' she said; 'don't touch it till I come down,' and she left the room. Alas! it was too great a temptation for Frankie. He had noticed a small round hole in the raised board, in which was a small key.

"I know,' he said; 'this will make them move—it's clockwork: how jolly! I could do it.'

"Don't, don't!' exclaimed the others; 'she told us not to touch it.'

"I'm only looking,' he answered; but one finger was on the tempting key.

"For a time Maude restrained him, but Mrs. Mosse was long gone, and his patience was exhausted. In spite of all Maude could say, he fidgeted the little key backwards and forwards, till finally there was a loud snap, followed by a continued 'whir,' which told too plainly that the spring of the curious little toy was broken.

"Mrs. Mosse opened the door at the moment, with several little parcels in her hands.

"I have been long gone,' she said; 'but these things were at the bottom of my box. What is the matter?'

"The faces of the children spoke that something was wrong, and poor guilty Frank, with scarlet cheeks and watery eyes, stood near the toy, in a loud and angry whisper declaring he had done no harm.

"But indeed he had, Edith, as Mrs. Mosse soon showed him; the little machine, wound up properly, would have set all the figures in motion at their several employments: it was clockwork, and, too truly, he had broken the spring.

"Moreover, Frank,' she said; 'I had meant it as a present to Maude, because I did not buy her a nice one last time. I must now give her yours.' And she handed a parcel to Maude, and one each to the others. 'I had gone up,' she continued, 'to fetch these, that I might present all my gifts at once.'

"I had entered the room at this moment, and told Mrs. Mosse I considered Frank rightly punished, and how anxious we had been for something to give him a lesson he would never forget. I explained to her that the accident was not occasioned by curiosity, or wilful disobedience, but an incorrigible love of fidgeting and pulling at something. The present he had lost by his folly was a little Indian writing-case of inlaid wood, beautifully fitted up.

"Maude was, of course, very much pleased with it, but the novelty of the curious toy would have made her naturally prefer what had been originally intended for her, particularly as she had a desk of her own; but I thought it so good a lesson to Frank, that I offered no opposition to the arrangement, and he was left without any gift at all."

"And was it a lesson to him, granny?" asked Edith; "did he leave off fidgeting?"

"He could not at once, dear, leave off what had been such a long habit, but it certainly did cure him of touching things that did not belong to him; his own unfortunate lip he still continued to pull and twist, till he made it, as I have told you, the ugly thing it is."



A loud ring at the visitors' bell here disturbed them.

"How tiresome!" said Edith; "I wish people would not come in the middle of our stories."

"They are over, Edith, darling. I have nothing more to tell, and here comes Sibly to announce the visitors."

"A lady is in the drawing-room, ma'am," said Sibly; "she will not give her name."

"A lady—won't give her name—oh! dear, it is some one begging, I suppose. Stay here, Edith, I will come out again when she is gone," and Mrs. Everley rose and entered the house.

Some long time elapsed, and Edith thought she would just go and peep in at the drawing-room window, for surely this person must have gone, and granny forgotten to come back to her; but the blind was down to exclude the afternoon sun, and Edith was no wiser. She went round to the front of the house, and there stood a carriage with a gentleman inside, and a lot of boxes on it. What could it mean? Somebody had come to-day; but how funny to come without being asked, for granny evidently did not expect them. Well, she must go back on the lawn; granny had told her to stay there. So only running to fetch her doll from the summer-house for company, Edith had just stationed herself under the tree when the garden-door opened, and granny came out, leaning on the arm of a tall lady, and granny's face was wet with tears! She came up to wondering little Edith, and said—

"My little girl, this is my Dora, come back from Australia to gladden once more her poor old mother's eyes."

The lady stooped and kissed the child warmly, as she answered, "Dear Philip! think of this being his child."

"And aint you glad, granny?" Edith whispered, drawing closer to her grandmamma, and putting her hand in hers.

"Yes, my child, glad—more glad than I can say: these are tears of joy."

Edith could not understand such tears at her age, and she was not satisfied till they had passed from poor granny's face; and, seated on the new uncle's knee, who had come with aunt, she listened to tales from Australia, and told him in return how granny had amused her with the story of her aunt and Frank's early days.

I wonder if, amongst my little readers—if I have been fortunate to have some—there have been peevish, careless, talkative, fidgety, or dainty ones? If not with these same faults, perhaps some others, as likely to lead to future mischief. Like brave little folks, determine to overcome them, for as the tiny seed which is planted in the earth grows and lives to be a giant oak, even so will little faults of childish years grow with you and strengthen with your strength, till you will have lost the mastery you might once have gained over them. If these little tales will help you to this end, I shall be glad indeed that I have told you about "Granny's Spectacles, and what she saw through them."

THE BOYVER

— Saturday, January 4, 1868. —



(Drawn by C. GREEN.)

"Felix Guérout lay in a rude snow-hollow."—p. 243.

WOLF LEGRANGE.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE, AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP'S WALLET," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

ANTOINE LEGRANGE sat by the fire, nursing his wounds. In reality they were not serious; and he needed rest as much, or more, than lint and bandages. But he had received a deeper wound, and one more difficult to heal. Jessie's bright eyes had pierced him to the heart. In his morose self-contain-

ment he had never thought to look upon the damsel before; and now her beauty, lighted by pity and tenderness, had come upon him like an earthly embodiment of an angel of light. For a moment he had bathed, as it were, in a vision of bliss; but his jealous eyes soon caught signs which told him too plainly how powerful a rival stood in his path—how little his newly-awakened love was likely to be returned. Even in the short time that Felix and Jessie had been together in his presence, he had seen glances interchanged, and words almost formed upon their lips, which could not be misunderstood.

Thus the love of Antoine Legrange sprang into existence in a desert, most like the snows he had just left, and seemed feredoomed to failure. But his passion, although suddenly conceived, was too intense to be without hope. He lingered at the New Haven till the light began to fail, and John Atkinson and his son returned. Then it required very little pressing to induce him to remain for the night.

"My hurts are already half healed," he said, in an apologetic tone; "I shall be well to-morrow."

"And will spare the wolves," cried John Atkinson, "if only out of gratitude for your speedy recovery."

Legrange gave a muttered imprecation in reply. As he bade Jessie good night, the hot pressure of his hand, and some few words whispered in her ear, brought a tremor into her frame, and a deep flush upon her cheek.

Christmas Eve dawned with the morrow. This festival was as joyfully kept by the English settlers amid the snow-wastes, and by the frozen inland waters of Canada, as in England itself.

The French Canadians did not hold the day in such high estimation—New Year's Day being their great anniversary—but even in their eyes the *Fête de Noël* was a notable feast of commemoration. For the moment, however, the wolves were uppermost in every man's thoughts. They must be hunted down; and perhaps no day could be better for the purpose than Christmas Eve. All the settlers within riding distance heartily joined in the expedition, and by early dawn a troop of some thirty horsemen had collected at John Atkinson's rendezvous. Antoine Legrange was among the earliest of the hunters. He looked pale, but resolute, and almost scorned commiseration.

In order thoroughly to cover the ground, the party broke up into three sections, under the orders respectively of Pierre Guèroult, John Atkinson, and a broad-backed miller from the Utawas lake. Each division advanced as near as possible in the same line, keeping within bugle-call of one another.

Perhaps, considering the nature of the animal

they were in search of—so cowardly, so watchful, and so keen of scent—the hunters might still have failed in their purpose, if chance had not favoured their enterprise. They had advanced at least a mile in the order described without falling upon any recent wolf-tracks, when they espied a solitary horseman emerge, as it were, out of the blank waste of snow. He was riding at the utmost speed towards them.

"A man-hunt!" rose the cry. "We shall soon be upon his hunters."

The whole party dashed forward, and quickly came up with the fugitive horseman. Panting with the exertions he had made, he could only gasp out the words, "The wolves—the wolves!"

A few minutes' advance brought the hunters into the midst of a herd of at least a hundred wolves, yelping, open-mouthed, and hungry for their prey. Then followed a scene of direful slaughter. The wolves, checked in their flight, surprised and exhausted with running, were almost at the mercy of their assailants. The hunters, on the contrary, fully armed, and in every way prepared, shot down the bewildered brutes by scores, with scarcely any danger to themselves. The creatures were scattered in all directions, but were followed up by individual horsemen; and on every side resounded shouts and cries of excitement, yells and howlings of pain, and the sharp, almost echoless report of fire-arms.

By a mere chance, young Felix Guèroult and Antoine Legrange came together in their pursuit of some half dozen of the flying herd. Intent only on overtaking and destroying the common enemy, they were led away from the rest into a deep hollow, almost a ravine. Each was armed with a revolver, and took flying shots at the terrified creatures as they fled before them.

Meanwhile the sky, which had been overcast since early morning, became every moment more threatening with storm-clouds. While the hunt was at its height, there fell a shower of fine white dust; soon this thickened into a denser fall of hard pellets, approaching to hail-stones; and this, again, changed into a close, fleecy snow, which completely filled the air.

By shouts and bugle-calls, the scattered party were called together. Two alone failed to answer—Felix Guèroult and Wolf Legrange. The calls were repeated, but without result.

"Let us return," said Atkinson, "and seek them."

"It is not necessary," replied Père Guèroult. "They have wandered farther than the rest, but will soon find their way home, driven by the storm."

Little by little the cavalcade broke up, and the hunters found their way by twos and threes to their homes. Pierre Guèroult and the Atkinsons

lingered behind the rest, in the hope that the missing men would join them; but they reached New Haven without tidings of their safety.

The snow was now falling in a dense cloud, which obscured the sky. No serious fears were entertained for the safety of the two hunters who had been left behind, whose arrival was momentarily expected; still there was an uneasiness in the minds of all.

"Your son must have gone home, Mr. Guèroult," said John Atkinson, hopefully, as he sat by the blazing log-fire. "And as for our friend Legrange," he added, with a forced laugh, "the 'Wolf' is safe, you know, against all weathers."

Père Guèroult looked grave, and at once rose from his seat. "I thank you, my friend," said he, "for your kind thoughts; but if Felix is at home, it is time I was there also. If not——"

A shade of anxiety shrouded his face as he thus gave a first hint of his secret fears.

"We will go with you," cried the two young Atkinsons, rising to their feet with one accord. The father nodded his assent.

The snow-storm was still unabated as the three hunters set out for Montrouge, the residence of the Guèroults. They had not advanced far when they heard the dull thud of a horse's hoofs behind them, even above the moaning of the storm. They drew instinctively on one side to let the rider pass. A horse swept by them at full gallop—a horse with an empty saddle. Père Guèroult gave a cry of alarm.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed; "I know that horse; it is Antoine Legrange's. I know it by its white mane. Let us push onwards."

There was no comfort to be found at Montrouge. Felix Guèroult had not returned, nor was there any tidings of him. With a groan of despair the unhappy father clasped his hands to his forehead.

"God help my poor boy!" cried Pierre Guèroult, as he sank into a chair. "No human aid can save him!"

That was a miserable Christmas Eve, both at Montrouge and at New Haven, for the inmates of each stood in dread of a terrible bereavement. An eye was scarcely closed in either homestead. The morning came glimmering through the clear, frosty air at last. The snow had ceased to fall. The first object which met Jessie's tearful eyes, as she looked out of the window, was the ragged pony of Felix Guèroult, half dead with hunger and cold. The sight brought a pang through her very heart. Was, then, Felix lost to her for ever?

With tender care the poor beast was led to a stall, and all its wants supplied. It ate and drank and was refreshed; but it was not at ease.

Some keen instinct in the dumb brute showed itself in the evident desire to brave once more the wintry air without. All observed this.

"Perhaps," cried John Atkinson, animated by a new hope, "the good beast knows where its master is—will show us the way to find him."

They let the pony loose, and followed in his path. The snow was so deep that even the horses could scarcely wade through it.

Sagacious and affectionate as a dog, the pony led the way to where Felix Guèroult lay, in a rude snow-hollow, prostrate but living.

His father threw himself by his side with a cry of joy.

Was he lamed or wounded?

Wounded; shot through the left shoulder.

How? By whom?

Antoine Legrange!

By accident?

No! With a fell purpose to kill!

This was the story Felix had to tell. Legrange had turned suddenly upon his young companion, and fired upon him; had left him on the snow-drift for the wolves to harry and devour.

Felix, wounded and unhorsed, had lain for a time stunned, until the strong rush of life to his heart had roused him to consciousness and hope. The cold had congealed the blood which threatened to pour out with it his life upon his snow-bed, and closed the wound. Then, with his right hand, he had dug out a hollow in the snow, and lay there waiting and watching—the pain of his wound would not let him sleep—till succour came.

There were many tears shed, both at Montrouge and New Haven, when young Felix Guèroult was brought tenderly home: but they were tears of joy. There was a merry Christmas in both houses; a happy New Year for all. The wound in the shoulder of Felix was not dangerous; and for the wound in his heart—it is enough to say that Jessie and Felix were betrothed on New Year's Eve.

And where was Antoine Legrange? Lost in the snow-storm. It was many weeks ere his body was found; and then it was recognised only by the remnants of his clothing. The wolves had feasted there.

"'Wolf' Legrange, indeed!" cried John Atkinson, when he heard the news of this discovery. "The name was not given to him in vain. There is a judgment in these things, if men would only read it. Even wolves are God's creatures, and serve some purpose on the earth. I warned him; but he would not hear me. He thought only of revenge, and of the dark purpose that was in his heart. The wolves, whom he thirsted to destroy, have been his executioners; and a poor colt the chief witness against him."

CHRISTMAS—THE WORLD'S BIRTHDAY.



HERE was a paragraph in the column of news in an evening paper a few weeks ago which caught my eye, and painfully arrested my curiosity.

It was the report of a mother, taken up by the police at a doorstep, with a dead child in her arms. What a world of sorrow seemed to be wrapped up in that short announcement! In the hands of a master of his art, here was the raw material for a tragedy as doleful as that of Ugolino of the Tower of Famine, or that most fearful episode of all in the siege of Jerusalem, familiar to every reader of Josephus. Who was that mother, and what must her feelings have been, thus to bring out her dead into the streets? Had she been driven out of doors, with a sick and dying child in her arms, by a drunken husband or a merciless landlord? What was her story, and where is our boasted civilisation, when such things happen in our midst, to teach us what a little way we have reached as yet in staunching the wounds of the aching human heart?

Eighteen hundred years or more have rolled by since Christ was born, and yet these things are. About as many hundred years before he was born, there was another such scene as we have just described. The story of Hagar in the wilderness of Paran, with her child Ishmael dying of thirst before her eyes, and within a stone's throw of a well, which she sees when God opens her eyes, is one of those Bible pictures which, once read, can never be forgotten. It has been a favourite subject with artists at all times; yet what pencil can paint thoughts on the brain like those which the simple words themselves call up?

There are moments when we can only cry out that God is great, but we dare not lie to our soul by saying that he seems to be just or good. There are moments of blindness when the soul can only see its own sorrow. Tears may dim, but they bring relief. But there is another kind of sorrow that leaves the eye dry, and the brain fired with the sense of wrong.

Such was the darkness of soul which fell upon Hagar, till her eyes were opened to see, not only the well of water, but also the presence of Him who is the Lahai-Roi, the Living One who seeth me.

Now the history of the heathen world seems to me to be summed up in that story of Hagar. Rome has been called the Niobe of nations, childless and crownless in her voiceless woe. The whole world before the birth of Christ is indeed one Niobe turned to stone. The mother with her dead child in her arms in the streets of London, what is it but an epitome of the world's history?

All religions, from India to Mexico, have lived in the hope of a Messiah, an Anointed One, a virgin-birth, who was to bring God and man together again. It is Krishna in India, it is Balder in the North, it is Apollo in Greece, it is Foh or Buddha in China, it is Manco Capac in Peru. But what is the result? Paganism sits at our doorsteps, like the mother with the dead child in her arms. The oracle for once lied not, when at the birth of Christ it cried out, "Great Pan is dead." The oracles were dumb, as in Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity,"—but why? For this reason, that man sought a deliverer, but could find none. All his dreams of a coming hero had turned out to be dreams; and darkness now covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. It was the darkness of despair, and the gross darkness of a scepticism which had settled down on the world when it had found out that its religions were all a delusion.

But the children of Israel had light in their dwelling. We have compared heathenism to the Niobe turned to stone—to Hagar, blind with sorrow, within bowshot of a well of water—to the London mother, with her little street-Arab dead in her arms. It is different with the chosen people. The symbol in their case is the great wonder in heaven which the seer of Patmos saw: "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars: and she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered." For long centuries she had been travailing in birth; the lament of Isaiah in his day refers to this very thing, that the Jewish Church had "wrought no deliverance in the earth, neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen."

But the promise which tarried long came at last. In the fulness of time the Man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, was born, and was caught up to God and to his throne. The great red dragon may rage, and the woman may have to flee into the wilderness till the time prepared for her; but the victory is secure, our Elder Brother is in heaven; and the accuser is cast out, and the song is heard on high: "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ."

This is why Christmas is the world's birthday. It was more than a fancy of Milton, when he described it as the deathday of all those filthy and obscene idolatries of Greece and Rome. It was so, because it was the birthday of the Deliverer, who was the desire of all nations as well as the child of promise to the chosen people.

And what riches of blessing flow out of this great mystery of godliness which we celebrate

every year at Christmas! Eighteen hundred anniversaries or more do not suffice to tell out the blessings which it has brought with it. They are new every year. Exhaustless as all God's gifts are, this, his best gift, is unspeakable. We do not dwell here on the Divine side of the mystery. That is a subject better reserved for the pulpit, though even there our words but "half reveal and half conceal the soul within." But, only to take lower ground, out of many aspects of the Incarnation, we may touch at least upon this one: it has taught the world humanity. We know we are on disputed ground. Schiller, and after him Wordsworth, to some extent, has iterated and reiterated a disparaging contrast between pagan and Christian faith, as if, although the theology might be on the side of the Christian, the humanity was all on the side of the old gods of Greece. Now here we join issue at once. We say that philanthropy, in the strict sense of the word, meaning love to man as our fellow-man, is emphatically a Christian grace. It is another name for that charity whose praises an apostle has sung in a strain the highest that ever passed from human lips: "After that the kindness and compassion (philanthropy in the Greek) of God our Saviour toward man appeared" (Titus iii. 4). Now this philanthropy is no cold abstraction; it is the "Word made flesh;" it is the person of Him who was called by Athanasius the Theanthropos, the God-man.

There are certain deep instincts in man's nature which this mystery of the Incarnation and this alone will satisfy. Why should Paul of Tarsus have singled out a verse of his fellow-townsmen Aratus—"For we are also his offspring"—in addressing the people of Athens, but for this? Our sense of sonship has been dimmed, but is not entirely destroyed by the Fall. Were this the case, as certain good people in their zeal for dogma inconsiderately assert it is, there would be no further need of arguing either about the nature of the disease or the extent of the remedy. But, happily, this is not the case. There are "those obstinate questionings, of sense and outward things—those fallings from us vanishings—those blank misgivings of a creature, moving about in worlds not realised," which Wordsworth in his noble ode on "Intimations of Immortality," has produced as proof that "we are his offspring."

Man has a sense of the Divine image in him, and of his lost sonship, though he shows it in a strange and fantastic way. Like mad King Lear, he plats a crown of straw; but yet, in his better moments, he bears himself as every inch a king. He gropes after the lost sense of oneness with God, and finding that he is without what he wants, yet unable to do without it, he is fain to invent what he cannot find, and to make God

like man, since he cannot make man again in the likeness of God.

Thus it is this sense of the Divine image which lies at the root of all idolatry, and explains though it does not justify it. On the other hand, the doctrine of the Incarnation is exactly adapted to satisfy this spiritual instinct, and so to cut up idolatry by the roots. All those Hindoo Avatars, and Greek Theophanies, were so many stretchings forth of maimed hands of faith, and stumbings on the altar-stairs which lead through darkness up to God. All through the long night of heathenism, the unseen Father looked down with pity on man's misery, and at last provided the only sufficient remedy. In the Incarnation of his own Son, "made of a woman, made under the law," he satisfied this instinct. Jesus is the Immanuel—God with us—which our spirit needs. He became one flesh with us, that we might become one spirit with him. We but very imperfectly understand the mystery of the Incarnation, if we think of it only as a means to an end—a condition without which Christ could not as our substitute pay the penalty due to the broken law. It was all that, but it was also something much more; the Incarnation was both means and end. It is an end in itself, as well as the means to an end. It looked forward and led up to the propitiation of his death—a blessed and indispensable truth; but it will bear to be considered by itself, and in its bearings on the whole human family. Much has been said, and sometimes wisely said, of the education of the human race; of the steps by which the two classes of men, the one under the law, and the other as a law unto themselves, were being led back to God. But the education properly so called could only begin when the true union-point between God and man had been found in the person of Jesus Christ. All before was only the work of the pedagogue to lead us to Christ, that we might receive from him the adoption of sons.

Thus with his birth the education of man properly so called begins. This is why all reckoning of time, quite correctly, falls into the two divisions of before and after Christ. Christmas Day was the world's birthday in a sense deeper than the common run of historians suspect. Dean Stanley has strikingly said that history was born on the night on which Israel went out of Egypt. This is true, as far as it goes. History then emerged out of fable, and entered the region of fact. Moses was the first chronicler, and deserves to be known as the father of history, a thousand years before Herodotus earned that distinction in Greece. But the world's history, in the wider sense of the word, only began with the birth of Christ. Without some central fact to start from, some point to lead up to, the history of races, their wars and their wanderings, are little better

than the scuffling of so many kites and crows, which is Hume's contemptuous summary of early British history. What is it which gives dignity to the race, and puts a purpose into events otherwise meaningless? Nothing surely but this: that in the ages to come God might gather up all things in Christ.

Christmas, then, is the world's birthday. It is meet, then, that we should be merry and glad. It is no mere secular holiday, but a holy day in the deepest sense of the word. It was, then, a birthday, and it should be remembered as such; and the older we grow the more we should keep it in the sober way that men remember their birthdays. The birthday of a very little child is kept in one way, that of the heir approaching manhood in another way. As Christendom is growing older, we may not keep Christmas in the rude and roystering way of our forefathers—for what we call "old England" was, in reality, "young England." The ninth century and the nineteenth are as unlike as a child of nine and a youth of nineteen. We cannot at nineteen keep our birthdays as at nine. The way that "merrie England" kept Christmas was right, as far as it went, though it would be mawkish sentimentalism for us to pretend to be merry in the same way. It would be a travestie absurd as that of poor Mr. Titwillow going to a fancy ball in the doublet and pinked hose of a cavalier.

Let us, then, keep a nineteenth-century Christmas,—not a mere milliner's revival of the Christmas of the Middle Ages. Let it be a national holiday, as it always has been, but one abreast of the age, not a mere masque of the past. We have only to open our eyes—and our hearts, we should add, as well—in order to do so. It is well that Christmas falls in midwinter, for it calls out the charities of the season, as well as the compliments. The compliments of the season are like those notes of the Bank of Elegance—a currency good enough for our rich kinsfolk and acquaintance; but the charities of the season should be paid for in good current coin of the realm, and in that which is better than coin—in golden deeds of

visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction. A Christmas with the poor is a better way of keeping the world's spiritual birthday, than a Christmas with the poets or at the pantomime. Not that we are sour Puritans: mistake us not, kind reader. Be charitable at Christmas, even to a critic. We do not forget there are little folk at home; and four little pair of hands will be at our pillow at daybreak on Christmas morning, in search of the fairings on which we have laid our sleepy head this Christmas Eve. We do not forget the little folk; and they certainly would not let us forget it is Christmas. But even home delights have their limit; and, our own Christmas-tree being well laden with fairings, let us see what we can spare for the lanes and courts of our city. A Christmas in Bethnal Green with the costermongers; in Spitalfields with the weavers; in Bow with the lucifer-match makers; in Poplar with the dock-labourers out of employment; in Bermondsey with the lightermen; in Southwark with the men of the fancy-trade, long working short time through the slack season; in Chelsea with frozen-out gardeners, and such-like; in the Brill and Agar Town with small dealers of all sorts. This is a great circle around London, into any segment of which we may cut, with great advantage to ourselves and others. Let us conclude with a whim. Suppose a Christmas-cake, large enough to cover all the poor shums of London, to be dropped from the skies, like that helmet in the "Castle of Otranto." Let us suppose London sugared all over with kindness, as it may be this Christmas with a snow-fall three inches deep. Who will give a hand to cut into that great candied mass, to pull out the plums for the poor, and not, like little Jack Horner, for himself? This would be better than any pantomime which will be produced this season; it would be a great deal more blessed, and more worthy of our age. Every Christmas there is such a cake over our heads, if we only have eyes to see it, and will bear a hand to cut it up. Christ's charity provides the cake, but he asks of us the common humanity to help to cut it up.

WHEN THE SNOW-FLAKES FALL.

WHEN the snow-flakes fall round the squire's old hall,
And fill each eave and rafter,
Round the blazing hearth echoes kindly mirth,
And Care shakes hands with Laughter.

Then loudly and long rings the yule-tide song,
And the squire leads off the chorus—
"Here's peace to the year in its icy bier,
And luck to the year before us!"

Though many a sigh stained the year gone by,
While there's life these hopes may cheer
us—
That the darkest night must be lost in light;
That troubles bring true friends near us.

Then loudly and long join the yule-tide song,
Let the chorus rise to heaven;
With a sigh for the sad, a jest for the glad,
And thanks for the blessings given.

I. D. FENTON.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—V.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

HERE we are," said Sydney Welworth, as he took his friend's arm to stop and turn him down from the main thoroughfare, along which they had all this time been manfully plodding, through the snow and mud, into the entrance of a narrow court, which ran down to the river-side. "And now, having given you, I am afraid, more than enough of precept as to the style and system of the work, in which I hope to start you, I will show you a little of the practice."

Captain Scott looked rather doubtful.

"Oh, but I mean it; it is no use your shaking your head, and looking like that about it, for I have quite made up my mind to enlist you, and I know how very much obliged to me you will soon feel for having done so. At first you will only be required to spare us one afternoon in a week, but I feel sure, from my own experience, and from what I have seen in others, who have been quite as diffident of their capabilities as you are, that you will very soon warm to the work, and begin to take such interest in it that you will find yourself going down to your district two or three times as often, or even, as many do, almost every day of the week, and by the end of the winter have, perhaps, taken rather a new and different view of your own personal troubles, and forget your want of interest in anybody or anything, nor ever again feel that you don't know what to do with yourself.

"But now mind the crown of your hat under the arch, and keep a sharp look out for a regular slough of despond, which we shall have to pass, and, with all this slush of tramped-down snow, will probably be even worse than usual this evening."

With this admonition, Sydney led the way down a narrow passage, which one might have passed fifty times in broad daylight without ever even observing; then paused under the solitary lamp in one corner by which the court was dimly lighted, to consult his note-book.

"Let me see—oh, all right! No. 7: it must be the last house in that corner."

Passing through a small space of ground, surrounded by the broken remains of what might once have been palings, and perhaps, at some remote period of history, called a front garden, the two gentlemen came to a door, which, bitterly cold though the evening was, stood wide open, being the common entrance of four different tenants of the four separate rooms within, and therefore, nobody's business in particular to keep shut.

"I have been told of a terrible case of suffer-

ing here," said Sydney, in a low voice, to his companion, as they felt their way, stumbling up the narrow and steep staircase, in profound darkness, and knocking at the door of the back room on the landing, inquired whether a person of the name of Balmer lived there, and then, as the door was opened to them, Captain Scott had his first introduction to what might be considered an average, and by no means uncommon, sample of the real privation and sufferings of the London poor.

A low room, of about fourteen or fifteen feet square, nearly a quarter of which area was occupied by the framework of a tottering old four-post bedstead, on which lay stretched out, writhing and groaning, a middle-aged man, the father of the family, every bone in his body racked with rheumatic fever; a ragged old patchwork quilt covering his side, and his wife's threadbare shawl thrown over him; not a bit of fire in the rusty grate; his poor wife with a baby of three weeks old at her breast, herself almost blind with inflammation in the eyes, and four other children, all under six years old, and all crying for food at once, having had nothing but a quartern loaf and a pennyworth of dripping amongst them for the last two days. The two youngest children were in bed alongside of their writhing father, partly for mutual warmth, and partly by way of keeping them quiet out of the way, or, possibly, because they had no clothes to put on if they were to get up, as everything available, down to the very children's boots, seemed to have been "parted with," to get the means of procuring only necessary food. The poor man, when well, had been earning three-and-sixpence a-day as a mason's labourer, but this was now the third week since he had caught a chill from working up to his knees in water, and had been thus laid up, in excruciating agony, without being able to earn one farthing, and his poor wife was quite unable to work at the wash-tub from the state of her eyes, even if she had had strength to go to it.

Archie Scott stood silently looking on agast with astonishment and horror, while his friend, taking his seat at the side of the poor man's bed, was doing his best to cheer him by the kindness and commiseration of his voice and manner, as he endeavoured to find out the quickest and most efficient mode of alleviating some of this terrible distress.

In the first place, writing and signing ample orders for coals, and food for the children, and explaining where they must be taken, and promising the loan of a thick blanket for the rest of the winter, which should be sent before

another night was over his head, "Now, my friend," he said, "for your flannel shirt and under-clothing, have you got any put away?"

"Yes, indeed, sir—that's just it; and almost everything else has gone that way too, except this very bed that's under me, and that would have had to go to-morrow, if we had not had the good luck of a kind gentleman like you coming in to look after us."

"Well," replied Sydney, after a little consideration, "though it's rather against our rules, I have heard so good a character of you from the Scripture-reader, who told me of your sad condition, that I think I may trust you, if you will promise me that, if I get your necessary clothing out for you, it shall not go back again directly; but remember that this is what we never do twice for the same person."

"May God bless you, sir, for a kind-hearted gentleman. I will promise and swear——"

"Ah, that will do, my friend; I will take your word for it. But now let us look over the duplicates; you haven't lost or sold them, I hope."

They were in an old tool-box, which was under the bed upon which poor Balmer was lying, and it was a relief to the feelings of Captain Scott to have the occupation of helping the little boy to pull it out. The box was locked, and the key was missing, and nowhere to be found.

The poor wife began to get flustered, and, nearly blind as she was, to search and feel in every hole and corner round the room for it; the baby, laid down upon the foot of the bed, began to squall with all its might; then the eldest child, being closely questioned as to where the key could be, immediately set up a howling, and deposed that she had last seen it in her little sister's—Elizabeth Sophia's—mouth. This was indignantly denied by Elizabeth Sophia, who forthwith lifted up her voice, and added to the chorus of howling, until Sydney suggested, that if they only looked, it might perhaps still be in her mouth, or that the infant in arms might have swallowed it; and that made them laugh. They were still further comforted by being allowed to examine a wonderful hunting-knife, which Captain Scott produced from his pocket to assist in forcing open the lid of the box, which contained within itself a perfect repertoire of carpenter's tools in miniature, besides surgical and veterinary instruments of all sorts and uses.

The first thing that was discovered within the box when the lock, which was a spring one, had at last yielded to this marvellous specimen of cutlery, was the missing key itself; so Elizabeth Sophia and the baby were at once acquitted from all further suspicion, and the tickets were found, and those which represented the most necessary articles selected.

As they were leaving the room, with a promise

to call in again before many days, Archie Scott lingered behind his friend, under a shuffling pretence of having to shut up the hundred and one blades and instruments of his wonderful knife, all of which had been opened and displayed at once, to the imminent risk of Elizabeth Sophia's small fingers and thumbs, while he was surreptitiously, and although conscious of acting against his friend's tenets, presenting the poor woman with half-a-crown, and then sixpence a-piece to each of the delighted little ones.

"What struck me more than anything else," said the captain, in an off-hand sort of manner, to his friend, who was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs, as if it was that which had delayed him, "was the extraordinary patience and gentleness of manner displayed by that poor man. Not one angry look or word—not one hasty gesture, escaped him, either towards his poor wife, fussing as she was, or his children, squalling as they were all at once around him; while he lay there in pain, and almost helpless, calmly suggesting where that key, for which they were all looking, might possibly be found. I never saw anything like it, and could not help all the time thinking to myself how I should probably have acted under like circumstances; why, if that had been me, and my late valet Phorner had been looking about my room for a lost key, while I was lying upon a bed, helpless and racked with pain, I should have rowed at him enough to blow the whole place about his ears in half the time, and very likely thrown every book, or slipper, or boot which I could find within my reach at his head. And did you remark the baby, too? I had no idea that babies were only that size at three weeks old; why, its head was not much bigger than a decanter-stopper, and its little hands were like an average-grown fox's pad. And only fancy having to keep a wife and family, and pay rent, doctor's, baker's, butcher's, and tailor's bills all included, on twenty-one shillings a week!—only just fifty-two guineas a year, and that not regular. Why, that is what I used to pay that rascal Phorner, who had no lodgings to find, and used to live free nine months in the year, when he was with me down at my uncle's, or visiting about at other people's houses; and he declared that he—a single man—couldn't live upon it, and persuaded me to make him an allowance for washing and tea and sugar besides. And here was I myself, only this very afternoon, thinking that I should have to starve and struggle upon £500 a-year. Why, it is monstrous! it is incredible, and a sort of thing that one cannot quite understand, without time to take the idea properly in.

"But what are you going to do with those tickets, now you have got them? Let me look at them; I have often heard of pawnbrokers' duplicates, but don't think I ever saw one in real



(Drawn by K. EDWARDS.)

"The houses are bright,
In the morning light,
So sing me a song, Dick, sing me a song"—p. 251.

life before. I do not know that I care to make my début at the pawnbroker's establishment to-night though; perhaps I shan't mind after a little time, when I may be more used to this kind of thing, you know, but——"

"No," said Sydney, laughing; "I will let you off that part of the performance this time. There is a very good little woman, who lives close by here, one of the district Bible-readers, who will, I dare say, undertake that job for us, as she has sometimes done before this. We must call there, as she takes care of my depôt of winter blankets, which I send out on loan; but there are two or three other bad cases in this court, which we may as well look up while we are here. There is, in the opposite house, a poor man of about four-and-twenty, dying of rapid consumption, for whom I have a letter of admission to the Brompton Hospital, though I really almost doubt whether it is worth his while, or, at least, whether it is not a cruel kindness to separate him, for the few remaining months, or perhaps only weeks, of his existence, from his poor hardworking and most attentive wife, to let him go to die among strangers, kind as they may and will be to him.

"Then, a few doors farther on, is an even more grievous case of hopeless illness, in regard to which, as I find myself doing every day, I am again breaking through rules and regulations, and yet I am sure I do not know how to help it; I mean in regard to what I was telling you about taking regular pensioners on to our funds, and so keeping on the same case winter after winter; but come up, and while I am writing the orders for grocery and fuel for the next fortnight, and you are looking round at the abject poverty to which they have been reduced, you will be surprised when I tell you that that poor couple were, within five years ago, in comparatively affluent circumstances.

"Well, Mrs. Fenton, and how is your poor old husband getting on? Here, I have brought a gentleman to see him; he is a soldier—or rather was one—in the cavalry, as your son used to be, of whom you have told me before now."

"Oh, Mr. Welworth, is it you? I hardly hoped to see you again so soon. Pray come in, sir, and the other gentleman, too, is, very welcome, I am sure, if he will walk into our poor place, for it is a poor place indeed, gentlemen, and not what we have always been used to."

Poor enough it was, and barely furnished; but the floor, which was without any pretence of carpet, was scrupulously clean; and so were the scanty bits of furniture, and the bedclothes of the poor old man.

"Here, James, here is Mr. Welworth called to see you," screamed Mrs. Fenton, at the top of her voice at him: "you know our kind friend Mr. Welworth, don't you, James?"

"I'm very feeble, my dear, but I am not deaf, as I often tell you," replied the poor old man, shaking his head from side to side, without the slightest expression in his wide-open eyes, "and I am very glad to see our kind friend Mr. Welworth."

"And he has brought a gentleman with him, who is a soldier—cavalry officer," she continued, in just the same high key, "as our poor son Jemmy was, before he died in India."

Captain Scott at this, began to pull his well-waxed moustachios, and look as if he did not altogether approve of this association, and wished that Mrs. Fenton was better informed in regard to the proper distinctions of rank in the army.

"Ah, poor boy!" said the old man; "he was a splendid fellow, was our poor Jemmy, and a real officer too, and used to dine at the regimental mess with the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Ragland, and all the other great lords and generals; but he is dead now—dead and buried out in India. After having gone safe through all the Crimea, he was knocked off his horse, and was quite dead in less than three minutes by a sun-stroke. They sent us back his watch and his medals. Put your hand under my bolster, here behind me, Sarah, and show the gentleman Jemmy's medals."

"Dear me!" cried Captain Scott, in great astonishment, as his eye caught the name and the regiment engraved upon the silver medal, which he had first taken up more as an act of civility than from having any real interest in the matter; "dear me! was poor old Fenton your son? He belonged to my own regiment, and I knew him well; he was our quarter-master, was poor old Fenton."

"Young James Fenton was our son, sir," said the mother, with some dignity, and a strong emphasis on the "young." "He was only forty-seven when cut off in his prime, poor lad, and just beginning to rise in the world."

"Yes, of course he was, I was going to say so. He was raised from the ranks, and had his commission given to him, and he had just got his step as lieutenant and was made quarter-master, when we lost him—and a real loss to the regiment. He was a splendid fellow, and the handsomest man, whether officer or trooper, in the whole brigade."

As the captain thus spoke, with deep feeling for the memory of his former comrade, he really seemed to convey some of his excitement to the poor old bedridden man, whose eye kindled up quite brightly, and a proud flush came over his emaciated and careworn features, as he tried to hold out his hand to Archie, who immediately grasped and shook it tenderly.

"God bless you, sir!" said Mrs. Fenton, "I have not seen my dear old man look so pleased and life-like since he was first taken ill, and that's four weary years ago next month."

(To be continued.)

CAGED.

OH, Dick! what wonder if you and I,
 To each passer-by
 Look sad and forlorn?
 It's hard, Dick, hard,
 Caged and barred,
 This merry May morn.
 And the sights we see
 Are never so fair
 As they well might be;
 And the dusty air
 That we breathe all day,
 Will it ever compare, Dick, ever compare
 To the thing we were used to far away?
 Yet there cometh a time when we both forget
 How lonely we are,
 And the toil and fret,
 And the noise and jar;
 And it cometh, it cometh to thee, my bird,
 When the dawn creeps over the grey housetops,
 Ere a sound in the streets below is heard,
 And the golden drops
 Are hanging afar on flower and tree,
 A sweet and a blessed time for thee.
 You can raise your head and flutter your wings
 On your perch so high;
 You can dream of a thousand glorious things,
 And fly
 Over the meadows and over the streams,
 Clover fields, yellow and white with bloom,
 Mountains purple, and orchards brown—
 Away, away, from this dismal room.
 And it cometh to me—not at early dawn,
 But at night, at night,
 By the candle-light,
 When the streets are hushed, and the curtains
 drawn.
 And I lay aside my burden of care,
 And I breathe again of the fresh sweet air;

And I hear you sing,
 As you did of yore,
 In the beautiful spring,
 At my father's door.
 And I feel, oh, Dick! I feel happy then,
 And the numbness falls from my weary brain;
 And the pitiless scorn and the greed of men
 Are all forgotten; and once again
 The dead in their graves come back to me,
 And I kneel, I kneel at my mother's knee;
 And I feel a hand on my burning brow,
 And I hear a voice—oh, how dear, how dear!
 And I dream, like you, Dick, of many a joy,
 Away from here, away from here.
 Below in the street
 The sun smiles sweet,
 And the folks look glad as they hurry along;
 The houses are bright,
 In the morning light,
 So sing me a song, Dick, sing me a song!
 Till room and street with your gladness ring;
 The faster I work the sweeter you sing.
 And there's much to be done,
 Ere the set of sun,
 There's bread to be won for thee and me;
 And the tears that rise
 To my weary eyes,
 They must not be, they must not be!
 I thank thee, sweet, for that song of thine!
 Mid hunger and poverty, shame and sin,
 Care and sorrow, and strife and toil,
 Your song sings ever my heart within.
 And I wander scathless amongst it all,
 For it keeps me pure where so many fall.
 Then sing me a song, Dick, sing me a song,
 To the measure of feet as they tramp along;
 And let us forget, my bird, to-day,
 The sweetness that lieth so far away.

MATTHIAS BARR.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TURNING USURER.



ACCORDING to appointment, Captain Og-
 livie went to the print-works to meet
 old David Haldane. He had that morn-
 ing been commissioned by Margery to
 buy back Delaube, if possible. The
 land was sacred in her eyes. It was sacred also in
 the eyes of Horace Oglivie. They had the true
 aristocratic feeling for it. Its passing out of the
 family gave them a pang. It was something to be
 handed down intact, and maintained as kings main-

tain their kingdoms. The feeling was as different as
 possible from Peggy's simple attachment to the place
 of her birth; but then Peggy was not an Oglivie;
 she had neither the Oglivie spirit nor the Oglivie
 face, owing to that wretched plebeian mother of hers,
 whose blood dominated in her veins. Margery's
 Puritanism had not lessened her pride, when she
 could think and feel thus; it had only increased
 her inconsistency: for she was ready to acknowledge
 that the Oglivie spirit had shown itself chiefly in
 pure unadulterated selfishness. However, she cer-
 tainly did not want Delaube for herself—it was
 only an outlying portion of the Oglivie possessions—

and she could scarcely want to keep it for the family. She had made Peggy very happy by the proposal to re-purchase it, but her object in doing so, she did not explain. She did explain that it would take all her ready money, and the captain thought ruefully of his little bill, as she pointedly told him to bid for it as great an advance on the price paid by Mr. Haldane as might be necessary to induce him to part with it. It never occurred to them that he could wish to keep it, when it was possible for him to make a profit by it. People are apt to think motives so different in different ranks from their own; whereas human motives are pretty nearly alike in all ranks.

Having entered in at the print-works gate, Captain Oglivie was looking about him for the particular door which might lead him to the presence of the owner of the heap of confused buildings before him, when young David Haldane issued from one entrance, and, on seeing him, stopped on his way to another on the opposite side of the court. David had on the close-fitting Scotch cap, and was in his working dress, while the captain was elegantly attired; and in place of the perfectly-fitting and spotless gloves which the latter wore, David's hands were dyed up to the wrists a beautiful blue.

Both men were slightly embarrassed at meeting. David was rather slow of speech on first acquaintance, and the captain, who would have been exceedingly cordial and gracious to an acknowledged inferior, did not somehow seem able to express the easy superiority which he ought to have felt towards this man. Perhaps it was because he had seen him do a brave deed with those big, blue hands of his, a deed of which it behoved him to take notice. Accordingly he began to speak of their former meeting; but he overdid his part, and was conscious of having his vain words of praise flung back at him with something akin to scorn; for David, as if he had not heard them, interrupted with a simple question as to how the poor fellow was, looking straight at Horace Oglivie with his penetrating eyes, and tossing back his brown locks from a slightly frowning brow, exactly as a Newfoundland shakes the water from his ears. "Here!" he shouted to a boy, who crossed the court at the moment, "show this gentleman the way to Mr. Haldane's room—the private room, and find him if he is not there. Good morning. You see I am busy," and he held forth the obnoxious hands, and with a curt bow, passed on.

"Boorish, certainly," thought the captain, following his guide. "It is not possible that she could care for this man." But then he remembered that she was not perfect in her tastes, according to his standard, and might easily have admired that singularly handsome face, without feeling that its owner could not be a gentleman. As for him, his assurance was simply unbounded, in the captain's eyes, and he longed for an opportunity to teach him his proper place.

With the old man he was much better satisfied—there was greater deference in his manner; and

when the due amount of deference was conceded, Captain Oglivie at once condescended; and the shrewd old man had already taken his measure. Young David had not despised his rival—that rival's grace and elegance had rather imposed upon him; but they did not impose upon old David, who regarded Horace Oglivie with considerable contempt before he had been ten minutes in his company, and was prepared to humour him to the top of his bent, yet without the slightest exaggeration, which might lead an observer to discover that he was doing so.

Captain Oglivie was a little astonished when his offer to buy back the little property, at a fair advance, was declined.

"You may name your own price," he said. Surely that was enough to tempt the ex-packman.

But no; he wanted the land, and nothing would tempt him to part with what he had laid hold of. He wanted to lay hold of more, if it was to be had in that part of the country. He would not buy land at all, if he looked to profit. Ten times as much was to be made by works like his; and the works were still capable of absorbing more money and returning more interest. But for all that, he wanted land.

The captain, still going upon the ground that an ex-packman's notions must be very different from his own, wondered what anybody could want with land in that part of the country—it wasn't civilised enough for one thing, nor wild enough for another.

"But if you fell heir to any in this part of the country, as you may some day," said the old man, watching him keenly, "you would not sell it, would you?"

Captain Oglivie thought that would be a very different thing. "In that case, it would belong to the family," he said, "and of course I should not part with it. No one likes to sell family property."

"This Mr. Louis Oglivie does not seem to have cared. He parted with his before it belonged to him," said Haldane, still watching his visitor.

"So it seems," answered the captain, carelessly.

"He borrowed money on his expectations," Haldane continued.

"I wish anybody would lend me some on mine," exclaimed the captain. His pride was quite above feeling any disgrace in impecuniosity. The honour that could be touched by that was the honour of a tradesman, not the honour of a gentleman.

"Perhaps I could accommodate you," said the old man, smiling, but with a gleam of eagerness in his grey eyes. His conscience pricked him, as soon as the words were out of his lips. The verse of the psalm came into his head, which blesses the man who puts not his coin to usury. But he resolutely swept the words away with, "I suppose you could only offer personal security?"

"Nothing else at present," the captain replied; "but to tell you the truth, I am hard pressed for money at this moment, and would be glad to give a good per-centage for it. I need not say that the risk is very small," he went on, speaking eagerly, now that the feasibility of obtaining relief in this

way had presented itself to him. "I suppose I shall be rich some day; but a man can't afford to wait half a lifetime for the means of living."

"Nobody could have expected the present Sir Alexander to live as long as he has done," remarked old Haldane.

"He is indebted to your nephew for being alive at this moment; but he is not likely to last very long now," replied the captain, in a tone of decorous indifference.

The old man looked at the speaker with a questioning glance and word, and Horace Oglivie told him briefly of the accident which had befallen Sir Alexander, from the immediate consequence of which his nephew had rescued him.

"David said never a word about it," he observed; "and you say he's not likely to live," he added; "then there's only this young lady and her father between you and the estates?"

"Her father is dead, I am assured," replied the captain.

"Well, but the young lady has an interest, I believe."

"I hope our interests will be one and the same some day," said the captain, significantly.

"In that case, your expectations are worth a good deal," replied the old man, with a sudden increase of warmth in his manner, which his visitor attributed to pleasure in prospect of a good investment; "and I have no objection to lending you as much as you require."

It was as if a mine of wealth had suddenly opened at the feet of Horace Oglivie, and without hesitation he plunged into it.

"Can you let me have as much as five hundred before the end of the week?" he asked.

Yes, he could have that, and more if he desired it. Then they fell to settling the rate of interest, which was fixed at the then high figure of ten per cent. The borrower insisted that his personal security was worth a great deal, as it was not likely that he, an officer and a gentleman, would allow himself to be thrown into prison; and the lender knew that it was worth very little, for the reason that it might be already pledged for as much as it was worth; but he did not insist. He had his own private views on the matter, and was very accommodating indeed.

David Haldane the younger, as he went to and fro, keeping an eye on the way of exit, could not help wondering what these two could have to say to each other for such a length of time. At length they came to the end of their conference, and old Haldane ventured to ask, assuming his jocose vein, when the wedding was likely to take place.

"As soon as possible, you may be sure," said the captain, hurriedly; "but she is still very young." And as he went his way, he rejoiced that Peggy was now penniless and dependent, and he resolved to speak to Margery that very day.

"His coin puts not to usury," kept ringing in Mr. Haldane's mental ear; but, holding a colloquy with conscience, he answered that the interest he was

charging was not so great as he could make in his legitimate business. But then it was legitimate business, conscience replied, business representing labour, and foresight, and thought, and energy, while this was taking advantage of another man's folly and weakness. He could not get the best in the argument, and he knew it, and resolutely refused to listen.

That afternoon he again attacked his nephew on the subject of their removal to Delaube; but the latter was evidently determined to remain where he was in the mean time. The old man was eager to communicate the piece of information he had received, and he hardly knew how to do it. At last he said, "Captain Oglivie won't care to remain here after he's married; he's to be married to that Miss Oglivie soon, he tells me."

David knew well what Miss Oglivie was meant, and was grateful to his uncle for marching away so rapidly after discharging his shot.

It is "holy George Herbert" who says somewhere in "The Temple," "A sad, wise valour is the best complexion;" and no words could so well describe the complexion of David Haldane's thoughts, now that he dared not even allow himself to dream of his first and only love.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

THE long life-watch of Margery Oglivie was now intensified. Her poor brother lay in the first stage of fever, and she kept her place beside him night and day. She would accept of no help whatever. In vain Peggy pleaded to be allowed to sit with her, and share her office of nurse. She would not listen to her plea. With a strange unselfish selfishness she clung to her heavy burden. Others might say that it would be well that he, the poor afflicted one, should die. She, too, could contemplate his death, at a distance, as "a happy release;" but when it drew near, she only longed that he might live. All her life had been devoted to the preservation of that life—to the saving of every feeble spark of it, when threatened with destruction on every side, and when the least neglect would have seen it extinguished for ever. It was an awful devotion, not of the body only, but of the spirit, for every conscious act of love was given to an unconscious being, by whom it could neither be appreciated nor returned. There was only one thing she did not do. She did not pray that he might live. She did not dare to pray for this, lest it might not be the will of God. And she daily said, "Thy will be done," with a stern patience, not because she thought that will was the one all-wise and all-loving will in the universe, but simply because it was the one all-powerful, which must and would be obeyed. Great are the desolations sometimes wrought by misunderstanding between mortal creatures, but infinitely greater and more terrible are those wrought by misunderstanding the mind and will of God.

Margery Oglvie had been tempted into trying to alleviate the burden of her life-trial. She had been about to shift some portion of it on to other shoulders, which would bear it more lightly, perhaps not feel it at all; and the Lord had threatened to remove it altogether, she told herself, and to give her another, far more grievous to be borne. Sad as her life had been with it, she could not imagine what it would be without it, with nothing to care for, nothing to love. Sterner than ever, she took her post by her brother's bed, and would suffer none to help her in the crisis of his fate.

He had tossed about all the night, and towards the morning had fallen asleep, a sleep that grew less uneasy with the day; and the watcher had a respite. She breakfasted down-stairs; and Peggy would have had her seek some rest, but she would not. After breakfast she returned to her post, leaving Captain Oglvie to his own devices, and Peggy to go over to Delaube, to consult with the old couple there about their future movements. Mr. Haldane had said there need be no hurry in removing, and this would be some consolation to them. He had named the end of May as early enough for him.

"I would offer to go with you, but I must stay and write some business letters," said Horace, as Peggy prepared to depart; and she felt quite grateful to him for not pressing his company upon her. She felt quite grateful to him, and yet it was of him chiefly that she thought as she went on her way. He was looking worn and anxious—changed altogether, and not for the better, since she had walked with him in that midsummer dream. How much was she to blame for it?

These were her thoughts as she went upon her errand to her old home—hers no longer. It seemed, indeed, as if it had already shut its doors upon her, for when she tried the little garden gate, leading to the kitchen entrance, she found it fastened, and on going round to the front, admittance there was equally denied. Had Jean gone out? It was unlikely in the present state of affairs; besides, she remembered that, among other dilapidations, the locks were gone, and the doors only fastened on the inside. The house was rather distant, and the inmates rather deaf, but she took up a stone and knocked with all her might, smiling as she did so, in remembering that the probable reason of the lock-out was the desire to obstruct the forcible entry of the new possessors.

But no sooner had she knocked than the door was opened by Tammas, who appeared to be keeping sentry by pacing up and down behind it.

"It's you," said the old fellow, with a military salute. "Come in, missy, and let me shut the door again. Ye'll find Jean at hame."

She asked after the rheumatics, and getting a briefer reply than was at all usual from Tammas, who loved to dilate upon his pains, she left him re-fastening the door.

When she entered the house, Jean was busy cooking some kind of savoury mess over the fire, and

preparations were going on as if for a very late and rather elaborate breakfast; and, more mysterious still, as soon as she saw Peggy, Jean left off cooking, and began to cry. "Eh, my bairn, he's come hame at last," she sobbed.

But still Peggy did not comprehend, till Jean told her plainly that her father had come back—was in the house at that moment—had slept beneath the roof all night. She sank into a chair faint and trembling, overpowered by the shock—she knew not whether of gladness or of fear. "Oh, Jean, take me to him," was the voice of the former. It was the latter that whispered, "What is he like?"

"He's sair changed," said Jean, wiping away the tears with her apron. "Let me gang and tell him that you're here."

Jean left her for the purpose, while she rose and stood at the door to listen—to listen with clasped hands and breathless lips for the intelligence which even a tone of his voice might bring her. Yes, the voice at least conveyed the assurance that it was indeed her father—the voice at least had something of dearness in it. It had a familiar sound—the strange family likeness which comes out even in the unlike, and which the voice as often carries as the face.

She could not wait. The voice drew her irresistibly. She stole up the short stair, and stood in his presence, her paleness flushed with an eager flush, her rosy lips apart with expectation. She did not stop to think of her forsaken mother, of her own fatherless childhood. He was her father, that was all. She stood before him with all the lovely reverence of filial awe in her beautiful face. And he rose to meet her—a small, but still graceful man, whose silken hair was prematurely grey, but whose colourless face was unlined and smooth; the features faultless, but slightly swollen; the eyes—the eyes were dead, no light of love nor any sign of living sorrow had been in those eyes for years and years.

He rose to meet her, and extended to her a chilly little hand; she noticed, as one notices the merest trifles in moments of intense life, how small it was as it held hers slackly. There was no embrace for her, no kiss, no blessing. Yes, surely the race had a curse upon it, in the soil of whose hearts not even the commonest human affection could live unwithered.

He was looking at her, and for a few minutes she neither raised her eyes nor spoke. The word "father" had died upon her lips. A chill fell upon her heart.

"We're not very well acquainted with each other, for father and daughter," he said, with a short laugh, which jarred on her ear. "I could never stay at this beastly place. If it does not rain, it snows, and if it does not snow, it hails. I fear we won't see much of each other yet. I've only run over to look how the land lay, but I can't stay long. Indeed I did not think I would see you, I have such a short time to stay, but I'm glad I have seen you. You've grown up very like your mother. She was even

prettier at your age—more life and colour.” He made his speech with little pauses.

She lifted her eyes to his face when he had finished, the tears standing on their long, dark lashes, “Oh, father! is this all you have to say to me?”

“Of course I am very happy to see you,” he said, answering the reproach in her tone; “but I can’t afford happiness. I never could. It’s an expensive luxury. A man can’t live here unless he could live on fir-cones.”

“Did you come to take me away?” she said, catching at the idea that he might have heard of his father’s death, and have come to offer her a home, if he had found her homeless.

“I think you are much better where you are,” he replied. “I should be very sorry to mar your good fortune. You are very well provided for, and if Margery gets the estates—and I thought they would have been hers long ago—she may leave them to you, if you play your cards well. There’s not many she can choose from, and she won’t will them out of the family.”

“I would rather go with you,” she pleaded. “Oh, I would so gladly go with you!”

“I am so poor,” he answered, in a tone of more feeling; “I am so poor that I could not afford to have you with me. It would be very pleasant if I could.”

“But I would not burden you—indeed I would not; I could wait on you and serve you.”

He thought, as he looked at her, it would really be pleasant to be served and waited upon by a lovely daughter, and he said so.

“But, Margaret”—he did not call her by the familiar diminutive—“I have a wife.”

This, then, was the reason that he did not want her. Perhaps he had other daughters. She spoke her thought.

No; he had only a wife.

“Then I will serve you both,” she said; “I know so many things! I can do so many things: you don’t know how clever I am,” and she made an attempt to smile, though she was pleading in terrible earnest. “I do not care for being poor,” she went on; “we were poor enough here, but I never felt it. I can even make money; I have made some already at drawing designs for a print-works. You will take me, will you not?”

But he seemed to shrink from her, instead of drawing nearer to her. He was, in truth, troubled by her

eagerness—her importunity. It touched what little of heart was left in him, and what there was could not be touched without a feeling of regret and shame. He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, and then retreated to his chair. It was the act of a stranger, and of one who meant to remain at a distance from her, and she could not help feeling it. Still she was about to speak again; but he stopped her. “Don’t say anything more about it at present,” he said; “I can’t bear it—indeed I can’t. I won’t be able to eat a bit of breakfast as it is;” and with a deprecating gesture he pointed to a chair.

When she was seated, he began to ask her a number of questions about her new home and its inmates. “I should think he would go this time,” he said, after hearing an account of the condition in which poor Sir Alexander lay. “It’s a pity since he has lived so long, that he can’t live a little longer. It’s rather hard to see such a good thing as the Oglvie inheritance must be by this time, go by with only one life in the way. The other sister’s dead, and if Margery were to die, nothing could keep me out of it. None of it will come my way if she can help it, except what she might give a beggar for the asking. It will all go to that fellow” (meaning Horace), “unless she has taken a fancy to you, which I shouldn’t wonder if she had. It would be a good thing,” he added, quickly, “if you two could make it up together.”

He looked at her. She was crimson with indignant shame.

“Perhaps you have?” he said, eagerly.

She was about to silence him, but she remembered that he was her father, and covered her burning face with her hands. “Well, well, I won’t trouble you about it,” he resumed, dreading an outburst of emotion. This daughter of his seemed dangerous in that respect; she had evidently very little self-control.

Jean now re-appeared, opportunely, with the breakfast which she had been preparing, and Peggy stole back with her into the kitchen, on the slight pretext of helping her. Once there, she shut the door, took the old woman’s wrinkled hand in both of hers, and said, in a whisper of tearless agony, “Oh, Jean! there are things far worse than death.” And Jean did not trust herself to speak, except to say, “Whist, bairn, whist!” as she had been wont to do when hushing the sorrows of the motherless child.

(To be continued.)

CHARLEY'S MORRY.



“THERE’S a nice little dog my cousin George gave to me yesterday!” exclaimed Charles Moore to his sister Alice.

“What! have you got another pet?” she answered, in a tone of wonder.

“Yes,” said Charley; “but I mean to take better care of it than I did of the last.”

“I remember you saying the same thing about poor Dick, the canary bird that you were so fond of, and yet suffered to starve to death.”

“That’s true, Alice; but you know how sorry I was when I found the poor little thing dead in the bottom of the cage, and the seed-box quite empty. I’m sure I shall never forget to feed my little Mori-

caud; besides, he's such a sharp little fellow, he'll look after himself."

His sister looked at him very gravely, but said nothing more to him. She patted the little dog, saying, "You have a kind master, but I fear he will make you suffer."

Charles and Moricaud were such constant companions, and they grew so attached to each other, that they hardly seemed to be happy except when together. They both slept in the same room, shared the same meals, and always played with one another. Moricaud so entirely absorbed Charley's thoughts that he soon forgot all about poor Dickey and Bunny, his old favourites, and their melancholy ends.

One afternoon Charley's papa took him for a drive up to the market town, about five miles from home. Against his papa's wish, Charley insisted upon having Morry with them. When they reached the street where they were to stop to buy some goods, Charley's papa got out of the chaise, and told Charley to mind the horse. This pleased Charley very much, as he was fond of holding the reins and sitting on the driver's box.

He was engaged in this way for some time, without once thinking of poor Morry. Suddenly, hearing the barking of a dog, he started up from his seat to look for him, but he was gone. Charley began calling him, and whistling for him. All was in vain. So he waited until his father came back with his parcel of goods, hoping to find Morry return with him. But when he at last came, the dog was missing still.

Charley now felt afraid his papa's words, that Morry would be lost if they were to take him with them to the crowded town, would prove true; and he was very much vexed with himself for paying no heed to them. He did not like to tell his papa of his loss, for fear of being justly upbraided for not taking his advice to leave the dog at home.

Charley went home again. His Morry was lost. How miserable he felt when he saw the empty kennel! His sister met him as he was going into the house, and asked where the dog was. Charley said he did not know; he had taken him to town, and missed him there.

"Then he is lost," she replied, "as papa told you he would be. Why didn't you leave him at home? Poor dog! who knows what will become of him?"

Charley said he was very sorry, but he would go next day with the pony and look for him. He did so; he traversed all the streets, but could nowhere find the dog.

"I must advertise for him," thought he, "and offer a reward of ten shillings to any one who will bring him back to me. I have just got enough money to do that."

With this intention he went home. The next day he sent an advertisement to the *Daily Messenger* office.

Two days passed, but nothing was heard of Morry. In the evening of the following day, a lad brought a dog, tied with a string, and hopping on three legs. Charley was shocked to see poor Morry so

lame. He asked the boy where he found the dog. The boy said he picked him up in the High Street; he was lying in the middle of the road, scarcely able to move. A coach-wheel had passed over his leg and crushed it.

"Poor Morry," said Charley, as he stroked and patted the dog, "I have been very cruel to take you to the town, where you have got so badly hurt; but I'm glad you have not been killed. Here," he said to the boy, "take this half-sovereign for your kindness in taking care of my poor dog, and bringing him back to me."

Charley examined Morry's leg, and found it so severely injured that he feared he was lamed for life. And so indeed he was: he was injured beyond all means of cure. Poor Morry was no more able to run and frisk about as he used to do. Charley could no longer make him his playmate; but he still loved Morry, and kept him as comfortably as he could, and Morry seemed quite contented. But this state of things did not last long. Charley soon got tired of looking after Morry, and handed him over to the care of the groom. This lad was a rough fellow, and sometimes ill-used the little lame dog, and neglected to give him his food. He fastened him up to the kennel, and left him for whole days without water to drink. Poor dog! he pined away in a few weeks and died.

That morning when Morry died his moans were heard by Charley's sister, as she was walking up and down the yard, while waiting a few minutes for her brother to go out with her for a walk. She ran to the kennel, and saw the poor dog stretched on the ground, and making his last struggle for life. She called Charley and told him to make haste to see Morry. He came quickly, and to his horror, he saw the poor dog lying lifeless just outside the kennel.

"How thin and wasted he looks!" his sister exclaimed. "Poor dog! he must have been starved to death."

She looked at Charley reproachfully, but said not another word. She saw how grieved he was. Tears were filling his eyes as he looked at the poor shrivelled animal that was once so sleek and well fed. Charley could not answer his sister. He would have said that it was the groom's fault for starving the dog to death, but his conscience told him it was himself who was to blame for giving up the care of Morry to another, when he ought to have looked after him himself; and he felt vexed that he had neglected his duty to poor Morry, and declared to his sister that he was indeed a cruel boy, though he always meant to be a kind one.

His sister remarked, soothingly, that since he had owned his fault she should hope better things of him for the future, and really believed he would take good care of any other dumb creature which he might wish to keep. He thought so too; but Mr. Moore said he would never allow him to have any more pet animals, until he should be a few years older, and know better how to take care of them.

W. H.

THE BUIVYER

Saturday, January 11, 1868.



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"He found his visitor standing before the kitchen fire."—p. 259.

THE STORY OF AN OLD CHESS-BOARD.

"CHECK-MATE."

"The third game I've lost this evening! I declare I won't play any more with you till I'm a better hand at it."

VOL. III.

The speaker, a lad about sixteen, gave an impatient sweep with his hand over the board, and got up from his seat.

"My dear boy," said the other player, "if you

play constantly with me you will at last learn to beat me. But come, let us have our coffee, which has been enticing us to drink it for these five minutes."

They sat down at a little table beside the blazing fire, for the night was bitterly cold, and under the joint influence of warmth, some excellent coffee, and his companion's genial talk, the youth soon recovered himself.

"I wish I could stand a beating better," he said; "I never can lose at chess, or any other game, without feeling savage."

"I used to write in my copy-book, long ago, 'Bear defeat with equanimity;' and very good advice it is," said the gentleman. "To suffer losses patiently, and with good humour, is as good, if not better than gaining a victory."

"It's capital in theory, but, for all that, I don't like losing every game, as I've done."

"Come, now, which will you do, Harry: play another game, or listen to the story of a man who once was well beaten at chess, and not only 'bore defeat with equanimity' (and he was a first-rate player), but was quite contented to be beaten? The game or the story—which will you have?"

"Oh, the story, please."

After a few minutes' reflection, the gentleman began:—

At the beginning of this century, lived a curate, with his wife and seven children, in a small village in Derbyshire. In those days, as I dare say you have heard, curates were far worse paid than they are now. Fifty pounds a year, to which a few scholars added a little more, was all our curate had to keep his family with. You may imagine the ceaseless struggle it was for life; but, at least, they were happy—happy in the thought that it was God's will, and, blessed with good health, "doctor's stuff" was little known among them. The village apothecary often laughingly said, "It wasn't at all fair; the curate was always giving him good advice, but did not apply to him for any in return."

At length the doctor's services were required in sad earnest; the youngest child caught a fever, which was quickly taken by two of the others. The first died, his brother and sister recovered; but they were hardly out of danger before their mother, worn out by anxiety and nursing, was stricken down. This was a terrible blow to our poor curate; against every other misfortune he had borne up with Christian fortitude, but now the fear that perhaps his wife would die took hold of his mind, and almost overwhelmed him; and, indeed, he had good ground for fear, for her life was in great danger.

At this trying time his eldest daughter, Jenny, was her father's support and comfort, and bravely helped him to cheer the others. She was one of

those who, whatever they put their hand to, do it with their might. The wife was spared, but it was many weeks before she left her room, and now poverty pressed on them more heavily than ever. The neighbours were very kind, and helped their pastor as much as they were able; but as all were poor—they could do but little. The curate had borrowed small sums, much against his will, to provide the comforts so essential for the invalids, and these little debts weighed upon his mind, and added to his distress.

One morning the curate remained in his little study longer than usual after dismissing his few scholars. He was evidently making up his mind to something that was distasteful to him. When he came into the kitchen, which served also for their general living-room, he found his two eldest daughters busy preparing their scanty midday meal; their mother was still confined to her room.

"Here you are at last, father," said Jenny; "dinner is almost ready."

"I am glad of that, my dear, for I want to get it over quickly, and be off."

"Off! where to, father?" Jenny paused in her occupation over the fire, and looked at him with surprise in her large blue eyes. She was a sweet-looking, fair-haired girl of seventeen.

"To Swaleton, to see a friend."

His look and manner appeared to her to be more cheerful and hopeful than it had been for some time past.

"Are you going to sleep there, father?"

"Bless me! no, my dear. I hope to be home again by eight o'clock."

"But, father, you cannot walk there and back," said the younger of the two girls; "it must be nearly eighteen miles."

"I must take my chance of a friendly lift; and, if I don't get one, why, I hope I'm not past my twenty miles a-day, my dear."

"I think there is a storm coming," said Jenny.

"I think my visit may be of service to us, so I hope not," said her father.

The girls said no more in opposition, but went on with their preparations for dinner.

"Jenny, I shall take the chess-board and men with me to Swaleton; I may find some one there who will give me a small sum for them. I do not like parting with such old friends; but poverty often parts the best friends, as surely as misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; so pack them up, my dear."

Jenny could scarcely keep back her tears. She knew the sacrifice her father would make in parting with the old chess-board, for a game of chess was one of his keenest enjoyments. "Poor old thing," she said, with a little laugh, which helped her to hide what she really felt; "I shall be quite

sorry to lose it, and I don't think it's worth much to sell, father, is it?"

The curate was not free from the weakness of disliking to hear his property undervalued.

"You do not know the cost of chess-boards, Jenny, or you would not depreciate mine because it's a little worn; it's quite as useful as if it were new."

The only answer Jenny made was to throw her arms round her father's neck, and to kiss him.

When they had dined, the curate began to prepare for his walk to Swaleton; but, just as he was ready, and Jenny was unwillingly packing up the chess-board, quaintly made in the shape of books, the storm, which she had predicted, suddenly and violently began.

"There," said Jenny, with a sigh of relief, "you cannot go now, father, so it's no use packing up the old thing."

The storm continued for half an hour without pause; thunder, lightning, and rain had it all their own way, and there seemed no prospect that they would soon give in.

The curate stood at the window of his wife's room, and unwillingly made up his mind that his journey to Swaleton must be put off. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Who's this, I wonder? A gentleman on horseback, my dear, has stopped at our gate; pretty wet he must be."

He left the room, and ran down-stairs; but before he reached the little garden in front of the cottage, the gentleman was off his horse, and coming in through the gate. The curate hastened forward, and begged him to go into the house while he took his horse to the shelter of a little outbuilding.

When he returned to the house he found his visitor standing before the kitchen fire, the younger children examining him at a respectful distance.

"I fear I am giving you a great deal of trouble," said the stranger, with a foreign accent; "but I really thought it was madness to go on longer through the storm."

"You are heartily welcome, sir; but you will find yourself in poor quarters."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, "I see no fault; a man with a drenched skin——"

"Bless me! I beg your pardon; you are indeed wet," cried the curate, laying his hand upon the stranger's riding-coat. "Jenny, Nannie, quick, girls; get a coat, stockings, and slippers. Let me help you off with your coat at once, sir; my coat is dry, if rather threadbare."

Having made his guest as comfortable as he could, the curate called to the girls to set down the contents of the larder. They had dined, he said, so they could only offer fragments.

The stranger protested he was not hungry.

When, however, bread and cold meat (their dinner for the morrow) was put before him, he eat with much apparent relish.

The curate soon discovered that his guest was possessed of a well-informed mind; and he congratulated himself upon the prospect of a few hours' intellectual enjoyment.

By degrees the stranger began to question his host about himself; and before long he learned the very trying position in which he stood, for the good man's heart was very open to sympathy.

During a pause in their talk, the stranger said, pointing to the chess-board, "You are a chess-player, perhaps?"

"I love the game," said the curate, enthusiastically, "but have little opportunity for play. I do not know that I am much of a player; but my friends about here cannot push me very hard, and I manage to get the best of them. Do you play?"

"I echo your words: I love the game."

"Why should we not play, then? This is too good fortune. Jenny, my child, bring the board here."

As Jenny placed the old chess-board between them, she looked at her father with a meaning smile. He shook his head, and said she was a saucy monkey, and had better take the children away.

The first game, after good play on both sides, was "drawn;" and the stranger expressed some surprise that, after what his host had said, he played so well. "You must know," he said, "that folks call me a first-rate player. I am, indeed, delighted to find so skilful an antagonist."

Put upon his mettle by this praise, the curate put forth his utmost care and skill, and, after a hard struggle, won the next game. His guest was by no means disconcerted, but appeared to be as well pleased as if he had been the conqueror. The rain had long ceased, but the stranger did not seem inclined to go. A third game followed—skilfully contested, step by step, ending at last in the curate's favour.

The stranger was in the greatest delight. He said he did not know when he had enjoyed such play. The curate was equally pleased. Should they have another game?

The stranger looked at his watch. "Dear me!" he said, "I had no idea it was so late. I have some distance to ride. My dear sir, most unwillingly I must go; but I hope it is not the last time I shall be beaten by you. It is no disgrace to suffer defeat at such hands."

The curate received his praises with much modesty; and with many expressions of delight at the good fortune the storm had brought him, he helped his guest to put on his own clothes, which were now dry.

"I hope," said the stranger, as he stood in the little rustic porch, "that your wife will soon recover her health; and that, when I have next the pleasure of seeing you, fortune will have favoured you as much in other matters as she has done to-day at chess." He then mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

"What a nice gentleman! what is his name, father?" said one of the girls, as they stood in the porch, with their father, watching the retreating figure.

"There! I knew there was something I wanted to ask," said the curate; "I never asked his name: he is a perfect gentleman, that's clear; but I must go to your mother now; she will think I have quite forgotten her."

While he was in the midst of telling his wife all that had passed, Jenny came into the room.

"Look here, father; I found these under the old chess-board;" and she held out to him several bank-notes.

"Bless me!" said the curate, "he must have laid them down when he was changing his coat. What is to be done? I hope he will come back for them."

As he spoke, one of the younger children ran into the room, holding up a scrap of paper.

"Papa, this fell from what Jeany found in the chess-board."

On the paper was written, in pencil:—

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,—I beg you will not hesitate to use these for your present necessity; by doing so you will greatly oblige one who esteems himself fortunate in having made your acquaintance.

The curate handed the paper and the notes to his wife, without speaking. She read, and then looked anxiously in his face.

"It is the gift of Providence," she said; "you will do as he says?"

Her husband made no answer: he could not speak—his heart was full of thankfulness: but he sat down and covered his face with his hand.

The younger children were at a loss to understand what had happened; but, just as they had made up their minds to cry, the curate spoke, his voice shaking with emotion.

"I will, my darling, thankfully use this beneficent gift; and may the same Providence who has sent it enable me one day to repay our benefactor. Truly says the Psalmist, 'Yet helpeth He the poor out of misery, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.'"

He then explained to his children what had happened, bidding them be thankful to Him from whom all good gifts come.

You may imagine what a happy family they were that evening.

"You need not part with the old chess-board now, father; need you?" said Jenny, as she kissed her father when she bade him good night.

More than a month passed, and there were no tidings of their benefactor. The curate vainly tried to discover him. It was clear that he must live at some distance, as he was unknown in the surrounding neighbourhood. One evening when the good man was at work in his garden, his wife, now almost convalescent, walking about with the younger children, a servant rode up to the gate, and asked if Parson Brownlow lived there.

"I'm Parson Brownlow," said the curate, coming forward to the gate.

The man handed him a letter, saying he was to wait for an answer.

Parson Brownlow seemed quite bewildered when he had read his letter. He rubbed his eyes and his glasses, and fell to reading again. "It must be a joke," he muttered. "Who—who is your master?" he asked the servant.

"The Duke of —," said the man, with some surprise in his tone.

"Yes, yes, so I see," said the curate. "It's wonderful, my dear," to his wife. "Come in with me, and read this letter."

The letter was from the generous stranger. He offered the curate a valuable living in his gift which had just become vacant. "The parsonage is near my own house," he wrote, "so we shall often be able to renew our contest at chess."

I need hardly say that the curate accepted the offer of the living with a thankful heart. He started the next day to see his patron, who lived about fifteen miles off, accompanied by the regrets of his wife that she had not had time to knit a pair of stockings for his grace. And there's my story.

"You see, Harry, what I want to show you is, that there are folks in the world who, when they are defeated (even at a game in which they are very skilful), can take defeat well, and appreciate the skill which has conquered them, instead of turning rusty."

"Oh, yes, I see the moral fast enough; but what a jolly fellow that duke must have been! and I should say they kept that chess-board in lavender ever after."

"It was, and is, greatly valued, as I well know. The curate was my dear father. Often I have heard him tell the story; and many a game I have played on the old chess-board. It is still in my eldest brother's possession."

T. R. M.

POVERTY.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

BY poverty the reader is not to understand at present the bitter, pinching want that goes barefooted and lacks bread. There is enough of that among us, God knows, and the time that would go to comfort it could hardly be better spent. But it will never be consoled by writing essays, not even by coming to the point at once, and saying, "Be ye warmed and fed." Every reader knows as well as I the only sound medicine for the pain that rages at dinner-time when one has had no breakfast.

But there is another kind of poverty, which may be soothed more or less by reason, because its pain is mental. There are people who must work hard, and deny themselves many luxuries, that their income may balance their expenditure; people who want a new hat or gown, and cannot buy it; people who know not what would become of them if sickness kept them from business for a month; people who find Christmas—happy Christmas!—a troublesome and anxious time, because of the bills which follow plum-pudding and roast beef; people who wonder why they cannot get on like Mr. A., nor save like Mrs. B.; people who think twice before sending their boys to a good school, and whose girls do not learn music for want of an instrument, and stay away from such a pleasant gathering as Miss C.'s, because they could never return the invitation. A sharp-sighted observer cannot help catching a glimpse now and then of the carefully-hidden cares, the anxieties anxiously covered by a smile, of respectable and worthy persons (not very clever generally, nor thrifty, but estimable and honest, nevertheless), who are unhappily stopped in life's way by a slippery place, where they cannot climb higher, and are in much secret fear of sliding a good piece down.

Now it is simply absurd to speak as if these things were not evils. When Paul said, "Having food and raiment, therewith let us be content," he did not imply that such content was natural, but just the opposite. It was a thing that required admonition; and it is to this hour a thing that requires special grace. No person likes to walk in a fog, and be quite uncertain what comes next—a hustling stranger or a friend. No person likes to think himself secretly looked down upon by those with whom he started fair; therefore we may not take up any philosophic claptrap about how little a man really wants, and the contentment of Diogenes in his tub. A slight touch of our northern winters, and the rheumatism, would

have forced even a cynic to change his lodgings; and Christians are not cynics.

Something may be done, perhaps, by understanding the position. The man in the fog would be glad to know his bearings, and the poor, in *their* perplexity, might be helped by understanding the meaning of their lot. For is it not continually said, "This life is very perplexing; I don't see why I should be so much worse off than others;" and other complaints, which all come to this—the worst of the matter is that it seems so unreasonable and stupid?

Now every kind of want and privation, and all doubt about our future, is really the consequence of sin. If the Israelites had perfectly kept God's laws, there would have been no poor among them; but the same chapter which told them this, told them also that such a case never would arise: "The poor shall never cease out of the land" (Deut. xv. 4, 11); and our Lord confirms the assertion by saying, "The poor ye have always with you." It is easy to see that if all the wealth in England to-day were guided by generous and unselfish enterprise, there would be no bad wages, no difficulty in finding employment—and congenial employment too—for every one who would work; and if the poor did their part, the workhouses might soon be converted into comfortable almshouses for the aged and the disabled, with no disgrace in going there; the foul diseases that make so much of our misery would rapidly disappear, and every one would begin to feel that his future prospects were tolerably safe.

The fear of slipping down into squalid poverty is born of some person's improvidence, or greed, or sensuality; or rather of the mischief which these are doing, all over the community. But is that a comfort? We think it is. Better far that man should bear the blame, than that we should go about the streets, secretly and by insinuation complaining against God. Better far that we should regard poverty as part of the one great disease with which God is dealing as a cautious but able physician, than as a thing for which he has no sympathy and no care.

Again, poverty is like disease in being only the consequence, not the brand, of sin. It marks the delinquency of the race, not any *special* short-coming of the individual. When Christ took the likeness of sinful flesh, want was part of what he took. Not only had he no place to lay his head, but we read of him at early morning seeking to satisfy his hunger with unripe fruit—"The time of figs was not yet." And we are expressly taught.

to look upon our sufferings as filling up what remains of his. The poor man is not marked as more sinful than his neighbour; he is only bearing a larger share of what must be distributed between them. He is a kind of martyr for the race—a soldier sorely wounded that his standard may go forward. All refinement, knowledge, art, whatever is graceful and beautiful and elevated, rests upon the toil of weary hands and brows damp with sweat. That is small comfort if the poor know not that all men are united in one family, but a blessed solace if they have heart enough to see a more successful brother in every man of wealth. The stone in the bowels of the earth, unseen, rugged, and dark, bears up the carved and exquisite pinnacle upon which the last ray of evening lingers, and which the first beam of morning loves to kiss. The stone at the foundation, if only a stone, would gain little by that: if part of a united building, it would gain much.

Still, suspense is very painful, and doubt about to-morrow's meal must be agony. But then, it is exactly what Christ taught his people never to feel. The birds are fed; the flowers are clothed; the sparrows are watched; the growth of our bodies goes on without troubling us. If God cares for birds and flowers, which are less than we, shall he not care for us? If he gives us life

and stature, which are more than food and clothes, shall he not give us what is least? That a poor Christian should have to ask bread at God's hand in vain, would therefore be as strange as for a flower in a good aspect to be wrong in expecting sunshine. How many gnawing cares, gloomy forebodings, clouded faces, sleepless nights, might be avoided if all Christian people would learn these lessons, not by rote but by heart!

These are duties which committees and societies never can perform, they must be done by the friendly hand and by the kindly voice. The class I speak of gets its morbid dread of ever needing help, from seeing help given reluctantly and haughtily. They see that when the needy are relieved, a claim is too often tacitly set up to servile instead of manly gratitude. They dread poverty because the poor are not treated (as we saw they should be, when they are in distress without crime) like wounded sailors who have a right to the hospital, but rather like lepers who must be shut up in the lazaretto. To remove what is excessive in their dread, benevolence is not enough, and patronage is worse than useless. The work is utterly undone except by those (and we are glad to know many such) who carry further than to the Epistles of Paul the idea that charity means love.

GREAT EXHIBITIONS: MATERIAL, NOT MORAL, IN RESULTS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

HAVE lately thoroughly examined the International Exhibition at Paris. It is commonly suggested that it will be the last. This one is said to have been too elaborate and perfect for any future competitor; and, if it were not so, that commercial nations are tired of the toil, anxiety, and cost involved in the transmission to and fro of their articles exhibited. I can scarcely regret their discontinuance. Effects were expected from these opportunities of international intercourse which disappointed their projectors. From the first, which, in most respects, was the grandest of them, there was predicted the rise of a better and wiser understanding among peoples of various countries, which would promote the arts of peace, and discountenance the awful folly and multiplied miseries of war. Yet the bloodiest and costliest battles, whose carnage blushes on the pages of history, have been fought during the brief era of international exhibitions. They have proved of no higher influence than that of so many larger bazaars. The annals of commerce comprise a series of great fairs, but fairs have never pre-

vented the foray and the fight. The world is not to be manufactured into peace. Commerce is not the Gospel, nor a substitute for the Holy Spirit of God. These exhibitions might have been blessed, as great international ordinances, instrumental to the spread of righteousness and peace, but that blessing was neither desired nor sought for in the minds of the great mass of their promoters. Religion, in some instances, played a formal part in the programme of their inauguration, or of their close; some few earnest supplications may have mingled, unheard and unsympathised with, on these occasions; but, for the most part, there was no real consecration of the project, no uniform recognition of the Divine presence, no obvious sense of responsibility to his claims, throughout the event. Hence their moral failure. Their material results have, no doubt, been extensively beneficial to the arts and manufactures of the age; they have given an impulse to human enterprise, genius, and invention; but they have corrected no great international error, denounced no generic vice, abated no ungenerous antipathy, removed no selfish envy, nor qualified

the jealousy and ambition which originate the unspeakable horrors of war. Nevertheless, there was much connected with these great brilliant efforts calculated, humanly speaking, to promote these happy consummations. It is worth while for Christians to inquire into the cause why the moral results have been so meagre, where the materials were so abundant? In other words, what is the great lesson which serious men may gather from the general issue of the great exhibitions? This lesson seems to be, the utter hopelessness of any attempt to do without God. The invariable penalty attached to setting aside his law, ignoring his authority, and dispensing with his blessing, is to "come to nought."

If there were no other objections to this last exhibition, its flagrant profanation of the Sabbath is enough, and more than enough, to condemn it. Thousands and tens of thousands of English Protestants swarmed with the multitudes of French and other foreign Sabbath-breakers to this huge Vanity Fair, on that day which, in our own country, could not be, at least so publicly, dishonoured. At the same time I am thankful to state that, at a meeting of English and American exhibitors, convened by the zeal and earnestness of a London City missionary, it was resolved to close their stalls on the Sabbath. This quiet protest on behalf of the Lord's Day was adhered to from first to last.

Men may differ as to their views of the Divine obligation of the Sabbath in the Christian economy, but none can dispute the fact, that its secularisation does not stand alone in its iniquity; it is the gauge of religious sentiment in general. A broken Sabbath is, not the only fracture; it proceeds to "more ungodliness." There is no day of all days, no ordinance of all ordinances, on which God has put so much honour, as on his own holy Sabbath; but there is no day to which the ungodly do so much dishonour, and the profanation of which involves so much sin and moral mischief. There is nothing in the whole history of religion so solemn and impressive as God's repeated sanctions of the principle of a Sabbath. As if in significant reference to its own sacred number, as the "seventh" day, it received *seven* distinct and most emphatic appointments and ratifications. There was (1) the Sabbath sanctified and blessed on the seventh day of creation; (2) its renewal on the seventh day of the miraculous supply of food in the desert; (3) its incorporation as the fourth commandment in the Decalogue; (4) its appointment in the Jewish system for every seventh year; (5) its reimbursement to the land, by the seventy years' captivity, of the number of Sabbatical years of which Palestine had been deprived; (6) its commemoration in the jubilee; and (7) the great final Sabbath of the

world, in the prophetic "rest that remaineth for the people of God." The religion of Judah rose or sank according as her Sabbaths were hallowed or abandoned, and the same result has been ever the rule, whether with individuals or with communities. The evil impulse, strong enough to burst the bars of the Sabbath, bears away with it every weaker obligation; and no marvel. Of all the Divine ordinances, it was the first of the sacred series dating from creation; of all God's ordinances, it was appointed to occupy the largest space of human life, viz., the seventh part; of all, it was the most constantly mingled with human life, by its recurrence every seventh day; of all, it was the most powerfully impressed on the human mind by miracle, by memorable changes in the condition of society, and by alternate declarations of Divine punishment and reward. An era which, like Jeshurun, has "waxed fat and kicked" against the Sabbath of the Lord, will sooner or later, in some shape or other, find it "hard to kick against the pricks." "No Sabbath" is the historical synonym of "no God." It is the atheism in our chronology which provokes God to avenge, by our expulsion from his eternity, our rejection of his authority in time.

If the example of these Sabbath-breaking exhibitions on the Continent should have the effect of loosening our sense of Sabbatic obligation and reverence for the house of God, no material advantage arising out of the competition in arts and manufactures, will compensate that serious damage. I forbear dwelling on other undesirable influences of the foreign exhibitions, or the moral sentiment of our fellow-countrymen: the open, public, legal desecration of the Sabbath is the fountain-head whence many evils spring. It was one of the worst blots on the great French revolution, that its leaders formally abolished the institution of the Sabbath. Succeeding governments repealed the obnoxious letter of the abolition; but, by legalising all kinds of traffic, and labour, and public amusements on that day, the Sabbath is practically as obsolete as if it had never survived the iniquity of its formal abrogation. Its general desecration lingers, like a chronic judgment, on the national infidelity which once so blasphemously abjured it. The occurrence of such scenes as exhibitions only renders more prominent, more palpably profane, the views and habits which previously existed. The same effects would, of course, follow every legal trespass upon the Sabbath in our own country. The sacred day is practically secularised to a vast extent among us already, but this is the act of individual Sunday-traders, revellers, and travellers, for which the nation is not responsible. But once let the law formally sanction the opening of public exhibitions, and legalise the pursuit of

ordinary callings on the Sabbath, which would practically repeat the revolutionary abolition, only in a less direct form, and then the guilt becomes national. And nations are punished for their national sins, as individuals bear the penalty of their individual offences.

A caution may be suggested here. It is not to keep the Sabbath, merely to cease from our daily labours. Thousands do this, and devote the day to themselves, as a whole-burnt offering to the world and the flesh. In numbers of instances they would have actually sinned less against God, and against their own interests, had they been at work in their callings. True, the work would have violated the commandment, but the revelling and excess more contemptuously treads the institution under foot. Not that the Sabbath is, or ever should be, the gloomy ascetic day which some mistaken Christians make it; so much so, that their families abhor the sacrifice of the Lord. That is not the spirit of the holy rest which offers its genial comfort and delight in public communion with God and his people. It is a festival, not a fast; breathing more of the silvery notes of jubilee, than of the "sighing of the children of Israel by reason of their bondage." The Jews, in former ages, had suffered so severely from their neglect of the Sabbath, that, subsequent to the captivity, they fell into the other extreme of ultra-scruple. It became a superstitious rather than devotional solemnity, in their modes of observing it. The spirit of the Sabbath evaporated in their numerous and most irksome interdicts. Its religion sank under a crowd of rites, crushed, like the unbelieving lord of Samaria, under the feet of his own countrymen.

We urge no such harsh, unhappy, and unprofitable Sabbatism. Let it be the cheerfulest day of the week, the first in family joyfulness, as it is the first in chronological order. Keep the day for God, and for the souls of your households. But be very jealous for the Lord of hosts when any proposal meets you to trench upon its legal separation from secular uses. For the sake of your own souls, for the sake of your children after you, and for the sake of the poor, whose Sabbath is the Divine patrimony which too many of them, in ignorance of its value, would part with for the first mess of pottage which the special pleading of the ungodly sets before them, rescue their Sabbath rest for them, in spite of themselves. Be no party to the abridgment of one jot or tittle of its hallowed claims upon all men's love and reverence. The world will still have its vanity fairs, its great shows and pageantries, its marts and merchandise, its graven and molten images. These things you cannot help; but you can, and you must, at your souls' peril, resist the influence of such demonstrations, when their tides

set in against the sacred dues of God and man. Happily, there exists some counteracting influence of numbers on the right side, to help to save you from the wrong. If the world allures you to "follow the multitude to do evil," your God and Saviour welcomes you to his sanctuary with "the multitude to keep holy day." The Church has her "great congregation" on earth, and she has a larger in heaven—the "great multitude which no man can number." There will be the glorious exhibition of the truly great and good of all nations, peoples, and tongues. Splendid and imposing in their way have been these earthly shows; but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," the infinite majesty and beauty, the diversified magnificence of the glory, that shall be revealed, when all flesh shall see it together—when the Son of Man shall come arrayed in the clouds of heaven, attended by all his holy angels, and accompanied by ten thousand times ten thousand of the redeemed saints, clad in their fine linen robes, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—when harps of cherubim and seraphim, and, it may be, other instruments of celestial music, shall blend in the lofty anthem, swelling "as the voice of many waters," chanting the new song of praise to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Would you barter your believing interest in this grand everlasting ultimate of all times and seasons, for the fleeting pageantries which the very hands that raised them dismantle and remove, as if in instinctive admission of the fate of all earthly shrines, so soon left without one stone upon another?

What a prodigality of human industry and genius, followed by the wholesale waste of human labour in their removal, these costly erections seem! But you, who resting in Jesus as the Master Builder, and through the power of his Holy Spirit are building up yourselves in your most holy faith for an habitation of God, not a stone that is laid on that foundation, not a gem of grace which decorates the erection, not a work of faith or labour of love which has been contributed to its progress, will be lost or missed in that day when your Lord shall number up his jewels.

Dwell upon this prospect, realise your own covenant inheritance in it. Seek, in the study of God's Word, in communion with his Son, and in the fellowship of his Holy Spirit, your daily increase in meetness for its august associations; and answer every temptation to draw off your lofty sympathies to any inferior, earthly, or sensual distraction, in the dignified words of Nehemiah: "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down."



"And then it came—as, quietly,
She lay against my breast."—p. 266.

ASLEEP.

A ROSY face is pressed to mine,
Soft golden ringlets kiss my brow;
The loving arms that wont to twine
Round me, are quiet now.

Two pattering feet, of fairy size,
Are wearied with the chase of June;
Even the Daisy shuts her eyes
In sleep, this summer noon.

How shall I move, and leave her here?
Will she not wake when I am gone?
Steal softly! hush! ah, needless fear,
She heeds not, sleeping on.

To look at her, I blame my heart,
And grieve that it can be so dull
To make its own Faith's glorious part,
So slow Love's flowers to cull.

I know she is not perfect—know
That latent sin too oft will spring;
That good thoughts pass like virgin snow,
Or birds shot on the wing.

I know that nought is perfect here—
That Nature's taint is deep and long;

But oh! sweet rushing waves I hear,
And distant, heavenly song—

"Christ's precious blood for her was shed!"
Like sunlight o'er baptismal wave,
His glory-crown, that golden head!
Her sins lie in His grave!

Meanwhile, since all things lovely tell
Of perfect loveliness and bliss,
May I not prize and love them well,
And thrill to Daisy's kiss?

I watched her struggling hard to sleep,
Because we bade her rest at noon;
Tight shut the bright eyes tried to keep,
But sleep fled like a tune.

At last, with one long, weary sigh,
She ceased to struggle so for rest;
And then it came—as, quietly,
She lay against my breast.

So let me cease, in self-despair,
To seek Thy rest through toil of mine;
And lay my heart with all its care
And weariness on Thine!

A. BOND.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MATCH-MAKING.

THAT marriages are made in heaven, they must be very often marred on earth by the intervention of the match-maker. The person who sets up as a special providence in this particular province of human affairs, has need of something more than human wisdom, when one thinks of all the consequences that may flow from matching the wrong people. If two people who were happily made for a true marriage, and all the blessedness it brings, are divided by such intervention, and allotted each to somebody who was never intended for them, who knows where the mischief of mis-matching is to stop? It is the slightest possible chance if it is bounded by the first four concerned. In all likelihood it is the efficient cause of a long list of matrimonial disasters. One can fancy a whole world thrown out of gear by a single couple going astray in this fashion.

Margery Oglivie was to all appearance the last person in the world to turn match-maker. She was neither stupid nor good-natured. She was, however, essentially an arbitrary woman; and the arbitrary will desire to arbitrate in the chief matter affecting human destiny. She was also a woman of few ideas, and with a strong tendency to act upon the few that

took possession of her: and she was possessed with the idea that it would be the best thing in the world to make a match between Peggy and Horace Oglivie, and for no other reason had she brought the distant cousins together under the same roof, and made the former appear so very desirable an object to the latter. She was at once more delicate and more clumsy than the practised match-maker, for she had never mentioned the one to the other, and had been content to see what she thought a mutual friendliness spring up between them.

The vast wealth in the course of accumulating for the heir of the Oglivies was at the root of her desire. It may seem strange that the more there was to divide, the less willing she was to have it divided. But this is a common feeling. A man is much more likely to divide a moderate fortune than a colossal one. The latter lays hold of the imagination with a unity of its own, and the possessor is taken possession of by a passion to transmit it entire. If it fell to her to transmit, Margery longed to transmit the lands and the accumulated wealth which they had produced, together; she would not divide them between these two claimants; and Peggy had become a claimant as soon as her parentage was established. If it fell to her legally, it would fall entire, and in that case it could only be kept in the family by her marriage with an Oglivie.

Then she longed to keep Peggy near her, with her

beauty, and her goodness, and her winning sweetness; and, above all, she longed, if her life should not be spared, that the natural guardians of her brother should owe it to her to guard him tenderly. She really meant to promote Peggy's happiness. She saw how dreary her life would become if she took Janet's place at her side; even Janet had confessed at last her secret rebellion. She had too little knowledge of the world, and in some ways of the human heart, though she had sounded some of its most awful depths, to know the possibilities of misery which she might create; but she knew enough to watch for and to welcome every sign and token of goodness in Horace Oglvie: and what she desired to see she saw. His devotion to his mother, and the evident refinement of his tastes and habits, were to her evidences of enormous weight. And if she had doubted the goodness of his heart, she acknowledged that she had done so unreasonably, especially after the part she conceived that he had taken in saving her brother's life.

She was, therefore, prepared to do more than acquiesce, when Horace Oglvie seized his opportunity to ask her to favour his suit. He had had to wait for the chance of speaking to her on the subject, for she did not leave her post by her brother's bed for more than a few minutes at a time, to take her hasty meals, or to snatch a breath of fresh air in the rapidly-greening garden; and while he waited, he had time to reflect on the desperate condition in which he would find himself if he failed in gaining his object. His honour was pledged to win; and men like him think of their honour long after they have ceased to regard that humble and useful virtue—common honesty.

With Margery on his side, however, he could hardly fail; but he was still in the dark with regard to her views, and, fearful that she might oppose the marriage for some crotchet or other, it was with some trepidation that he approached her on the subject. He was greatly relieved, therefore, to find that she not only approved, but was likely to help him in his purpose, and to help him in the most needful matter of an income. She was ready to bestow on Peggy, as a marriage portion, the money which was to have bought back Delaube—the savings of a quarter of a century, from the liberal allowance granted to the sisters on behalf of their brother, by the factor appointed to take care of the estate during his perpetual minority. This, and the mine of wealth which he had stumbled on in the accommodating Mr. Haldane, would surely suffice until the inheritance should be theirs. Nay, he had reason to believe that Margery, once in possession, would be more liberal still—would not allow them to wait for her decease to enter into the enjoyment of the splendour in store for them.

Their brief conference thus ended in mutual gratification. Margery was inclined to regard Horace with greater favour than ever, seeing that his views not only coincided with her own, but that he had confided them to her, and implored her assistance.

Meantime Peggy was making further acquaintance with her new-found father. He was restless, irritable, peevish. He asked innumerable questions, some of which his daughter could not answer, but which served to give her an insight into his character. He showed considerable anxiety as to the transfer of the little property, and a still greater desire that she should not allow the fact of his return to be bruited abroad. He had "enemies." He was one of those people who are always having enemies: that is to say, they have once had friends, and have made use of them rather too much and too often. He seemed also anxious that Peggy should find out how Margery was affected towards him, and in this he grew so urgent as the day advanced, that he almost hurried Peggy away, making her promise to send him a message that night if possible.

What the daughter thought of the father it would be difficult to define. With her natural reverence, she tried to cover over what would not remain hidden from her clear, true sight. Then pity strove with what, but for this filial reverence, would have been dislike. She tried to think of what he might have been, instead of what he was. She found herself tracing in his features a resemblance to Captain Oglvie; but the resemblance was a painful one. They both had the Oglvie face, with more or less of manly beauty, but with its hint of a beast of prey about the mouth and in the long, white teeth.

Louis Oglvie was destitute of principle, and bankrupt in affection. He had no faith, either human or divine. To "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was evidently his entire creed. His moral nature was as much paralysed as his father's limbs had been, and, to his daughter's thinking, he was the sadder spectacle of the two. When she saw how feeble was his health, her heart yearned over him with a boundless pity—a passionate desire to heal and help him. She was sure, whatever might once have been, that he did not love his wife. Of his way of living he said nothing, and of her he would not be tempted to speak, and seemed uneasy when Peggy spoke of her. All the piety of the girl's character woke in the desire to devote herself to this poor blighted life: the Spirit of the living God alone could quicken the equally blighted soul.

The news she carried back with her was received with astonishment, quite unmingled with pleasure. Margery and the captain were both equally chagrined, and they did not quite conceal the feeling. Peggy had to bear up bravely to hide the bitter disappointment swelling her own heart. She could ask for no sympathy in such a sorrow as this; that she had found her father, and in finding him had lost out of her life the very idea of fatherhood: who could understand or comfort her in this?

A few days ago the event might have deranged the plans both of Margery and of Horace Oglvie. Now it could scarcely matter. For poor Sir Alexander the end seemed near at hand, and in that event Margery became sole arbitress of the family fortunes, Louis Oglvie was of no account at all, and would hardly

wish to interfere between his daughter and her. Indeed, Margery confided to the captain that she would not be long in getting rid of him. She had always found him more tolerable than his father. She had known him in his early youth, in the bloom of his boyish beauty, and considering what his life had been, she wondered that he was not worse. The negation of goodness in his character would not strike her at all, as it struck his daughter, as something almost more deadly than positive badness.

Therefore Margery proposed that she herself should drive over and see him, as soon as it was possible for her to do so. With this message, which was carried by Peggy herself on the morrow, he was obliged to content himself. And it seemed now as if all his desires centred in seeing Margery, while she was detained, day after day, by her brother's side.

And while Sir Alexander lingered on the brink of death, and Peggy was going to and fro between the houses, Horace Oglivie was suddenly called away. He had got the money from Mr. Haldane, and leaving his cause safe in Margery's hands, he was by no means averse to going, in order to recreate himself a little. His attitude towards Peggy during those days had been tender and deprecating, like that of a still undeclared lover, and she was powerless to do aught but accept the silent homage. He gave her no opportunity of rejecting it or him; and yet she felt that every hour which passed over her, while that attitude was maintained, narrowed her chance of escape. She had indeed come to feel that there was but one way of escape open to her, and that lay with her father. She had not given up the hope that he might take her away with him still.

Then Horace departed, saying, "Farewell for the present," in Margery's presence, and not attempting to see Peggy alone. He simply promised to write, and to write to her, as if she was the one to whom he owed allegiance, and who would expect such consideration. And he promised to return speedily—to return immediately, if wanted, and the latter part of this promise had reference to the end which seemed so near, and which had solemnised and toned down their present parting.

But the end was not to be death, after all; at least, not soon. The weakling had bent in the blast, but the blast had gone over him, and left him still rooted in the earth. In a day or two the fever left him. The doctor had pronounced the verdict, that if he could live through that, he could live through anything: and he had lived.

Then Margery had felt herself, to a certain extent, released, and, true to her word, she hastened at once to Louis Oglivie. She refused Peggy's company on the occasion, stating with her accustomed plainness that she would much rather go alone; so that on that day Peggy did not see her father. What transpired between Margery and him, the former did not say, and Peggy was glad to know simply that the interview had been a friendly one.

The next day she went early to Delaube, where the precautions against entrance had, for some reason

or other, relaxed. Tammas was afield, and she found Jean, not bustling about as usual, but sitting, weary and depressed, by the kitchen hearth, where no preparations for Mr. Louis's late breakfast were being made.

"He's not up yet, I suppose?" said Peggy.

"Up!" repeated the old woman. But she quickly dropped her usual testy tone, and fell into a low complaining key. "He can rise when he likes. He's been up hours ago, and awa' wi' the early coach."

"To Bleaktown? He'll be back in the evening then," said his daughter.

"Na, na," said Jean, sadly; "he'll no be back again. He's gane for good an' aye" (for ever).

"Without saying good-bye," said Peggy, with a sinking heart, yet speaking quietly, as she had already learned to speak of him to Jean. "Did he leave no message?"

"He said he was sorry not to see you again, but I tell'd him I didna believe him. He had no call to hurry away like that. I've seen the last o' Louis Oglivie," said the old woman, thinking more of herself, and her own grievance against him, than of his sorrowful child. "Wha' could ha' thoct the bonnie boy I nursed on my knee, wi' his golden hair and saft kisses, would turn to that grey, cauld-hearted man!"

"Jean! Jean!" said Peggy, trying to hide her grief. "Had her coming anything to do with his going away?" she added, alluding to Margery's visit.

"She may have helped him wi' siller," answered Jean—"the weary siller!"

Peggy could bear up no longer. She moved toward the door. She would go up to her own old room, with the burden of her care and grief.

"Ye'll maybe miss some things," said Jean, stopping her, and speaking in another tone. "He's ta'en a' that he could tak' awa' wi' him. I fancy he would ha' left little but the bare wa's, but that he couldna help himsel'. He couldna carry a coo (cow) a' the way to France wi' him, nor yet a meal ginel."

Louis Oglivie had packed up all the valuables that remained in the house, even to the old silver candlesticks, and had taken them with him, thereby exciting Jean's utmost wrath and grief.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SANDIE'S SOFA.

ALL this time Peggy had been forced to neglect her old friends. She had only once visited the Grants since Sandie had been laid up with his accident, and then her visit had been short and unsatisfactory. The extent of her old playfellow's suffering had not been made known to her, and she had also been deceived into the idea that it was only a slight matter, by the cheerfulness which was maintained in his presence by all the family, especially by Archie.

The truth was that he had suffered severely, but it was still hoped that nothing worse would come of it than a term of suffering; and he was very patient.

and seemingly very cheerful, in the midst of his protracted pain. His father would have it that he enjoyed suffering, because it saved him the more troublesome necessity of doing; and there was a grain of truth at the bottom of the affectionate fiction: in his present state of existence, Sandie had simply to be. But the poor young fellow had enjoyed the use of those lithe limbs of his; they had been, indeed, the most active part of him, and there were times when his heart was very heavy, with the foreboding that he might never be able to use them so actively again: for the injury was even more serious than had been at first supposed, and so diseased had the injured limb become, that the doctor had whispered the dreadful word "amputation." This, however, Dr. and Mrs. Grant had kept to themselves, that, in the meantime, their son might have all the support which youthful hope can give, and that Archie might be the better able to cheer his brother.

Then it mended a little, and the doctor, fearing for his general health, had ordered a temporary crutch, that he might move from room to room, and, if possible, get into the garden on sunny days. So the crutch had been procured, and a grand commotion it made in "the boys'" room while it was being tried—Archie hopping about on one leg, to prove its sufficiency, and Sandie seriously practising, and seriously failing.

"Lean on me, old fellow," said the former, when the latter was almost ready to give it up in despair; and, leaning with one hand on his brother's shoulder, and using the crutch with the other, Sandie at last made his appearance in his mother's drawing-room.

After that, the sofa was set in the sunniest window, and he came down thus every day, and lay there when he was tired of moving about, which was very speedily—a visit to his father's study, and a turn or two in the garden, sufficing to weary him of his new and difficult mode of locomotion. And Sandy's sofa soon became the family centre. Round it they all gathered, at all times of family meeting—at meal-times, and at prayers, and for readings and discussions. By it the doctor paced up and down in meditation, and Mrs. Grant sat and worked, and Archie lounged and chattered. In it, stuffed into all the corners, were to be found the newest books and papers, and the last copy of *Blackwood* or the *Edinburgh Review*. And David Haldane was often to be found there now; Archie had not rested till his new friend was his brother's also. With him he would ever share the best he had.

It was generally on Saturday afternoons, or on Sunday evenings, that David Haldane managed to come and spend an hour or two by Sandie's sofa, thus showing that he had already become a privileged friend, whom the parents gladly welcomed, for the sake of their sick son.

One evening Mr. Haldane had Sandie all to himself; the others had gone to a meeting in the school-house. They would hardly have left him, if they could have imagined the depths of despondency into which

he was now apt to fall. Yet, if at any moment they had returned upon him, he would have made an attempt at cheerfulness, and readily have succeeded, not only in imposing on them, but in restoring himself. But the black gulf was in his soul, however he might turn his back upon it, and avoid gazing down into the darkness which drew and fascinated him.

But with David Haldane he was less on his guard, less solicitous to hide his trouble, and he had not been long with him before, in the desire to unburden his heart, he had opened up the subject of his doubts and difficulties.

He was as usual surrounded with books of the lighter sort, for it was an understood thing in the house that all sorts of indulgences were to be granted to him; therefore, even on Sunday, his books were not banished, as they might otherwise have been, even by a man so little strict in such matters as Dr. Grant; but Sandie had not been taking advantage of his indulgences. From behind the sofa pillow he pulled out an old volume, which had the venerable appearance of a lengthy theological treatise. Despite its age, it seemed to have been very little used. It was evidently not of the light order of literature. It was, in fact, "The Confession of Faith."

"I have been reading this," he said. "Have you ever seen it?"

It may seem strange that he should ask this, but, indeed, that venerable work is very seldom even seen by those who profess to believe what it contains. David took it, examined, and shook his head over it.

"I should think very few read it through," he replied.

"We are bound to believe it, though," said Sandie.

David demurred to this.

"A minister of the church is, at least, bound to believe it," continued the young man, "and I can't agree with it on a good many points. What ought I to do?" he asked, earnestly.

"I don't think you can swallow all this at once, and I don't think it would do you any good, if you could. If a child could digest a man's food, even that wouldn't make a man of him in a minute. It takes time to grow in the body, and I fancy it does the same in the spirit. I wouldn't advise you to take in all this at once. It would go against my stomach, I know," said David, as he turned over the yellow, closely-printed leaves, and scanned their contents. "I would advise you simply to believe as much as you can."

"Take up one doctrine and reject another? is that what you mean?"

"No; I don't mean that you should reject anything, unless you find it utterly unbelievable, and contradicting something which you do really believe. Simply believe as much as you can, and let the rest alone."

"But it all hangs together, you know—it's all part of a grand scheme, and I can't give up a part of it, without giving it up altogether."

"Giving up this, you mean," said David, touching

the volume; "but that's not giving up faith. I think true faith is very like a tree, Sandie; it all grows from a single root: a man's beliefs all hang together, but not like the propositions here—any man can take them asunder and arrange them differently—more like the branches that have grown out of a seed. True faith will grow into the same kind of tree in you and in me, if we have the root of it in our hearts, but there may not be two branches exactly the same between us. No man can think a thing, any more than do a thing, exactly like another man, except in the mathematics, and we have not been able to get a creed done into theorems."

"But then a minister is bound to teach the doctrines of the 'Confession,'" urged Sandie; "and how can he do that if he does not believe them?"

"That's a different matter," confessed David.

"Yes," said Sandie, vehemently. "You can't undertake to teach what you don't know, and you don't know what you can't believe. Man, a minister must take this" (lifting the book) "word for word, and I can't take it, and so I can't be a minister."

"Wait a bit, Sandie," said his companion. "I don't know all that may be in the book, nor how it may be worded, but you may come to believe a great deal more than is there, if you begin with ever so little. There's no question of your having to enter the ministry for a year or two."

"I would like to be a schoolmaster," said Sandie. "You're always beginning at the beginning there. There's no need for going far into things. I can't help doing that for myself, but I wouldn't like to lead others, and land them where there was nothing to stand on, and maybe no room to turn. And do you know, I think this leg will never be sound again. I'll be a cripple dominie," he went on, smiling with pathetic sweetness—"a lame old bachelor; I'll never marry."

"What puts that in your head?" said David, smiling too at the sad fancies of his companion.

"Why, you see," he answered, "to speak in a parable, if Archie and I couldn't both have a thing, we'd neither of us have it. Many's the coveted treasure mother's had to put away for that very reason; or we'd agree to have it time about, if we couldn't have it both at once. But we can't do that with some things, you know—a wife, for instance," he added, archly.

Soon after, the family returned, and David took his leave. Archie accompanied him part of the way. They were speaking of Sandie. David kept his counsel, but Archie said, "Don't you think he looks better to-night?" and when David assented, he added, "But you should see how dismal he is sometimes, when he thinks nobody notices. I think you do him more good than any of us, and I wish Peggy—that's Miss Oglivie," he explained—"would come; that would cheer him best of all."

"But I thought it was you who had lost your heart in that quarter," said David, trying to speak in an unconcerned tone.

"So I had," he said, bravely, "but I wouldn't have her when Sandie had set his heart on her; and it doesn't matter," he added, "for she's for none o' us, I fancy."

"You're a pair of as fine creatures as ever God made," said David Haldane to himself. But for all that, he thought that his friend Archie might possibly change his mind if he had the chance. Then he considered that it would be well to tell him, and through him, Sandie, what he knew of Peggy's engagement. It was soon told, and, with little more said on either side, they separated for the night. Archie forgot that it was Sunday, and went back whistling to himself the tune of an old ditty of luckless love.

(To be continued.)

CHARLIE'S HOLIDAY.

THE busy streets of the manufacturing town of Stockley were flooded with golden sunshine, except where the tall mill-chimneys threw long shadows on the ground. An eager multitude of men and women, boys and girls, were pouring out of one of the largest of these mills, glad to breathe once more the free air of heaven, and escape from the hot, stifling dust inseparable from their employment among the filmy cotton-down and the perpetually-moving machinery.

"Oh, I wish we could have a holiday, and go out for the whole day somewhere," said a boy about fifteen, as he stepped into the glad sunshine.

"I mean to have one somehow," said another about the same age.

"How will you manage it, Tom?" asked the first

speaker, "you see we can't afford to lose a day now, after being out of work so long."

"No, but we might get the master to grant us a day, I should think," replied Tom; "at all events, I've made up my mind to try it on, if a few others will join me. I shall ask the foreman of our room to let us youngsters off for a day."

"You won't get it, Tom, I know," said a third, who joined them at this moment, "I was down in the counting-house this afternoon and heard the governor give orders for all the machinery to be looked over, that nothing might have to be done during work hours, because a press of work had come in, and nothing must hinder the hands."

"Bother!" ejaculated Tom. "I dare say you was glad enough to hear it, for you saintly fellows like to make life as miserable as you can; but I'll

get a holiday somehow," he added, in a determined tone.

"How?" asked his companion.

"I don't know yet, Jim; but I'll manage it, and serve that sneaking Charlie Scott out, too."

"Charlie Scott didn't bring the press of work, if he heard of it," returned Jim.

"No, but I owe him a grudge, and I'll serve him out. I hate his quiet, saintly ways;" and he cast a malignant glance at the retreating figure of Charlie, who had hastened on.

Tom was true to his word, and asked for the holiday, but, as Charlie predicted, was refused. The three boys worked close together in the same department of the mill, and if one needed a holiday—a breath of pure fresh air from clover or corn-fields—more than another, it was Charlie Scott. His companions usually spent the Sunday afternoon and evening in strolling out into the country, or going a trip to some distant tea-gardens; while Charlie was teaching in the close, hot ragged-school.

Tom chose to fancy that Charlie was glad he had been refused—although he assured him he was not—and vowed to his chosen companion, Jim, to be even with him before long.

A few days afterwards, as they were leaving the mill, Charlie ran up to the two.

"Have you seen anything of my clasp-knife?" he said, addressing them and one or two others at the same time. "I dropped it out of my pocket this afternoon, but couldn't stop to pick it up then, and now I can't find it."

"No," answered both the boys; and Charlie returned to look round once more, while the others pressed on out to the gates. As soon as these were passed, and they were unobserved, Tom drew Jim aside, and putting his hand to his pocket, drew out a strong, clumsy-looking knife.

"Why, that's Charlie's!" exclaimed Jim.

"Is it now?" said Tom, derisively.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Jim.

"Get a holiday, and serve the young saint out too," replied Tom.

"Oh, Tom, don't—don't do anything——"

"Don't be a chicken-hearted ninny," interrupted Tom, with a mocking laugh. "I tell you what, Jim, I mean to have a holiday, and you must help me."

"How? what must I do?" said Jim, turning pale, for he was afraid of Tom, and would not have been such a bad boy but for Tom's influence over him.

"Well, you must bring a good, stout knife with you to the mill to-morrow. I shan't trust you with any more just now."

The next morning Tom's first question was about the knife, and when he found Jim had not brought it, he threatened to serve him out too, if it was not brought after dinner. Under fear of this threat, Jim took it in the afternoon.

"Now we can do it," said Tom, triumphantly.

Again the weary workers filed out into the glad, golden sunshine, all but Tom and Jim; and, unseen by the foreman or any of the workpeople, they

lingered a few minutes behind. The mischief was quickly done, and before the last stragglers had passed the mill-gates, Tom and Jim were out too.

"Oh, won't it be fun to-morrow morning!"

"But if we should get found out," said Jim.

"But we shan't, you ninny; I've made all sure about that, as luck would have it."

"Why, what have you done?"

"Well, for one thing, I've told all the hands that Charlie found his knife yesterday; and, as though the young donkey was determined to get the blame, he began talking about a holiday—how much he wanted one this afternoon. I drew him on to say more, and that will all come out against him by-and-by. Oh, never fear, we've done it too clever to be found out." And thrusting his hands into his pockets, he broke into a merry whistle.

But if Tom could be merry, Jim could not. How he dreaded going back the next morning, when the discovery would be made! He would gladly have stayed at home, could he have made any excuse for doing so, but his father, he knew, would not admit any, and so he was obliged to go.

The moment he had lain and thought of, and pictured, and dreaded, came at last.

"What is that?" exclaimed the foreman, as the whirling wheels suddenly came to a standstill—"a strap broken?" stepping to where the nearest one hung.

"Yes, sir, and here's another, and another," cried several of the workers, who, recovering from their astonishment, soon found their tongues.

The foreman looked in blank surprise to where the heavy straps hung loosely from wheel and beam. "This is very strange," he said. "This has been cut," he added, taking the ends of the one nearest to him. He went on to the others and examined them. "This wilful damage must be inquired into," he said. "All keep your places, while I send for Mr. Sharpe."

Mr. Sharpe, the manager, soon entered, and after examining the straps, and ordering them to be instantly repaired, that no time might be lost, proceeded to make inquiries as to who left the room last on the previous evening. No one had seen the two boys linger behind, and therefore every one answered that they went out with the rest when the bell rung; and thus they escaped detection.

But before the questioning on this point was quite over, the foreman produced a knife, which had been picked up near the damaged machinery.

"Whose is this?" asked Mr. Sharpe, quickly, addressing the group of boys who stood near.

"Charlie Scott's," answered half-a-dozen voices.

"Send him to me instantly," said the manager; and the next minute Charlie stood before him, wondering not a little to see his lost knife in the manager's hand.

"This is yours, I hear," said Mr. Sharpe, sternly, holding up the knife.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I lost it two or three days ago."

"But you found it again, I hear," said the foreman; and without heeding Charlie's denial of this, he turned and addressed Mr. Sharpe. "I think I can unravel the mystery of the cut straps through that knife," he said; "the hands have been wanting a holiday, but I told them it was impossible, and thought the subject was at an end, until yesterday Scott brought it up again. Now, I can understand that he had made up his mind to have one, and so cut the straps to cause a stoppage, when he thought the hands would have to be turned out while the repairs were done."

"But the hands shall not turn out," said Mr. Sharpe; "hurry them on with the repairs, and note the time it takes, and let it be made up after work-hours."

The consternation of the workpeople when they heard this, may be better imagined than described; but poor Charlie trembled with terror and astonishment at the charge brought against him, more especially, when Mr. Sharpe, turning to him, said, angrily, "Follow me to my room; I must inquire further into this."

What passed in the manager's room did not transpire for some hours; but Charlie did not return to his work, and Jim grew uneasy lest he should have been discharged for the mischief he had helped to perpetrate. Tom congratulated himself and Jim, too, upon their lucky escape; but Jim could not get over the terror he had passed through while the others were being questioned, and the sight of Charlie's white, frightened face, as he left the room, was continually before him, and he hoped—how earnestly no one knew—that Mr. Sharpe would let Charlie off.

But this hope was doomed to disappointment. In a short time the news had spread that Charlie Scott had been sent to prison, for the wilful damage done to the machinery. The master would not have been so hard, people said, but the boy was obstinate, and would not confess how he did it, even though it was promised that he should not be punished if he did so. Jim heard what was said, and his misery was increased tenfold. Tom heard it too, and for a moment his heart seemed touched, he did not think the punishment would have been so severe. He had been wishing all day that he had not done the mischief, seeing that it had only brought more work upon them, and now he began to regret it for Charlie's sake likewise.

"Oh, Tom, what shall we do!" said Jim, as soon as they were alone together, "I never was so miserable in my life before."

"Oh, I dare say not," said Tom, shortly; "I suppose you'd like us to go and tell Mr. Sharpe that we did that little bit of business last night."

"I've been thinking we ought," said Jim, timidly.

"Ought we! you'd better not let me catch you at it, though," replied Tom, getting into a passion; and, seeing Jim was not likely to be of any use in cheering his own dull spirits, Tom walked on and left him.

All that night Jim lay awake—actually afraid to close his eyes, for whenever he did so Charlie's pale, terror-stricken face rose up before him, looking so beseechingly at him, just as Charlie had really looked once or twice when asking him to go to school or church, instead of joining Tom in some Sunday excursion. How he wished he had taken Charlie for his friend now, and followed his advice. He should never be happy again he thought; but the dark, dreary prison and Charlie's sad, beseeching eyes would always be before him.

The result of these thoughts ended in his getting up very early—before he could possibly see Tom, of whom he felt very much afraid—and going to Mr. Sharpe's house. The manager was not up, but when told it was about the damage done to the machinery, he did not keep him waiting long.

"Well, my boy," he said, "what do you know of this?"

Jim hung his head, but in a trembling voice said, "Please, sir, I did it," and then burst into tears.

Mr. Sharpe was greatly astonished, and put many questions to him, which Jim did not find very easy to answer, as he had made up his mind not to betray Tom. From his answers Mr. Sharpe found this out at length, and resolved to push his inquiries further in the course of the day. He then inquired into the character of Charlie, and when he heard what sort of boy he was, felt very sorry that he had been so unjustly punished, and hurried off at once to obtain his release.

As he walked towards home, Jim wondered what his own punishment would be; but although he dreaded dismissal and disgrace very much, he felt that that would be light in comparison with the misery he had suffered all night.

That morning, when they were all at work, Mr. Sharpe appeared once more. Charlie was with him, looking pale, but very happy now. Jim was the first called from his place.

"I need not tell you, my boy, that you deserve to be severely punished for what you did the other night," he said; "but your friend here," glancing at Charlie, "has begged me to forgive both you and your companion, Tom Hatch."

Tom, who was close by, could scarcely comprehend the scene, but he knew that he was found out, and looked towards Jim.

"Your accomplice did not betray you," said Mr. Sharpe, calling him from his work; "but I am afraid, from all I hear, you have done him a great deal of harm by your bad example. You richly deserve to be sent to prison; but I have promised Scott that I will not; you are, however, discharged from our employ, so that you are likely to have a long holiday now. Jim, in consideration of his having confessed, may return to his work, and Charlie I shall send into the country for a week at my own expense; and now remember, all of you, that nothing is ever gained by falsehood and wrong, but misery and disgrace."

EMMA LESLIE.

THE OVER

Saturday, January 18, 1868.



(Drawn by L. C. HENLEY.)

"Here is my receipt in another form."—p. 276.

JOHN LYNCH'S DEBT.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

I.

THE summer day had died in tranquil beauty, like the close of a Christian life, and the sweet lingering twilight was closing in, with its dew-laden air and sky of soft pearly tints, with gleaming ripples of crimson and gold, giving promise of a bright to-morrow. Very deep and solemn was the hush that pervaded the great

cemetery as evening drew on, changing the sky tints to tender, melancholy grey, and casting longer shadows on the outstretched field of graves, here and there giving deeper gloom to dark masses of verdure, and throwing out in stronger relief the white gleams of marble. There, on the plebeian side, where head-stones were few, and only the rise of the green turf mapped out the numerous graves, a young man stood, beside one of those undistinguished mounds, gazing down with bent head and folded arms. The deep band round his hat denoted mourning for some near relative, as also did his well-brushed suit of black. It was in a careful state of preservation, but there was about it, a painful air of threadbare respectability, that told its own story. Yet, in spite of these signs, though his purse was but slenderly furnished, and he would go home to a poor lodging and frugal fare, John Lynch, the merchant's clerk, could truly have written Gentleman against his name, for he was one of nature's own—honourable, large-souled, and full of gallant, high-bred chivalry as any of the belted knights of old.

He stood there until the few stragglers who made the cemetery a pleasant evening walk had passed out, and he was nearly left alone. He did not rouse himself until it was time for closing the gates; then he stooped down, and, softly as one might bind a coronet on a beloved brow, placed a little bunch of roses on one of the lowly mounds; at the same time, plucking a few blades of the waving grass, and placing them carefully between the leaves of his pocket-book, murmured, as he glanced at the sweet flowers and inhaled their fragrance—

"I cannot lay marble over him, so I bring him these; and for myself, I would not wish a fairer monument, nor sweeter epitaph. Poor old man! I know he loved the country, and craved a resting-place under the willows in the churchyard of his native village, so my roses will be a fit offering; and this," he added, touching the grass in his pocket-book, "is to keep my purpose fresh and green—not that it has faltered yet."

Thus communing with himself, he turned away, and pausing once to cast a lingering, backward look at the grave, went swiftly down the shaded walk, then passed from the solemn hush, and the presence of those silent sleepers, into the noisy life of the crowded streets.

II.

AN hour later, John Lynch was in his home, where no loved face or kindly voice awaited him. It was a third-floor back room, furnished in the dingiest and shabbiest lodging-house style. There, after office-hours, he lived alone his life of patient, unsuspected struggle, with the whole "current of his being" set to the fulfilment of

one purpose, which partook of his native nobility—a purpose about which he was strangely secretive. There was only one being in the world whom he took into his confidence, pretty Alice Leigh, his promised wife; but even she did not know all the little secrets of his inner life, the daily sacrifices and stern self-conquest—all the voluntary privations to which he submitted with such proud stoicism. If gentle Alice had known that, it would have taken all the relish from the rich viands on which she fed at her master's table.

It was the first anniversary of his father's death—just twelve months since he had stood, a solitary mourner, at the grave, to which he had that day made a pilgrimage. Old John Lynch had died a bankrupt, broken both in spirit and fortunes. Beside his heavy losses in business, there had been a constant drain upon him in the reckless extravagance of a favourite son, to whom he had largely advanced money. The young man had drawn upon his father's purse until it could yield no further supplies. Since then, he had gone out to Australia, and nothing had been heard of him. That ungrateful desertion was the final blow which crushed down the old man. He had always been so fond of careless, handsome Ned, preferring him to his steady, reserved elder brother, whose sterling qualities shone out like tried gold in the time of adverse fortune. John, the seemingly cold and undemonstrative, whose retiring virtues had never been fully known or appreciated, and who had never given his father an hour's trouble or concern since his boyhood, it was to him that the old man was glad to turn for comfort and support, when all else had failed. The strictest honour in pecuniary transactions had been, through life, one of his marked traits, coupled with a sensitive pride of independence, that the slightest touch could wound. He was almost morbid on that subject, and carried the same spirit to his grave. Through all his sickness, when earthly things were fading from him, the burden of his debts pressed heavily—it was the theme of almost the last conversation which he held with his son.

"I can't help it, lad; I always tried to pay to the uttermost farthing. It is my debt to Daniel Road that troubles me, the man who came forward when he knew that I was going down. He has made up his mind to lose the money, but——"

"He shall not, father," interrupted the young man, with a tender break in his voice; "I bear your name, and the debt shall be renewed in me. From this day I take it on myself, and, if God gives me health and strength, it shall be paid in full."

An eager gleam shot from the fading eyes.

"My boy, dost thou promise this?"

"I do, father; rest satisfied, and let the shadow pass—it belongs to this world, and should not trouble you now. There are other debts to think of than these of earth."

"God bless thee, John! thou wast a good lad always; but my chief care was given to Ned. God will reward thee better than anything I could do; forgive—forgive me, and take my blessing for thyself and Alice."

John Lynch the younger was much moved, but he said nothing, only passed round to the other side of the bed with the Bible in his hand, and opened it to read. So closed the last compact between father and son.

III.

"ARE you at leisure, Alice? I want to have some serious talk this evening."

"Serious talk, John?" the fair girl repeated, with a wistfully interrogative glance at the grave, dark face which she had learned to read so well.

"Yes," was his brief answer, spoken very low and hurriedly, as if he could not trust himself to say more.

The girl's wistful look changed to an expression of anxiety as she said—

"Miss Sarah goes to bed early to-night. I shall only have to take up her glass of negus and read prayers, then my time will be my own; but if I ask leave she will let Thompson take my place. She is so considerate and kind. Stay here, and I will go to her."

John Lynch had not waited more than a few minutes, when Alice flitted back to his side, ready dressed for a walk. He looked tenderly down at the slight figure, and the fair, pure face which found such an appropriate frame in the dainty straw bonnet, tied under her dimpled chin with its simple white ribbon. She looked such a sweet, lovable thing with the pretty childish droop in her shy, brown eyes, and the half-conscious blush tinting her cheek, as though she felt all the yearning love that was finding expression in his earnest gaze. He could have gathered her to his heart in one passionate embrace, and kissed every bright ripple of the sunny hair that fell over her white brow. But he did neither, only drew her arm silently within his, and asked briefly—

"Where shall we walk?"

"Under the trees round the square, or anywhere that suits you, John."

So they passed together through the wide entrance-hall, where their footsteps fell so noiselessly, and it seemed quite natural to drop their voices, for even the sunlight seemed to come there subdued, as if to suit the air of grave quiet which pervaded that region of solemn respectability.

A few minutes more, and the two quiet figures

were pacing round the square, which at that hour was nearly deserted. It looked so refreshingly green, that still retreat in the heart of the great "house forest" of London, with the waning sunlight filtering through the branches of the trees and weaving golden network on the pavement at their feet. But John Lynch walked on with blind eyes, talking earnestly with one tiny hand gathered in his clasp, and held as though he meant to keep it there for ever. Few could have guessed that he was nerving himself for a sacrifice. To give up, by his own voluntary act, the only bit of sunshine that had ever brightened his grey, colourless life. He had that day paid over the first instalment of the debt to his father's friend and creditor, Daniel Read; a little hoard, of which every coin was a silent register of heroic self-denial.

"I did not expect to hear this from you, John Lynch, that you could bear to give me up, and divide our lives in the years to come."

It was Alice who spoke with a tremor in her gentle voice, and a grieved, childish quiver about her lips. They had come to a sudden halt under the trees, and the young girl was leaning against the railing for support. They had not noticed the movements of an elderly gentleman within the enclosure, pacing slowly up and down the walks, and keeping those two in sight, in a manner which might have excited suspicion that he was watching them. He stopped when they stopped, and stood with his back towards them, and his head bent forward as if absorbed in the contemplation of the flower-borders, yet still near enough to hear scraps of their talk, if it had pleased him to listen. But, with the natural egotism of their species, the lovers observed nothing but each other.

"Divide our lives, Alice! is it possible that you can mistake my meaning?"

John Lynch spoke with a ring of anguish in his voice; he was deeply moved, and showed it more than was his wont. The strong man's heart was wrung and quivering in its finest fibres.

"No, I will not believe that you can doubt me; you, whom I love more than I can tell; for I am not a great talker, as you know." He went on, speaking rapidly, and crushing back with a strong effort the feeling that would have choked his words, if he had let it have its way.

"Alice, I have told you all; you know my promise to the dead, and the purpose to which my life must be given, until John Lynch's debt is paid. You know, also, that I am a poor man, and the money must be coined out of my own labour. Work—save—as I will, it may take months, perhaps years, before it can be done. Knowing this, can I with honour take you from your present home of luxury, and bind your lot to mine, with all its hard chances, uncertainties, and struggles?"

little girl, whom I would shield, even at the cost of my life!" Here his voice broke into sudden tenderness.

"Can you not see that it is my love which makes me shrink from making you a sacrifice? You were not born to walk in rough places; will it not be better for your happiness to release you from vows that I have no right to claim now?"

"Hush, John! you have a right that cannot be taken from you." She was looking up to him, with her brown eyes glistening, and her cheeks flushed with bright colour. "You will find that I am not to be shaken off so easily. I will wait for you until I am grey and old; but I will not be released, if you want it ever so much." She laughed to keep back her tears.

"My little Alice, and will you never regret?"

"No, sir! only, if you love me as you say, I shall expect to be always trusted and believed in."

How finely the true gold of the loving woman's heart came out from the test of circumstances! If it had not been for the sake of appearances, and the recollection that they were in a public square, the young man would have caught her to his heart; as he could not do that, he contented himself with a pressure of her hand that was, perhaps, more eloquent than words. Then they walked back to the stately home where she lived, and when the great hall door had closed on the slight figure, he went on his way like one who has taken a new lease of life and hope.

IV.

Not more than ten minutes after John Lynch had disappeared, an elderly gentleman walked leisurely up the steps of the house into which Alice had just passed, and let himself quietly in with his latch-key, somewhat to the surprise of the staid old butler, who had an impression that his master was dining out and would not return till late.

"Draw the blinds in the library, Thompson, and light my reading-lamp, and mark—I am not to be disturbed for the next hour unless I ring."

He passed on, sure of prompt obedience from the well-trained servant. A few minutes later, the master of the mansion was pacing the floor of the library with his hands behind him; a favourite attitude of his, in moments of profound mental abstraction.

"Truly, this is a pretty discovery for one evening: young John Lynch and my sister's companion engaged to each other. And then about this debt, which I had long since crossed from my mind. Well, it is something unique and out of the common run of business. But to think that it might have been going on, and I should never have got to the kernel of the nut, if I had not chanced to play eavesdropper. A couple of young simpletons! wait till they are grey and old!

we shall see; but caution, for I doubt not that young fellow has all the pride of the Lynches embodied in himself. Daniel Read, if you are a man of money, it is to be hoped that you have a conscience."

Time passed, bringing no visible change. The banker, Daniel Read, kept to himself his discovery concerning the lovers, and no apparent result followed his soliloquy in the library. Alice lived her own quiet life in the orderly old house, every day making herself more necessary to her invalid mistress; and John Lynch worked steadily on to the fulfilment of his purpose. His heart grew lighter in anticipation, when he found himself prepared to meet the second payment of his debt.

It wanted only a few days to the time he had fixed, when he was startled by the receipt of an anonymous letter, addressed to him in an unknown hand, and enclosing bank-notes that more than covered the amount due to Daniel Read. There was no writing, only a slip of paper on which had been hastily scribbled in pencil: "From one who holds himself indebted to John Lynch."

This unexpected stroke of good fortune was like the sudden uplifting of a burden from his shoulders. The sequel may be guessed. Not many hours later, the young man was standing in Daniel Read's private office, awaiting his receipt for the debt paid in full, not to the cashier, but to the banker himself, a tall, old man with a grave, lined face and clear, candid, grey eyes, that looked as if they could detect deception under any mask. He wrote out the receipt, but kept his hand upon it, and said, looking attentively at the young man—

"So you are John Lynch, and this is the end of the debt which you took upon yourself to pay for your father; and with this bit of business paper I suppose our connection is to end. You expect nothing but a receipt for your money?"

John Lynch was so thoroughly mystified about his meaning, that he only looked at him in blank perplexity, and said nothing. He was still more bewildered when the banker abruptly disappeared into an inner room, and, after a few seconds, came out, leading Alice.

"Here is my receipt in another form," he said, holding out the timid little hand. "Knowing your regard for each other—no matter how I came by the knowledge—I prepared this surprise for you both. Alice Leigh being an orphan, I claim to be her guardian, and give her to you, with a dowry of one thousand pounds, payable on her wedding-day. My only reproach is, that I shall be doing my poor sister an ill turn in robbing her of Alice."

"Oh, sir!" broke out John, in a choked voice, "that anonymous letter—those bank-notes—I see it all now."

"No matter what you see, young man; don't try to betray me into making confessions. I shall say nothing, only that I am indebted to John Lynch, father and son, for showing me that there is so much high honour and principle among men."

The rest is soon told. Alice Leigh and John Lynch were married, the good old banker giving away the bride, and his sister, Miss Sarah, pro-

viding the wedding-breakfast, though she did find it hard to reconcile herself to the loss of her favourite.

In due time John Lynch was installed in the bank in a situation of high trust; and thus the young couple were beginning the world with very fair prospects for the years to come. It was the just recognition and reward which should always be the crown of noble, useful lives.

AERIAL ARCHITECTURE.



HERE are very few people who have not, to a greater or less extent, built "castles in the air." The occupation is not an unnatural one. Human nature is but a "weak vessel" at the best of times, and this aerial kind of architecture is one of its weaknesses. No doubt, day-dreams are very pleasant things; and the only objection that can be taken to them is, that men should be *doing*, not *dreaming*. The time allotted to the longest-lived man is too short to be wasted in the speculative frivolities of dreamland. We have to be "up and doing;" not basking indolently in the sunshine, and feasting our imaginative faculties on what "might be."

There are two thoughts suggested at the outset of the subject, one a condemnatory, and the other an apologetic one. We condemn the impertinence of speculating upon the mysteries of the future, and mentally dictating to the Almighty how the course of our lives should be shapen. It amounts to this, although the votaries of day-dreams do not perhaps intend it as such: it is an insult to Providence to waste the present in idle pictures of the future. "Trust no future, howe'er, pleasant," says the American poet, and surely if any one has a prerogative to dreaming it is a poet. In his mind "imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen," and the whole wondrous dreamland of fancy unfolds her captivating, but fictitious treasures, and lays them at his feet. But the poet, ignoring his own weakness, preaches a homily in that brief sentence—"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant." It won't do to draw upon the future by building castles in the air; and yet (and this the apologetic thought) the sentiment or feeling, or whatever you like to call it, is closely allied to hope. Hope is the great mainspring of human happiness. Life without hope would be a miserable existence, purposeless and joyless. No one could be content to live long without hope. Say what we may, our thoughts all tend and converge to the future. Where was there ever a lover who did not hope one day to call his sweetheart "wife," and who did not indulge in day-

dreams of domestic bliss? Hope built the castles in the air then, but they were very natural edifices, very proper edifices, and vastly unlike those impossible ones, over which so many young people waste their precious hours.

Where is the line to be drawn then, about this penetration of the future? A man may hope—nay, *must* hope—for happiness in this world, and for a glorious existence in another; but he mustn't picture schemes full of extravagant ideas, and dream over them, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel, and endeavouring to realise some of his wild hopes.

Even this is not so bad as a despondency and despair, caused by the failures of the past. The man who wastes his time in idle regrets upon the past, is tenfold more deserving of censure than he who wastes it upon day-dreams of the future. The past is gone for ever: it cannot be recalled; its thoughts and deeds have gone with it, and no mortal can undo what has once been done. He may cancel by other actions, but he cannot obliterate. The past is never to be washed out. What then is the use of repining over that which cannot be altered? Is it manly thus to waste the time in these vain despairings? Is it just to the world around you, is it just to yourself, is it just to your God? It may be foolish to look ahead too boldly, but it is worse than foolish to look back. Wishing won't bring the time over again. We do not say forget the past—her lessons are too useful. It is by experience that we learn. A modern poet has put the thought into much better form than we can do, and our readers shall learn this little homely truth in pleasant verse:—

"Arise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to bind you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom-arms away;
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day!"

But that "nobler strife" does not mean building castles in the air. We have very little belief

in those "airy nothings." There are some instances on record of day-dreamers realising the object of their dreams. Warren Hastings, when, a little boy, pictured in the far future the re-possession by his family of the Daylesford estates. His dream was accomplished; and here there is another little lesson to be learnt. It was not only dreaming that brought to Warren Hastings the fruition of his fondest hopes; he worked for it. Through years of toilsome labour and fatigue, through ignominy and disgrace, through opposition and hostility, through evil report and through good report, he aimed at the one object—to rest his dying limbs in the ancestral halls of Daylesford. Too many of the young people of the present day ignore the practical part of these examples. They conjure up panoramas of an improbable future—fancy themselves the lords of "useless thousands" shoot up with the celerity of mushrooms from nobodies to magnates in the land—dispense imaginary gold, with an equally imaginary generosity—dream, dream, dream—ay, and always dream, but never *do*. What a life of lethargy this castle-building is, to be sure! If, instead of erecting these palatial atmospheric residences, they were to plod a little more, give a few more hours to work or study, drop the dreaming and take to the doing, there might be a chance of their success in the world, although not perhaps to the extent they are so fond of picturing to themselves.

We know a young man who spends the greater portion of his time in thinking what a model peer of the realm he would make. In a single day he goes through as much pomp and ceremony as most noblemen do in twelve months. His imagination is in one perpetual glitter of precious stones. Yet this poor, monomaniacal copying clerk has recently been discharged from a situation, because he is too idle to be of any use. So he tells all who care to listen to him that he is a great thinker!

There is no objection in the world to a young man having a reasonable and proper amount of ambition. By all means improve your position; to stand still in an age like this is to become retrogressive. When so many around are marching on, why should you be motionless? The desire to excel is one of the most laudable of human weaknesses. One likes to hear of a young fellow "getting on" in the world; but it is useless to carve out for yourself a higher walk in life, unless you battle manfully to obtain it. Fame and fortune won't walk up to you, doff their caps, and humbly

request you to accept of their best and choicest gifts. You must win them with spear and spur, like a gallant knight, fighting bravely and manfully against obstacles, never being disheartened, praying always for help to a Higher Power, looking ever onward and upward. Have your ambition, by all means, if it is a godly and virtuous one; but do not sit down and lose your energies in fancying its accomplishment. Imagination in this respect is too often a fatal gift. Hundreds of people have such vivid imaginations that they seem to lose all desire of obtaining the reality. The imitation appears quite as good to them, for they dote on it with a fondness quite marvellous, and never use the slightest endeavours to obtain the fulfilment of their desires. It is the "*Château en Espagne—toujours le château en Espagne.*"

One of the principal causes which has contributed to the growth of this pernicious "castle-building," may be found in the exciting works of fiction which teem from the press. Fiction restrained within proper limits is, undoubtedly, a vast aid in the work of education; but fiction now-a-days very often runs riot. Characters are portrayed in a highly-coloured manner, which rivets the attention of the thoughtless reader; and in following the narrative of their success, his mind becomes inflated with nonsensical notions of his own resemblance to the case. If the tale be of some invincible hunter on the prairie, who, after many daring adventures, wins a peerless beauty, for his bride, and an unaccountable number of diamonds to boot, the castle-builder immediately fancies himself created for deeds of danger. *He* is the hunter, and in the far future he sees himself struggling with Red Indians, scalping them right and left, overcoming fearful odds, winning the peerless beauty, and scattering the diamonds broadcast; and after all, he is only a whipper-snapper little clerk, who would find it a difficult feat to shoulder a rifle. This is but one instance, but fifty might be given illustrating the same principle. There can be no denial of the fact, that fiction is a great help to building castles in the air.

One thought more. When the mind becomes so wrapped up in these prospective visions of temporal happiness, the importance of the eternal life is apt to be diminished. The man who dabbles in aerial architecture has little time to devote to a preparation for another world. Sad thought! With a brotherly earnestness, we would commend an annihilation of the "castle in the air," and the laying of a foundation for a "mansion in the skies."

THE OLD TIMES.

 HE song we dare not sing, for fear
Lest, failing suddenly,
The tones of weeping should replace
The sounds of melody.

The name which, ever in the heart,
Must still unspoken be;
Friends' faces, children's looks and words,
All tell—all tell of thee.

Spring's fair flowers look into my face,
And tell of happy hours,
When hand-in-hand so merrily
We played among the flowers.

Ah, sister! fairer coronals
Entwine thy sainted brow;
Earth's sweetest sounds are discord
To the strains thou hearest now.

The new name of God's faithful ones,
Who bravely overcame,
Has taken place for ever
Of the dear familiar name.

Send one ray from thy glory
To ease my spirit's pain;
For my human heart is yearning
For the old times back again.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—VI.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

 WILL go and see if nothing can be done for you at the Horse Guards, or Chelsea Hospital," said Archie to Mrs. Fenton. "I knew one of the military secretaries well, and will certainly ask him if there is not some pension or allowance for you, as the parents of an officer who died in actual service."

"Ah, sir, that's been tried already for us, as Mr. Welworth here can tell you, for though the secretary, or whoever the good gentleman might be, was kind enough to give me a couple of sovereigns out of his own pocket, when I went up to him with a petition, he told me then that, though they did all they could to pension the poor soldiers themselves, or if our poor James, as being a real soldier-officer, had left a widow, which he couldn't well do, you see, gentlemen, never having been married, that she would have been eligible for a pension; but if they were to undertake to support all the parents and relations of their officers and soldiers, they would find it quite beyond all the means and funds at their disposal; and therefore, as our kind curate remarked when I told him, I suppose their refusal was not altogether unreasonable, though it does seem hard to see my poor old man, who was for so many a year a ratepayer himself, brought down so low as to come upon the parish himself, which though it has pleased God to spare us that trial as yet, is, if he goes on, what we must at last come to." And here the poor woman burst into tears, no longer able to control her feelings.

"But pray excuse my asking what means you have to live upon now," said Archie, gently, with the greatest expression of interest in his manner and voice.

"We have nothing, sir; though—as your friend

here, Mr. Welworth, can tell you—we were in well-to-do circumstances, with a comfortably-furnished house of our own over our heads; but most of it was seized and sold, and what remained has gradually been parted with, to procure us food and lodging."

"But how do you live then? you surely must have some sort of means of procuring daily food, however small, or even paying the rent of this room, moderate as I suppose it is."

Sydney Welworth left his friend alone, thus eagerly making these close inquiries, as he had specially brought him, without being the least aware of the coincidence of the poor Fentons' son having been the captain's own brother-officer, but as a lesson to show him to what a point poverty and human suffering may really come.

"How can you live?" repeated Archie, earnestly.

"I am sure I hardly know how to tell you, sir, for I scarcely know myself," said the poor woman, sobbing violently, with her ragged apron thrown over her face.

"That is ungrateful of you, my dearest Sarah," said the old man, from his bed, in a clear calm voice, which surprised and startled them. "I will tell you, sir, how we live, and who I know will continue to keep us, unto the day of death, as He has been pleased in his mercy to do up to this time. God Almighty himself, sir, keeps us. In all our distress we have never failed to pray and trust implicitly to him; and he has never failed us yet, and I don't believe or really think he will."

The poor old man's hands were clasped, and his eyes turned up to heaven, as he thus spoke with an evidently firm and devotional faith in the goodness of his Maker.

"Many a time we have almost thought that our

last farthing and last friend was gone; but we have prayed and trusted in Him, and He has always taken care of us. Sometimes help has come from some most unexpected chance, as many would I know call it; but I know better. It is not *chance*, and so I always feel when I pray to Him. He puts it into some kind friend's heart to come and see us, or to tell somebody else about us. Do you not think it must have been specially meant, sir, that you, who knew my poor son so many thousands of miles away, should come to call in to bring me comfort, just as I was only thinking of him this very day despondingly, and I am afraid ungratefully? And so God brings to us one kind friend and another; when one goes another always comes up, and so we get on somehow, from one week to another; and so I firmly believe and trust he will continue to help and watch over us until the end, which I humbly trust cannot now be very far off; and if he shall be only pleased to spare me from the degradation of being taken to die in the workhouse, I could lie back and close my eyes in real contentment and resignation. Though even in that case," added the pious old man, after a pause, "I sometimes feel that it may be only a pride and presumption on my part, to have the dread and horror against that place which I have; and should it please God to punish and purge me of that sin, by willing that it should be so, I trust that I may even then be thankful, and submit myself to his Almighty will, who knows what is better for us than we can ever pretend to do ourselves."

Archie Scott, though he may perhaps have had some sort of idea that such sentiments of firm trust and resignation were occasionally to be heard from clergymen in the pulpit, or read of in what in the days of his childhood he used to call Sunday books, seemed amazed at poor old Fenton, as he thus delivered himself; for, as a man of the world, he was too good a judge not to see at once that the feelings thus expressed were really genuine, and spoken from the heart, with no false object or hypocritical cant about them; but that he, the fashionable, useless dandy, Captain Scott, could ever be even supposed to have been specially sent by Providence, in answer to the prayers, or for the comfort, of a poor dying old man, was quite a new idea to him.

He could not help in his conscience and inward self drawing comparisons between that old Christian's trustful resignation, in the depths of his miserable poverty, with his own late bitter complaints and fancied troubles; and, though he did not at first express as much to his friend, yet, from the little he did say, Sydney could see that he had been deeply impressed, though perhaps not caring quite to convey his feelings with the same ingenuous freedom which he previously

used in reference to the other cases they had visited.

Sydney Welworth, as he expressed it, rather stretched beyond his usual tether, in his orders for nutritious food and other necessities for this poor couple. And Archie promised to send down to the old man a change of linen from his own wardrobe, and a dressing-gown, which he thought would be serviceable in keeping his arms and shoulders warm, as he sat propped up in his bed. But what poor Fenton seemed to look forward to with the greatest pleasure of all was, an illustrated history of the regiment to which his poor son had belonged, containing an account of all the battles, engagements, and services, through which it had been since its first enrolment, and where, as Archie told him, he would find his own gallant son's name and distinguished services all set forth in print.

Captain Scott listened in silence, with attention, and evidently turning many thoughts over in his own mind, as they came together up through that dismal court, and Sydney gave him an account of the poor people, whom they had just visited.

"When I first knew Fenton, he was a prosperous and leading cabinet-maker, master of one of the best shops and houses in the principal street of this district; and she, poor gaunt creature as you see her now, with every bone showing through her miserable rags and tatters, was as fine-looking, well-set-up, decently-dressed a specimen of a comfortable tradesman's wife as ever you might wish to meet with. I remember calling in there the first season I ever visited down in these parts, to inquire about a poor man who had worked under them, but was then dying of consumption, and nothing could have been more comfortable and respectable than they were; and she, I know, was herself very kind in the way of sending round broth and other little comforts to their poor journeyman.

"It was, however, very soon after that time that poor Fenton was knocked down all of a heap with a stroke of paralysis, though I never heard of them again for nearly a whole year after that.

"The wife told me that she thought the first stroke was brought on by her husband's over-anxiety and working extra hours—indeed, sometimes all through the night, at some particularly beautiful specimen of his craft for the Exhibition of '62. He neither ate nor slept, nor thought of anything else, until one morning the unhappy man was found lying helpless and insensible in his workshop, under his own carpenter's bench. He, after a time, gradually recovered the use of his intellect, but never that of his limbs. It would, humanly speaking, have been almost a



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE.)

"When hand-in-hand so merrily
We played among the flowers."—p. 279.

mercy had he never done so, but died at that time outright.

"His work was, of course, never completed for the Exhibition. In his zeal and enthusiasm for his work, or art it might almost be called, he had, most unfortunately, borrowed a considerable sum of money, for the necessary tools and materials for carrying out his design. But business went rapidly to the bad, through the mismanagement and dishonesty of a rascally son-in-law; his only son had, as you know, some little time before died out in India. And so, in short, they soon became bankrupt: they were turned out of their house, their furniture and goods all seized and sold, or rather thrown away, for anything they would fetch; and when I renewed their acquaintance, at the request of the widow of that poor journeyman—who had in the meantime died of consumption—I found them lodging in two decent little rooms, in a first floor in a small street leading out of the one in which they had lived in their better days. But they have gradually come down, and down, until compelled at last to move into the miserable back room in that court where we have just seen them, for a rent of half-a-crown a week, which is, I believe, paid for them by a sister of hers, who is housekeeper in some nobleman's family.

"It was just after the second stroke that I was asked to look after them, and the doctor, whom I then met in his room, assured me confidentially that poor Fenton could not possibly last beyond a month or six weeks at furthest; instead of which, it is now going on four years that he has been lying there, perfectly helpless, and unable to turn himself on his bed. And that poor wife of his rests, or rather lies down, on that palliasse which you may have observed at his feet, always ready at his slightest call."

"But it struck me," said Archie, "that she wasn't very kind to the poor old fellow. What makes her bellow at him in that way? for, as he remarked, he is not deaf."

"No, my dear fellow, didn't you perceive that she herself is, and has evidently gradually become so, without their finding it out. She spoke just as loudly to us as she did to her husband. But she is, indeed, an attentive and most devoted wife to him; and one need not be surprised that she has changed from the hale and hearty woman she was, as I remember her, to the gaunt and worn-out skeleton which she has now become, when I tell you that for nearly four years that poor creature has never had two hours' consecutive sleep, night or day. She assured me so herself, and it has been corroborated by the doctor, as well as the poor widow whom I before mentioned, and who is constantly with them, too happy to show her gratitude for past kindness to her poor husband by any little services in her power.

"Poor Mrs. Fenton's only object and hope left in life is to keep her husband out of the work-house. It is hard to think of the poor old man dying as a pauper on the parish of which he was so many years a ratepayer and a leading member of the vestry.

"I am almost afraid that she will herself be worn out and die before he does, for there he lies, without seeming to get better or worse, sometimes in a drowsy, half-unconscious state; and at others awake for days, and even whole nights together, clear and wakeful as we saw him this evening, reading his good books, or else composing whole yards of doggerel poetry. I bring him a present of a quire or two of writing-paper sometimes, on which he pours forth his verses, sometimes in my own praise, or about his poor soldier-son, and all manners of subjects.

"If she does go first, as I fear she will, he must, I suppose, be taken to end his miserable days where he and she have so natural a dread and abhorrence: I see no help for it; so that it will, indeed, be a real mercy when he, and I may say now, when both are taken, for she, poor thing, is thoroughly worn out in body and spirit too."

(To be continued.)

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LETTER IS FOUND.



THE month of May was drawing to a close, and Alexander Oglivie was improving rapidly. Peggy was once more allowed to visit and amuse him, and he was beginning to crawl out into the sunshine and sit on a garden-chair, on the spot where the rays rested longest, in front of the gloomy house.

Peggy, who loved the sunshine and rejoiced in flowers, had had some of her favourites planted here and there about the house, and they, as well as she, wanted more light and warmth. She had therefore suggested that some of the little thicket of evergreens that closed round the house should be cleared away, and that the elder-trees overshadowing some of the walks should be removed. And Margery had given her consent, for the doctor had seconded the proposal, and pointed out that it

would give the invalid what he needed most—sunshine and fresh air.

Captain Oglivie had written once, but the letter was addressed to Margery, and contained only the ordinary affectionate remembrance to Peggy. But she had been called upon to answer the letter in Margery's behalf, and this she found a very difficult task, for it was the task of writing something which should express nothing—an undertaking apt to stultify the brightest intellect. At last, however, she succeeded in producing one of those objectionable epistles of which people say with such truth, "There is nothing in it," and in which the writer has so carefully avoided any egotistic expression, that he or she—it is generally the latter—might as well be a writing automaton, as a living being with motives, and interests, and affections. Such as it was, Captain Oglivie set store by that little letter; and, showing that he was not wholly an interested schemer, not wholly corrupt at heart, he still keeps it among the relics of better days. It ran:—

DEAR HORACE,—Margery has asked me to answer your letter, and to say that she is happy to hear of your safe arrival. You will be glad to hear that Alexander is mending every day. We are going to get him out a little into the garden. I wonder if he will notice the flowers I have had transplanted here. I have quite a show of yellow primroses scattered about under the trees, and looking like drops of sunshine that have fallen through the boughs. The wood is beginning to look lovely, too. [She did not say that, wandering in it yesterday, her heart had relented towards him, thinking that if his love were warm and true, the world was so hard and cold, that she might bask in the warmth till love again would blossom.] Margery hopes that you will do as you say, and bring your mother with you when you come again. She sends her love to her and to you.

I remain your affectionate cousin,

PEGGY OGLIVIE.

The walks were being cleared from the overcrowding greenery. Two men were working there, wheeling away the branches in loads, and even removing entire trees. They had come up quite close to the house, where Peggy was walking with Sir Alexander, moving up and down at a snail's pace in the sunshine. A chair was placed for the invalid when he required to rest; and, after a little, he was coaxed to sit in it and watch the gardening operations. While they were thus occupied, the postman came up the walk and gave Peggy a letter, folded as letters usually were in those days, and sealed with a large square of red wax, on which was imprinted the Oglivie arms. She knew at a glance from whom the letter came, and, needing the refuge of her room to read it in, she held it unopened in her hand, till such time as they should go indoors again. But Alexander Oglivie had caught sight of the paper and its glowing seal, and had evidently set his heart upon obtaining it. He was usually so docile with Peggy, that, after striving to pacify him with something else, she yielded it into his hands. She would be able to redeem it, as soon as they reached the house, with something he was sure to consider more than equivalent.

The poor creature was delighted with his prize, and sat chuckling and crowing over it, and handling

it with care. Then he got up, and was moving away, when one of the men drew Peggy's attention for an instant, and the other, leaning on the spade with which he was digging round the root of an ancient elder, uttered a hasty exclamation. Close to where they were standing, the elder-bushes had concealed the stump of a tree more ancient than themselves. The bole was short and thick, and it was leafless and branchless, as one of those broken monumental shafts one sees in burying-grounds. Near the top there was a great rift, revealing the rottenness within. In the instant during which Peggy's attention was diverted from him, Alexander Oglivie had suddenly stepped up to the tree. He was standing before it when she looked round at the gardener's exclamation. But the letter was no longer in his hands. He had put it into the cleft of the tree, exactly as one deposits a letter in a pillar letter-box; and it might very well have stood for one, though it was before the date of that useful invention, for the letter had duly disappeared. How it was to be recovered again was another matter.

Peggy caught the broad grin on the men's faces, and laughed herself in spite of her embarrassment.

"I suppose we can get it out again without much difficulty," she said.

"Oh, ay, miss, we've got it oot again, though we should fell the auld stump," said the foremost gardener, proceeding to thrust his bare arm into the rift. "It's no' that easy, faix," he added, bringing up a scrap of paper, which Peggy at once recognised as one of her own slight sketches. "It's hollow to the very root, and there's a heap o' bits o' paper doon." He brought up two or three more scraps, and then making a desperate effort, he cried, "I've gotten a grip o't noo," and brought up the letter between his fingers.

Hastily smuggling it away, lest Sir Alexander should seek to take possession of it again, she got back to the house with her charge, and went to her own room to read her letter. As she broke the seal, she noticed how soiled and stained it was. It was Captain Oglivie's lost letter to his mother which, first in utter bewilderment, and then in a sort of fascination, she was reading from beginning to end.

It will be remembered how heartless that letter was; how it gave an account of Peggy's prospects of the great inheritance having become secure in any event, whether Margery or Alexander should be the last survivor; how it mentioned her as an encumbrance, though a light one, which he would rather dispense with, but didn't mind going in for along with the estates; and how it finished with a cruel expression of hate towards him whom the kindly country phrase, acknowledging his irresponsibility, called distinctively, "The Innocent."

How long she sat with the letter in her hand she did not know, but it was some time before the act of reflection took the place of simple comprehension of the facts it expressed—namely, that its writer was mercenary, deceitful, cruel. Then she saw it all. He had made of her a plaything, and now he

would purchase with her the inheritance he coveted. The inheritance—was it this that turned the hearts around her into stone? Her father had spoken of it in just the same way, as a thing to be won at the expense of life and happiness. Human love and faithfulness seemed to perish under its shadow, or if they lived, as they had done in Margery, they lived in lifelong agony. The possibility of one day possessing it, roused the evil spirit of covetousness, and those who had possessed it had sinned above other men; and she thought of the Scripture which denounces covetousness as idolatry, and then of that commandment which forbids idolatry, and to which the awful warning to transgressors is attached, that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations.

And thus the innocent must suffer for the guilty, and God is unmerciful! But her spirit, though almost blinded by anguish, cried out, "No, no, no!" She uttered the words aloud in unconscious pleading. It was the God of love she had loved, and the life he had given had been glad and beautiful to her. Her heart longed for gladness and beauty, but let it all perish, let all be dark and unlovely, and full of suffering, only let him still be the God of love, "who afflicteth not willingly," "who will not keep his anger for ever."

And it was better that the children of evil parents should suffer, than that they should sin. Margery had been right to take up that post of hers, and seek no happiness for herself. She might have sought it with a covetousness which might have made her heart like these others; and heartlessness and cruelty, supposing them to be cureless, Peggy in that moment felt to be worse than any suffering, any other death in life, such as she had had before her eyes in her grandfather, and now in Alexander Oglivie. Yes, as there was an inheritance of nature of far closer and deeper import than any outward inheritance of houses and lands, it was better to inherit the suffering than the sin.

Then Peggy became conscious that she had thought long enough, and that there was something to be done. The first thing was to recover the letter intended for her, and for that purpose she went out again.

The men had gone in to dinner, and for a minute she was puzzled how to act. Then she got a small garden rake, and inserting it in the rift, easily succeeded in fishing out with it the remaining contents of the strange letter-box, among which was what she sought.

And now what to do with it? how to dispose of it? She went back with it to her own room, and was about to break the seal. Then, with a true and deep-seated delicacy, she refrained. She had read that which was not intended for her, and he must know that she had read it (and remember she had a right to know the heart that was offered to her); but she would not read that which was intended for her, lest its contradiction should put the writer to the blush. She was ashamed for his shame, and would not

curiously unveil his deformity. She would send back his letter unread, enclosed with that other.

And this was what she did. Her letter, with its enclosures, was very brief; but this time there was much in it. She told him how she had found the letter to his mother, and had begun to read it as her own, and how she had gone on to the end after she found it was not intended for her. "After this," she wrote, "I could not open the other. You would not have liked me to read them together." She did not say that there must be an end to everything between them, that she could neither love nor marry him now, this he must know of himself—this she need not tell him; but she did say, "Do not come here until I go away. I will go to my father, or find a home among strangers. And I will try and not think hardly of you, Horace, for you have been brought up to expect this inheritance. As for me, I have not, and I would rather earn my bread than long in my heart that others should die. It might come to this with me, as it has with others, but now it feels like murder in the soul; therefore I will go away." She ought to have added—and leave to you, as far as I am concerned, that which you have coveted.

The post-office was in the village, and, in haste to send away her letter, about which there could be no second thoughts, Peggy took it thither herself.

CHAPTER XL.

A FATHER'S CLAIMS.

It was dinner-time before Peggy returned from posting her letter—indeed, she had kept the meal waiting a little, and Margery was not patient in small matters, and waited rather ostentatiously. And already she knew all about it, at least, as far as its loss and recovery were concerned. The men had related the story to the maids in the kitchen, and the one who waited on Margery personally had related it to her; therefore Peggy was greeted with it at once.

So far well; but Margery, when speaking of it, had noticed her hearer's embarrassment, and attributing it to quite another than the real cause, went on to say—

"I know what the letter was about. As you were under my roof, Horace naturally asked leave of me to pay his addresses to you. I hope he may have an answer to his mind."

Her voice was unusually soft and womanly, as she said this. Peggy thought that she actually saw the tears in her eyes. She wanted to make confession easy to Peggy, and she was evidently glad for herself.

"I have answered already," was the reply that reached her, in a grave, low voice.

"You've been quick about it," she rejoined, in her usual tone. Perhaps she had expected the girl to consult her, and was disappointed that she had not.

She had paused, and evidently expected something more to be said. It was better to get it over at once.

"I sent back Captain Oglvie's letter," said Peggy, hardly knowing how it was to be got over, but making a beginning at least.

"Sent back his letter?" repeated Margery, as if she could not have heard aright.

"Yes."

"Do you mean that you say him nay?" she asked, with more than her usual sternness of manner.

"Yes, that is what I mean—we could not be happy together," said Peggy, sadly.

"What's to hinder you?" Margery rejoined, harshly. "You ought to have found that out before you gave him encouragement. No man asks a woman to marry him unless he has been encouraged to do it," she added, rashly generalising, not from an isolated fact, but from no facts at all.

"In that I did wrong," answered Peggy, bravely determined to take blame to herself, rather than betray Horace, or injure him in Margery's estimation; and she felt that in this she had somehow erred. "I did not know my own mind, and it has changed towards him."

"Then you ought to have known, or ought never to have changed," said Margery. "To be fickle in this is the greatest wrong a woman can do. Many a man's ruin lies at a woman's door for work like this."

"It is better that we understand each other now, than that the knowledge should have come afterwards; as much better," Peggy answered, softly, "as error is better than sin."

"If you understand each other, it's more than I can do to understand you," replied Margery, grimly; "but as you've changed your mind once, you may change it again."

She was very severe, for she considered that Peggy had not been open with her, and resented it.

And all this time the dinner waited, and when at length it came to pass, it was a very comfortless dinner indeed.

When he got Peggy's note, enclosing his two unfortunate letters, Captain Oglvie felt that "the luck" was against him, and that he might as well give in. He had hastily jumped to the conclusion that the letter had been drowned in the Strathie, when no trace of it had been discovered. To recover it in this fashion was doubly disagreeable, but it was only in the shock of that disagreeableness that he thought of giving up in despair. "She is even queerer than I thought she was," he said to himself; "but I really like her, and why should I not persuade her that I do? She would take a fellow in spite of all the faults in the universe, if she only cared enough for him. I was a fool to let her caring for me cool down as I did. There's one good thing, however—she won't tell tales, even to save herself." And the question in his own mind soon became, not, "Why should she not take me?" but, "Why should she not have me?" by way of a reward for her good qualities; for he thought himself a fine fellow after all, only "the luck" was against him.

At any rate, he knew himself to be an adept in the art of persuasion. He was subtle at subterfuge,

clever at finding excuses for himself to himself, and why not to this unworldly, out-of-the-world girl, who was in many things little better than a child? Surely he could persuade her, and for her own advantage too. For since her father lived, there was not much chance of the inheritance coming her way. It would depend upon Margery, however, and Margery was on his side. He next questioned with himself as to whether he should write or go in person to plead his cause, and he decided on the former course, as "it was quite possible to trust to her discretion about the letters," so he said to himself.

Then there ensued between those two most dissimilar of human beings a curious correspondence, which was carefully destroyed on both sides.

"How am I to make you see," wrote Horace Oglvie, "that what I said concerning you was not written seriously? A man does not tell his mother everything, like a child; and one may speak very lightly and jesting of what lies very near one's heart."

And in this written dialogue Peggy made answer, that there was that besides and beneath the words which was no jest, which had taken away the veil not only from his heart, but from her own. "I think you have loved me a little," she wrote. "I do not think you have been wholly false; you have only been half-hearted. You care, however much you may deceive yourself, as much for this inheritance as you do for me. Do you think you could give me the other half of your heart if you were disappointed in this, and, since my father lives, you risk the disappointment?"

"I will risk it," wrote Horace, in reply, among other persuasives.

"But I cannot," she answered. "If I loved you wholly I would. But I have been half-hearted too. It seems almost as if I had loved some one else in you—as if you had undergone some transformation, such as we read of in fairy stories. What prospect of happiness could there be for us, each knowing that the other was thus half-hearted? You say our hearts would grow whole. The rift in the young tree widens: it never heals. There would be distrust between us from the first."

And Captain Oglvie, after this, thought to himself that, after all, it had better be so. Her insight frightened him. It would be a horrid thing to have a wife who didn't believe in him, especially an awfully clever wife who was always looking through and through a fellow, and with whom it would be impossible to keep up appearances. A man, under such circumstances, could hardly remain on good terms even with himself—a possibility more terrible than it seems on the surface. As for her, she is quite right; I might get to hate her. And yet he felt, when the feeling of his injuries came uppermost, that if she had only loved him, he could easily have become the man of his own and her best ideal; he felt, too, that, as it was, he might be very bad indeed—might come into the condition of hate which she described; and he shrank from it as he shrank from the idea of torture.

Peggy had prevailed, and he wrote to her a full and free release, and immunity from any further importunity; and, after all, he did it gracefully—so gracefully that gratitude was the uppermost feeling in her mind when their correspondence closed.

Margery had seen her receive several letters, and had held her peace, though in high dudgeon at what she considered pure coquetry on Peggy's part. But at length her silence gave way. "So you are still corresponding with Horace," she said (they were both engaged in reading letters). "I thought you had refused him."

"This is the last I am to have from him," replied Peggy.

Then Margery's pent-up wrath burst forth, and the coarse and repellent part of her nature came out. She told her helpless inmate, for the present depending on her for shelter and home, that she ought to have thought herself highly honoured to be asked to be Captain Oglivie's wife. What was to become of her? she asked, and her listener felt bitterly the humiliation of the question.

"I mean to go to my father," was the answer.

"And I can tell you he does not want you," rejoined Margery, in her anger, increased by the answer. With all her goodness—and she could be heroically good—this woman was not fitted to win love; once firmly won, she might have kept it. She had coveted this girl's, and she was casting it from her thus. "He as good as sold you," she went on; "I gave him a sum of money to part with you, to leave you where you are, for your own good, and he hasn't kept to his bargain; he wants more. See," and she flung her letter across the table.

"You are very cruel," said the girl, with trembling lips; and Margery's wrath became remorse, as she looked in the sad young face, and noticed, for the first time, the change that had been growing in it, the look of desolateness in the far-off looking eyes, the gain which was yet a loss; the change from the bright beauty of youth to the woman's beauty of soul.

Margery would have taken back the letter, but

Peggy was already reading it. It was from her father, pleading poverty and sickness in his home. And he had spoken to his wife about his only daughter, and his wife had desired that she should come; she might be of use to them, she had talents which might be cultivated. Would Margery let her go?

"He only wants more money," said Margery, nervously, when she saw that the letter was finished.

"I will try to believe the best," replied Peggy; "I will try to think he wants me. He at least has claims upon me which cannot be bought and sold. I will go to him in his sickness and poverty, and try to help him."

"You will not succeed; no one ever yet succeeded in helping Louis Oglivie," replied Margery. "He is a spendthrift and a gambler, and who knows what this French wife of his may be? She is very likely urging him to try and get something more out of his friends. Give such people anything, and they immediately begin to wish for more. I tell you, Margaret Oglivie, that you will never repent going but once, and that will be all your life. You can choose between him and me; and I've meant better by you than maybe you think, though my words are rough."

"I shall think nothing of the words," said Peggy, eagerly; "I know you are good and kind. But do not hinder me from going. I believe it will be best for all of us; for him and me, at least."

"You must take your own way," replied Margery, "of course, I cannot hinder you; and if ever you want a home," she added, almost humbly, "will you come to me?"

"I will," was the answer; and Peggy meant what she said. She had recognised Margery's greatness of heart, under all her poverty of expression, and she was not one who for pride's sake would baulk a generous heart of its desire. But many things must be settled before she would again seek a home in her native country. For the present, there was only exile before her.

(To be continued.)

CRIPPLED GERDA.



It was a holiday in the little German duchy of Sclatenburg, because it was the birthday of the duke's only daughter, Princess Olga. The schools were all closed, and no work was going forward among the young people in the fields and factories. It was especially *their* holiday, because the princess was only a girl, like themselves, except for her royal blood.

At the west side of the castle ran a road, cut through deep, mossy embankments. It had but few houses, and they were only poor cottages, quaintly built. At the door of one of them, stood a group of children, clad in clean white garments, with sundry gay ties, and one or two natural wreaths for finery. In a little chair on the threshold, sat a pleasant-

looking girl, also dressed in white, but wearing no ribbon or flower, though a little bunch of field-blooms stood in a bowl beside her. Her face was very pale, and her hands were smooth and dainty as any court madam's. Ah! Gerda often sighed, when she thought how brown and hard her mother's were—it was the will of God that the poor woman should never have a daughter's help; for Gerda could not move unless she was lifted, and so she must sit in her little chair, and wait till the angels come to carry her into paradise!

"And where shall you go first?" she inquired of her gay companions.

"Why, of course, to the market, to get our bouquets," said one; "and then to the town-hall, to fetch the white banners; and then to the great hall at the

castle, where we must wait till the princess comes into the gallery; and then we sing our anthem, and lay down our flowers."

"I should like to go, just once," whispered Gerda, very softly.

"Why! have you never been?" exclaimed a tall girl, a new arrival in Sclatenburg.

"I have always sat in this chair," answered Gerda, simply; and the stranger blushed, and was silent.

"It seems cruel to leave you at home, Gerda," said another.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I always enjoy the princess's birthday. You all have so much pleasant news."

"How contented you are," remarked a dark girl, with flashing black eyes. "Do you never wish for anything, Gerda?"

"Ah, that I do!" she answered, looking up with a sweet smile, though her voice sounded rather like a sigh.

"What do you wish?" asked the other, kneeling beside her. "I wonder if you wish like I do?"

"I wish I was useful," said Gerda.

"Ah, I never think about that," replied the girl, starting to her feet. "I only wish for finer muslins, or a French ribbon—or a sweetheart. I'm useless enough, in all conscience! I think we all are."

"Oh, no," said Gerda, deprecatingly. "See, now, to-day you are able to go and please the princess—the poor princess! They say she does not look happy. The grand duke's new wife is not so sweet as her own dear dead mother. And when she sees your flowers, and hears your song, it may give her new heart to live on in her grand loneliness."

Then they kissed her, and said it was very well for her to be a saint, sitting quietly there, and they all went off down the road, laughing and chatting; and Gerda watched them until they were out of sight.

Upon the whole, Gerda's seat was very pleasant: the grass was fresh and neatly mown, and the edges of the embankment were fringed with gay wild flowers. There was a wide sky-view, and not a sound to break the silence, except the occasional rattle of pot or pan in the house-yard, where her mother was at work. But it must be a very pleasant prospect which does not grow distasteful, when seen day after day for many years. Did Gerda have no unhappy, wearisome hours? If so, her face did not tell their history. She was quite content with the little changes which her cheerful spirit could detect in her monotonous life. A new hymn-tune, a book at fair-time, or a fresh knitting-pattern, were her only excitements, and she made up her mind to be satisfied with them.

So she sat there, knitting and singing softly, until she concluded that her young friends' presentation at the castle must be over, and began to long for their return. Presently a small, low chaise, drawn by white ponies, came along the road. It held two ladies, one with grey hair, while the other was still very young, scarcely past early girlhood, yet with a pale, worn face, and large intense eyes. The latter

checked the reins when she saw Gerda, and whispered to the other, who said aloud—

"Little girl, how is it you are not with the village lasses, at the castle?"

"I cannot go," answered Gerda. "I am unable to walk."

"Have you been ill?" inquired the lady.

"No, I am always well," said Gerda; "but I am a cripple."

"You were singing the hymn they have been singing (here)," remarked the younger lady.

"Oh, yes!" said Gerda, "I like to do all I can—it is but little!"

"Are you not very dull?" asked the lady.

"No!" answered Gerda. "Just now I'm expecting them back with all the news of the castle."

The strangers exchanged glances. "We have been there, too," they said; "what would you like to hear?"

"About the princess," said Gerda. "Did she look happy?"

The younger lady bent forward, and spoke very gently: "The poor princess may well envy you, little girl."

"But she needn't," said Gerda, looking up brightly. "God's will is good, for the princess as well as for me!"

Gerda almost fancied that tears came into the stranger's great brown eyes; but certainly a beautiful smile broke over her pale face.

"Will you tell me your name?" she whispered; "the princess will like to hear the name of the little girl who wishes her so well, though she cannot come to see her."

"I am Gerda Hansler," said the girl.

And then the lady touched the little ponies, and they whirled away; but before they passed out of sight, she turned to leave a parting smile with crippled Gerda. And Gerda wondered who they were.

* * * * *

That evening the Princess Olga sat in her dressing-room. Her diamond tiara was put aside, her beautiful hair was unbound, and her attendants had departed, save one—the grey-haired Fraulein von Eutenberg, who had been the early friend of the dead grand duchess, and who called the princess "my darling" instead of "your serene highness."

"My darling," she said, "the pleasant excitements of to-day have done you good. You look quite bright."

"Ah, fraulein," answered the princess, "al thanks to little Gerda Hansler. She did not think that I *must* be happy because of my coronet and my castle—the very things which lie upon my soul like leaden chains. But she reminded me that they were as much the will of God as her own bodily suffering. If she can smile as she carries her heavy cross, should not I smile though a thorn lurk among the roses of my crown? 'God's will is good for both,' she said. That lesson is my best birthday gift."

I. F.

NEW BOOKS.

THE history of chivalry contains no more noble, generous, stainless knight than the Chevalier Bayard; and yet, save as connected with the knight-ing of Francis I., or the administering a deathbed rebuke to the Constable of Bourbon, he is almost unknown to English readers. We are, therefore, glad to see a charming translation, by E. Walford, of the Chevalier's life, from the French of M. De Berville.* The typography and style of binding are both in excellent taste.

"Remoter Stars in the Church Sky" is the collective title of a series of biographical notices of the less eminent divines. The author, with true national instinct, has given a preponderance to the Scottish lights; nevertheless he has grouped together a galaxy of no mean lustre, and his little book will surely find favour with those who love to trace the lives and works of men comparatively unknown to the world but great in the kingdom of heaven.†

In a seasonable and judicious series‡ of congregational instructions, the author displays a comprehensive acquaintance with, and discriminative use of, his materials, which, in the popular shape in which the question of the church in these realms is submitted, cannot fail, under God's blessing, of being eminently useful. The analogy between Roman and ritualistic teaching, and the contrast to both, in the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies of the English Church, is demonstrated unanswerably. Starting with the assertion of "the close agreement of the Church of Rome and the ritualists," the author shows: "in both cases the appeal is to Scripture and tradition. In both cases the right of private judgment is denied. In both cases the supreme authority of the church is proclaimed." No candid or unbiassed student of truth could read these admirable Lectures, without arriving at a general accordance with the author's reasoning. As a manual for circulation among the laity, the little work is invaluable.

Under the title of "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," the Rev. E. Paxton Hood discourses wisely and well upon the qualifications necessary to the sacred office and calling of the ministry. The student would do well to make himself acquainted with this volume; and, apart from the valuable matter contained in it, he will derive much pleasure and profit from the perusal of a work remarkable for perspicuity of style and elegance of composition.§

* "The Story of Chevalier Bayard." Translated by E. Walford. Sampson Low and Co.

† "Remoter Stars in the Church Sky." By George Gilfillan, Author of "The Bards of the Bible." London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

‡ "The Church of England Lectures for the Times." By the Rev. John Burbidge, Incumbent of St. Stephen's, Sheffield. London: Nisbet and Co.

§ "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. Lectures Delivered to Students for the Ministry." By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A translation of Dr. Preuss' Work on the Immaculate Conception is valuable, as showing the practical working of the development theory in the Roman Church. It surprised many persons when, a few years ago, the Papal powers decreed by a bull the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a matter *de fide*, how uncomplainingly this addition to the Roman faith was accepted by that Church. Dr. Preuss in his history of the origin of this doctrine shows that it was practically accepted and believed by the members of the Church of Rome before it was sanctioned by the Papal bull, which really only made public, as a matter of faith, what was secretly being held as such. We learn from this interesting and lucid history of the growth of this doctrine, how dangerous is the beginning of religious error, and how the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, may gradually increase until the whole light of heaven is obscured by dense masses of superstition.*

Biographical and literary "studies" are very plentiful in the present day, when men are becoming more and more in the habit of thinking for themselves, and each one imagines the result of his own researches to be more original and, perhaps, more perfect than any other. It is a pity to think how many really respectable productions are thus noiselessly appearing, to be quickly shelved, and forgotten by even the few who have been made aware of them, in much less time than it has taken to write them; and it is then the author is forced to feel that "much study is a weariness to the flesh," and too often ends in "vexation of spirit." In the present work,† Dr. Ross has, in three essays, enlarged upon the merits and characteristics of three great men—Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The book evidences much thought and care throughout; let us hope that it is not a labour lost.

We have space for only a passing notice of the following books:—"Sermons from the Studio," by Marie Sibree (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), a series of thoughtful papers on the relations of art to religion, gracefully written, and deserving of a less abrupt notice than the present one; "Old Merry's Annual" (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), an excellent story-book for young people, admirably got up and cheap; the Eleventh Part of "Cassell's Biographical Dictionary" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), which alone contains some 400 or 500 concise but interestingly-written biographies, the most notable amongst which are those of Dr. Bickersteth, Sir Henry Bishop, Count Von Bismark, Sir William Blackstone, Admiral Blake, Robert Bloomfield, and Anne Boleyn; and has for a frontispiece a well-executed portrait of John Bunyan.

* "The Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception Traced from its Source." By Dr. E. Preuss. Translated by G. Gladstone. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

† "Studies, Biographical and Literary" by G. Ross M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE BYRON

— Saturday, January 25, 1863. —



ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

THE GRAVES OF CANTON THE PRINTER, SKELTON THE POET, AND RALEIGH THE HERO.

IN many a secluded English village the church is often the only building which wins the traveller's notice. "The Hall," or "the great house," may stand near, but they seldom draw away attention from the grey tower, rich with the sculptured work of ages past, or from the humbler lichen-tinted and ivy-garlanded walls. In such rural homes every surrounding object gives pro-

minence to the church. The quiet landscape, the embowering foliage, and the hamlet homes, all tend to make the old pile the grand point of the picture. Now, look at the contrast in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Was ever church so thrown into the background by the grandeur of its neighbours? The magnificent Abbey long made the church look like a poorly-clad infant by the side of a king on his throne. The predominance of the monastic pile might, however, have been endured—it was but the supremacy of a relation—but in the nineteenth century a structure has arisen which throws its huge shadow over both Abbey and church. The massive and lofty towers of the Houses of Parliament, and the long lines of sculptured stone, attract nearly every eye. Time was when St. Margaret's seemed part of one vast royal and ecclesiastical pile; now she stands alone; the Abbey scarcely recognising her, and the imperial pile in front looks as if deeming her presence an intrusion. Stern critics and disciples of "the beautiful" have even requested her to depart altogether from the place, and make room for "æsthetic" fountains and the statues of kings and statesmen. But the lady moves not; here she has sat from the days of Edward the Confessor; kings have been her visitors, and she has talked with men of renown. Here she will still sit, and commune, if it be possible, with the political principalities and powers now gathering in their imperial splendours round her.

Why was St. Margaret of Antioch selected as the patron of this church? Why go to Syria, when there surely must have been plenty of home-made saints to select from? St. Margaret was no ordinary canonised maiden: listen to one old story of her deeds, and then judge whether she must not have been a maiden of might.

One day Satan himself appeared before her, not, however, in the form of a knight, prince, or potentate, but in that of a ferocious, fiery-eyed, and open-mouthed dragon—looking, in fact, just like the brother of that strange beast over which the most noble and most mighty St. George triumphs on a thousand signboards. Now, we must confess that we never thought much of St. George's vaunted feat. Armed with that tremendously long spear, and seated on that terrific steed, any one—even we ourselves—could have killed the dragon. No spear was in the maiden's hand—nothing but a bit of the true cross, given to her by a kind angel; yet see the result. The dragon was so subdued that the lady led him about with a string round his neck, as if he had been a Regent Street poodle-dog! Talk no more of St. George after that.

Another legend makes the triumph of Margaret more amazing still, and the defeat of the dragon more ignominious. According to this report, the

monster had it all his own way for a little while; he swallowed the damsel whole. Of course, all was over with the lady then? Not by any means; the dragon had for once made a mistake. The saint victoriously stepped out through the riven side of the brute!

We know not which of the two accounts to admire most. The first has more of poetic gentleness, and the second most of stern justice.

There is, we must hint, a third story, much too simple, many will say, to be true. A heathen governor of Antioch loved Margaret; she repulsed his offers, and he beheaded her. This was not, however, the story which the popular traditions accepted, and which made St. Margaret the favourite of the ladies. Nearly two hundred and fifty English churches were placed under her protection. Art loved to depict her marvellous deeds; and her head, garlanded with pearls or daisies, was seen on many a "storied window" in grand mediæval churches. Edward the Confessor had, therefore, good reasons for dedicating his new church to such a famous saint. Her image was long preserved in this church; and though the Abbey of St. Germaine, at Paris, might exult in the possession of Margaret's girdle, Westminster had one of her fingers cased in silver, and also "a piece of the head of St. George." We venture most respectfully to ask whether these relics are still to be seen.

Some critics attribute the present appearance of this church to tasteless repairs and alterations. They do not seek for any part of the old pile raised by the Confessor, or for that rebuilt under Edward I. by the parish and the Hanse merchants, but think that the structure rebuilt in the time of Edward IV. should look a little more like "the parish church of the Commons of Great Britain." A writer in 1799 is exceedingly fierce, declaring that the architects had made the edifice "the butt of contempt." The porch, especially, excited his indignation. The parishioners, it seems, looked upon this unfortunate porch as "Druidical in design." The critic tells them they might as well call the style "Hottentot." The repairs of 1802 were not more satisfactory. An architect then asked the parish officials to inform him whether the style of the work was borrowed from "Rome, Egypt, China, or Lapland."

Some, however, who will not say much for the exterior, stand up for the beauty of the interior. Let us enter, and look for ourselves. We may adopt the words of a writer, who denies that "alterations have destroyed the ancient simplicity and grandeur." The beauty is not of the highest; some may deny the "grandeur" altogether, though a modern writer calls the interior "most grand and imposing;" many will admire the pulpit, called "one of the richest in London;" most will

glance at the Speaker's pew and the Commons' gallery; but all will study, for at least a few minutes, the richly-pictured east window, and recall its singular history. The Roman soldiers, the sorrowing Marys near the cross, the centurion with the spear, the view of Jerusalem in the distance, the demon carrying off the soul of one thief, while the angel bears the other to paradise, are all in strange contrast with the figures of Harry VII., his wife Elizabeth, St. George and St. Catherine. To increase the chronological complexity, we have the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, in company with the pomegranate of Arragon.

We do not here enter upon a discussion whether the royal personages are Prince Arthur and Catherine of Arragon, or Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York: the pomegranate naturally suggests the idea of Catherine. The magistrates of Dort intended this rich work for the chapel of Henry VII., but the picture reached England in unsettled times, and was never placed in Westminster Abbey. The Augustine canons of Waltham obtained the precious work, and held it until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the last abbot, Robert Fuller, managed to remove the whole window to the chapel at New Hall, Essex. A subsequent purchaser, the Presbyterian General Monk, is said to have buried it, in order to save the work from destruction, as a "superstitious" picture. The window was replaced in New Hall after 1660, and at length found a rest in St. Margaret's Church in 1758, when the parish purchased it for four hundred guineas. But trouble came to the new possessors. The churchwardens, William Rusted and Samuel Peirson, were charged with setting up "a superstitious window," and fierce was the conflict which ensued. The storm ceased after a suit of seven years, when the citation was dismissed, each party paying their own costs. The victorious Samuel Peirson celebrated "the battle of the window" by presenting a "loving-cup" of silver to the parish. Long may the window remain the chief ornament of the church, and long may the cup be honoured.

The old rood-loft* had its changes in exact harmony with the revolutions in religious opinions. In 1480 "the rood-crucifix, Mary and John," were all carefully repaired; in 1548 they were taken down, for Edward VI. was king; in 1556 they were set up again, on the truly logical ground that Mary was queen; in 1559 down they came once more, when Queen Elizabeth did reign.

The chapels of St. Margaret, St. George, St. Catherine, St. Erasmus, St. John, St. Cornelius, St. Nicholas, and St. Christopher, have also long

disappeared, to the grief of some ecclesiastical antiquarians.

The parish had, however, other serious matters to manage. Fleas, dogs, episcopal feasts, the sale of church metal, midwives' pews, and the transportation of redundant children,—all and each vexed at times the perplexed vestries of St. Margaret's. We tremble at the state of the church pews, when reading the following item in the parish books in 1610:—"Paid to Mrs. Wells, sixpence, for salt to destroy the *fleas* in the churchwardens' pew." Fleas luxuriating in the churchwardens' pew! It seems to pass our comprehension. What, then, must have been the condition of the humbler pews? The next item is, "Paid £2 5s. for making a new pew for the nurses." Why should the nurses have a pew all to themselves? The nurses were, we admit, important persons in former times: they were even expected to baptise infants, on emergencies; but whether this will account for this special pew, must be left to a future time for discussion.

Dogs seem to have had an awful time of it in Westminster. We have had proposals in these tender-hearted modern times for the establishment of "dog orphan-homes," but the old vestry of St. Margaret's would have laughed at such nonsense. Among the parish accounts for 1603 is the following item:—"Robert Wells, paid six shillings and eightpence, for killing eighty dogs, and one penny each for killing four hundred and twenty-two more in the same summer." Five hundred and two dogs killed by Robert Wells in one parish in one year! These luckless animals were supposed to carry the plague from place to place, and so suffered on sanitary grounds.

In 1642 a vigorous attempt seems to have been made by the parish to get rid of its surplus infant population. In that year £26 12s. 6d. was collected "to carry children to New England." How many were thus transported we know not; doubtless it was a great relief to the poor-rate, and, therefore, laudable.

The restoration of the Papal power, under Mary, brought a charge on the parish purse, for the bishop's dinner, in 1544, at "the reconciliation of the church." The dinner was not very luxurious, the most solid joint being "a sirloin of beef," to which was liberally added "eleven gallons of wine." The reader will not fail to notice the name "sirloin" thus early used.

Here is an entry, under the date 1644, well suited to enrage an antiquary: "For twenty-nine pounds of fine brass, at fourpence per pound and ninety-six pounds of coarse brass, at threepence per pound, taken off tombstones in the church, £1 13s. 6d." One hundred and twenty-five pounds of sculptured monumental brasses sold at the price of refuse metal!

* A beam supporting a crucifix over the entrance to the chancel.

In the church thus despoiled many remarkable men have preached, and some exciting events have occurred. Here Father Latimer drew such crowds that even the pews were broken by the crush. The Puritan divines, Calamy, Owen, Baxter, and Hugh Peters, exhorted and argued in stormy times to excited audiences. Here Stillingfleet and Lightfoot showed the union of logic with learning. The reasonings of Tenison, Tillotson, and Sherlock delighted the taste of a less fervid age; and Bishop Atterbury, political, daring, and able, stands in contrast with the devotional Horne and the poetic Dr. Young.

The congregation at St. Margaret's was often of a peculiar character. On one occasion, in 1627, "four hundred and sixty-eight" of the House of Commons are enumerated as communicants. In St. Margaret's, on September 25th, 1643, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was signed. Let us endeavour to recall the scene. The building is crowded with the House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines; many an anxious heart is there, for the great civil war has begun. A psalm is sung, and then Mr. White has a prayer for near an hour; after this Mr. Nye preaches fervently for another hour; it is not over yet, for see, Mr. Alexander Henderson rises, and speaks from his seat "a long time." We must not go away, for brother Nye now reads the Covenant, clause by clause, and at each section all signify assent by holding up their hands.

Here, too, on the 31st of May, in the same year, Pym and the Commons had met to observe a solemn fast day, and were listening to a sermon, when a messenger hurriedly entered Pym's pew with the astounding news that the poet Waller had secretly collected "a thousand desperate rogues from Oxford," to murder the chief members of the governing party.

That broad, open churchyard, too, has had its historical contrasts. On the 23rd of November, 1658, a huge scaffolding, erected on "two hundred and forty feet of ground," was crowded with spectators, to witness the funeral procession of Cromwell, as it passed into the Abbey. Three years after, large open graves were seen in this churchyard, and groups of whispering men saw coffin after coffin hurried out of their Abbey tombs to these unhonoured pits. Who are the silent ones thus torn from their resting-places? Amongst them are the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, mother of the bold Protector; his daughter, Mrs. Claypole; Admiral Blake, who had brought honour to the English flag on every sea; Pym, the great orator of the Long Parliament—the "King Pym" of the admiring people. The lap-dogs of Charles II. were treated with profound respect by the worthy courtiers who thus insulted the memory of Blake.

Though William Caxton is the most remarkable

man buried in this church, there are others who demand a moment's notice. The headless body of the fine-hearted English soldier, sailor, scholar, and gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, was buried in the chancel here, on the 18th of October, 1618, the day on which he was beheaded, in the adjoining Palace Yard. The head was interred by his son, Carew Raleigh, in West Horsley Church, Surrey, and is said to have been found there in 1703.

John Skelton, the bold though reckless clerical poet, who satirised Wolsey as "the butcher's dog," died 21st of June, 1529, in the sanctuary where the exasperated cardinal had compelled him to take refuge for many years, and is buried in the church. Near Skelton's grave is that of a "court poet," Thomas Churchyard, whose monument once warned all against the cultivation of poetry. Here are his parting words:—

"Povertie and poetrie this tomb doth enclose;
Therefore, gentlemen, be merry in prose."

A greater poet than Skelton or Churchyard entered St. Margaret's Church as a mourner on the 10th of February, 1657. On that day Catherine, the second wife of Milton, was laid in her grave. Milton's twenty-third sonnet has given to his "late espoused saint" a long-enduring memorial.

Lady Dorothy Stafford's monument sounds her praises in three particulars. First, she "did good to everybody;" secondly, she "never hurted any," and thirdly, she was lady of the bedchamber "to Queen Elizabeth for forty years." We feel the profoundest respect for Lady Dorothy.

The monument of James Palmer, B.D., says that he preached twice a week "a comfortable sermon" to the people in his own almshouses. That "comfortable sermon" speaks volumes in praise of James Palmer, B.D.

William Caxton, our first printer, is the most suggestive name connected with St. Margaret's. There is a fitness in the place of the old printer's burial. He sleeps near the Abbey Almonry, where his printing-press began its influential work. Hither he invited, by handbills still preserved, the small reading public of his day to come and see a machine which was to revolutionise the world. We cannot say that he ventured on penny periodicals; those teachers of the millions were far distant; neither Caxton nor Wynkin de Worde saw, even in their most romantic visions, such a future. But our friend in the almonry would have sold you a "History of Troy," "The Oration of John Russell," "The Game of Chess," "The Sayings of the Philosophers," or, if you preferred it, "The Life of Jason," or a "History of King Arthur." A well-informed, observant, persevering, and hardworking man was this early printer and publisher. His friend and associate, Wynkin de Worde, tells us that Caxton was busy

at work on the last day of his life, when he finished the translation of "the Fathers."

Other worthy printers carried on his work. Wynkin de Worde, Pynson, Grafton, Day, Parker, Baskerville, Bulmer, the Foulis, and numerous successors, advanced the great art, but William Caxton stands in front of the long line. The old workman was not buried without honour. On the day of his funeral, in 1491, the parish provided four torches to be burnt in his honour, costing "six shillings and eightpence."

The tablet by Westmacott, erected in St. Margaret's by the Roxburgh Club, in 1820, to the memory of the great printer, is fixed in the wall of the south aisle, close to the door at the south-east entrance of the church. Some gentlemen, who rightly regarded Caxton as a great national benefactor, wished to place the monument in

Westminster Abbey. What hindered? the exorbitant fee demanded by the Abbey officials. Is not this food for a satirist? First we allow three centuries to pass before we give a monument; then it is excluded from the great national temple because of the fees!

We trust that the lovers of "architectural and æsthetic harmony" will consent to let this church stand, if only for the sake of its historical associations. "It spoils our view of the Abbey," says one class of critics; "It is not in harmony with the Westminster Palace," cries another. Very true, gentlemen; the church pleads guilty to these heavy charges; but it also hints that it contains the body of William Caxton, and that its presence reminds Englishmen of men and events which have permanently influenced the mind of England.

W. D.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."



EARLY four thousand years have rolled away since Hagar uttered the four striking words, "Thou God seest me," in the lonely wilderness of Beer-sheba, but they have lost none of their practical importance. While sitting by a fountain in that tenantless region, the Angel of the Lord appeared, and in the kindest manner remonstrated with her on the course she was pursuing. Encouraged by the heavenly visitor, and having distinguished the place by the name of Beer-lahai-roi, "the well of the visible God," Hagar retraced her steps to the tent of Abraham, where, in due time, Ishmael was born. The Angel that appeared to Hagar when she fled from the face of her mistress, was the Lord Jesus Christ—the Angel of the Covenant—who, in a human form, appeared to Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and other Old Testament saints. Keeping this in view, we now proceed to illustrate the mighty principles which stand out prominently on the face of the text, and which ought never to be forgotten.

There is an All-Seeing Eye.—We do not refer to the omniscience of God as a matter that needs proof, but for the purpose of reminding you of the propriety of familiarising your mind with that solemn fact. As a truth, it is clearly taught in the Bible, and all who believe in its divinity will bow to its decisions and conclusions. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord." "The darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." This inspection is universal. Hagar is seen weeping in the way to Shur; Jacob is seen during

the night in the solitudes of Luz; David is seen watching his sheep on the plains of Bethlehem; Nathanael is seen sitting under his fig-tree. But it is not enough to assent to general truth; there must be specific, personal application. This All-seeing Eye is in the sanctuary, watching you as you sit among the worshippers; in the family, seeing how fathers and mothers train their children, and how children obey their parents; in the street and the counting-house, in the shop and in the factory. Nor is this all. The Divine Eye is not confined to this world; it beholds all the worlds, and all the creatures, and all the things in the universe. God sits, as it were, on the centre of creation, and beholds all its movements.

"He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
None can without his presence dwell,
And none can from his anger flee."

This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Protector.
—If there be anything plain in the world, it is that God

"Overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs."

He has innumerable instruments and agents—the angels—the fixed material laws—the faculties and instincts of the mind—the rules of Providence, and the principles of philosophy. But these do not operate of themselves. The Lord uses them, but *He* is your protector. This protection is minutely particular; it respects all persons, and all conditions, and all events. There must either be a universal Providence, or no Providence at all. A simple lad once dreamed a

dream,—it foreshadowed the formation of mighty empires, the preservation of the chosen people, and the coming of the Saviour of the world. The flight of a bird once changed the fate of a whole country. In nothing is there chance, but in everything there is God. There is design in everything—an end to be served. All things work together, and work together for good. Things happen, not because they must happen, but because it is right they should happen. Some men are frightened at a very little thing; but those who believe that the eye of an Almighty Protector is watching over them, are calm and collected in the very centre of danger.

“‘Twas when the sea’s tremendous roar
A little barque assailed,
And pallid fear in awful form
O’er each on board prevailed—
Save one, the captain’s darling boy,
Who fearless viewed the storm;
And, playful, with composure smiled
At danger’s threatening form.
‘Why sporting thus,’ the sailors cried,
‘While terrors overwhelm?’
‘Why yield to grief?’ the boy replied;
‘My father’s at the helm.’”

The child of God knows that his Father manages all things for his benefit, and can therefore smile in the midst of the storm.

This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Provider.
—All creatures come within the pale of God’s providing agency. Those that have powers of locomotion must work for their bread. Hence, in search of food, the cattle roam the fields, the fish cleave the waters of the mighty deep, and the wild beasts hunt the desert and the jungle. God has promised to provide for you, but only in conjunction with your own agency. You must not neglect the means, and expect Providence to work miracles to supply your wants. Your Provider is sometimes better than his promises, and gives you luxuries; but be not very anxious about these, for they who have abundance of this world’s good things, find it difficult to pray “give us each day our daily bread.” Child of poverty, use the means, and look up to God as your Provider. David says, “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.” A good man, unable to extricate himself from pecuniary difficulties, came to the resolution of leaving his native country. There remained but one Lord’s Day previous to his departure, and he resolved to keep it holy. The minister he went to hear selected for the subject of his discourse, Ps. xxxvii. 3: “Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” His attention was arrested by the text, nor did he feel himself less interested in the sermon, every sentence of which was peculiarly applicable to

his circumstances; and led him to conclude that the whole was the voice of Providence. He changed his purpose, and resolved to struggle against the torrent of adversity, and await the good pleasure of his God concerning him. The time to favour him soon arrived. The Lord quickly turned back his captivity, and caused his latter end to be more blessed than his beginning.

“The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting shall ne’er be denied,
So long as ‘tis written—‘The Lord will provide.’”

This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Saviour.
—This Eye swims in tears. No ordinary human being could ever suffer as Jesus did, for his soul was greater than all other souls, and therefore, more sensitive to evils, pains, and sorrows. Go to the brow of yon hill, from which a full view of Jerusalem is obtained; stand by the side of the Man of Sorrows; behold the big tears rolling down his sacred cheeks, and hear him exclaiming, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”

“He wept alone, and men passed on—the men whose woes He bore:
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep; they had seen Him weep before.
They asked not who those tears were for; they asked not whence they flowed;
Those tears were for rebellious men, their source—the heart of God.”

Jesus is not only able to sympathise; he is also able to succour. “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;” “wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” If the greatest criminal in the world would but look by faith to Jesus, the mighty load of guilt would roll off his shoulders, and his conscience would be cleansed from the foul and deadly stain of sin. The salvation of Jesus is commensurate with all your necessities, adequate to all your demands, and contains all that your circumstances require.

This All-Seeing Eye is the Eye of your Judge.
—“Before him shall be gathered all nations.” What a vast assembly! All the inhabitants of the world, from Adam to his last-born son, shall be gathered together, and stand at the bar of judgment at the last day. Yet no witnesses will be required, nor jury need to be empanelled; for the All-seeing Judge is as entirely and absolutely acquainted with the thoughts, desires, motives, and acts of each, as if there had been no other creature in the universe. There will be no mistake of character.

"Thou God seest me," may be read in the dispensations of Providence, the glorious retrospect of the saint, and the corroding recollection of the sinner. Write it in your heart, and on the lintels

of your doors; hear it in the still small voice of conscience: forget it not on a sick bed; forget it not when you come to die: "Thou God seest me."

HURRICANES.



WHAT is a hurricane? The answer is not an easy one—that is to say, an intelligent answer. Half-answers, evasive answers, designed to conceal the want of knowledge in the speakers, are in plenty, and to spare; but an honest explanation is far to seek. The truth is, there is much real difficulty in ascertaining, even approximately, the causes which give rise to hurricanes. More than enough is known of their effects; of the violent wind, which turneth itself round and "whirlleth about continually," overturning houses, breaking up ships, dashing stones, and men, and cattle, and the produce of the ground, into one common pounding mill, and crushing them as in a mortar. The frightful effects of a severe hurricane have lately been seen in the complete devastation of the town of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and in the total wreck of four mail steamers with upwards of fifty sailing vessels. And not only have St. Thomas and the parts immediately adjacent, suffered—the whole coastline of the Gulf of Mexico, north of Matamoras, and even to some distance south of it, has been the scene of many a fearful wreck, and of numerous casualties fatal to life. The effects are well known; but what about the cause?

In the earliest description of a hurricane with which the writer is acquainted, that given by Benzoni, the Milanese, who, in the year 1541, "started from Milan, in the name of God, the Sustainer and Governor of all the universe," in order to visit the New World, the causes assigned by the Spaniards and Indians respectively are stated, but the modest writer says, he leaves it to "the judgment of the more learned, and to intellects more worthy than his or those of the Indians," to decide between the two opinions. Without arrogating too much on the score of more learnedness, we may safely reject both the Spanish and the Indian theory. The Spaniards said the hurricane, which seems to have been a very bad one, was due to the devil, who was angry at so many souls being baptised, and had therefore "contrived all this destruction;" "and it was a general opinion that the erection of the holy ensign of the cross in these islands, was driving away the

infernal spirits, who had been so long masters of those rough and ignorant men (the Indians), and that they made all this disturbance in their forced flight." So much for the Spaniards. The Indians had a very different notion of it. They "imputed all the mischief that had happened to the conduct of the Spaniards, and believed that Heaven wished to have forced them away from them." The description is graphic, and true also of the hurricane which occurred the other day at St. Thomas. Benzoni says, that "from the eastward there came a tremendous storm, such as those islands had never before seen; some winds arose, and one especially, called by the Spaniards *Furacano*, which came with such violence that it imposed terror both on heaven and earth, and seemed as if it would destroy both; wherefore, everybody felt sure they should die, and that the elements would be confounded and resolved, and so end the world. The lightnings of the air were violent and frequent, the thunder was loud and frightful, the day seemed night, and the darkness so intense that men could not see each other; . . . so raging were the winds, that they fought together screaming, they tore up the trees, they detached stones from the sides of the mountains, and with great fury hurled them into the plains, levelling houses, killing men, and even whole houses, with their inhabitants in them, were carried through the air, and then smashed."

Storms of this kind were experienced from time to time, some being greater and some less; but slight attempts only were made to arrive at an understanding of the causes and origin of them till the beginning of the present century, and it was not till the year 1832, when the attention of scientific and able men was turned to the subject by the fearful hurricane which swept Barbadoes in that year, that any trustworthy information was obtained. Colonel Reid, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Redfield, of New York, were the chief students who brought study and long, systematic, observation to bear on the subject.

Hurricane is the name given to a mighty revolving wind, which sweeps the Atlantic Ocean at irregular intervals, in the district comprised in the West Indies and the northern portion of

the Gulf of Mexico. It is identical in character (though it is generally more severe) with that wind which is known in the eastern seas as a cyclone. Smaller manifestations of the same kind of wind are seen in white squalls, "devils," water-spouts, land-spouts, and, to compare small things with great, in the insignificant little whirlwinds which are to be seen on a breezy day, whisking the leaves and dust round in an eddy off the road, and moving them along in the direction to which the wind is blowing, at the same time keeping them in a constantly revolving motion.

All these eddies, small and great, are caused by the violent commingling of a stratum of hot air with a stratum of cold air, the former being the stratum next to the earth's surface. The two strata, each at a markedly different temperature, are compelled, by some cause which has not yet been ascertained, to impinge one upon the other. In doing so, a violent disruption takes place of the conditions under which the two formerly existed; the winds fight together, wrestling, and in the action, rubbing against one another, slide round in the direction suggested by the rotary motion of the earth at the place of combat. The greater the amount of hot and cold air to be mixed, the greater the violence of the mixing, and the greater the velocity of the revolving current, which sometimes, in very bad hurricanes, attains a speed of a hundred miles an hour. The amount of space over which the mixing process is going on may be a hundred miles, or more, or less, and that space, whatever it may be, represents the space within which the effects of the hurricane will be felt. But this diameter of a hundred miles, more or less, is not stationary; it moves with the general wind prevailing at the time, and in the direction to which that is going—that is to say, supposing the wind outside the limits of the storm to be blowing at the rate of six miles an hour, the hurricane, revolving within itself at the tremendous rate above mentioned, is moved forward bodily as a whole at the rate of six miles an hour. It is as if a wheel were set in motion, and attained a great velocity, and were then taken up, and, by some other power than its own, moved, still going round, in an independent course.

It is to be observed that Benzoni says the hurricane he witnessed came from the eastward. The result of all the observations has shown that all hurricanes come from that quarter, and generally form some point eastward of Barbadoes, and ranging between the twelfth and nineteenth degrees of north latitude, and between the seventy-fourth and eightieth degrees of west longitude. Their course is north-westerly, with rather more west than north, until they strike

the land, when they are turned northward and easterly, and are gradually broken and dissipated. The places which lie outside the home of the hurricanes are, of course, exempt from them; and, taking the above-named degrees of latitude and longitude into consideration, it will be seen, on reference to the map, that Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, the coasts of Guiana, and the Gulfs of Darien, Columbus, and Honduras, are favoured with exemption.

The months during which hurricanes prevail, and which are known in the language of underwriters as the "hurricane months," are August, September, and October. The indications of an approaching hurricane are—the dense mass of dark clouds containing the revolving vapour, which is to be seen long before it approaches, standing out in sharp relief against the sky around it. The atmosphere becomes oppressively hot, the sun, moon, and stars shine with a pale, sickly light, causing objects to assume sometimes a blue, sometimes a red, and often a dark olive colour. Wind coming in puffs, followed by complete lulls, and accompanied by a scorching sensation in the throat; these are among the indications of the great wind. The surest sign, however, is a rapidly falling barometer, without any apparent cause for the fall. If the barometer be seen to drop quickly and much, it is a sure sign of mischief brewing somewhere. "He who watches his barometer watches his ship," is the careful seaman's maxim.

In the centre of a hurricane there is a calm patch, which often deludes the sailor whose vessel has lived through the first half of the storm. He thinks the tyranny is overpast, and that he may now continue his voyage, though on the horizon all round him he sees signs of the raging storm. Half an hour will undeceive him. By that time the wind will begin to blow with equal, if not greater fury than before, but from the opposite point; a dreadful cross sea will be set up, and the other half of the hurricane will have to be endured. Unless in one particular part of the storm—where, if his ship be perfectly staunch and well prepared, the seaman may manage to edge out of the hurricane, even using its wind for the purpose—the only thing to be done is to lie to, and endeavour to keep the ship from falling into the trough of the sea. Should she fall into it, she must almost certainly be drowned; and in any case the chances are strongly against her, considering the enormous pressure of the wind and the almost irresistible force of the water with which she has to combat.

To give some idea of the rate at which the great hurricane of 1831 travelled, it may be mentioned that, beginning at some point to the south-east of Barbadoes, which place it swept, and destroyed in



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Draw the curtain back a little;
He may not know the gate."—p. 202.

seven hours 1,477 persons and many thousands of pounds' worth of property, it was at its height at that place by midnight on the 10th of August, and reached St. Vincent at 7 a.m. next morning.

We have, so far, spoken only of the causes and nature of hurricanes; in another paper we hope to draw attention to their beneficial results.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

HOPE DEFERRED.

OH, why doesn't Johnny come?
It's getting very late;

Draw the curtain back a little,

He may not know the gate;

For the bushes near were set after he had gone away,

The path has been made broader, and the wall was not so grey.

Do you say it's small use hoping?—

I know you may be right;

But the heart will hope unbidden,

My son may come to-night.

It is ten long years I've waited, and if I die ere morn,

He will not know which house is ours—the curtain will be drawn!

Do you remember Johnny, girl?

You do not think you would;

It is true ten years make changes,

But I am sure I should.

He was not one to change much—my old-fashioned soul is vexed

To see how lads are boys one year, and men and married next!

You wonder why he never wrote;

Ah, child we cannot tell;

We should not judge before we know—

Hark! was not that the bell?

You heard nothing?—dearie me, what was it that I said?—

We should not judge before we know, and Johnny may be dead.

He had words with his father, girl,

Which often gave me pain;

He does not know he will not see

His father's face again;

He does not know these ten long years how poor and lone I've been,

Unless, indeed, he is above, and has looked down and seen.

Yes, Johnny may be dead, child—

But keep the window light—

We don't know what may happen,

And he may come to-night!

I think I soon shall fall asleep, when I have said my prayer,

And God may wake me near his throne, and Johnny may be there!

I. FVIE.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

PEGGY'S PARTING.

IN the meantime, the necessary preparations had been made for quitting Delaube. There had been a sale of the ancient furniture, attended by all the farmer's and tradesmen's wives in the neighbourhood, and the things had fetched high prices, for they were of the kind which age does not deteriorate—old oak cabinets and presses, and tables of shining, dark mahogany, such as the housewives in question coveted. But Louis Oglivie had taken an afterthought, or had been prompted, as Jean shrewdly guessed, and had written to his daughter to remit to him the proceeds of the sale. The letter came close on the back of Margery's, and before Peggy had announced her determination to come to him. It perplexed her exceedingly, for she had just divided the sum, shilling for shilling, with the old couple who were thus turned adrift in their infirm age, after lifelong,

faithful service. Then it struck her that she would make Jean claim arrears of wages. The old woman could hardly be brought to do it; but by this means a balance in her favour was shown, even after the division aforesaid, and with what Peggy had retained Louis Oglivie was obliged to be content.

And Jean had secured a cottage in the village of Burnside, and was to open a little shop for the print-workers, who were famous for their consumption of sweets and pastry, in spite of their native virtue of thrift. And Jean was to have the cow, as part of her share of the effects; for, when it had come to a question of selling her, the old woman had lamented the necessity with tears in her eyes, and said, "If I had the siller, I would buy her myself." She never kent what it was to have a hard word flung at her, the bonnie leddy." Indeed, Jean considered that there was more deference due to a cow than to any other creature, not excepting either man or woman. So her young mistress had taken care that Hawkie should be hers, and with Hawkie went

the rest of the live stock, consisting of cocks and hens and cats. There were three generations of the latter, all personal friends of Peggy's, who had sketched their various attitudes and expressions over and over again. And all this work of "flitting" she had superintended in the midst of her grave anxiety and distress, remembering the smallest detail that might add to the comfort and happiness of her friends.

Then the house was left empty and bare and desolate, and the day of Peggy's departure was drawing near. She was going to bid farewell to her old friends and to her old home, and, as is always the case in times of change and movement, the days had flown so fast that this had been left to the very last.

It was Saturday afternoon, her own old day at the manse, when she went to say good-bye to the Grants. They were all in the drawing-room, with the exception of Sandie, whose sofa had been removed to his father's study, and who lay there often for hours alone. Dr. Grant had found out that his son craved for solitude, and, anxious to gratify him, had proposed the change, and had actually given up the study for his use.

There was an unusual gravity among them now; even Archie's welcome was subdued and quiet. Mrs. Grant had been displeased to hear of Peggy's engagement from other lips than the girl's own; she was gravely displeased that Peggy had not even mentioned it, and quite determined she should do so first. But her own trouble was at the moment too heavy to allow her to think much of so light a matter.

Peggy's first inquiry was for the absent one. She expected to hear that he was well and hearty, out of doors somewhere.

The one looked to the other to reply. It was Mrs. Grant who did so. "He's as well as he'll ever be," she said, shortly.

"The doctor has only given his opinion to-day. He may be wrong, you know—doctors often are," said Archie, pleadingly, and with an evident disinclination to repeat the verdict.

Peggy looked alarmed.

"He is lame for life, poor fellow," said his father, gently.

"Does he know?" she asked, trying to realise the change it might work in her old companion.

His father answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Grant turned the conversation from the subject.

It was sad and painful to Peggy to be thus, as it were, thrust aloof from their trouble. They knew nothing of hers; they did not even seek to know; they kept her outside the pale, in the region of general conversation, and it was getting time for her to go. At last she said—

"I came to say good-bye, for I am going away for a long time, perhaps for ever," and she lowered her voice; "I am going to Paris."

"To Paris!" they all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes," she replied, trying to speak lightly; "my father is there." She crimsoned as she named him,

and the fact of his neglect rose up before her. "I am to become a travelled and accomplished person after all."

"Why does she not speak out?" thought Mrs. Grant, and she remembered her grievance against Peggy, and stiffened perceptibly. She was resolved not to help her; she expected a simple matter-of-fact statement of her engagement from the girl. She was one of those people who would seem to have been born into the world the same wise, soberminded beings they are at mid-age; not only not possessing, but never having possessed, any sympathy with the feelings, far less with the follies, of youth. She had no matrimonial designs upon Miss Oglivie—would have had none even if she had known how great her expectations were. She thought the girl was marrying to please her new relations, and that was quite right, only she was still rather young. As for her sons having had a fancy to her, they had been very properly kept out of mischief; and that was all she thought on the matter.

After a few more questions asked and answered, Peggy ventured to ask if she could say good-bye to Sandie; but just then the peculiar sound of a crutch was heard in the passage; the answer was prevented, and Sandie himself opened the door and appeared among them.

Archie had been about to spring to the door, but hesitated, and then resumed his seat: he would not do anything to suggest the sense of helplessness to his brother.

Sandie was much paler, much older looking, but cheerful and cordial as ever. He seemed also to restore cheerfulness and cordiality to the others; and questioning Peggy eagerly about her movements, led her to give an account of her recent proceedings more in detail; and the others showed their interest too. She never mentioned the one great subject of interest; and Sandie never alluded to his own misfortune.

Then came another, and Peggy could see, a most welcome visitor. David Haldane was ushered into the room. Peggy had not seen him, save in church, for many weeks. It would have been easy for him to speak to her after service, if he had chosen, and she had been more than once alone; but he had even, she thought, shunned her: and she had felt shy of meeting him, and had resolved to also avoid him now that she was going away. She was on her feet to go when he entered, and he added to the restraint of the parting; but she shook hands all round, and spoke her farewell unflinching till she came to Sandie, and then her voice failed, and the tears would come.

And Sandie, to the amazement of all present, swung himself up on his crutch, and kissed her cheek, and said, "That's for auld times, Peggy." He wanted to put a cheerful face on the matter, but he did not succeed, for Peggy could not second him in his effort. She turned away her face from David Haldane as she gave him her hand, and, in the little stir which her going made, he only noticed how cold and distant

was her voice. He did not know till she was gone that the parting was for any lengthened period.

Dr. Grant accompanied her to the door.

"Tell them all how often and often I shall think of them," she said.

"God bless you, my dear," he made answer, "and give you every happiness. I wish you had not been going so far away, but anywhere in the world may good go with you." And so the kindly man dismissed her, and she knew that he blessed her from the heart.

Then, though it was late in the afternoon, she bent her steps toward the deserted house. It was hers no longer, and she might not even gain admittance, but she would look upon the place once more, and gather into one focus of memory all the inanimate objects that were so dear to her.

There is something very melancholy in a deserted house. The stare of the blank, curtainless windows puts one out of countenance. The fireless hearths, with the ashes of old fires still upon them, make one shiver. The echo of one's steps in the empty chambers seems to call up the ghosts of the past. It has altogether an uncanny feel to be alone in it. One tries, if possible, to escape from it before the evening falls; and the evening was falling as Peggy wandered from room to room, for the door was on the latch, and she had found ready access to her old home. Then she sat down on a favourite seat of hers, the seat to be found in the embrasure of old-fashioned windows, and leaned her head upon her hand, looking out into the deserted garden.

How long she would have sat thus in reverie there is no knowing, for she was dreaming of the future as well as of the past, imagining the old place with its new inmates—thinking how David Haldane would bring his wife there. What she would be like, she did not depict to herself, but she saw him sitting in her grandfather's place by the hearth, with the happy look of home on his face, and his grandly beautiful head bent towards a child at his feet.

It was impossible to say how long she might have dreamed on, but a soft thing was rubbed against the hand that rested by her side, and a little purring sound reached her ear. She started, looked down, and saw the "little cat," the very same little cat she had herself carried to Jean's cottage, when its staid elders had gone in the cart. She understood in a moment that the tiny creature, with a curious instinct, had returned to its old home. "So you are here too," she said, and her voice sounded weirdly: and the creature looked up in her face, and mewed with an expression of such entire, and yet ludicrous, sympathy, that Peggy half laughing, half crying, snatched it to her bosom.

But it had roused her, and she must go; and she could not leave it there, mewing piteously in her face and rubbing against her feet beseechingly; so she took it up in her arms and hastened to leave the place, beguiled somewhat of her sadness by the senseless thing.

At the foot of the hill she met old Mr. Haldane,

and stopped to speak to him, still carrying her little friend clinging desperately to her cloak, with which she had vainly endeavoured to cover it up. She went up to him frankly.

"I have been to the old house to say good-bye," she said; and, seeing him look a little puzzled, she added, sadly, "only to the bare walls, Mr. Haldane." Then she went on to speak to the intent that had struck her on seeing him. He might have it in his power to befriend Jean. She told him of her lifelong fidelity, adding, "You may be sure I would never have parted with her if I could have done otherwise. She has been all the mother I have ever known."

"I'll look in upon her," he said, kindly enough; "the cottage she has taken belongs to me. For that matter, if I had kent about her, she might have stayed and looked after the place a bit, while it's lying empty."

Then he bade her good-bye, and looked after her—actually stood and looked after her—with a mixture of admiration and contempt. In the latter he tried to harden himself. "And she preferred yon Jack-anapes to David," he thought. "And to see her, as if she were a bairn yet, wi' a kitten in her arms; but there's neither common sense nor common honesty in any o' her kind."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN INTERVAL.

Two years had passed away, years during which David Haldane, as managing partner at the print-works, had laboured with an energy of hand and brain which is the rare possession of a few great leaders of industry. It was now the spring of 1830, a year which may be taken as a sort of tide-mark of the progress of manufacturing industry in England. About that time the marvellous series of mechanical inventions which had signalised the preceding fifty years, culminated, and combined to develop the cotton trade in all its gigantic proportions.

The art of cotton-printing was only introduced into England in 1696, by a French Protestant refugee, who established a small print-work on the banks of the Thames; and when David Haldane had erected his on the banks of the Strathie, three quarters of a century later, the art was still in its infancy, and mainly the work of the hand. Now, there was machinery for every successive part of the process. There were machines for washing, and machines for wringing, and machines for drying; and the roller had, to a great extent, superseded the clumsy block. No further back than 1720, an absurd law, in order to foster the linen and woollen trades, prohibited the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, whether of home or foreign manufacture; and now more than three hundred millions of yards were being printed within the bounds of Great Britain.

And the organisers of this vast industry, represented in lengths of cotton that would swathe the

globe ever so many hundred times (let those who are fond of calculation say how many), were realising enormous fortunes, but at enormous risks. Among these were the Haldanes, though, indeed, the management had been lately left entirely to the younger man. The old man now occupied a house in the neighbourhood, which had been built by a retired West Indian, and vacated in disgust, because of its dulness—a disgust which is apt to occur to people with disordered livers. Old David Haldane did not find it dull, but then his liver was as sound as ever, and he visited the works every day of his life.

And the works had been greatly enlarged. There rose from the new and more regular building a tall chimney, vomiting the blackest of smoke; and within, the engines groaned and the power-loom rattled almost day and night. The cotton-mill had been added to the print-work, that the latter might feed the former, and that both might compete with the great centres of the industry for the West Indian trade of Bleaktown, as well as for the home market. All over the country the race of competition and production was going on, and the human machines were suffering in the strain to keep up with those nerves of iron—that brain of fire. That which should have lightened human labour seemed only to have increased it.

"With grind and groan,
With clank and moan,
Their task the prisoned forces ply;
The great wheels fly,
As if they wove the web of fate;

"And to and fro, amid the roar,
Squalid creatures pace the floor.
Slaves of those iron wheels are they,
Bound their impulse to obey,
And upon their bidding wait;

"While to their service dumb,
Not only men are given,
But childish troops are driven,
And women come;
And every heart with weariness is numb."

The people at Haldane's new mill were working almost day and night, in order that the costly new machines might not remain idle, and so stand, as it were, consuming the capital they had absorbed.

Elsewhere—in the English manufacturing districts—the sufferings of women and children, from overwork, were extreme. "The cry of the children" was being echoed through the land. But here the system had not been long enough in operation to tell upon the far robust race of workers—at least, to the extent of disfigurement and death. But one day, while "the manager," as David was still called, was passing through the spinning-room, there was a cry and a slight commotion; several machines were stopped, while the girls who waited on them ran to the help of one who had fallen.

David Haldane was on the spot in a moment. The girl had fainted at her work and fallen—it was feared, injuring herself in her fall. The room was, of course, oppressively warm. They were manufacturing the

lightest fabrics, for which the thread must be spun at a high temperature, and the first thing was to remove her into the cooler air. She was a slight girl, with an exquisite, pale face, the daughter of one of the Highland immigrants. David lifted her in his arms, and bore her out into the air as easily as if she had been a child. As he did so, her face struck him, with its pathos of stilled suffering; its transparent thinness, and the blue circles under the closed eyes, telling their tale of delicate and fading health. He had kept one of her companions by her side; the others were at their work again, as soon as the door had swung back upon its hinges. He held her, with her dark silky hair falling over his arm, till her companion brought water. "She'll soon come to herself," said the girl. "It's no the first time she's ta'en a dwam (faint). She's no fit for the work, puir thing. It takes a stout kimmer like me," she added, looking at her strong, red arms; "and some as strong as me hae gane like this wi' the lang hours."

Whether or no it was a fancied resemblance, the girl, opening her dim blue eyes, and coming back to life as she lay upon his supporting arm, put David in mind of Peggy Oglivie, and a pang smote him as he looked at her. He remembered what Peggy had said about the works—how terrible she had thought the incessant toil and din and heat. "And it must be terrible to such a creature as this," he thought. "Work is for the strong, not for the weak," he said to himself. "But even the strong seem to suffer. You must look to this," said the heart of the man, filled with the memory of one sweet woman, and for her sake tender to all.

The girl revived, but in extreme pain, and David Haldane speedily ascertained that her arm was broken, and, sending for help, had her removed to her mother's cottage, while the doctor was sent for—he himself taking care that every alleviation should be provided for her suffering that money would purchase. But the incident set him pondering more deeply on the condition of the workers than he had ever done before. He felt how great was the responsibility incurred by the masters of industry, in using their human material as they were doing. Their power for good or evil—his power—was greater than that of any territorial lord could be. The wicked Oglivies of old times might oppress their scattered tenants, but they could hardly wring gold out of the life-blood of thousands, as men like him might do. And yet the position was a difficult one. He could not stop the machines—the last hour's work might be the only hour that paid—yet the more he meditated and examined, the more sure he was that the work was too hard, the hours too long, especially for women and children.

And the manager taxed his brain to prevent it. "They shall rust rather," he cried, one midnight, as he sat in his room, still thinking, still working; his active brain, the real motive power of all the energies at work around him. The alternative present to his mind was the sixteen hours a-day which the people were then working; for precious

things were perishing in the atmosphere of constant toil: the evening psalm was no longer heard in the cottages, and the school was empty, while the young ones played no truant.

And it was not without opposition that he carried out his purpose of shortening the hours of the workers, by providing relays, and by other measures of organisation which he projected and enforced. There are always a vast number of people with whom present gain outweighs all future loss, though that loss should be their own lives and the lives of their children. But having once put his hand to the

plough, David Haldane was not the man to draw back. As he cured one evil, another would spring up. For instance, if he brought workpeople from a distance, he over-crowded the villages; but, ever vigilant, and ever active, the new evil neither escaped his notice nor was allowed to gain head before it was put down.

"You are working like a slave," said his friend, Mr. Keith, to him; "you must take some rest."

And David replied, "I will run over to Paris for a week in July, to freshen myself up a bit for the winter."
(*To be continued.*)

THE LOST KNIFE.



ALFRED WILMINGTON was a boy of twelve years old, possessing most of the habits, customs, and tastes usual to that age; but, from delicacy of health, frequently unable to participate in the amusements and active sports of his schoolfellows.

Now for several months his greatest ambition had been to become the possessor of a knife, similar to one which belonged to his father. Not a common knife, such as every boy in the school had; no, no, but one with several different-sized blades, a saw, a corkscrew, and many other useful implements; in fact, as Alfred used to say, in describing it to his boy-friends, "it was as good as a pocket box of tools."

At length Christmas arrived—that happy and exciting season for boys and girls. Great was the curiosity, many were the speculations, as to what present each child should receive.

I do not know what good fairy could have whispered to Alfred's father what he would like the best; but certain it is, that on Christmas morning, the delighted boy found himself possessed of the object of his desire. He immediately set about making a leather case for his treasure, which he wore fastened to a belt round his waist. Oh! how useful that knife was; everything which wanted to be cut, his blades were ready; if anything required sawing, out came the saw; and as to the old corkscrew of the house, it had Christmas holidays as well as Alfred, for he was on the watch to draw every cork required. But the greatest delight of all was, on his return to school, to display his new acquisition to the admiring boys. Time passed on, the novelty of the knife wore away, but not its value; on the contrary, so many were its uses, that he often said, "I only wonder how I could have lived so many years without one."

Spring came—a cold, harsh spring—and Alfred caught so severe a cold that he was obliged to remain at home for some time; until at length, the weather becoming milder, and his health improving, he returned to school; but still his cough was sufficiently troublesome to cause some anxiety to his friends.

Alfred always took extreme delight in fishing. Wherever there was water, there might he be found at every leisure moment, trying to decoy the poor little

fish to their ruin. He had many companions in the neighbourhood, all equally intent on the same sport; but they were strong, healthy boys, able to bear any amount of cold or fatigue. Alfred had often been warned by his parents to avoid damp, and not to lean over water for any length of time, as in this way he had frequently caught cold. Indeed, since his late illness he had been forbidden to fish altogether. This was a hard prohibition to one so devoted to the amusement; and though he obeyed to the letter his parents' commands, yet he could not always resist the temptation of going with other boys to see them fish.

Now it happened that there was a canal near his father's house, and on its banks Alfred and his companions spent most of their play-hours. On one particular occasion, a boy named Charles met Alfred, and asked him to accompany him to the canal to sail boats. At first, Alfred told him that he had been forbidden by his father to fish in the canal.

"I do not want you to fish," replied Charles, "I only want you to come and see my new boat sail;" and so, with some slight compunctions of conscience, Alfred followed his friend.

Charles had a small ship, which he had himself made; they placed it on the water, and it sailed completely to their satisfaction. After watching its movements for some time, it occurred to the boys that if they could quickly make a few small boats of branches of trees, or even flaggers, it would be good fun to send them after the large vessel, in imitation of a set of pirate canoes in chase of a ship, of which they had read in one of Charles's books.

Immediately Alfred drew his knife out of the case, and commenced cutting pieces of stick to the desired shape. After some labour, the desired number of canoes were completed and launched, and Alfred in the hurry of the moment hastily shut his knife, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket; then, as the tiny boats floated off in pursuit of the ship, both boys threw themselves flat on the bank, and eagerly stretched their heads, necks, and nearly half their bodies over the water, that they might with long sticks give a little push to the lagging canoes. Alas! after a desperate effort made by Alfred to reach one which seemed determinately lazy, he saw,

as he leaned forward, his knife—his precious knife—fall from his waistcoat pocket. He made a desperate effort to grasp it. It was useless, although he nearly lost his own balance in the attempt. Down it went, before his very eyes, with a great splash into the deep and dark water. Oh! how that splash went to the boy's heart! He turned pale, he trembled, he felt sick. For a few moments he scarcely believed in the reality of his loss, or found voice to speak. At length his friend broke the silence.

"Alfred, your splendid knife! Oh, what a pity! what a loss!"

"What shall I do?" faltered Alfred, bursting into tears. "What will my father say? How shall I ever tell him? He will think I have been so careless of his present. I wish I could jump in after it; but the water is so deep. Oh, my knife! my beautiful knife! I shall never be able to do without it."

"Don't despair, Alfred," replied his friend; "we know the very spot it fell in. Suppose we get your fishing-rod and mine, and tie them together, and at the end we'll fasten the net you have for catching small fish, and drag the bottom of the canal? We'll be sure to find it. It is getting dark now, or we might try; besides, we must go home for the rods."

These words of hope partially consoled Alfred, and, drying his tears, he said, "Well, Charles, will you meet me here to-morrow, after breakfast?—how fortunate that it is the Easter vacation!—and we will bring the rods, plenty of strong cord, and my net; and perhaps we might fish it up, if the mud is not very deep."

"It is a heavy knife; I hope its own weight has not sunk it."

"Oh, no," replied Alfred; "it fell very slowly, and the water will break its fall. It did not go down with a violent bang."

"But it would be of no use if you had it; it will be all rusty."

"No," said Alfred; "I have often heard of swords and guns being thrown under water to hide them. My father says as long as steel is covered with water it will not be injured: it is only damp which produces rust. If I had my knife I would rub it very dry, and take it to a cutler to polish up. Oh! how I wish I had it! I fear, I fear, I shall never see it more."

"Courage!" replied Charles. "We shall know by this time to-morrow."

Just then they arrived at the door of Alfred's home, and the friends separated. It was with a heavy heart that he entered. Many were the questions addressed to him during the evening by his family, such as, "Alfred, are you well?" "Did any one vex you?" "Well, what is the matter?" Hard enough he found it to answer these inquiries, and to try to smile when he felt so unhappy.

The evening seemed very long. He complained of feeling tired, and went to bed earlier than usual, but not to sleep; his mind was busy forming plans for the recovery of the lost knife.

Soon a gentle tap at the door was followed by the

entrance of his favourite sister. She approached the bedside.

"Alfred, dear, I know there is something wrong; will you not tell me what it is? I might be able to help you. Are you in any difficulty?"

"Will you promise, Lucy, that you will not tell any one?"

"First, is it anything which it would be wrong to conceal? If not, I promise, and you know I can keep a secret."

"Yes, I know," he replied; "you have often kept my secrets. It is nothing wrong, so you have promised, and I will tell you what happened me to-day."

He then proceeded to give a full description of his misfortune. Kindly and warmly did his sister sympathise with him. They discussed all the plans for the recovery of the knife; but she could not help fearing that in his anxiety he might become incautious, and fall into the deep water; and begged him to remember how much more valuable his life was than many knives.

"Never fear," he said; "when I stretch forward, I shall get Charles to hold me tightly. I think I shall recover it; I cannot believe it is quite lost."

Lucy feared it was, but she did not like to discourage him by saying so.

"Alfred, if you find it is hopeless, you must tell papa."

"No, Lucy, I never could tell him."

"Why not? He would not be very angry, you know it was only an accident."

"Yes, but it was my own fault; I ought not to have leaned over the water."

"No, you ought not, Alfred; but still, you have been punished by the loss of your knife, and I think papa would forgive you, and I am sure you will try to remember what you are told again."

"Well, it is time enough to talk of telling when I am sure I have really lost it."

"But you ought to tell in any case, Alfred."

"So I will, if I find my knife. I will tell all about having let it fall into the canal, of its wonderful escape, and how unhappy I was about it; but I must have it in my hand to show. No, I never could tell papa that his valuable present was lost, he would think me so careless and ungrateful."

Lucy, finding all her persuasions unavailing, left the room, first begging of her brother to come home early next day after his search, and report to her his success or failure.

Morning came. Alfred left the house according to appointment, and met his friend Charles. The fishing-rods were tied together, and the net firmly fixed on to the end; but, alas! with all their efforts, it would not reach the bottom. The water was deep, and the bank high. They could touch the mud at other places, but not near the fatal spot. After spending a long time in useless labour, they gave up the search as hopeless, and returned to their homes.

Lucy was watching at the door for her brother; she had spent an anxious morning, and now sym-

pathised kindly with him in his disappointment. What was to be done? It was at length agreed between them that Lucy should tell their father all, and represent how very sorry Alfred was, not only for the loss of the knife, but for his own disobedience. Nothing more was said on the subject that day, but there were mysterious conversations between Lucy and her two younger sisters, the result of which Alfred could not find out at the time.

Next morning he whispered to Lucy, "Have you told papa yet?"

"No," she replied; "I have a reason for not doing so at present, which you must not ask. I think you had better tell him yourself, but not till to-morrow."

"I can never do it, Lucy; I have told you so before, and I think it is very ill-natured of you not to do it for me."

To his surprise, she only smiled at this speech, and said no more.

That evening, Alfred was wandering about by himself, and looking very sad, when he beheld his three sisters approaching, apparently in high spirits.

"Well," he thought to himself, "surely Lucy has forgotten my misfortune very quickly. I never remember her having been so unfeeling before."

"Alfred! Alfred!" they called out, "what a bad looker you are! You gave up the search too soon."

"Where? where? Oh! you have not found it," he exclaimed; "it is impossible!"

"We have been out a long time trying to get it for you," replied Lucy, "and it appears we have been more successful than you—for look!" and as she spoke, she held up a knife to his astonished gaze.

He seized it with avidity.

"It is! it is really the same! My knife! But how bright it has grown!"

"You know," said Lucy, "water does not rust knives; perhaps it has the effect of brightening them."

"Is it mine? No, it cannot be, it is too new-looking; evidently, it has never been used, but it is the same size and shape, and contains the same number of blades and implements. Tell me, girls, do tell me all about it. Where did it come from? You had not money to get a new one, surely?"

"Yes, we had, between us all; we had just the price of the knife, and we are so glad, dear Alfred, to be able to get it for you."

"But," said Alfred, "Lucy told me she was going, to buy a new book with her money; and you, Clara, have been gathering for a long time for a workbox. Little Fanny could not have had much. Oh, I wish you had not spent all your money on me! It makes me twice as sorry for having been so disobedient and careless. Yet I am so glad to have a knife again. There is papa, now, I will run and tell him all."

And off he set after his father, with the new knife in his hand, to tell of his own faults and his sisters' kindness.

The knife was placed with much care in the leather case of its predecessor, and Alfred, like "a burnt child who dreads the fire," took care never to take it near the canal.

He kept it safely till he became a man; indeed, he has it still, and often tells his own children the story of the lost knife, as a lesson against disobedience.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND. (SEVENTEENTH LIST.)

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tents of a dear departed		Necton					
boy's money-box	0 2 0						

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, February 1, 1868. —



Drawn by G. H. THOMAS.

"Hallo, sir," I shouts after him; "you've left your dogs."—p. 306.

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

THE writer of this little narrative, which she believes to be strictly true, is the only survivor of the three interlocutors. She related it once before, but in a form quite unlikely to meet the eyes of the many readers of THE QUIVER, and she thinks it quite worth telling again.

It was somewhere in the summer of 1848 that

I was staying with a friend who lived within the precincts of Claremont Park—that Claremont the name of which is now so familiar to all, but which retains unbroken its royal seclusion, fragrant with historic memories of the loved and lost.

Here I used to stray at will among the pleasant glades and sylvan paths, apparently miles from the haunts of man, often among wild brushwood and tangled thickets, with many a sound of insect and animal life, but none of human vicinage, till, perhaps, just as I was beginning to feel almost too lonely, a sudden turn would bring me to the mausoleum, the lake, a root-house, or boat-house, or I heard a wagoner talking to his horses close at hand in the high road.

At other times, wandering along bowery lanes, or over breezy commons, I came upon the cottages of pensioned retainers of royalty, retired from service. And much did these worn-out servitors cherish the names of good King Leopold and the lamented Princess Charlotte.

One day I was enjoying a brisk walk with my friend along a country road intersecting a picturesque heath, and skirted by plantations and park palings. All at once she said, as we approached a lonely little cottage, with apple-trees and peppermint-beds—

"Come, I will take you in to see my old friend Mr. Butler; he is an original, quite worth your seeing and hearing. He was formerly coachman to the Borradailles, but has long retired from service to live on his savings. He lives quite alone, except that an old woman chafes for him once a week. A female is rarely admitted into the house, but I am a bit of a favourite of his."

Accordingly she opened the little garden gate, and we passed through it to the cottage, at the entrance of which we were greeted by a hale, ruddy, rather whimsical-looking old man, who welcomed my friend cordially enough.

After some desultory chat, which showed him to have a sufficiently comfortable opinion of himself, doubtless partly attributable to his living so much alone, Mrs. M. said, "Mr. Butler, I want you to let this lady see your clock—Pope's clock, you know, that you bought at the sale at Twickenham."

"Oh! she's welcome to see it," said he, leading the way into his little kitchen. "There's the clock; and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days, 'cause he and the Queen admired it so."

"Oh, come, Mr. Butler, tell us all about that affair. My friend would like to hear it."

"Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon, a smart spring shower came on, and as I was going by the window, I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse; so I goes to the front door, and

hollers out, 'I say! you'd better come in here. So upon that, in they came, and I was a going to show them into the parlour, when the young lady says, 'Oh, I'd rather go into the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet.' Well, I let her do as she liked; and as the fire was not an over-good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up, by putting on some turf that lay handy, and by way of saying something goodnatured-like, you know, he says says he, 'This is nice turf you've got.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'I don't think it very good; they've cut it too deep, quite down into the earth.' So, then he looks about him, for something else to notice; and seeing those cups and saucers on the mantelshelf, 'You've got some old china,' says he. 'No, sir,' says I, 'that's not china—it's *delft*; and before you were born, sir, people thought a good deal of eating off *delft*, which being the best ware they could get, they valued as we value china now.' So then the young lady says, 'You've a curious clock.' 'Yes,' says I, 'that really is a curiosity, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at a sale of his effects at Twickenham.' So they both of 'em looked at it with a kind of interest, you know; and the young lady says, 'Is it just as it was when Pope had it?' 'Oh, no!' says I, 'I've had it cleaned, and done up.' 'Ah! that's a pity,' says she, 'for otherwise, I would have bought it of you.'

"Well, I thought this funny; but just then, the young gentleman, who had gone to the front door, calls out, 'It has left off raining now.' 'You can't justly tell whether it has or not, sir,' says I, 'at that door, because the wind sets against the back of the house. If you'll go to the back door, you'll be able to see.' So he goes to the back door, and directly he opened it, out darted his two dogs—a big and a little one—and began rolling themselves on my peppermint-bed. 'Hallo, sir!' says I; 'do you know I sell my peppermint?' So he laughed, and whistled them off, and says to the young lady, 'It really has left off raining.' Then they thanked me for giving them shelter and went away, and I was standing at the door looking after them, when my old woman comes to me all in a fuss, and says, 'Those strangers have left their dogs behind, to dirty my floors.' 'Hallo, sir,' I shouts after him; 'you've left your dogs!' He looked about and whistled, and they followed him. I saw them cut across the common to a little gate in the park paling, and stood thinking to myself, 'Whoever can they be, that have got the master-key of that gate? Why, ten to one, it's the Queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall and she's short, and they do go about with a greyhound and a terrier; but I didn't know they were expected down here just

now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall know.' So I went up with my basket of eggs, and, sure enough, the servants told me Her Majesty and the Prince *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain."

"Well, but, Mr. Butler, that is not all."

"Oh, no, that it isn't. The next day, they tell me, the Queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, 'Have any of you any money?' 'How much does your Majesty want?' says one of the equeries. 'Oh, five or ten pounds.' 'I have five pounds, your Majesty.' 'Oh, that will do.' So they rode along here," continued Butler, with great complacency, "and as they went by, the Queen said to him, 'Go in and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me, and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday.' So, of course, I was very much pleased; but, you know, I didn't know who he was, nor what brought him; so seeing the gentleman come in and leave the gate open, I thought I should be having the dogs in again, and bawled out, 'Shut the gate after you!'"

"Well, every year since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it, but by

taking her a basket of cherry-pippins, which is not what everybody can do, for I don't know of any hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the Queen. *You* shall have one, though, ma'am. Here's one for ye."

Old Mr. Butler is now dead, and before he died he made his will, and left Pope's clock to the Prince Consort. Alas, the beloved Prince is dead too!—the old man, who perhaps left none to regret him, and the favourite of Providence, just in his prime, mourned wherever the English tongue is spoken, as well as by all in his native land!

I dare say dozens of anecdotes like this, of the Queen's benevolence, might be picked up in that neighbourhood, where she and the Prince spent many of their halcyon days; but perhaps another instance would not readily be found of a more opinionated and self-complacent old humourist, who, before he knew who his guests were, took what he considered the upper hand on every subject that they touched upon. He seemed quite as pleased with having let them see "what was in him," as with anything else.

I don't know that I have seen another cherry-pippin from that day to this. Certainly, I could never have one offered me again without being reminded of the Queen and Mr. Butler.

RELIGION AND THIS LIFE.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.



ANY a one confesses that the sinner loses something by-and-by, who vaguely thinks that he is a gainer in this world; and that if both profits could be realised—if one master could be served for eleven hours, and the other for the hour before he pays—that would be a fine stroke of business, and is a speculation well worth venturing. I do not say that people coolly think this out, but they have the idea, and act upon it, nevertheless.

Let us think it out for them; and begin, as is fair, by considering what he gains who neglects God. We must count no joy to be gained by irreligion but what free-hearted, liberal Christianity forbids, or at least forbids under his circumstances—no innocent pleasure, no harmless, inoffensive mirth, no sport after work is done, but only what oversteps the limit of right and of reason.

We may safely tell him, however, that he gains overgrown lusts, a dwarfish soul, and a paralysed spirit: liberty to neglect every one except himself, to blaspheme God, and encourage others to insult their Maker too; the indulgences that give red

eyes and trembling hands, and a premature, dishonourable grave: he gains leave to be licentious, false, dishonest, vile; to be empty-headed, and to be revengeful. In brief, he gains the choice of being a moth that every candle dazzles, or a bird of carrion, or a beast of prey. And if he cries out in horror that he wants none of these, then he gains further the necessity of being one, probably somewhat of all these against his will, and of having to fight the Christian's battle without the Christian's weapons. And, honestly, I think that is all; all he has to set against terrible future hazards; all his compensation for the very serious present losses that I am now going to reckon up.

1. Have you ever stepped upon solid land after a voyage in which there was, or seemed to be, pressing danger? Ever, after months of illness, been told that all was over and life was safe? What a relief that was; and although the sharpness of the sensation soon wore off, such a contrast always exists between doubt and certainty, between danger and security. But none is really safe—no, nor really feels himself to be so—until his sins are actually forgiven; until there is no more condem-

nation, until he passes from death unto life. The sinner (even if he be saved at last) loses meantime that feeling of security. He is a bold man if death and hell never terrify him, and if he would not gladly undergo much to know that sudden death would to him be sudden glory. Surely it is a happy thing to walk this changeable world without fear of anything it can do; confident that in tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, we should be more than conquerors through Him that loved us; so happy, that considering what we have seen the pleasures of sin to be, we might safely weigh it against them all.

2. Very terrible is the power of conscience. The lady who has made herself a queen by murder, who never feared man, and has everything now that heart can wish, or that can distract her thoughts, feels it, nevertheless, in the dead of night, and stalks about her palace, moaning that "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten her little hand." Yes, and our countless offences, as truly as one or two vast crimes, have the power of a dense flight of little birds to obscure the light of day.

And there is none so thoughtless but his conscience sometimes pricks him. "What," it cries, "shall be the end of these things? Is this the end for which God gave you powers, and energies, and hopes? O slothful and shameless, thankless and unjust!—unjust to God, whom you disobey, unjust to man, whom you seduce, unjust, above all, to the God-man, whose blood you trample under foot!"

So he loses the peace which passeth all understanding, born when that old life is blotted out, when the blood of Christ is sprinkled on the heart, and his Spirit renews the life, and Satan is being trodden down beneath the Christian's feet.

It is the best of blessings, the mind at peace with God and with itself,—

"The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience like a sea at rest."

3. He loses a worthy aim in life. You who know it, have never forgotten the feeling that came over you when school or college was done, and the actual work of life lay at last before you, rugged but yet grand through its intense reality. No more sharpening of the faculties for exercises that might never come; no more drill in time of peace, but the battle itself was now. Now you would be in earnest; now you would strain every nerve, and friend and enemy should learn together what stuff was in you. Alas! it was only the stuff that dreams were made of. You soon found the profession or the trade as monotonous as a routine as the task had been before; you soon learned that it was just as easy to drift along

with the new current as ever it had been with the old.

What we want is an object in life so distinct and so absorbing that it will force us to do our best; and when the fresh gloss is off it, the world can no longer give us that. It is sad to learn that lesson—sad to go on toiling because we must or may as well go on, not because anything good or lofty is ever likely to come of it—sad to be like a water-logged vessel on a heaving sea, with tattered cordage and broken masts, pitching forward and back, and to and fro, and settling slowly, helplessly down, instead of spreading a broad sail to the wind, and sweeping to some quiet haven that lies far away. A sad thing, but it is the sure lot of the worldly. How can a man really do his best to win a name or a fortune? and when they are won, what next? Have we not heard of old men dying when their dull routine of duties was struck away—dying from listlessness, because they had made money enough to retire? Yes, that dull round of mechanical duties, and that indolent sloth beyond it, are poor things both of them;—

"Nothing to hope for, or labour for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath:
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death."

But a grand thing to live like a racer, on full stretch for the crown that ever hangs full in the eye of faith; compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses; watched by heaven and hell; nerved with a strength which nature never gave; laying up treasure where the wreck of nature cannot spoil it; witness at once to God's grace, and to the beauty of holiness; enduring, as seeing Him who is invisible; living, yet not we, but Christ. Then there is a reality in things; then life has a purpose, a unity, and a power; then

"The heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings;—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face."

Oh, what a loss! to be capable of this, and to be a weathercock, a tennis-ball, bandied by the hand of fools! or, as a fashionable song used candidly to put it, to "be a butterfly born in a bower!" Men and women, made for better things, is it not high time to awaken out of this drugged and unhealthy sleep?

4. Does the mention of so fixed and definite a purpose sound wintry, lonesome, chilling, to the heart? That is because the affections are injured whenever man sets before him one fixed, unbending purpose for this life. The miser cannot love, the philosopher must wipe from his mind

all trivial, fond records, and the conqueror wades to his throne through blood, trampling upon broken hearts. Frost and frozen winds are eternal on those unnatural heights, and we common mortals shiver as we think of them.

It is different with our heavenly purpose. Love is the secret of its very existence, and we cannot love God without loving our brother also. See how he has joined us together in churches, taught us the fellowship of prayer and praise, instituted the Supper, which is nothing if it be not a communion, and bidden us bear each other's burdens.

Here the world loses the sweetener of life itself. It knows not the soothing and elevating consciousness of being banded on the side of God with all who bear his image everywhere; of helping with prayer men whom we have never seen; and of receiving in sorrow, temptation, and bereavement, the solace which a Christian can bestow upon his brother in the faith. Is that nothing?—the gush of kindly feeling, the thrill of responding sympathies, the vibration of hearts in tune! Is it nothing to have a richer training than the earth can give, of those instincts to which the earth itself owes more than half its charms? Why, you cannot expand a man's power of loving, without enlarging also his capacity for joy.

5. But more than earthly love is lost, even as there are chambers of the soul to which earthly love can never penetrate. There is a bitterness which no heart, however dear, can share; and he who drinks that poisoned cup, drains it in solitude and silence. There is also an hour when the soul, about to leave its tenement of clay, is already quite secluded. It does not recognise the dearest voices, it does not hear the prayer that is uttered with sobs by the bedside, its hopes and fears are no longer expressed upon the face, the dense shadow of death broods heavily over the valley into which the lonely journeyer has gone down; and the chances are that you and I shall die thus, isolated among the loving and the true, as much as if we dropped

from a ship's side into the dark, bubbling waters, and none missed us until all was over.

Alas for him who has neither companion, nor rod, nor staff, to comfort him in that hour of mortal dread! Alas for him even to-day, who has no sympathising friend, except for the troubles which his tongue can tell out in the shallow words of men! Alas and alas that a heavenly Comforter should offer to abide with man continually! that a Friend, into whose side, and feet, and hands the iron pierced for him, should court his acceptance of unerring guidance and unslumbering guardianship! and yet the infatuated creature should make light of it, and go his ways, to his farm or to his merchandise.

We may have that guardianship, that love, and that consolation always. He will be near us when we climb or fall; near us when the light is low, and the blood creeps; near us when we fade away. He will come again, and receive us unto Himself. He is with His people always, even unto the end of the world.

We need go no further. I will not more than mention the light from expected heaven, streaming upon the path of time; nor the joy of turning others to the Lord, or of conquering old vices and growing up in new virtues, by the power of grace, or of prayer and the Word of God.

Enough has been written to make us feel, if we will feel, which is the better part; and to make the best reader feel, also, that there is still in religion a fund of unexhausted pleasure, delights of which some have never tasted, and others have sipped instead of drinking deep.

Religion is the flower of that heavenly wisdom of which Solomon sang, "She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

WILD FLOWERS.

I.

“**T** WAS pleasant in the leafy lanes
To wander 'neath the hedgerow's shade,
My pathway chequered, green and gold,
As through the leaves the sunbeams played.

II.

The honeysuckle, white and pink,
Like to a maiden's blushing cheek;
The sweet white rose o'ertopping all,
In many a wild fantastic freak;

III.

And mingling with their lighter wreaths,
Peered heads of elder, white as snow;
While briony's green satin leaves,
Trailed graceful to the bank below;—

IV.

Not berried, for 'twas summer still,
And flowers of summer's prime were here—
Gold buttercups, "Jack-by-the-hedge,"
And the blue darling of the year,

V.

The tender, trembling speedwell flower,
So fragile, yet so freely spread;
While Robert-herb, geranium wild,
Peeped through the green with leaves so red;

VI.

The ox-eye daisy, tall and fair,
Made dazzling contrast with the rest;
And many a smaller plant lay there,
Half hidden in the blooming nest.

VII.

What tended garden's flaunting pride
Enamel bright as this can show?
Where form and colour matchless vie,
And care and culture never know.

VIII.

How few of those who careless pass
This scene of beauty by the way,
Have eyes to see, or tongue to praise,
Although it greets them every day.

IX.

"Then why," I asked, "were wild flowers made,
Full of sweet scents and beauty bright,
When man disdains their fragile charms,
And finds in them such scant delight?"

X.

It seemed as if each radiant bloom
Lifted its head and answered me:
"We were not made for man alone,
Nor for the butterfly or bee.

XI.

"We care not for man's idle scorn,
The Lord of heaven has owned us fair;
No toil is ours, no vexing strife,
Yet no array like ours is rare.

XII.

"We whisper still, if man would list,
From worldly cares to turn aside;
To seek in simple joys delight,
Nor barter peace for empty pride."

K. S. M.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—VII.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

TELL you what it is," said Archie Scott, "I do not know whether my natural feelings are finer than yours, but so far from finding any pleasure in this style of work, and in witnessing such dreadful distress, which I am sure I had no conception even existed, I must say that I find it only most dreadfully depressing. I don't think I could stand much of it—indeed, I don't. I think two or three months of such work would send me downright melancholy mad, for it's not only the scenes themselves," he continued, naively, "to which I might in time, perhaps, like you, become accustomed, but besides that, I do not at all like the disagreeable thoughts and self-reflections to which they give rise. I am sure I could never reconcile myself to them, and I do not exactly see the use of creating unnecessary pain and troubles for oneself, either moral or physical, which can possibly be avoided. I have quite enough troubles and painful feelings already, without going out of my way to make more. As to saying that there is any enjoyment in this visiting, that is downright humbug; and if you can find pleasure in witnessing such awful distress as we have seen this evening, why, I think you must have a very wicked heart, if you are speaking the truth."

"Well, that is a queer view to take of it, too," rejoined Sydney, good-humouredly, "and one that I should never have thought could enter anybody's head, and that you are candid I must allow; but don't you think that such thoughts and self-comparisons, though, I will grant you, not very pleasant, are wholesome and advantageous to yourself? I quite agree with you in the extreme painfulness of the actual witnessing the distress and misery of our poor fellow-creatures, whom we have to visit, but surely the pleasure is in the attempt to alleviate their wants—in giving them a certain amount of comfort and pleasure, which is reflected back upon the giver, and is real pleasure, and by no means an imaginary feeling, as I know many people think it to be.

"You yourself have told me that you have tried every pleasure which general society or the usual excitements of life can offer, and you have found them all rotten and unsatisfactory; now, take my word for it, and only just try this new task by way of a change. I will engage to say that in positive and actual satisfaction, not relatively or imaginary, but *actually* I repeat, the thoughts of those few kind words spoken by yourself to poor old Fenton about his son, and the little gleam of comfort which you were thus enabled to shed upon his dismal and monotonous life of suffering, will make

you feel a happier man, as you lay your head upon your pillow to-night, than you have been for many a long day past, and that I am sure of, without any cant or humbug, as you are pleased to call it, in the matter.

"However, now, before we go home, having shown you two or three specimens of real and deep distress, you shall, if you like, come with me to unearth what I strongly suspect to be a regular professed begging-letter writer, in which pursuit, I must confess, I always take an almost sporting interest. I must just make sure of the address, from this letter which I have in my pocket, and which was forwarded to our head-quarters by the Marchioness of A., whose known wealth and benevolence have long given her the honour of a prominent place in the regularly-kept lists of all the impostors and begging-letter professionals in London. If we find this old lady at home, I may perhaps show you a little amusement, as a relief to your feelings, after what you have already been through. Yes, this must be the house, let us go in without knocking, for the street-door is, as usual, on the swing, so mind your head and your shins, and follow me up the rickety old staircase."

It was not without some difficulty, and groping about in the dark, that they made their way up to the first floor; then seeing a feeble light coming under a door on the landing, Sydney tapped gently with his knuckles. It was opened instantaneously, by a sharp-looking little girl, apparently of not more than eight or nine years old.

"Does Mrs. Mumper live here?"

"Yes, sir—leastways, all letters and parcels is to be took in here, though she rents the back room up-stairs on the next floor. She has generally left by this time of day; but any message I can give her, or I could send for her round to her other lodgings, if you wanted to speak to her."

"Why, where does she live then, besides?"

"Oh! she has a parlour and bedroom where she always sleeps, over at the 'Bull's Head,' further round the corner; but don't tell her I said so, gentlemen," the child added, as she saw Sydney laugh, and nudge the captain, "or I know she will cut up awful rough with me." After which confidence, she added: "I was in hopes you kind gentlemen was perhaps a coming in to see me."

"To see you! why, what can we do for you, my child? and where is your father and mother?"

"Please, sir, I've never had no father, for ever so long. He died two years after I was born, and mother has got a poisoned thumb, and has gone out to a good lady's, to beg a few tea-leaves, for she hasn't had no work these three weeks, at the wash-tub or charing; and so we, that is, mother, and my two little brothers, and me, has only got now what I earn myself to live upon."

"What you earn!" exclaimed Captain Scott, looking with amazement at the size of the child; "why, that is a good idea, indeed! what in the name of wonder can you earn, I should like to know?"

"Only one-and-fourpence a-day for dry nursing," answered the little one, sharply; "and little enough, too—fourpence a-piece for two babies, and eightpence for that old gentleman, including his firing, which his family won't pay more, because they say he ought to be able to dress himself; though he takes a deal more looking after than the babies do, and as to dressing, it aint much he has got to dress himself in. Now then, Binjam-ing," she cried, as the visitors advanced, wondering, into the room—changing suddenly from a childish, and rather whining voice, to a severe tone, by which she seemed to think it necessary to impress her authority—"Binjam-ing, don't you see these two gentlemen coming in? why don't you stand up, sir, and take off your cap directly?"

The poor old patriarch, thus reminded of his manners, did his best to struggle up out of his chair, looking quite timidly at the little vixen, frowning and shaking her head at him, with her arms set akimbo, as she still went on scolding at him. "I am quite ashamed of you, Binjam-ing, at your time of life, not to know how to behave yourself better. There's little Jim, who is only just three years old, has a deal better and prettier ways than you have."

Thus hearing himself held up as an example, a fluffy-headed, dirty-faced little urchin made his appearance from under a bedstead, which occupied the corner of the room; and then a second one, equally fluffy and dirty, cautiously peeped out at the strangers from the same retreat.

"Are those your brothers?" inquired Sydney.

"Bless your heart! no sir—they's the babies I take care of; my brothers are out: one's gone with mother, and the other is out after no good, I dare say, for he is an idle boy, and never earns not twopence a week—leastways, if he does, he never brings nothing home to mother and me, who keep him."

Here the poor old man began to mumble something, as perceiving him still standing, both Sydney and the captain had begged him to sit down. But she turned upon him sharply, bidding him "be quiet directly, Binjam-ing, while I speak to the gentlemen. One would really think you was old enough to know better."

"Why, how old is he?" they inquired.

"Ninety-seven the twenty-fourth of last month," she answered, without a moment's hesitation, just as any mother might do who was speaking of her own baby. "Ninety-seven—he is, indeed, and I think he ought to be ashamed of himself;" but whether for having lived to that age, or for

not knowing better how to behave himself, the premature little vixen did not condescend to explain.

"But, really now," said Captain Scott, "this won't do, you know: it must be downright impossible. It's your mother, in fact, you mean, who is paid to take care of this old fellow—gentleman, I should say; I beg his pardon."

Sydney gave a look of approval at this correction, in accordance with his previous lecture; but the infant virago very tartly replied—

"No, sir, begging your humble pardon, all the same, I always means what I says, and says what I means, and it is only me myself undertakes the charge of old Binjaming, and the two babies likewise, for which I receive the payment, as I've already told you. When mother is well, and all right, she is never at home all day long, but works at the wash-tub; but now her poor thumb is so dreadful bad she can't do nothing; besides, she never could abide babies, even when they was her own; and as to nursing old gentlemen, she says herself she don't feel she could ever understand it at all; while I have, somehow, always took to it natural-like all my life; and now mother is so bad I have to take care of her too. I does all the cooking myself, I does."

"What, do you know how to cook too? what kind of dishes have you learnt to serve up now?" asked Archie, quite seriously.

"Well, sir, we soak stale bread in dripping, and then boil up old tea-leaves with the bits of orange-peel, or any other relish of that sort, which my brothers sometimes picks up in the street; or sometimes we may have a fried sprat a-piece, as a great treat; but all we have to live on now is my one-and-fourpence a-day, and four loaves a-week from the board, while mother's hand is so bad; for the half-a-crown they allow her beside, with another sixpence added on it, goes to pay the rent of this room; and that is the very last scraping of coal left, which I put on the fire just before you gentlemen came in."

"Well, what's your name?" asked Sydney taking out his printed order book.

"Hameliar-Ranner-Rannam," she answered, in a breath, as if it were all one name of many syllables.

"That's a good mouthful, at any rate," said Sydney, laughing, "for a little party of your proportions; but is it all one name?"

"No, sir," she answered, rather indignantly. "Hameliar, is my first, and Hannah is my second——"

"And Rannam is your third," said Sydney.

"Why, it's a regular conundrum," remarked Archie.

"It isn't Rannam—nothing at all about it; but 'Annam."

"Why, how do you spell it, then?" asked Sydney.

"With a haitch, and a hay, and two hens, and a hay, and a hem; and I don't see," she added, rather testily, "how you could well spell 'Annam properly anyhow else."

While Sydney was writing orders for some coal, and a little tea and other groceries, of which he was very particular in desiring that old Benjamin should have his share, Mrs. Hannam, the mother, came in: a decent-looking woman, with one arm in a sling; and Amelia Hannah then volunteered to run round to the "Bull's Head" in search of Mrs. Mumper.

While she was gone, Sydney Welworth took the opportunity of making some inquiries about that precocious young person, and also of venturing to suggest that he did not consider her manners or address either agreeable or respectful to her ancient charge.

"Oh, that's only Amelia's way," said the mother; "why, I assure you, gentlemen, she is as jealous over him as if he was her own child; she scolds him a bit sometimes, and keeps him in order, just to show her authority and special interest in him like; but she never allows nobody else to do so, nor to interfere with him in any way. Why, when the old gentleman was ill, a few months back, that child sat up nights and nights with him, and wouldn't leave his bedside, or allow any one else to give him his food or his physic; and she made him two shirts—every bit with her own little fingers—as a present and surprise for him against his last birthday. Bless you, sir, old Benjamin is as fond of her as she is of him, though she does keep him in such strict order, and he minds her and obeys her like a faithful dog. She is a good, hardworking child, and everything that's dutiful to me, I can assure you; and how I should ever have got on now without her, I can't tell at all."

"She seems an infant phenomenon, and no mistake," remarked Archie Scott; "but there's a bad look out in store for some poor fellow hereafter, whoever she may happen to fix on for the honour of becoming her husband."

At this moment, the little girl returned, to announce that Mrs. Mumper was up-stairs in her own reception-room, having been brought quickly enough by the simple message, delivered exactly as it had been given, to the effect that a "gentleman had come to inquire after her in her distress."

"Now," said Sydney, in a whisper; "if I mistake not, I shall be able to show you, by way of a wind-up, a case of perhaps greater destitution than we have even yet seen;" and up they went.

There was no need to knock, for the door of the back room on the second floor was partly open,



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Soul of music, what art thou?
Soul of music, fill me now."—p. 314.

and they could already hear the deep-drawn sighs and low moaning of some person, apparently in the greatest distress.

By the feeble glimmer of a small piece of rush-light, the appearance of the low room was miserable in the extreme. Some remains of torn-down paper hung in festoons from the filthy walls, the ceiling was broken in large holes, through which the laths and rafters might be seen, and the flooring seemed equally rotten and dilapidated. Every pane of the window was either crashed all across, or entirely gone, and stuffed with a piece of rag or newspaper. As to furniture, there was none, except in one corner a bundle of rags, and part of a dirty straw mattress, on which was seated a middle-aged female, crooning, with her face between her knees, her shoulders covered with the ragged remains of an old shawl, or perhaps it may once have been a brown blanket, which she clutched more tightly around her as she continued to moan, without appearing to be aware that any one was in the room but herself.

She quite started when Sydney Welworth inquired, in a most sympathetic tone of voice,

whether she was Mrs. Mumper; but, even by that dim light, Captain Scott was surprised, when she looked up, to see that, in spite of her rags and tatters, and her grey hair—which in her misery was allowed to hang down wildly over her face from beneath an exceedingly dirty widow's cap—her cheeks were even tolerably plump looking, while the bright colour of her nose, certainly, rather contrasted with the rest of her outward condition.

"We have been requested to come and see after you, in consequence of a letter from you to the Marchioness of A., which has been forwarded to a society of which I am a member."

"Ah, God bless her!" cried Mrs. Mumper, with a deep sigh; "she is indeed a good lady, as I have been told, and always ready to assist the poor in their need."

"Well, Mrs. Mumper, if you could manage to give us a better light, I should like to look over this letter: perhaps your neighbour, Mrs. Hannam, down-stairs, will be kind enough to lend us her candle for a minute or two."

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

I.

SOFTEST cadence, lightly falling,
Let me hear thee once again;
Spirit so resistless, calling
Tears from hardened hearts of men,
Call unto the inmost hearing,
Stir the depths of pity, fearing
No repulse, thou all endearing
Sense of rapture, even when
We must weep as if in anguish,
As thy liquid voices languish,
At their saddest, sweetest then.

II.

Sweet, as in far distance dying,
Memories of happy years,
Joys that were and are not, sighing,
Blinding that which is with tears,
Come a present peace defying,
With harmonious, strange, contending
Voice—entreating voice replying,
Now with wedded purpose blending
From the heart's secretest dwelling,
From a sacred shrine outwelling,
Like a flood of waters swelling,
High, and grand, and solemn thunder,
Every passion 'neath thee quelling,
Crushing all emotion under,

Moving with imperious brow,
Soul of music, what art thou?
Soul of music, fill me now.

III.

Reed, that singeth by the river—
River babbling on the stone—
Winds, that in the aspen shiver,
Or, to greater anger grown,
Make the rooted forests quiver—
Music, these, thy varied tone,
With the mingled mirth and moan
Of the ocean, breaking ever,
Matchless in its song, alone,
Unto these thy heart is known.

IV.

Bells upon the night air stealing,
Sweet as sleep to long unrest,
Through the outer senses feeling
For the sense within the breast.
Gentle fingers, full of healing,
On the pained temples prest,
Many, since your faint beginning,
Many miles have ye been winning.
For the weary in their waking,
For the sad heart in its aching.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CANKER OF COVETOUSNESS.



THE atmosphere in which David Haldane worked was one of high pressure at every point. With the minister of Burnside had originated one of those mysterious religious movements which, under the name of revivals, have been a mark for the shallow scoffer, who can see no deeper than the surface-eccentricities of lives stirred to their hidden depths. So-called "culture" sneers at some of the manifestations of profound feeling among the ignorant and uncultivated; but, hypocrisy and self-delusion aside, the great wave of emotion which strikes human hearts at such a time, is a mighty power for good. Hypocrisy and self-delusion may mingle with it; those twin-children of falsehood are to be found following the standard of every cause that is noble and holy, precisely because it is so; but as far as the influence at work is truly felt by the spirits of men, so far is it a Divine influence. Minds of a higher class than that of the scornor, who yet stand aloof from the movement, see and acknowledge this. They see it exalt the most degraded, and almost transfigure, for a time at least, the most rude of human beings, and they own that it purifies the springs of action as no mere intellectual conviction can do.

The attitude of reverent observation was that which David Haldane assumed. The movement was most active among the print-work hands, and the people were holding meetings, for exhortation and prayer, at all possible and impossible hours of the day and night; and at all times, in season and out of season, Mr. Keith was at his post among them, keeping down weak excitement by the weight of his solemn enthusiasm, obeying every call to added labour, as the call of the Spirit of God, till his face was haggard with watching, and his clothes hung loose upon his gaunt and stooping frame.

For it seemed as if the more prayer there was in the parish, there was also the more drunkenness and blasphemy; the more good, the more evil; the more holiness, the more sin. That this is generally the case, is a strange fact connected with such movements. None within the sphere of their influence remain entirely unmoved; and their influence resisted for good, seems to become a stimulant to evil.

It is true that some good men stand aloof, even as David Haldane did. He appeared once or twice in the midst of the gatherings, but he made no sign; and it shows how he was regarded by his people, that the impressed among them held special meetings on his behalf, and did not scruple to tell him that they did so. And he did not resent the interference, as many in his place would have done, but

met them on the simple ground of the equality of souls, and gained over them, in return, a spiritual influence of another kind—gained the right to interfere in their more immediate concerns, to reason down their prejudices and rebuke their follies.

His efforts at social regeneration were deeper and wiser for all this. "From what I see," he would say to Mr. Keith, "I think the spiritual regeneration is at the root of the matter after all. Somewhere or other the Spirit must be at work in order to produce the outward results even of civilised life and social order; but all good moves in a circle, and if I can make way for the higher work by doing the lower—if I can, at least, sweep away the hindrances, the brutalities, and disorders which obstruct the higher work, it is something."

And his friend would answer, "Ah, you want to be greatest among us by being servant of all. And you may, in God's good time." That last utterance was the noble part of his Calvinism, which rendered him infinitely tolerant of what he would have called non-wilful error.

And the other persons of our story moved in this atmosphere too, and were influenced by it in their several ways. The movement had begun before the Grants went up to their last term at college. On Sandie it had only the effect of deepening his doubts and increasing his difficulties, both being mainly intellectual; but it had given Archie the impulse he needed, in order to make him an earnest and impassioned man. Before he went, he had decided on going in for the course of divinity necessary for a candidate for the Church of Scotland; whereas Sandie had sorrowfully given his decision against the same course, which had been proposed to him also. "You won't think me a reprobate," said the latter to David Haldane, "for you are somewhat of my way of thinking yourself; but I can't understand any of it, except the Sermon on the Mount, and it will take me all my time, I'm thinking, to learn that by heart."

Margery Oglivie had been living all her life under a sense of the judgments of God, which no "awakening" could deepen. What she needed far more was an awakening to the sense of the mercy underlying all judgments, but she spent her money freely in what she considered the work of evangelisation, and was, if possible, stricter than ever in her life and gloomier in her views. She frightened poor Mrs. Oglivie, the mother of Horace—a vain, worldly old woman enough—nearly out of her wits by her denunciations of the love of the world, and the things of the world, which the poor little woman felt in her heart she could not cease to love. As for Captain Oglivie, his soul became bitter with an exceeding bitterness against Margery and her favourite minister, and all who thought with them.

Captain Oglivie, though still a young man, had retired on half-pay, and had brought his mother to live with him at Delaube, in order that they might be near Margery. He found old Haldane willing to let the place—though he would not part with it—for a rent which Margery generously paid on the old lady's behalf. But the captain by no means confined himself to the quiet pleasures of a country life. He had frequent absences. He made acquaintance with the fastest men in the neighbourhood, visited with them, sported with them, and, in a general way, lived far above his means. He had had to apply to old Haldane more than once for money for his private pleasures, and the old man silenced his conscience and helped the young one on the way to ruin.

And still living, still dying, the unconscious possessor of the inheritance held the—to him—worthless possession. A terrible cough seemed to hack and hew at the fibres of his life, but still he did not die. Horace Oglivie longed for his death with a longing which would not be stilled, which would not be hidden from himself any longer, but which cried aloud in his heart. When he was on the spot he watched him from day to day, watched for the signs of disease and death with a horrible eagerness—an eagerness which was horrible even to himself. The canker of covetousness was eating into his soul; and as no soul corrupts, even as no flesh that has life in it corrupts, without pain, sometimes the torture was so great that he could no longer endure it, and he would rush away, to get rid of the presence of the desire in scenes of dissipation.

A closer analysis of that corrupting heart would be too terrible, but another feeling had arisen in it of equal force—a feeling which rose into a passion, and intensified the murderous desire which enthralled him: that feeling was hatred of the religious movement going on around him. He was compelled, in order to keep well with Margery, to treat it with a certain amount of respect—to show himself, for instance, in the kirk on Sunday, when Mr. Keith's sermons were more rousing than ever. He felt this becoming an intolerable bondage to him. Even his mother was freer than he was. She had openly rebelled, and gone over to Dr. Grant, whose church was almost deserted in these days. And because he could not show it openly, the hatred rankled the more in his heart, and, as has been said, intensified his desire for the death of Sir Alexander, though then but half the battle would be won, and another life would still stand between him and the coveted inheritance.

More than one ancestor of his would have committed murder—ay, murders—under the same circumstances; but he was not the man to soil his dainty hands with blood: he was not going to commit a crime; the idea never entered into his mind. If it had, he would have laughed at it. He did not think that the desire within him was murder. Does the murderer ever think so, till he sees his hate, or malice, or covetousness, translated into act? Something of the kind had flashed into his mind, on the occasion when he

had pursued Sir Alexander to the brink of the river. But his conscience had been hardening since then, for when the circumstances recurred to his memory, he only considered it unlucky that that stupid, plodding young Haldane had been so prompt to rescue the drowning man.

Margery had not only promised, but performed. She had openly made her will, bequeathing all the property of which she might die possessed to Horace Oglivie and his heirs for ever. Peggy's name was not so much as mentioned. She had chosen her own lot: and the letters between Margery and her had passed at longer and longer intervals, and latterly had altogether ceased.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

DAVID HALDANE had done a heavy day's business in Bleaktown, and was returning to his hotel in the afternoon, when he met his friends Archie and Sandie, swinging along side by side, for Sandie could now wield his crutch so nimbly that it scarcely—if at all—impeded his progress. David was often in town, but as it was usually only for the day, and as he was under the necessity of catching the afternoon coach, while the young men were still at their classes, he had never had an opportunity for calling on them at their lodgings. Now, however, their classes were over, and they insisted on bearing him off then and there, or else on his promising to come and spend the evening with them: and as on this occasion he had not finished his business, and must remain another day in town, he consented to the latter.

The young men lodged with two widow ladies in a dull old street. David Haldane had the impression—as people will have impressions concerning those whose names they have often heard—that the ladies were old too, and also dull. The young men were boarded with them, and pursued their studies in the evenings in a room devoted to their special use. They had found themselves comfortable, for they had twice returned to the same temporary roost. Now they were about to come homie, having taken their degrees, and only one was henceforth to return to the halls of learning. Sandie was already a candidate for the parish school of Strathie, about to be vacated by its old master, who had grown infirm, and was, happily, independent.

When the evening came, David found himself in a well-furnished, well-lighted room with two remarkably pretty women, concerning whom he was in considerable perplexity. The elder lady did not look above five or six-and-thirty, while the younger might not be more than half that age, though she looked older from her heavy black dress, and the widow's cap that framed her fair, young face. He would have come to the conclusion that she was a visitor, but that she called the elder lady, also in a widow's cap, "mamma." Could there be three generations of widows? and where was the old lady?

It was very like a family party. Archie had still retained what is called, in the vernacular, "the gift of

the gab"—viz., the gift of conversational ability, or agility rather. His talk was soberer than it used to be, and a little sententious perhaps, for he was still young, and the fire of enthusiasm had not yet consumed the straw and stubble of his intellectual fabric. He would probably, at this period of his life, have disappointed any one who had known him as a frank, open-hearted boy. He was still frank and open-hearted, but somewhat conscious. The authority of the vocation to which he was called was making its mark on him, and the burden of it had not yet been borne with its weight of terrible, humbling responsibility. Sandie had gained in the real dignity and humility which comes from earnest, patient thought. "I think if Miss Oglivie had been their companion still, Sandie would have been her favourite now, as I am sure Archie used to be," was what David Haldane said to himself on this occasion.

The evening was passing very pleasantly. They had tea, with the wonderful variety of cakes known only at a Scotch tea-table; and during its progress, Archie awkwardly upset the contents of his teacup into the younger lady's lap—an accident which she took most sweetly, getting up and gliding away to repair it, saying that her soft black dress could not possibly be spoilt, and blushing with a deeper blush than the occasion seemed to require, as Sandie said that the accident was a lucky one, alluding to an old "fret" that it forebodes a wedding. When she came back again to the seat next Archie, David thought the proximity decidedly dangerous.

After tea, Archie begged her to sing, and, without any pressing, she complied, not accompanying herself, though there was a piano in the room, but clasping her fair hands in her lap, and warbling her national ditties, pure and simple, with a voice of no great power, but of exquisite sweetness. Then the insatiable Archie, after a very short pause, began begging again—this time, for the favourite ballad of "Auld Robin Gray;" and David Haldane joined in the request, for she seemed a little reluctant, perhaps from the fear that the rest of the company might have had enough.

Before she had ended that saddest, sweetest story of love sacrificed to duty, her audience were all more or less deeply affected; and the rising in her white throat, towards its close, showed that she herself was under the influence of its plaintive spell. David Haldane was deeply interested in the two women. The mother was looking so sad—looking as if she had done with life, and all that made it sweet, though her heart was still young enough to agonise over the loss, only that the agony was so unavailing. She seemed pleading her sorrow against her youth, while her daughter seemed pleading her own sweet youth against her sorrow, and trying to put it away from her, if possible. But their visitor could hardly believe his ears when he heard, or thought he heard, Archie whisper, "Thank you, Rose."

He had heard quite right, as Archie afterwards explained. He had introduced her as Mrs. Rose; but she bore the name doubly, for she had formerly been

Rose Macdonald, now she was Rose Rose. Mother and daughter were more like sisters than anything else—they were, indeed, sisters in misfortune. Both their husbands had been lost in the same disastrous wreck. The one was master, the other mate, in a ship trading with "the Indies," and both had shares in her. The mate had married the master's daughter, a girl of seventeen; and it was the father's last trip, before giving up his post to his tried and trusted son-in-law, and retiring to enjoy the little fortune he had made, when the good ship foundered in a gale, and all hands perished. The little fortune had not all been swept away, but the disaster, besides taking from the two women their earthly dearest and best, had left them in somewhat reduced circumstances; and this was all their history.

Archie, when his friend rose to take leave, insisted on accompanying him to his hotel; but when they got into the street, the night was so fine that they turned to the shore instead, and paced up and down by the moon-lighted waves. It was there that Archie gave him the history of Rose and her mother above recorded. He had dragged him out upon the granite pier, and after some pacing to and fro, he suddenly asked—

"Do you believe in first love, Haldane?"

"I have no great practical experience," laughed David. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because I haven't the least faith in it," answered Archie, stoutly. "I think a man may be desperately in love half-a-dozen times before he gets at the true love that will suffice him all his life."

"Have you been experimenting on this extensive scale?" inquired his companion, still laughingly.

But Archie was in deadly earnest, and he replied—

"Jesting aside, Haldane, I am over head and ears in love with Rose there. I never loved any human being so well as I love her."

"At present," David put in; "but you would like to prove that some day you may love somebody else better. Is that what you want a theory of love for?"

"Don't tease me just now, Haldane, like a good fellow, but listen to me. I shall never love anybody better. I know what you mean by that incredulous look, but there never was anything in my liking for Miss Oglivie; you know she never cared for me, and that makes all the difference."

"Does it?" said David, in an absent voice; then, coming back to himself, he added, "Mrs. Rose cares for you then?"

"We are engaged," said Archie.

"Have you not been hasty about it?" said his companion, very grave now. "Does your father know?"

"Not yet."

"He ought to have known."

"That's what Sandie says; but we are going back so soon, and it's so much better to tell than to write, and my father is so good," answered Archie, heaping one reason on another, conscious that none of them were valid. "And, besides, I could not help it," he

added; "the opportunity was there, and out it came, before I knew hardly what I was saying."

"But she did not accept you quite so suddenly?" said David, who would have been somehow disappointed in an affirmative.

"No. At first she would not accept me at all, because she said she could never love another as she had loved him she had lost; and now she says that I must let the engagement be all on her side. We have four years, at least, to wait before I get a kirk, and she seems to think I may change my mind. And then I'm afraid she may draw back altogether, if my father and mother object; not that there's anything to object to, except her being a widow, and if she hadn't been a widow I couldn't have married her."

Here Archie went off into a rhapsody on the virtues and graces of Mrs. Rose, which only ended with his arrival at his lodgings again. David had escorted him, instead of his escorting David. As they were parting, the latter said—

"Have you heard anything of Miss Oglivie lately?"

"She has not written to my mother for ever so long," Archie answered, with perfect calmness; "but Jean—you know old Jean—says she is working as an artist. I believe the old woman cried over it bitterly, holding the very name of artist in abhorrence. I fancy she must be rather poorly off, however. We must have been mistaken about the marriage, I suppose. By the way, it was you that told us of it, I remember."

"I had it from my uncle," said David, thought-

fully: "and he had it from Captain Oglivie's own lips."

"But it may have been broken off," suggested Archie. "I never liked the fellow's looks."

"Very likely," was David's answer, either to the first or second statement, or perhaps to both. He was meditating as to whether his uncle knew the truth of the matter, and whether he had concealed it wilfully from him.

He bade Archie "good night," looking up at the still lighted windows of the home-like house, and thinking how happy the young man was under the same roof with her he loved. His own lot was hard and lonely by comparison. His evening with the two women had stirred his heart—stirred it till he felt its greatness and its emptiness. He could not yet go back to his hotel, so he turned again to the shore and walked once more to the end of the granite pier, and stood looking far out into the restless sea, feeling his heart drawn toward the unseen, far distant shore, like its great, heaving, moaning tides. He stood, thinking of Archie's second love; how fair she was, in her youth and her sorrow!—one of the fairest, sweetest women he had ever seen. She came before him like a lovely picture now. But the face of the first rose up on his memory like a living presence, and he knew that for him there could be no second. In that hour all that he had won seemed worthless, all that he had done fruitless and void. And then Hope whispered, "There may be yet another chance for life." And he answered, resolutely, "I will try."

(To be continued.)

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.

THE best joke of the season! the very best joke I ever played!" gasped Ned Towers, quite out of breath from toiling up the long hill from the sea. "I don't think young Stokes will set me down again in a hurry."

"Why, what have you done now? Tell us your joke? What fresh torment have you invented for that miserable boy?" cried isolated voices here and there from the nooks of the long schoolroom, almost deserted to-day, from two substantial causes—namely, the absence of the head-master, Dr. Black, and the boon of a whole holiday to the school.

"I set him down, that's all—tit-for-tat, you know—set him down on the top of a high rock out at sea—there, that rock out beyond the island; if you look you can catch a glimpse of his hat with the blue ribbon, just a little way round that corner. Do you see, Markham?"

Two or three boys who enjoyed jokes of this kind rushed to the open window at the further end of the room, and craned their necks in the direction seaward pointed out to them by Towers.

"How did you manage to get either him or the

boat out there? I should have thought Stokes knew you too well by this time to trust himself in your hands."

"Not he—the tamest little bird that ever was snared, if you go the right way about it. Why, I just got six or seven small eggs from the cook, and made him believe they were gull's eggs. I told him I had been so moved by the sermon he gave me on cruelty this morning, that I was going to put back some sea-birds' eggs in a nest which I had robbed last night. He believed every word I said, and was all in a shake of delight as we went down the hill, and asked me if I would allow him to put the eggs back in the nest. As to the boat, I found it already half floated, so I had no trouble that way."

"How you did gull the poor little fellow!" laughed Broughton; "but, I say, how long do you intend to leave him there? we are late as it is, waiting for you to come back; all the boys are off already on the paper-hunt, and we shall have to put on plenty of extra steam to overtake them."

"All right, let's start at once, we shall be back in lots of time to take him down from his perch before dinner."

"Did he holloa much after you?" questioned Markham.

"Did not he just! and begged me to take him off, or he would be drowned. I knew there was no fear of that; but his face got so awfully white, I rowed the boat round to the foot of the rock, and offered to take him down, if he'd retract what he said of me this morning; but, fancy the impudence of the boy—he shouted down to me that he would not, and that I was even crueller than he thought I was. So now he may cool his temper in the sea-breezes till dinner-time. Come, let's be off, boys, for we have no time to lose."

There was a general tramping across the school-room as the boys followed their leader, and went out to join the paper-hunt, over the heathery hill into the valley beyond. Only one boy, Richard Campbell, remained behind, who, disabled by a lately-sprained ankle, was unfit for so long and tiresome a chase. His attention during the foregoing conversation had appeared absorbed in the contemplation of his aquarium, to which had been just added some choice specimens; but he rose presently also, and, taking his stick from the window-sill beside him, limped out of the room.

Mount Eagle College stood half way up a breezy hill, whose foot was in the blue sea, and whose head, on this lovely summer day, seemed touching the blue sky. Never was there such a spot for happy school-boy games; its heather and gorse could hide the flying hare, and its woods the chosen band selected to act the part of brave Robin Hood and his companions. A holiday at Mount Eagle was a thing to be enjoyed beyond other and tamer holidays. And such a day, too, as the boys had for their chase: not a breath of wind was stirring to destroy the white tracks of the flying hare, or to drown the sound of hurrying footsteps. The hawk poised in mid-air, watched the excited pursuing crowd come swarming up the hill, while the sea-bird, hovering over the creeping waters, flew scared to land, frightened by the cry of a human voice far out at sea among the rocks.

Poor little Willie Stokes, with blanched face and long white hair, dragged with damp and tears; Was there no one at hand to save?—was there no ear open that could hear? for the sea, though so still and calm, seemed full of a deadly purpose, and the seaweed, which had hung dry and shrivelled on the rocks for many a week, to-day was spreading its yellow palms upon the waters.

Well, the longest hour and the pleasantest hour must both come to an end, and down under a huge boulder of rock, in the midst of a yellow furze-bush, the hare has been pinned. The gong from the college has throbbed up the hill, through the heather, summoning the boys to dinner, and down on the sea-shore the waves are still silently creeping up over their accustomed landmarks.

"Well, boys, had you good sport to-day?" asked the second master, by name Wingfield, taking the

head of the table, as the boys trooped in, red and flushed, to dinner; "I heard great shouting on the hill."

"Yes, sir, the finest run we ever had; we tracked our hare right over the steep shoulder of the hill, past the monument, and right away down into the sheep-walk on the other side."

"You were not able to go, I suppose, Campbell?"

"No, sir; but I took a good long walk, for all that—all the way down to the sea-shore."

"Did you find any new specimens for your aquarium?"

"No, sir; it's a spring tide to-day; the rocks are all covered with water, and there is scarcely a rim of dry land to walk on."

There was a sudden start somewhere low down the hall, and a chair was pushed back a foot or so from the table.

"Keep your place, Towers, and don't begin any of your noisy pranks. I say, boys, where is young Stokes? I don't see him here."

"I don't know sir; I suppose we must have left him behind us on the hill," replied several voices, from boys who were evidently unaware that poor Stokes had not formed one of their party. "He is such a small, weak fellow, he loses breath, and cannot keep up with the big ones."

"Some of you big ones ought to have looked after him, then. You must all go up the hill, after dinner, and search for him until you find him."

"I—I—I'll go and look for him now, sir," stammered Towers, again pushing back his chair, and trying to catch a glimpse of the sea through the far window. "I—I'm not hungry. The little chap may have got a spill coming over the rocks. Let me go, sir, if you please, and look for him—I'd like to go awfully."

All heads turned in amazement at this request, proffered as it was by the bully of the school and acknowledged enemy of all small boys; and still greater was the general surprise to see the sudden pallor which had spread over Tower's rubicund, freckled face. Only the two or three boys who had shared his joke in the morning understood the secret of this sudden fear and stranger pity.

"Keep your place till dinner is over; you may go then, if you choose; though you are scarcely the kind of messenger I should select," replied the master, drily.

Towers's dinner remained untasted on his plate, and to the guilty two or three at the table the meal seemed the longest they had ever sat through. But after grace had been said, and they rose from the table, there was a movement towards the window at the far end of the room, and a suppressed groan from Towers, as he leaned out and looked across at the sea, where not a vestige of rock or island was to be seen—nothing but the smooth green waters, with just a dark shadow showing where the rocks lay deeply beneath.

The secret of Stokes's absence could now no longer be kept concealed. Towers's terrified, bewildered

manner called for explanation, and those who had laughed with him in the morning, now hurried to explain its meaning. Soon the whole school was in commotion, and parties of pitying, terrified boys trooped down to the sea-shore, to see if they could learn anything of the fate of their companion.

But evening darkened on the search; the moon rose over the hill and sea; the doctor was hourly expected home, and no tidings of the lost boy came to shore, only his straw hat with its blue ribbon, which the tide had carried up to the foot of the cliffs.

Exhausted and worn out with fear and sorrow, Towers sat now in his own room; or rather lay upon the floor groaning with fear and sorrow. The boys, his companions, had all deserted him, and left him to think over, in solitude and darkness, the result of his morning's joke.

Some one opened the door and came in slowly, candle in hand. It was Campbell, his acknowledged enemy—come in, no doubt, to gloat over his despair.

"Well, Towers, what do you think now of your morning's work? are you satisfied with the success of your joke?"

"I did only mean it for a joke. I did indeed, Campbell."

"There are two kinds of jokes," replied Campbell, drily.

"Yes, yes, I know there are; but this is the worst joke I ever played."

Think of his poor mother, and he is her only child," continued Campbell, with apparent cruelty.

"Don't, don't! I can't bear it!" cried the sobbing bully. "When I think of his white face, and his little arms stretched out after me, why, I'd stop a year on the top of that rock to have him safe again."

"Think of his empty bed in the next room, and how you laughed at him the other night for kneeling beside it, and saying the prayers his mother taught him."

"O God! forgive me for it now!" cried Towers with anguish.

"Come in, then, and kneel down in the same spot beside his bed, and ask for that forgiveness."

"I could not—I could not go into that room! don't ask me!" pleaded Towers.

"But you shall," replied Campbell, raising him from the floor unceremoniously.

Towers followed tremblingly; there was a force in Campbell's manner to-night against which he felt too weak to rebel.

The moon was shining faintly into the quiet room; the curtainless beds were ranged orderly round the walls.

"I played a joke, too, to-day—if a thing can be called a joke which only gives pain," observed Campbell, as he blew out the candle, and his voice sunk to a whisper; "but some day you will forgive me for it;" and he pushed Towers forward.

Towers covered his eyes with his hand and stumbled across the room, then fell on his knees beside the bed, and, almost forgetful of Campbell's presence,

poured forth his earnest confession and call for forgiveness; but, even while the words still came sobbing from his heart, he became aware of a little soft hand creeping towards him in the darkness, and a child's voice, full of infinite pity, which asked him the cause of his grief.

The shock was almost too great for Towers. He withdrew his hand suddenly from his eyes. The moon was shining full on the bed before which he knelt; but, unlike its silent companions, the quilt was tossed, the pillow was drawn to one side, and in the centre of it, like a piece of the moonlight itself, lay the white face of little Willie.

He was safe, then, poor little Willie Stokes! Out on the far rock in the silent sea, there *had* been an ear open which could hear, and an arm which could save. God was not willing that this little one, who loved him, should perish.

Towers's joy became almost as overpowering as his grief, and he hugged the restored child with such energy, that Campbell thought well to withdraw him from the room, and walking a little way out with him on the moon-lit hill, explained to him how it all came about.

"You had scarcely left the room, Towers, before I remembered there was a spring tide to-day. I had no time to go looking about for help, so was forced to tell Wingfield of Stokes's danger. We went down to the shore together, and reached the rock just as the water had touched his boots. The little fellow had grown quite silly and confused, and could not say a connected word when we lifted him into the boat; so we thought it wise to put him to bed. Besides—besides," hesitated Campbell.

"Besides what? Go on; I guess what you mean."

"Besides, Wingfield said, and I agreed with him, it was better you should learn for once to feel the kind of pain you so constantly inflict on others."

Towers was silent, but he stretched out his hand to his new friend, and wrung it.

Thus ended, in tears and mortification, but repentance, "the best joke of the season." L. L. G.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 224.

"Mordecai."—Esth. viii.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. M anoa..... | Judg. xiii. 23. |
| 2. O mer..... | Exod. xvi. 36. |
| 3. R amathaim-zophim | 1 Sam. i. 1. |
| 4. D ura | Dan. iii. 1. |
| 5. E sau | Gen. xxvii. 41. |
| 6. C rispuz | Acts xviii. 8. |
| 7. A chan | Josh. vii. 20, 21. |
| 8. I shmael..... | Gen. xxi. 20, 21. |

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE WHO NEVER SAW DEATH.

1. One who was called Adam.
2. The son of the morning.
3. A Bethlehemite who judged Israel seven years.
4. The brother of our Lord.
5. The friend of God.
6. The son of a priest slain in battle.

THE BUDDY

— Saturday, February 8, 1863. —



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"His sole answer was to order her with cruel threats to do as he desired."—See p. 333.

SOWING IN TEARS.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE is no joy the world can give, however pure and true, which can be compared to the sweetness of self-sacrifice in a holy

cause.' Yes, those were his words; but I cannot—oh! I cannot believe them;" and Lois Dormer let her head fall wearily on her clasped hands, as she knelt at the open window of her room. She

had spoken aloud, as if she wished to familiarise herself with the sentence she had quoted; but she was alone—alone in a luxuriously furnished bedroom, which was filled with everything that could minister to the comfort or fancy of a young girl. The view from the window showed the grounds and shrubberies of a gentleman's country house, clothed in all the beauty of the early summer, and the transient glory of the sunset was flooding the whole fair scene in golden light. Lois herself alone seemed out of keeping with the peace and brightness all around. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and her young face looked wan and sad. Without being absolutely beautiful, she was very winning in appearance; her soft brown eyes were so full of thought, and there was so much of mingled sweetness and strength in the expression which spiritualised her refined and delicate features.

She was evidently at that moment passing through one of those storms of the soul, when the conscience and the will meet in conflict, and there is risk that even the eternal destiny of the weak human spirit, which clings to earth while it aspires to heaven, may be wrecked in the struggle. She clasped and unclasped her hands convulsively, now hiding her eyes from the light, now looking up with an appealing glance to the clear blue sky, where the bright evening star was already beaming out, like a beacon-light guiding wanderers to the heavenly shore. Again and again Lois murmured to herself the sentence she had first spoken; but seemed unable to rest in some conclusion, to which it was evidently forcing her. At last, as if ashamed and weary of her own weakness, she nerved herself to a great effort, and raising her head, she looked fixedly up to the serene sky, while her hands were folded as in prayer. "Yes," she thought, "and he added, 'It was well for us that this sweetness rises from self-sacrifice, like fragrance from a crushed flower; for nothing good or great was ever achieved in the world without it.' Nothing good or great! and what is it I desire to achieve?—the salvation of an immortal soul; can any work be greater? Would not the Son of God, the King of glory, have left the heaven of heavens to save one soul only, had but one been perishing, as surely as he left it to redeem the world? And I hesitate, when every claim of duty calls me to the task, when the sacrifice is only that of my own joy and hope—my life's joy, it is true, but still only the happiness of this little time of mortal trial, weighed, it may be, against the eternal welfare of the father God has given me. No, I will struggle no longer: at the worst it is but a lifetime of pain and darkness, and then I hope—I pray—there may be endless rest for him and me."

She bent down her head, while her whole soul

rose up in the solemn offering of herself, for the work to which she believed herself to have been called; and as her will thus passed submissive into union with the holy will of God, a deep peace sank upon her heart, whence the light of joy had faded, sweet as the dews of night upon the earth, when the sunshine has passed away.

It was no light sacrifice which Lois Dormer had decided on making. The words which had so much impressed her had been spoken in the course of a sermon she had heard in church on that day—the first Sunday after her mother's funeral. Mrs. Dormer was the sister of Sir Edward Granville, whose house had been her home, and that of her only child Lois, for some years past. Very early in life, when a thoughtless girl, she had committed a great error, in secretly leaving her father's house, to marry the son of her riding-master, with whom she had been strictly forbidden to hold any communication. He was not only much beneath her in station, but a man of idle and dissipated habits; and the pride of her whole family received a severe blow by what they considered her degradation. Her father shut his door against her from that hour, and never saw her again; but, after his death, it came to the knowledge of her brother that she was leading a very unhappy life, and suffering great privations, in consequence of her husband's extravagance and excess; and being unwilling that one of his name should sink so low, he offered her a home along with her child in his house, but it was on the condition that she would drop all intercourse with her husband, and never either see him or speak to him again. Worn out with trial and disappointment, the same weakness and selfishness which had led Mrs. Dormer to commit her first error, now induced her to agree to her brother's proposal; she secretly left her husband's house, as she had left her father's, and from that day to the hour of her death, ten years later, she never saw him or heard from him again.

During the whole of that time, however, her conscience never ceased to reproach her for her faithless abandonment of her self-chosen duties, for she knew perfectly well that, in depriving William Dormer of the society of his child and herself, she was removing from him the only restraints which had power to check him in his reckless career. He was a man rather weak than vicious, and the wrongs of which Mrs. Dormer had to complain were the results of his intemperance and folly, and not of any deliberate ill-treatment; for in his sober moments, love for her, and still more for his child, made him bitterly regret his errors, and endeavour, though with feeble efforts, to amend. Had his wife been a more devoted and strong-minded woman, she might have reclaimed him altogether; but when

she selfishly abandoned him at the very time that he had been specially resolving to conquer his evil habits, his wounded love turned to bitterness, and unable to endure his solitude, he plunged into a life of excitement from which his better nature revolted.

For some years Mrs. Dormer heard no tidings of him whatever, and she often shuddered when she remembered that he was most probably in actual want, as the small income which she derived from her portion as a younger daughter of the Granville family had really been their only means of support, and it was now appropriated entirely to her own use, and was settled ultimately on Lois; nor did Mrs. Dormer find it at all more than she believed she required in order to live as became her station in her brother's house.

Thus Dormer was left with no other provision for his wants than his earnings as a riding-master; and his wife tried to persuade herself that this would be sufficient for him: but she knew too well in her secret heart how often his intemperance rendered him unfit for the exercise of his calling. Not long before she was seized with her last illness, she heard from the old clergyman of the parish that her unhappy husband was reduced to a state of abject poverty, and was in failing health; and it was hard, in the midst of the luxury that surrounded her, even for her selfishness to drown the thought of his condition. When at length death came, and tore aside the veil from all delusions, showing her, in the last dread hour of helplessness, the true and stern aspect of her life as it appeared in the sight of God, she was seized with the unavailing remorse which sometimes makes the final moments of existence so unspeakably awful. Her brother and daughter were both at her side as she moaned and wept in her fruitless despair, and it was intensely painful to them to see the restless misery for which they could not account. At last Lois, bending over her, implored her to say if anything could be done to relieve her mind of the burden which was evidently weighing so sorely on it; and then the dying woman with a great effort gathered up her fast-ebbing strength, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Lois! your father, your poor deserted father—the ruin of his soul will be upon my head. If I might but live, I would go back to him, and save him from himself; but it is too late—too late! Oh, that you would do what I have left undone! Oh, my child—his child—if I could only know that you would go to him, and be to him the blessing I might have been, I could die in peace."

As she spoke, she fixed her eyes, full of agony and eagerness, on the face of her daughter, who had become deadly pale during her mother's appeal. Lois trembled from head to foot, and looked round imploringly as if for succour; but

no sound passed her white lips, in answer to the mute entreaty of those dying eyes.

The anguish deepened on the face of the departing, and soon that indescribable shade began to steal over it, which showed that death was even then at hand. With her gasping breath, she articulated, faintly, "Lois, Lois, have pity—promise!" and Lois, overcome by the feeling that she was hearing her mother's last prayer, was about to answer, "At any cost, I will go," when her uncle seized her hastily by the arm, and whispered, "Child, make no promise." As he spoke, the light of life faded out of the pleading eyes of the dying woman, and with one deep sigh she yielded up her soul and passed to her account.

She was gone! and Lois had not promised, but the recollection of her mother's last appeal lay upon her heart like molten lead.

It had, indeed, placed her in a dreadful position. From a child she had been brought up in this luxurious house, and in an atmosphere of intellectual and social refinement, which rendered the very thought of leaving it for her father's squalid and wretched home, intolerable to her; but there was a yet deeper reason for the agony which it caused her even to think of such a step.

Sir Edward had no children of his own, but his wife had a son by her first marriage, whom he had adopted as his heir, and to whom he intended to leave all his property. Lois was, however, his nearest living relative, though without any legal claim to his inheritance, and he was therefore well pleased when an attachment sprung up between her and his step-son Phillip Hervey, which it was decided should end in a marriage when both were a little older than they were at present. Sir Edward was a proud and a hard man, and the disreputable marriage of his only sister had been a source of the bitterest annoyance to him. He had from the first cherished a hatred which was almost cruel against William Dormer, and his motive in offering his sister a home had been the wish to separate her from this man, rather than any compassion for the sufferings she had drawn upon herself. For Lois, however, he felt a real affection, and he had taken pleasure in giving her an education which would fit her for the position he intended her to occupy as the wife of his heir, and the future mistress of his house. His sister's dying appeal to her daughter, to go and live with her father in all his squalor and misery, filled him with the keenest indignation, and nothing but the presence of death prevented him from expressing it; but no sooner was the funeral over than he sent for Lois, in order to set the question at rest for ever.

"Lois," he said, "I am anxious that your mind should not dwell, even for a moment, on what your

poor mother said in her last hour. She must have been delirious, I think, or she could not have dreamt of asking you to do what is so utterly out of the question. The wretched man whom she degraded herself by marrying has no claim upon my niece, and I cannot allow you to have the smallest communication of any sort with him."

"He is my father," faltered Lois, feeling that the fact was almost a curse upon her life.

"I forbid you to call him by that name," exclaimed Sir Edward, angrily; "and it is best, Lois, that you should understand, once for all, how wholly impossible it is that you should ever consider him as such. I tell you, as I told your mother, that if ever you see him, or hold intercourse with him in any way, you will leave my house, never to enter it again: and what is more, if Phillip Hervey proposed to marry a girl living with that disreputable drunkard, and calling herself his daughter, I would disinherit him, and leave him without a shilling in the world; so you know what you have to expect if you acknowledge that wretch as your father: you will take leave of your uncle and your intended husband for ever. But, there, you are no fool, child; I have no fear of your acting against my will; let us forget that this disagreeable subject has ever been broached between us: we will not allude to it again;" and, kissing her, he told her to go into the garden and try if the fresh air would bring a little colour into her white cheeks, and so dismissed her without her having found words to answer him.

Lois left the room stunned and bewildered, with the sound of her mother's dying voice ringing in her ears, as it had done ever since the fatal appeal had been made which placed her in such perplexity; yet, to leave her uncle's house—to lose Phillip—it seemed an utter impossibility. Surely, she thought, no law of righteousness could demand such a sacrifice from her. There was, she knew, one friend of whom she might have asked counsel; but the dread of what he might say restrained her. This was the old clergyman of the parish, who had been present when her mother's last words had been spoken, and she had seen his eyes fixed upon her with a mingled compassion and anxiety, which filled her with terror as to what he might think it right for her to do. It was from him that Mrs. Dormer had heard of her husband's sad condition, and Lois knew he had said that her father, ill and broken down, was not now living in any way which could render it unfit for his wife or daughter to be with him. Dreading his advice, therefore, she did not go to him, but she spent the next two or three days in vain efforts to deaden the voice of conscience within her, and feel satisfied that she might leave her father to his fate, and take the happiness that seemed to lie before her. Phillip was absent

with his regiment, but he was expected home in a few months, and Sir Edward, anxious to put an end to all uncertainty, told her that they should be married so soon as the year of mourning for her mother was over. Three days passed, and then, on the first Sunday after her mother's funeral, Lois went to church. The old clergyman preached. He took for his text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and his sermon was entirely on the glories and blessings of self-sacrifice for the love of Christ. Whether he spoke undesignedly, or with the view of conveying to Lois the counsel she had not sought at his hands, she found it impossible to escape the impression it made upon her. She went through the duties of the rest of the day in a mechanical manner, and when at last it was evening, and she was free to go to her own room, she gave herself up to a deep, earnest, consideration of the question, which resulted in the decision we have recorded.

Poor child! she was but eighteen, and when she rose up the next morning, knowing that she had slept for the last time in the dear home of her youth, and that she should never more hear Phillip's voice within those walls, it seemed as if to live the hopeless, joyless existence which stretched out before her, would be an impossibility; but she nerved herself to the sacrifice by the thought of the mansions of her heavenly Father's house, where she hoped to rest, when the tyranny of life was overpast, in a pure and sorrowless home. Perhaps, for the moment, the bitterest part of her trial was the announcement of her intention to her uncle. Cold and white as a marble statue, she stood waiting for him in his study, after having sent a message to beg that he would speak to her as soon as he came down, for she felt utterly unable to join him and Lady Granville at the breakfast-table, with this terrible burden on her heart.

In a few minutes Sir Edward came in. "Did you want me, Lois?" he asked, with a slight sternness of tone, as if he suspected her purpose. She had thought again and again of what she would say to him—of how she would explain the necessity that was laid upon her to go and succour her father in his want and misery; but now when the supreme moment of her destiny had arrived—when she was about to give up joy, and love, and home, words failed her; she could only clasp her hands in agony, and say, as she looked up into his face with beseeching eyes, "Uncle, I must go."

"Go! and where? What do you mean, Lois?"

"I must go to my father and save him from himself; I must obey the voice of my dead mother."

Sir Edward came forward and looked at her keenly. "Lois, is this your fixed determination?"

"It is," she answered, with a gasping sob.

"Do you understand that you go, never to return?"

"I do."

"That I disown you?"

"I know it."

"That Phillip Hervey will never be your husband?"

To this her answer was a burst of tears.

"Speak," said Sir Edward, sternly, "do you know that you will never be the wife of the man you love, if you take this mad step?"

"Heaven help me! I do know it," she said, almost writhing in her anguish.

"And you persist?"

"I do—I must. Oh, uncle! the will of God must come before all earthly love."

"Then go!" he said, with a concentrated rage which made his lips grow white as ashes. He threw the door open; "Go, and gratify the low tastes which, no doubt, you have inherited from your wretched father. I give you one hour to make your arrangements; when that time has expired you must leave this house, and I forbid you ever to cross the threshold of my door again."

One hour later, Lois Dormer stood in the old clergyman's parlour, and stretching out her hands towards him as he entered, surprised to see her there, she murmured, feebly, "Take me to my father."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE POOR IN SPIRIT.



IN reading the introductory verses of the Sermon on the Mount, we cannot but be forcibly reminded of another occasion when the Word of God was spoken from a mountain, and another law was delivered to a nation waiting in suspense beneath; but then the mountain trembled, and the earth did quake at the presence of God; the rocks were rent, and Jehovah descended upon Sinai in majesty and great glory. Now, how different is the scene! God is again as really present—present in the person of his incarnate Son; now again God speaks as really and as truly as he spake then. The law which is given is as Divine as that which came down in the hand of Moses; yet how different is the giving of it! Then, midst thunder and lightning on the hill-top; now, by the gentle voice of Him who is not ashamed to call us all his brethren;—then, by the trumpet of the archangel and the voice of God; now, in the calm words of Him who most truly was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. The thunders of the one rolling round the surrounding mountains, and dying away in the distance; but the still, small voice of the other never ceasing while time shall last to echo through the hearts of men. And yet, as it is the same God who speaks in both, so is the one only the spirit of the other made manifest. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law and the prophets; their word was the word of God, and as such it could never pass away, but the Spirit within them was hidden by a veil. Then was the infancy of the world; then were men but as children, not capable of understanding the mystery of God; and therefore it was that he shrouded himself behind a maze of rites and ceremonies, and manifested himself between the cherubim, and ordained the letter of the law in

the hand of a mediator. We remember how Moses, when he came down from the Mount, his face all glorious with the effulgence of Deity, found that his people could not bear to look upon it, and so placed a veil over it. Men in that generation could not bear a clearer revelation of the nature of God; their understanding was darkened, and they needed to be trained, and educated, and brought up, as it were, like children, by means of that dispensation of rites and ceremonies which Moses gave them. The veil, indeed, was not to last for ever, but in the fulness of time was to be rent in twain by Christ. He came to abolish rites and ceremonies, and give access by his blood into the holy of holies, into the very presence of God. The way is open now to all; all, both high and low, rich and poor, may know God in Christ; for, says our blessed Lord, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" for "I and my Father are one." This Sermon on the Mount, as we call it, is a summary of our Lord's teaching, which seems, as it were, to culminate in the wonderful command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The words with which it opens seem to be placed at the head of so grand a discourse, as if they were intended to teach us in what way we must come to the study of the Gospel. Even in our earthly studies, we know well how much depends upon the way in which we set to work; how much more then will our success, as we endeavour to grasp Divine truth, depend upon the state of mind in which we make the attempt! So our Lord would seem to be guiding us here, and teaching us how we must train our minds, ere we can dare to approach his presence. And what is it that he teaches us? Does he tell us to train our minds by abstruse study, and so become fit for the contemplation of so great a subject? Does he tell us

that, unless we come with our minds stored with all the wealth of ages, and our memory crowded with the heaped-up wisdom of bygone generations, we can do nothing? Does he tell us that it is a subject suited only for the wise, or the rich, or the learned? that the poor, and the ignorant, and the unlearned can only look on at a distance with admiring awe? No! he says the very reverse of all this. He tramples upon the pride of the rich and the self-conceit of the learned. He cries, "Away with all external and adventitious props! I want no learning, I want no wealth, I want no store of classic knowledge; I am not come to call the wise, but sinners to repentance. He that will seek me, must cast aside all thought of his own strength, all thought of his own riches, and must come 'poor in spirit' to the cross of his Redeemer." And to those who come in such a spirit—to them, and to them only—will he say, "Blessed are ye, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."

How beautifully is this very lesson taught us in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself." What is his fault, but that he makes himself rich toward God—that he wraps himself up in the threadbare garment of his own righteousness, and thinks it can bear the inspection of God? How different the publican! Here is one poor towards God, "poor in spirit." The Pharisee was making himself rich, yet having nothing; the publican, confessing that he had nothing, was, by that very confession, laying up for himself such a store of wealth, that he might really be said to possess all things. Here, then, is the true spirit of prayer—the very spirit which we should ourselves demand from our own supplicants; not pride of learning, or arrogance of wealth and worldly advantages, but humility and poverty of spirit. Alas! that the prayer of the Pharisee should be so often prayed now-a-days! that we should be so much more ready to congratulate ourselves, and thank God for what little good we conceive ourselves to have done, than to offer the prayer of the publican,—than to come "poor in spirit" to the throne of God, willing to eat of the crumbs which fall from his table, rather than leave our never-dying souls to perish for lack of food.

There seems to be a peculiar fitness in the reward promised to this heavenly temper of mind. It is, as it were, the protest of our Lord against the pharisaic doctrines of the day. The kingdom of heaven should not be as they imagined, the reward of a precise and exact observance of their traditions; it should not belong exclusively to the high and the noble, or the rich and the learned, but its very password should be "poor in spirit." At the very head of his great discourse, our Lord places the apparently strange beatitude, "Blessed

are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" and, in considering this announcement, let us observe more especially that the words are not "shall be" but "is," as if the very existence of that temper of mind in a man formed of itself the credentials which admitted into the kingdom of God. The promise was so sure that it needed not lapse of time for its accomplishment. He who would humble his pride, and bend low in the dust before his Saviour and his God, passed by that very act into the membership of that kingdom which is so often described in the New Testament as "the kingdom of heaven."

As we try to realise the fact that this kingdom of heaven is something now present upon earth, we cannot but remember the words of the Baptist, as he stood in the wilderness of Judea, and cried, saying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and we take these words in their literal sense. We understand by them that St. John conceived himself to be the forerunner of some new and striking event, which he described as "the kingdom of heaven." And so, whenever our Lord himself uses the words, we understand him to refer to something then present upon earth, which was established by his coming in the form of man, which has since then so existed, and shall so continue to exist till time itself shall be no more, and the kingdom of heaven upon earth shall itself be absorbed in the eternal majesty of God.

Let us go back, in thought, to the times of the old Jewish theocracy. The particular distinguishing mark of Israel had been that, while all the nations round them had bowed beneath the yoke of earthly kings, God himself had been their king, and had vouchsafed to guide his own peculiar people by peculiar manifestations of his will. He chose out Abraham, and made of him a mighty nation; he called that nation out of captivity, and gave them a law; that law to be carried out by inferior officers, commissioned in his name. This was the work which God himself had done, as King of the Jews. This was emphatically "the kingdom of God," and this was as emphatically "the kingdom of heaven" which Christ came to re-establish, not, indeed, now over one peculiar people, but over all the nations of the world. He did, indeed, claim to be king, but not exclusively "King of the Jews." It was the misunderstanding of his claims which caused that title to be placed in scorn above his crucified head. He had expressly declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and so, on all occasions, he declined to execute the office of an earthly judge. "Who made me a judge and a ruler over you?" The Jews, indeed, would have had him restore the kingdom of David rather than that of God. They would have had him restore their temporal prosperity, and reign over

an earthly kingdom wider than that of Solomon; but such a Messiah as they expected, was the creation of a human not of a Divine intelligence, and would have been little better than Moses, little greater than David. The true Messiah raised himself far above all such earthly potentates; he left them far behind, and his kingdom, the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of God, has spread over all lands and all countries, and has attained to a magnificence, beside which the loftiest aspirations of the Jews sink into utter insignificance.

Let us observe especially the wonderful parallel between that which God did for his people of old, and that which Christ does for his kingdom now. As he chose Abraham from among the nations, called his descendants out of Egypt, and gave them a law to guide them, so Christ chooses his people from the world, calls them to leave its pleasures, and obey his law. As it was said to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy kindred, and I will make of thee a great nation," so now Christ says to all of us, "There is no man that hath given up father, or mother, or home, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold more in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." These were the two calls. From the first, to Abraham, sprang the Jewish Church; from the last, to his descendants, sprang the Christian Church. And as God gave his people a law, so also did Christ—

even that law which is contained in the Sermon on the Mount. So did our Lord fulfil the prophecies relating to him; so was he set as a king upon the holy hill of Zion; so did he obtain the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

And yet, in all its grandeur, in all its Divine magnificence, in all its vast extent and unlimited duration, this kingdom our Lord declares to be the property of those who are "poor in spirit." The entrance to this kingdom is not to be gained by him who masters all the learning of the world, nor by him who treads under foot the armies of nations, nor by him who amasses the wealth of all four continents; but it is to be gained by him who attains to the greatest of all victories, the victory over himself; by that man who sees himself as he is, and, bending low in the dust before the cross of Christ, comes to him poor in spirit, and, therefore, fit for the kingdom of heaven; by that man whose constant prayer is, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," and so, midst all the temptations which the world can offer, is constantly training himself for heaven, and learning the truth of those beautiful words of the "Christian Year"—

"Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart."

W. C.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—VIII.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

BY the additional light placed upon the mantelshelf, the abject state of destitution of the room was, of course, more fully disclosed. There was neither chair nor table; a couple of plates and an old broken pie-dish were set on the floor; and in another corner, a small heap of cleanly-picked bones, which one might have expected to see in a dog-kennel, two or three dry onions, and what looked uncommonly like a dead rat.

As Archie Scott was looking at this collection with some amazement, and perhaps with some of the uncomfortable reflections in his mind of which he had already complained, "Ah, kind sir," said Mrs. Mumper, with a melancholy smile and shake of her head, "hunger is very, very bitter; and little did I ever think to come down to this, or to live thus, when my poor dear husband was alive."

"Your poor husband was a sergeant in the army, was he not ma'am?" asked Sydney, suddenly, and in rather a sharper tone than he had

yet spoken in; "at least, this letter of yours"—referring to one of two which he held in his hand—"says so."

Mrs. Mumper hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, sir; he was a soldier, was my poor William, in the 20th Hussars."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Twelve years, sir, last November."

"Well it's very odd, Mrs. Mumper, that there should be no such name as William Mumper on the lists of that regiment in the books at Chelsea, and they go back for a great many years beyond the time you speak of."

"Ah, perhaps, kind sir," said Mrs. Mumper, "I may be mistaken in the right number of his regiment; my memory is not good."

"So it appears, Mrs. Mumper, for I see that you make your petition to Lady A. upon the strength of your husband's having been in his lordship's old regiment."

"You have not been married more than once, have you?"

"Oh, no, sir; my respect for the memory of my

poor dear James—that is, William—was too great——”

“Oh, James was his name, was it? Ah, I see; perhaps it is I who am making the mistake. You are the widow of Sergeant James Needham, are you? and I have been making a confusion between you and another old lady I shall have to look after. There is Mrs. Mumper and Mrs. Needham, now which are you, if you please, ma’am?”

The poor widow seemed confused, and then, after seeming to make up her mind, answered, “Well, sir, it is Needham, if you please.”

“If I please!” said Sydney; “but I wish to know distinctly which it is, Needham or Mumper, as I suppose I must have been wrong in addressing you in one of those names, though you have answered to both of them. I am afraid that I sometimes do get confused in my lists; but, now, am I right in understanding that your name is Needham, widow of Sergeant James Needham?”

“Yes, sir; Needham was his right name, sergeant of the 20th Hussars.”

“Very well: now, then, let us see,” referring again to the letter, “now I understand clearly. Where are your three children then, Mrs. Needham?”

“Children, sir!—oh, they are out, sir—at school.”

“What! at this time of the evening? They must be very industrious children.”

“So they are, indeed, sir; and it is a great blessing to me to think they are so.”

“Ah, indeed! Perhaps you will tell me their names and their ages, that I may put them down in my list; all under seven years old, as I see by your letter.”

“Yes, sir; there is John, and Richard, and William.”

“The youngest named after his poor father, I suppose,” said Sydney, in a voice of condolence, “who I see died just as he was born.”

“Yes, sir, three days only after that blessed babe saw light my poor dear Mumper was taken from me.”

“Needham, you mean to say,” suggested Captain Scott. His friend did not notice the interruption, but looking up from the letter which he had been deciphering in the light of the candle, he remarked—

“That blessed babe must be a wonderful child, Mrs. Needham, to be at school at his age. Why, I thought your distress was in consequence of having lost your husband, only two months since, and having had to bury him, and get yourself decent mourning.”

The woman looked thoroughly dumfounded, and Archie Scott, fairly puzzled, was blurting out, “Why, it’s you yourself, my dear fellow, making a

hash of it, and jumbling two distinct cases into one;” when Sydney, giving him a look, only remarked, “Well, I suppose it must be my mistake; but it doesn’t signify; I quite understand all about it: a most distressing case; and I shall be able to tell Lady A. that we have seen you, and are quite satisfied. Good night, Mrs. Mumper—Mrs. Needham, I should say.”

“But won’t you give me a trifle to-night, sir, just to get a bit of food for my dear children, or some coal to make a little fire this bitter cold weather? you can see yourselves, gentlemen, that we haven’t anything of the sort about us at present, and not a soul to help us.”

“Well, you see, we only came to inquire after you, on the part of Lady A. Good night, Mrs. Needham—or Mumper, whichever it is.”

“N. or M., as the case may be,” said Archie, almost involuntarily, as they came down the stairs, “but why on earth didn’t you give that poor wretched creature a ticket, as you did the others? It seemed to me to be really the case of greatest misery we have yet seen; and how you kept on blundering about her name, until you puzzled the poor woman so much, that she at last could hardly herself tell which it was.”

“Exactly so, that was what I intended, and succeeded in doing,” answered Sydney, laughing outright. “The fact is, I have in my pocket two different begging-letters, forwarded on to our head-quarters by two different ladies, though, as a rule, we rather repudiate taking up the special business of the Mendicity Society, whose proper function it is to detect such cases of imposture; but it immediately struck me, when these two letters were handed over to me by our secretary, as both being in my district, though purporting to bear different names, and different addresses, that the handwriting was one and the same; the one to old Lady A. was from Mrs. Needham, the widow of a sergeant in the 20th, killed in the Crimea; the other, to Mrs. P. from her most dutiful petitioner, Mary Mumper, with three fine boys, and their dear father only just dead of diphtheria. Her memory evidently was not equal to serving her distinctly as to which of her cut-and-dried stories she had sent to Lady A. or to the other benevolent old lady; and as I purposely kept shuffling and mixing up the two letters together, she could not exactly make out which character to stick to, both of which, I have very little doubt, are equally false; but now, if we make haste—as she will probably give us a little time to get quite clear of this neighbourhood before she comes down from her fictitious, or, as it might be called, her official residence—which that filthy den evidently is—for her other home, we may, perhaps, in the meantime have a look at that domicile, and there leave a message for the Widow



(Drawn by J. MAHONEY.)

"But for dreary musing
One needs little light."—p. 330.

Needham, from her poorer neighbour and more lately bereaved Mrs. Mumper."

"Is Mrs. Needham up-stairs in her room?" Sydney inquired at the private door of the "Bull's Head."

"No, she is not," shrieked a voice from the basement storey; "she has just been sent for over the way, but I don't think she will be long. If that is you, Mr. T., she told me to say so, and if you came before she was back you was to walk up, please; you will find a good fire, and the tea is ready."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sydney to his companion; "come along, it is pleasant to think one is expected, anyhow," as they stepped into a cheerful, tidily-furnished little room. There was a nice fire burning brightly, with a kettle singing cheerfully on the hob, a lamp lighted on the table, the curtain drawn, and everything as comfortable and snug as possible, perhaps striking the two visitors all the more so as being in such strong contrast with the miserable and squalid state of the place from which they had just come across. One end of the table was occupied by a neat tea-tray fully laid out and prepared for two, while at the other there lay a blotting-case still open, by the side of which was a pile of perhaps a dozen and a half of newly-directed envelopes; on a book-shelf, close within reach, might be seen at a glance Mrs. Needham's select literature, consisting of an old peerage, a Court Guide, a well-thumbed copy of that most useful work which gives an account of all the public charities of London, two or three greasy railway novels, a small Johnson's dictionary, and a book of texts or quotations from the Scriptures. On the blotting-book itself was a sheet of paper, on which the widow had evidently just commenced a letter when interrupted by the summons of Amelia Hannah.

Kind and Benevolent Lady [it began].—To such a sincere Christian as your ladyship is universally known to be, it is needless to remark that it has been pronounced to be more blessed to give than to receive. I therefore venture humbly to beg your ladyship to take into your kind consideration the case of one who has, alas! seen better days.

So far had she written, and Sydney, taking the pen from the ink-stand, wrote underneath:

So no more at present from, yours truly,
MARY NEEDHAM OF MUMPER—
just whichever your ladyship pleases.

"I have half a mind to put that lot of letters in my pocket," said Sydney, on the first impulse; but Archie, suggesting doubts as to the legality, or at any rate strict defensibility of that proceeding, he compromised the matter by throwing them all on to the fire. "Now let us make ourselves scarce before she comes in, or Mr. T., the expected guest, who I suppose goes shares in the profits of this nefarious correspondence, and if I don't put the police on her track by to-morrow, it's a pity. It's not for the protection of the rich and benevolent, whom these rogues thus rob and cheat, that I care so much, but for the really poor and deserving, who suffer by the rascality of such wretches, which hardens people's hearts, and disgusts the upper classes from giving any help at all. There are hundreds and hundreds, both men and women, in London, who live entirely by begging-letter writing, and some of the clever ones make a considerable annual income by it, as I have been told on good authority. But now it is getting late, and we must be making our way homewards. You had better come home with me, Archie, just as you are, and dine, and afterwards we will talk over what we have seen, and I will show you how I keep my books and lists made out, according to the different beats of my district." *(To be concluded.)*

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

IN the streets and houses
All the lamps are bright,
But for dreary musing
One needs little light.

I can hear the children,
In the room above,
Shout the noisy music
Of their childish love;

And I almost wonder,
Does the evening pay
To the patient mother
For her weary day?

Is she quite contented
With the homely bliss
Of returning footsteps,
And a quiet kiss?

Such a life I looked for
In the years gone by,
Then it had a glory,
Now it has not—why?

Just a common story,
Though 'tis always new;
Youth will dream for ever
Dreams which come not true.

Then, I watched at gloaming
From afar to see
One whose very presence
Was a joy to me.

Now, I watch at gloaming,
Patiently resigned
To the loss of treasures
Life can never find.

I. F.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

A STEP-MOTHER.

MWICE in the course of his worthless life had Louis Oglivie made what the world would call a *mésalliance*. Once, with one whose goodness was a better inheritance than had ever fallen to any of his race; whose blood was purer, in the truest sense, in freedom from the hereditary taint of physical or moral disease; who was the flower and blossom of generations of strenuous, hardy, God-fearing, labour-loving men and women; and who, if she had lived, might have done something toward raising him to her level, when, in the eyes of the world, she was being elevated to his. But the second time, he mated himself with one whose moral nature was on a par with his, own, while in birth and breeding she was far beneath him.

Louis Oglivie's present wife was the daughter of a Paris *bourgeois*, who had amassed an exceedingly modest little fortune in a glove-shop of the Faubourg St. Denis. He had retired early from business, and was possessed with the insane desire which pervades a portion of the respectable class to which he belonged, to affect a higher social position than that to which he was entitled, either by nature or fortune, an affectation which has afforded the richest field for the keen-witted satirists of his nation.

The only son of M. Latel, therefore, instead of stretching gloves, stretched his own and other people's consciences as an *avocat*; and his daughter, instead of serving in the shop, an able and efficient book-keeper and saleswoman, as her mother had been, sat in a highly-ornamented and highly-artificial boudoir, in which every article was an imitation of something grander than itself, and did, or pretended to be doing, nothing. In spite of sundry domestic matters, performed in the strictest privacy by mother and daughter, such as making of beds and dusting of rooms, Clementine Sophie Latel was sufficiently idle to be thoroughly miserable.

The son, who was the mother's favourite, and who was endowed by nature with a double portion of her spirit of getting and sparing, had married a good *dot*, and was very comfortably off; but the *dot* of Clementine Sophie was very small, and, in spite of her black eyes and her fine figure, she did not go off early.

Her father's ambition and her mother's parsimony were both against her. If her father had been less ambitious, she might have married well in the circle they had quitted. If her mother had been less parsimonious she would have married, well or ill, in the circle into which they had moved. She herself inherited both qualities, and loved to shine and loved to save at one and the same time. She was gay with a Frenchwoman's peculiar gaiety, and vain with

her peculiar vanity. She considered herself ill-used if she was not taken to the theatre two or three times a week. She loved to dress, and promenade, and take excursions, and on these things she was willing to spend to her utmost; but then she would have the utmost pleasure that the expenditure would bring, and would have compassed Paris to save a franc to-day, to be spent in folly on the morrow.

So with her black eyes, and her fine figure, and her voluble French tongue—French etiquette to the contrary—Clementine Sophie Latel courted the English gentleman who lived in furnished apartments on the *second étage*. She constantly met him on those convenient stairs, well dressed—and she dressed remarkably well, and made her own dresses too; then she walked with him and talked to him, and made herself agreeable to the chill-blooded, lonely, and already sickly man, as a good fire is to the shiverer in an easterly wind. And her friends thought she was doing a very good thing for herself, for Louis Oglivie had not then sunk so low as he was afterwards destined to do, and payed his way in the family as a wealthy Briton was expected to do. And the *boudoir* was opened to him on state occasions, all satin, and gilding, and lace, and china, until Clementine Sophie Latel became Clementine Sophie Oglivie.

And for some time the newly-married pair modestly occupied the same *second étage* that had been occupied by the husband alone; but shortly Madame Oglivie and *mère*, who had led a cat-and-dog life in the house together, desired a further separation. Instead of moving into smaller apartments, as they ought to have done, they moved into larger and finer ones. This was hardly the wife's fault. Louis Oglivie was one of those men who never will be open about money matters, and at this time she did not know his means.

In the years that followed they had sometimes been forced to economise—that is, not to spend when there was no more to be spent, which a good many people take, or rather mistake, for economy. Then they would go into retirement in a mysterious way—sometimes pretending to be out of town, in reality lodging in some meaner quarter. And again they would as mysteriously re-appear, and live as grandly as before. In these periods of retirement Madame Oglivie neither visited nor was visited by her relations. They knew only one side of her life. She could not bear them to see the reverse.

Then her father died, and another small portion fell to her, while her mother took what was hers, and went to live with her son. This portion had set them on their feet again, at a time when they had fallen low. Once before, when they were thus sunk, Louis Oglivie had applied to Margery, and her purse had furnished the means for another cast of the gambler's dice. It was the wife who urged the husband to gamble, and she would spend thriftily

as ever the money thus recklessly won. She would still make her own dresses and cook her own dinner, if need was, and there often was need; but she had entered into the gambler's spirit, and was eager for every day's run of luck. As a last resource she could live on the interest of her *dot*, the principal of which she would not allow to be touched, though shortly after their marriage she had persuaded her husband to sell his commission.

She knew, also, that he had expectations, and, having convinced herself that they were realities and not mere shams, she had learnt to share them. Her heart, too, had gone hankering after the inheritance of the Oglivies. In the course of their twelve years of married life, Louis Oglivie had twice returned from England with a considerable sum of money. England was in her eyes an *El Dorado*, and it had been a great source of disquiet and separation between her and her husband, that he would never take her there, and allow her to influence his relatives, as she thought she was certain to do if allowed a chance. But on this last occasion she more than once suspected that the sum he had received was larger than he had stated: and she was right. Margery Oglivie, like many who are strictly economical in their own concerns, gave like a princess when she had to give. She had given Louis five hundred pounds with less thought about it, probably, than she would take in expending the next five shillings. Part of it he had contrived to dissipate by the way, and another part he kept back for his own uses. And in this he treated his wife unfairly, and she knew and resented it, almost to hatred.

The clash of these two selfish natures was all the more terrible, because the one was vulgar and the other refined. When Louis Oglivie lost at play, or kept back part of what he had won, his wife would come down upon him like a dark-eyed fury, getting more and more terrible to him as she grew older, from her increasing unloveliness under the phase. And he would shrink from her with jarred nerves, and an unconcealed loathing, which was worse to bear than violence in return, and which roused her almost to madness. These conditions were, of course, only temporary, otherwise they would have been too intolerable, and the bond between them would have been broken: but selfishness secured as well as strained it. And Louis Oglivie would give up, at times what he had withheld; and she, on her side, would dress herself and prepare a delicious little supper, and peace would be restored. But Louis Oglivie feared the outbreaks with a fear which grew upon him daily.

Vain and boastful, as well as selfish, he had boasted to his wife of his daughter's beauty and future fortune, and even of her wish to accompany him to Paris; till, between the restless desire for novelty of situation in her poor and barren life, and a wish to establish some hold upon the probable heiress, nothing would satisfy her till Peggy was sent for.

On her arrival Peggy found them living in what

seemed affluence. There was no sign of the poverty which her father had pleaded, though the sickness was real enough. He had been made ill by the constant scenes between him and his wife, on the subject of sending for his daughter. But her speedy acquiescence had restored peace, and the surface of their lives looked smiling enough to the new-comer, who had however, a keen, trembling sense that all was not right beneath.

Her step-mother insisted on her seeing all that was to be seen in Paris, on condition of her companionship. She was never left alone with her father by any chance, though he often left her with his wife. Her love of gaiety seemed childish and absurd to the grave Scotch girl, whose gladness was unstirred by garish crowds; though that same gift of gladness lay deep in her heart, ready to well up in overflowing streams at the touch of natural joy. It seemed strange, too, that wherever they went, it was she who had to pay; and her purse was very slender, for she had not taken advantage of Margery's proffered bounty, as many another would have done.

At last, when she was getting tired of sight-seeing, though she was full of delight at the treasures of memory which she had amassed by it, she was left one day alone, and her father, who had been watching the opportunity, came to her. He was looking more haggard and wretched than she had yet seen him.

"Did you bring any money with you?" he asked, anxiously. "I thought Margery might have given you some, you know."

Peggy frankly stated how much she had brought with her, and, taking out her purse, reckoned before him the little all that remained. It was only a few sovereigns and some change in francs and cents.

"You had better keep it," he said, looking wistfully at the gold. "You need not let *her* know you have it."

"Do you want it?" she asked, divining his look, and holding out the gold.

He took it eagerly, but with a muttered apology. In exchange, she gradually and gently drew from him the knowledge of the precarious life he led—gathered from his weak complaints that his wife was urging him on in the wretched career of the gambler, and that often, very often, the luck was against him. And she knew then that she was standing on thin ice, which might give way at any moment and precipitate her into unknown depths. She besought him to retreat at any cost of effort; but he only shook his head and became irritable under her entreaties. For herself, she was resolved to act.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SUR LE TOIT.

WITHOUT loss of time, Louis Oglivie's daughter began to carry out her plan of action. With her father's help—and she was glad that he entered into her plans, though he exaggerated her powers in a way that was painful to her—she took advantage of the aids which Paris affords, and has always afforded,

to the art-student. Close to the house in which they lived she managed, for a small weekly sum, to hire a little empty garret, in which she could pursue her labours; and she had not been a fortnight in Paris before the grey dawn of the summer morning saw her stealing forth to her attic studio. It was only by a special arrangement with the *concierge* that she accomplished this; and very soon she found it more convenient to sleep there, and so had a little bed put up in it, which, with a single chair and table, and the materials of her art, completed its furniture. Her father, with great exultation, had returned to her the value of her few sovereigns, telling her that they had brought him more luck than he had had for many a day; and she did not tell him, in return, that she almost shuddered to touch the gold, knowing how miserably it had been gained.

Her little room was five storeys high; but then the light came from the north, clear and bright, and unobstructed. Her window opened on a little square bit of flat roof, about the size of a table-cloth, surrounded by her own and her neighbours' chimney-pots; but her neighbours were, happily, great economists of fuel, especially in the summer-time, and she could sit out there, *sur le toit*, even in a white dress, without much fear of blacks. But for this out-of-door, or rather out-of-window, work, and for her walks to and fro to the galleries and the school, she adopted a black gown, a sort of costume almost like that of a Sister of Charity; and in this nun-like dress she would be out on her roof in the summer mornings, working out her latest sketch in the fresh, still air, when the great city lay at her feet unawakened, like "a dream in stone," with its spires and towers catching the mystic lights of the dawn.

It was her favourite place of resort, that little nest on the house-top, screened on both sides by chimney-stacks, and in front by a parapet almost breast high, where she could sit unobserved, save by the sparrows, the outlook of her opposite neighbours being to the other side. She was not, however, so lonely as she at first imagined, and she often wondered what her neighbour on the other side of the chimney-stack could be about, to create, at periodical intervals, such mysterious and appalling noises. More than once there was an explosion, which threatened to bring down the partition between them, and which covered her with a shower of dust and mortar. Every variety of squeaking, and squealing, and barking was to be heard occasionally; at other times there was the most perfect silence.

On the occasion of the second explosion she had uttered a little scream of dismay, and then retreated into her room, having almost made up her mind to remonstrance. After listening for some time, and hearing nothing, she stepped out again to reconnoitre, and looking up, there peered over the chimney-pots a childish, almost girlish, boy's face. It was about to disappear again, grinning and

begrimed, but Peggy saw it all now, and called her young tormentor to a parley. She understood boy-nature, and begged humorously, in her very imperfect French, for she was only beginning to talk the language, that she might not be blown up into the air.

"Shall I show you what you have done?" she said, and stepped in and brought her drawing-paper covered with sooty stains.

The little gentleman apologised with evident sincerity, and seemed greatly to enjoy talking to mademoiselle, standing, as he affirmed, "upon nothing," and hanging by one arm round the neck of a chimney-pot. He informed her that he was a student at the École Polytechnique, and that he spent his holidays there with his uncle and aunt, and, finally, he made her a proffer of a guinea-pig, an explanation of one of the mysterious noises. Peggy did not understand guinea-pigs, and declined, because the little creature, which he produced by a dive to *terra firma*, might die on her hands.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "I will get you another. Mine are often dead when I come back, because no one has fed them."

"Then they suffer," she answered, in dismay. "It is dreadful! I would rather climb over the chimney-pots and feed them myself." After this, she had many a chat with her young neighbour, and took charge of a cageful of white-mice for him, six days out of the seven.

Most lives have their periods of monotony, whether of doing or of suffering; and it is in such seasons that the life-work of man or woman is accomplished, or the spirit shaped for its accomplishment. Two laborious years passed thus over the head of Peggy Oglivie in her new home, if home it could be called, for the Oglivies had no fixed place of habitation in the great gay city. They moved from street to street, and from quarter to quarter, while she kept on her little garret studio, and lived with her father and step-mother, except in the hours devoted to work and sleep.

From the first her aim was to earn money, and to earn it immediately; and, therefore, she quietly laid aside any dream of ambition if it came to her. She worked steadily, even when studying higher things, at the fairy little flower-pieces which she was mistress of sufficient skill to make saleable at once; and for these she found a steady market in the print-shops. Her aim was not a lofty one, and there is always danger to the artist in taking a low aim; and if she had tried to please by copying conventional prettinesses, she might indeed have lowered her art, and have ended in producing those hideous staring groups of artificial flowers, which almost put one out of love with the fairest things in nature. But something within her kept her true to herself, and true to nature; kept her painting the things she had seen and loved, just as she herself saw and loved them; and because her heart was in them, her little water-colour paintings became dear to many, who never asked the artist's name, nor thought that

fame should follow the representation of such simple and common things. But in truth, the heavenly purpose of saving by pure unselfishness one who was wholly absorbed in self, shone out of the eyes of her flowers—out of the “little speedwell’s darling blue,” or the white-frilled daisy’s baby-face. She had often to paint the same things over and over again, as they were in demand, but she always did it with a difference.

It was one set of pictures that made her early success. They were called “The Seasons,” and consisted of four circular paintings. Spring represented by a nest of primroses; summer, by a group of the speedwell and the daisy, overhung by sprays of the pink dogrose and a tangle of woodbine blossoms; autumn, by the bramble blossom and berry at once; and winter by a bit of bank covered with soft, white snow, overarched with holly, out of which peered the bright eyes of a robin. But through those simple subjects shone a rare spirit of truth and tenderness. A little bit of sky and background would let in all the season to the soul, and this hidden harmony of touch and tone gave them a charm even beyond their intrinsic beauty.

Her studies in crayon took a wider range, but were less successful in a money point of view. They were as yet imperfect in drawing, though full of genius in conception. A favourite subject was the old fir-wood at home, with sunset effects taken from her housetop studio.

The money which she earned she made over in great part to the step-mother for the household expenses. Her father was not to be trusted; to this extent her step-mother was; only she began to look upon it as a right that she should receive the whole of her step-daughter’s earnings, except what she might require for her own simple needs. It all went for the support of her father, murmured the step-mother, all and more than all; for there came no other turn in the steadily-ebbing tide of Louis Oglivie’s fortune. And his daughter saw with mournful commiseration that in his misfortune he was less and less considered by his wife, sometimes even treated with a rude contempt which galled and then depressed him.

When he came to her with the request, growing more and more timid and pitiful, for a little money, concerning which nothing was to be said at home, Peggy could not find it in her heart to refuse, though she knew how unavailing was her prayer, that he should spend it on some needed comfort. More and more he took refuge with her in her studio, while his wife stormed or murmured through the domestic duties, which once more fell to her lot with the straitening of the common purse. And more and more Peggy noticed with alarm a certain strangeness in his manner which was new to her,—a dreary fixedness in the eye, and an inclination to unnatural and startled slumber. Once he sat staring at her so wildly that she rose and went to him, asking tenderly if he felt ill. And he burst into tears at her touch, and answered, “I don’t deserve it! I don’t deserve it!”

“What is it?” she asked, half thinking it was some self-reproach at her kindness that had touched him.

“I don’t deserve to be such an unlucky dog,” he answered, and laughed, looking at her with eyes in which there was no sight, no outlook of a reasonable soul. Then he would call her by her name, not by the familiar Peggy, which he never used, but by her own stately name of Margaret, which suited her better than the other now, and when she went to him he had nothing to say. And she began really to tremble for his sanity.

One day she was out visiting some of the shops where she had found such a ready sale for her little pictures, and had been told by more than one master, though with perfect kindness and politeness, that there was a great slackening of the demand for such things at present, owing, perhaps, to the unsettled state of the public mind. There was just then growing that dissatisfaction with the ministers and the policy of Charles X., which, as everybody knows, ended in the revolution of 1830. All sorts of rumours were afloat, occupying people to the extent of causing a stoppage of trade. Indeed, many, either quicker-sighted or better informed than their neighbours, were already leaving Paris for the coast.

More dispirited than she had ever felt before, even at the first failures she had encountered, she turned to go home, having left a fresh drawing, which a shopkeeper kindly consented to put in his window. On the way she had to pass a church, into which she had often turned before, and now carried the burden of anxiety which was weighing upon her so heavily. “If I fail,” she thought, “what is to become of us?—what is to become of him?” and just then failure seemed so easy, success so difficult, so unattainable.

When she rose from her knees, she started to see, standing cap in hand, as if in attendance on her, her young friend of the École Polytechnique. He saw that she had finished her devotions, and, without word or sign, he turned and went out before her. When they stood on the steps outside he turned again, and said, “I came to seek mademoiselle: will she come with me speedily?”

“How did you find me?” she asked, in astonishment. “I am fond of tracking,” he answered; “pardon me for finding out where you go; it is of much use—you cannot think how much. There is to-day—I never could have known where to find you if I had not tracked you, and the poor gentleman is so ill. I found him sitting on the stair, and I thought he was dead!”

From the lad’s description, she knew it was her father who had been found nearly dead.

“I think I know what’s the matter,” he added, as she hurried on by his side; “he will come all right again, but he must be looked after now.”

She looked up inquiringly.

“Opium.”

Yes, this was the explanation of his mysterious malady; Louis Oglivie had become an opium-eater.

(To be continued.)

THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.



SUSAN, my dear child, do put your work away before you go out. Look, it is strewn all over the floor."

"Yes, mamma dear, in one minute; I am only just going to pick a lovely rosebud I have been watching for some days, and which yesterday's rain has brought out."

Out flew Susan, before her mother could enforce her wishes on her little daughter. She fluttered like a butterfly from one pretty flower to another, and returned laden with them; throwing them down, all wet as they were, on the drawing-room table, amongst all her mother's knick-knacks and gaily-bound books.

"Oh, Susan, Susan! take care. Why did you bring in so many flowers? the vases were filled this morning."

"Oh, true, mamma; I forgot. Well, I will go and fetch the large china bowl; that will hold them nicely, and one can't have too many flowers about."

Off she went; but whilst away something else drew her attention, and the flowers would have been left to perish, had not her mother sent them down-stairs to be arranged. In the meantime, a small Scotch terrier, which had hardly outgrown its puppyhood, a recent gift to Susan, amused itself gnawing the work which had been left lying on the floor. It was the cover for a stool, which she had asked to be allowed to work for her father, but which made but small progress; for whenever, during her leisure hours, Susan had a fit of industry and wished to work, half her time was spent looking for wool, thimble, scissors, or her needle, which she was always quite certain she had left in the work; and probably, whilst searching for all these various articles, some new fancy would seize her.

It will easily be seen that Susan was a very untidy, careless child, a habit which was increased by her being accustomed always to have a maid to attend on her, and put everything straight for her. Now, however, that she was growing older, her mother thought it high time to correct a failing which was rapidly becoming a very serious fault, and would be a cause of misery to herself and all around her.

Susan liked to have everything nice and pretty, but she disliked the trouble of keeping them neat. She was always quite certain that if she had baskets and boxes, like somebody she had seen, she would not lose her things in the way she now did. A pretty workbasket was procured for her, all well fitted up, but the only thing one could be quite certain of was, that in Susan's workbasket Susan's work would not be found. So with other things, pencils, India-rubber, &c., never were they to be found when wanted; and as for gloves, ribbons, neckties, pocket-handkerchiefs, a small haberdasher's shop might have been stocked with the articles she lost every year.

She was now quite convinced, if she had only a room to herself—she had hitherto slept in her mother's dressing-room—that she would keep her things in better order; but that Mrs. Harris, her mother's maid, was always what she called "tidying" her things, and that she hid her books because, she said, they made the room look so "in a litter," and left no place for her mamma's things, &c. &c. Her parents had, therefore, amused themselves fitting up a pretty little room for her, in which she was to be installed on her twelfth birthday, and where she was to reign supreme, uninterfered with by the austere Mrs. Harris.

On the morning of the eventful day, Susan ran into her parents' room for their accustomed morning greeting, and was a little disappointed at not receiving her usual gifts; but her delight was all the greater when, after breakfast, her mother led her into the pretty room the preparation of which had been kept a profound secret from her.

"Is this lovely room for me—my own self?" exclaimed Susan, and her eyes danced with delight as they wandered from the toilet-table, on which stood a neat little dressing-case, to the pretty little white bed, and then again rested on a writing-table, furnished with blotting-book, envelope-case, and all other necessities.

"It is, indeed, my darling. Papa and I have had a great deal of pleasure in arranging it for you, and you are to have the sole care of it; and, Susan, I expect it to be kept very neat and tidy."

"Oh, mamma!" broke in Susan, "no one can help being tidy in this lovely room. One couldn't make it in a mess; and there is, I see, a place for everything."

"Yes, my dear, and I hope everything will always be found in its proper place. But now, my darling, I want to say a word to you. Papa's and my great object in giving this room, has been the hope that, by letting you have all things neat and pretty around you, we might correct you of those untidy and careless ways, which, if allowed to continue, will soon become incorrigible. You think, Susan, that it does not cost much to replace a pair of gloves, a ribbon, or a spoilt book. It is true these trifles do not cost much individually; but you would be astonished at the sum they amount to in the course of the year: and it is waste to spend money in procuring things which a little common care would obviate the necessity of replacing. You have visited amongst the poor with me, and know how thankfully a small sum has been received, and how many blessings it may procure. You have hitherto been in the habit of coming to me for money for any charitable purpose; but that is not real charity on your part. Your father and I have therefore determined on giving you a certain allowance, which will be more than necessary to supply all your wants, and we hope you will employ the surplus in relieving the wants of others. But, Susan, you will have from henceforth

to repair all damage or losses caused by your carelessness yourself; and I warn you that, unless you mend your ways very considerably, you will find, instead of having a surplus, that your allowance will not cover your expenses. But now go and examine your new property, and get ready to go to your grandmamma's."

Susan's birthday was this year to be celebrated by a morning party at her grandmother's, who lived a few miles off, and who happened to have collected round her at this time several of her sons and daughters, with their respective families. After her entertainment was over, the whole family were to dine with Susan's parents.

There had been prepared for Susan a lovely embroidered muslin dress, which had been sent her by an uncle from India. Just as she had finished dressing, the daughter of the bailiff, a girl of her own age, and a constant playfellow of Susan's, came up to wish her many happy returns of the day, and to bring her a basket of ripe cherries—the first of the year. The basket was prettily decorated with wreaths of the dogrose, and the shining, deep-coloured fruit peeped from amongst the leaves and flowers.

"Oh! how pretty! how beautifully you have arranged them, Annie," said Susan, taking the basket. "How good they are," added she, as she tasted them. "We have none ripe in our garden yet."

"No, miss, I know it. These are the first cherries the tree my father was given by a foreign gentleman has borne, so, as they are just ripe on your birthday, I made bold to bring them to you."

"It is very kind of you, Annie, and they shall be put on the table this evening with the dessert; but look at the pretty new room mamma has given me."

Drawers, boxes, were all turned out; but in the midst of the exhibition her father's voice was heard calling her, and desiring her to be quick. She had neither handkerchief nor gloves, of course. In the disarranged state of her toilet and furniture they were not to be found immediately. The basket of cherries, which stood on the dressing-table, was turned into the arm-chair, and a few stray garments thrown over it. The missing articles being at last found, Susan ran out of the room, locking the door after her, putting the key in her pocket; "For," said she, "if Mrs. Harris once gets in to settle it, I shall never find anything again. I shall have plenty of time to put things tidy when I come home."

The children spent a merry afternoon, playing games, and it was getting dark when Susan and her parents started homewards to prepare for their expected guests, who were to follow in the course of an hour. Susan was very tired, and her mother desired her to lie down for half an hour; but she knew full well that she would have as much as she could do to get her room tidy before her cousins arrived. She ran up-stairs quickly, and rang her bell for lights; but seeing her arm-chair standing invitingly near, she sank into it to rest for a few minutes whilst waiting. Great was her horror on feeling something crush beneath her weight. She

sprang up hastily, fearing that it was her little dog, and, putting her hand on the chair, she only felt a something soft, pulpy, and wet. Had she indeed crushed the poor animal into this shapeless mass? She could see by the twilight that her fingers were wet with some dark-coloured liquid, and on her white muslin there was also a dark stain. "It must," she thought, "be Frisk's blood." Poor Susan, overcome with fright, gave a piercing shriek, which speedily brought her parents and the maids with lights. They found her kneeling before the arm-chair, crying and sobbing hysterically, her face hidden in her hands. "Oh! mamma, mamma!" she cried, "I have killed him—he is crushed all to pieces—I can feel nothing but his bones."

Her mother began to fear that the pleasure and excitement of the day had been too much for the child, and had brought on some illness; but Frisk himself, who had been spending a very pleasant day in the kitchen, now trotted in, and seeing that his little mistress was in some trouble, attempted to console her by jumping on her and licking her face and hands.

The dog's caresses roused the poor child, "Frisky here! then what have I crushed?" exclaimed she.

A frightful scene of destruction was indeed revealed, though not so tragical a one as Susan expected. The basket of cherries, the wicker-work of which Susan had taken for Frisk's bones, lay on the chair squashed out of all shape; the juice had run over the new chintz, and completely obliterated the pretty pattern of rosebuds and blue ribbon, and was now dropping on the floor, where it was forming a little pool; the frock Susan had thrown on the chair in the morning was utterly ruined, and on the lovely Indian muslin were numerous indelible stains.

The fright and crying had given poor Susan so violent a headache, and made her feel altogether so ill, that she was quite unable to receive her visitors, or take part in any of the evening amusements. She lay in her bed pondering how speedily her good resolutions of tidiness had been broken, and determining for the future to endeavour to cure herself of her heedlessness.

The next morning she went to her mother with a sad and humble face, and begged that nothing might be done to remove the traces of the accident, but that they might be left to remind her always of it when she was in a hurry, and inclined to do something else instead of putting her things away tidily.

Susan did not cure herself instantly of her fault; but she was really anxious to do so, and that goes a great way towards improvement. Whenever she was inclined to say, "I will do it presently," her mother used to whisper, "Susan, the basket of cherries," and she no longer delayed; until, at last, she became as tidy, neat, and careful a young lady as she had formerly been the reverse. The cherry-basket was, however, carefully preserved, and often, in after years, served as the text of a sermon to her own children.

L. L. C. B.

THE BUIVIER

— Saturday, February 15, 1868. —



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"The sound of the fall brought out John Brett and his wife."—p. 339.

SOWING IN TEARS.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days more, and Lois was finally settled in the squalid home, where she found her father languishing almost in a state of starvation. It consisted of two rooms at the top of a crowded lodging-house, and no words can describe the contrast to the luxurious abode she had left.

At first her father's delight at having her with him, and the blessings he showered on her head for having come to rescue him from want and suffering, seemed almost to compensate for the unspeakable sacrifice she had made for him; but soon the dreadful realities of her position forced themselves upon her, and she entered on a dark period of trial and misery, the details of which may be summed up in a few words, though it seemed to her like a century of anguish. Not only had she to endure the loss of all that made life dear, but the father for whom she had renounced her happiness, was himself a source of grief and terror to her. His habits of intemperance had greatly increased in his solitude, and when he gave way to them he would fall into paroxysms of rage, in which he would vent on Lois all his anger and bitterness at his wife's desertion; and often she trembled, not without reason, before his ungovernable violence.

But her worst trial was the fear that the one hope of leading his soul to God, which had prompted her to her noble sacrifice, would never be fulfilled. His wife's conduct, in the face of her pretensions to great piety, had confirmed him in the belief, which suited well with his own want of principle, that religion was mere hypocrisy on the part of most persons, and a vain dream in the case of others. And often Lois' heart would sink, and she would wonder if, indeed, her great effort for his salvation was to be unavailing, and her whole life sacrificed in vain; but she would check herself with the remembrance that God would accept her offering, even if he did not permit her to see the results she hoped in this world, and that beyond the grave, if not here, those who had sown in tears would surely reap in joy.

After a time, cares of a kind she had never before experienced began to press upon Lois. Dormer's habits of extravagance had returned upon him in full force when he found himself with money in his possession, and he had exhausted all Lois' available resources long before the time when her little income would again become due. It was with utter dismay that Lois had found herself unable to prevent his squandering in a few months their sole means of support for a year; and at last her worst fears were realised, and want stared them in the face.

When she was obliged to own to her father that their last shilling was gone, he told her, somewhat roughly, that she must at once write to her uncle to ask him to send her a hundred pounds.

"It will be nothing to him, with his thousands," he said, bitterly; "and I suppose he would not like his niece to starve, though she is my daughter."

Lois clasped her hands together in bitter pain.

"My dear father," she said, "it is impossible—

my uncle is the last person from whom I could ask money. He has forbidden me to hold any communication with him, and I do not believe he would grant my request—certainly, I have no right to make it."

Dormer was half intoxicated at the time, and his sole answer was to order her with such cruel threats to do as he desired, that she could only obey in trembling, though it was very galling to her to be obliged to plead for help of this nature from the uncle who had formally denounced her, and cast her off.

Two days later an answer arrived. Dormer had been drinking just enough to rouse all the evil of his nature without stupefying him. He snatched the letter out of Lois' hand before she had time to look at it, and tore it open. The envelope contained only a cheque for five pounds, with a single line from Sir Edward, to say that he sent her this for her mother's sake, but it was the last penny she should ever receive from him, and that any future letter from her would be returned unopened. At the sight of this insult, as Dormer termed it, his excitement and fury rose to a height beyond anything Lois had ever witnessed. With an oath he swore that Sir Edward Granville should give them the money they required, in spite of himself, and, taking the cheque from Lois' hand, he altered the figure to a hundred and five; then, opening the door, he pointed to the stair, and ordered Lois to take it at once to the bank.

"Your uncle will not prosecute you, even when he discovers the fraud," he said; "therefore you shall take it instead of me, for he would be glad enough to see me rot in a gaol."

Lois looked at him for a moment in utter amazement, and then, with an indignation she could not repress, she asked him if he were mad to propose to her to commit so great a crime.

"How dare you answer me in that manner?" he exclaimed: "you will do as I tell you, without another word, or I'll find a way to make you."

He dragged her towards the open door; but she resisted, and, drawing herself out of his grasp, said, "No, father, you shall not force me to do wrong. I cannot—I will not."

"Do you mean to say that you will not do as I order you?" said Dormer, coming towards her in a threatening manner.

"I cannot commit a sin," she said, trembling in every limb, as she saw that he was working himself up to one of the paroxysms of rage which sometimes possessed him when he was intoxicated.

"Ah! you set yourself up to be better than your father," he said. "Now, look here," he continued, with a concentrated fury which made her heart die with terror, "if you don't go and do as I tell you this instant, I'll give you such a

lesson as you won't forget in a hurry. You shan't disobey your father for nothing, I can tell you. Will you go?" and he came closer to her as he spoke.

It was very dreadful—the cruel, threatening face of the infuriated man—the conviction that he was very likely to kill her in his unreasoning, ungovernable rage. He repeated his question in a yet fiercer tone. Her knees shook; her voice almost failed her; but the true, brave heart was firm.

"I cannot sin against God," she said.

"You defy me, then!" he exclaimed.

"It is better to die than to sin," she articulated, faintly; and instantly, with an oath, he struck her a dreadful blow, which sent her reeling towards the stair, and before she could recover her balance she had fallen down a flight of six or seven steps, and lay a motionless heap on the landing-place below.

The sound of the fall brought out John Brett and his wife, the tenants of the next room, and they lifted up the poor girl with many expressions of regret and dismay as they saw that she was quite unconscious. Her head fell back, and her sweet face seemed so deathlike, that they both feared the worst had befallen her. They carried her up-stairs and placed her on her bed, and Brett then called out to Dormer to go for a doctor as quickly as he could, though he doubted if a regiment of doctors could save the poor child's life.

The wretched father had been thoroughly sobered by the shock, and, overcome with horror at the thought that he had perhaps killed his gentle, loving child, he flew rather than ran for the parish doctor, with whom he soon returned. He could not face the sight of his victim, however, and he remained outside till the medical man reappeared. The doctor at once told Dormer that he could do nothing; the girl had received fatal internal injuries, and was even then dying. She might linger a few hours, but not more; and having delivered his verdict, he hastened away.

Stupefied with anguish, the unhappy father stood motionless, till Brett and his wife came out and said that Lois wished to see him. Then with shaking knees he slowly went up-stairs, dreading unspeakably the sight of his dying child. Yet when he entered the room, even his agony of grief and remorse was stilled, at the aspect of ineffable peace which brightened as with a radiance from heaven itself the sweet pale face of the dying girl. They had propped her up on pillows, and her soft brown hair streamed over them, bringing out into strong relief the tranquil countenance, more lovely in the pallor of death than even in her fairest days. Her large eyes had acquired that unnatural brilliancy which is so often seen in the last hours

of life, and they were turned towards the open window with a look as if she were listening to sounds unheard by others. Her delicate hands were folded on her breast in an attitude of calm submission, and a faint smile touched her white lips as with a gleam of sunshine.

She turned a bright look on her father as he entered, and feebly held out her hand to him. He came and flung himself on his knees beside her.

"Oh, Lois—oh, my darling! can you forgive me? I was mad! I never meant to hurt you. Forgive me—oh, forgive!"

"Dearest father," she said, in her faint, sweet voice, "so far as I am concerned, I do indeed forgive; the accident would not have killed me, had not God willed to take me home. And I am thankful to go—thankful that the struggle of life is over—the struggle with sin and with temptation. Oh! it will be such a blessed change!" and she lifted her bright face almost with a look of rapture to the fair blue sky, which she could see through the open window.

Dormer looked at her in amazement; even his bitter remorse was for the moment forgotten in his astonishment, and involuntarily he exclaimed, "But, Lois, do you not grieve to die so young?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "I am very glad; this life is but the preparation for the real, the true life, and they are happiest who are soonest ready. Think—think what it will be to meet the blessed Saviour face to face! to be with him for ever!" She remained silent with a look of adoring love in her eyes, while her lips moved as if she were speaking softly to one unseen.

A sensation of awe passed over Dormer; instinctively he exclaimed, "There must be truth in this religion!" and then, not daring to disturb her, he continued to kneel by her side, till gradually the white lids fell over the clear, beautiful eyes, and she sank into a gentle sleep.

Some hours passed, during which Mrs. Brett came several times to look at her with ever-increasing anxiety, for the good woman was a tolerably experienced nurse, and she had sufficient knowledge to detect that the pulse was growing feebler, and the snow-white face more cold and death-like; yet they dared not interrupt that calm repose, the reflection, as it were, of the deeper rest to which she was hastening. Late at night, the old clergyman came, having travelled with all speed to London, on receipt of a telegraphic message, which Brett had sent him by Lois' desire. Dormer went to speak to him in the other room, leaving Mrs. Brett to watch over Lois. Without attempting to excuse himself in any way, he told the whole truth to the clergyman, seeming to find a relief in pouring out to this compassionate hearer some of the depths of the remorse that was consuming him.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed at last, "do you think the world contains a more miserable wretch than I am? I have killed the only being I loved—yes! and the only one who ever truly loved me. Lois left her uncle's luxurious home to come and share my poverty and degradation, and now, because she would not do what seemed an awful crime to her religious faith, I have killed her! Sir, I have often said that religion was all hypocrisy; I cannot say so now."

"No," said the clergyman, with a grave sternness, "nor would you have ever said so—in the case of your martyred child, at least—had you known the extent of the sacrifice she made to her religious convictions, when she left her uncle's house for yours. Do you know that she yielded up for ever, that which was dearer to her than all the wealth or luxury the world could give?"

"No—what?" exclaimed Dormer in a shaking voice.

"Nothing less than her whole hope of happiness on earth. She loved Phillip Herve, her uncle's heir, with all the love of her pure, true heart; and he loved her far better than the titled lady he has married now. Lois would have been his wife, the pleasant house which was her home so long would ultimately have been her own; but the voice of Him who pleased not himself called her to follow Him on the rough road of self-sacrifice, and she left all that was precious to her in this life, to bring a blessing on your godless home."

"And I killed her!" said Dormer, groaning, as he covered his face with his hands; "I requited her with blows—with death!"

"Dormer," said the clergyman, laying his hand on his bowed head, "you have dared to scoff at the Christian religion, to doubt its truth and the sincerity of those professing it; can you any longer disbelieve the Divine power of that faith, which could nerve a young girl to empty her life of all its joy, and accept disgrace and suffering for His sake, who bade her seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, before all earthly good?"

"No, I cannot—indeed, I cannot. Oh, that I had such a hope beyond the grave as she has!"

"To lead you to such a hope was the one longing of your daughter's heart," said the clergyman; "and she will consider her life cheaply given if it brings your soul to God."

At that moment Mrs. Brett entered hastily to say that Lois was awake. "And, oh, sir! I fear she is going; she is so awfully changed."

Dormer started up and hastened to his daughter's room, followed by the clergyman. She was indeed changed! the shadows of death had gathered over the lovely face, childlike in its innocence and candour, and the sobbing breath came faint and hurried over the lips, quivering as it seemed with some last irrepressible emotion. The

bright, beautiful eyes wandered restlessly from side to side, and the cold, white hands clutched at the bedclothes with a spasmodic movement.

"Father, father! I want my father!" she gasped, with an eagerness which it was painful to witness.

Dormer advanced and bent over her. "I am here, my child—my darling!"

She put her hands round his head and forced him to meet her earnest gaze. "Father," she said, "I have already almost passed from earth; I can see the lights gleaming on the eternal shore. All things divine and human are made clear to me in this supreme moment, as they could not be to one still belonging to this world, and I tell you the Christian faith is true, even as God is true, and I tell you there is nothing that avails to any mortal man, but to secure the everlasting hope it offers. Father, I cannot die and leave you to destruction; let me win, in this last hour, that for which I have prayed and striven through so many weary months. I cannot go into the heavenly, sinless land, to meet the smile of Christ, and leave you here to perish in godless darkness. Tell me that you will go to Him who loved you to the death, and loves you still, to fling yourself upon his pity—to ask from him the repentance, the faith, the hope he never denies to those who seek them; tell me that you will follow him in life, and he in death will guide you to the peaceful mansions of his Father's house; tell me that you will be his, as I am his, and I shall be blest beyond all words, and ever through eternity will I thank God who brought me back to you, that he might crown me in the hour of death with the precious gift of your redemption."

"I do, my child," cried Dormer, with tears raining from his eyes; "I do believe in the Saviour, whose grace has made you what you are. If his infinite love can look with pity even on such a rebel as I have been, I will seek no other joy in life but to sit at his feet and learn of him how to adore his wonderful goodness throughout the endless ages; and if my sins seem too great for his mercy, Lois, I yet will pass my days in penitence and prayer, and leave my poor soul in his mighty hands."

"Do you remember what he said?" asked Lois, her face lighting up with unearthly radiance—"None shall ever pluck them out of my hands." He will not cast you out, dear father. Now, God be thanked for ever, for his wondrous love, for the sweetness of this death is more than all the sweetness I ever found in life."

As she spoke she fell back gently on her pillows, but an answering smile brightened her face as the old clergyman bending over her said, softly, "Dear child, your sacrifice has been accepted; your light affliction, which was but for a moment, will be lost in the weight of eternal glory, which

will surround your father and yourself in the realms of light—you have sown indeed in tears, but you will reap in joy.”

As he spoke, her eyes opened once more, clear, bright, and joyous, gazing intently upwards; then slowly they closed. A few moments she lay, her breathing growing fainter and fainter, till it seemed like the sigh of one far off, and then while

the clergyman said the last prayers in a low, calm voice, the pure and gentle spirit floated out into the unseen, and the price of her self-sacrifice was sealed, as her father sank upon his knees and poured forth his first repentant, heartfelt prayer to the Divine Redeemer, in whose blissful presence his child was even then reposing.

REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON, WITH ANECDOTES OF HIS STAFF.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.



NECDOTES of Wellington are “plentiful as blackberries;” and books have been written to record his “sayings and doings,” many of which will remind the reader of a reply made to a compiler by a celebrated critic: “Your book, sir, contains much that is new, and much that is true; but that which is new is not true, and that which is true is not new.” Let the following be taken as specimens:—

“Of the duke’s perfect coolness on the most trying occasions,” writes Mr. Rogers, “Colonel Gurwood gave this instance: He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him and said, ‘It will soon be all over with us.’ ‘Very well,’ answered the duke, ‘then I shall not take off my boots.’”

Collected as Wellington was in danger, he was never guilty of so irreverent a remark at such an awful moment. Another instance will suffice: “A lady of rank once asked the duke whether it was true that he had been surprised at Waterloo by Napoleon. ‘I never was surprised until now,’ was his characteristic reply.” Now these are very amusing stories, but they lack one great feature—truth; indeed, many of the anecdotes told of Wellington have been gleaned from jest books, and call to remembrance the epigram:—

“There are jokes in your volume which, looking it o’er,
It struck me I’ve met a good many before:
Joe Miller, for instance.” “Well, well,” muttered Pat,
“I suppose you don’t think them the worse, sir, for that.”

In what I have undertaken I am anxious, as much as possible, to avoid egotism, for it is of my former chief, upon whose personal staff I served three years, that I am here to speak, and not of myself; but having been immediately connected with many of the incidents I have to relate, it is impossible entirely to avoid the offensive pronoun I. In my introduction to the great duke will be seen the truth of the old saying, that important events spring from trifling causes. Newton’s discovery of the principle of gravitation was brought about by the fall of an apple; the origin of gun-

powder is attributed to the accidental friction of a piece of charcoal upon which salt had been dropped; and steam, which has aptly been termed water in an extraordinary state of perspiration, owes its discovery to the over-boiling of a tea-kettle; and for the honour that was conferred upon me by Wellington, I am indebted to a feat of agility, a mere pantomimic trick.

It was during the Christmas holidays, some fifty-five years ago, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first saw Sir Arthur Wellesley, at that time Irish Secretary. A brother of mine and a few young Westminster School friends were anxious to display our histrionic powers, and we prevailed upon my parents to allow us to get up an amateur performance in a large room at the Castle, admirably suited for the purpose. Our ambition was to shine in tragedy, so we selected Rowe’s somewhat lachrymose “Jane Shore,” and a comic performance to follow. One morning, Wellesley entered the room, during a rehearsal, while I, as *Lord Hastings*, was ranting away, pleading the cause of “Shore’s unhappy wife.” He remained a few minutes—a very few minutes, and as he was about to leave, he remarked to my mother, “I fear that the laughter of the audience will be so excited by the tragedy, that they won’t have a smile left for the farce.” This remark, though not very flattering, produced its proper effect, and we compromised the affair by announcing scenes from the “Lady of the Lake.”

All went off well during the rehearsals, when, unfortunately, a day or two before the performance was to take place our nimble harlequin sprained his ankle. To act a comic piece without the spangled hero, would be like performing “Hamlet” without the Prince of Denmark, and to find one at so short a notice was next to impossible. An Irish youth—“a regular broth of a boy,” as he was called at college—volunteered to take the part, “barring the leaps,” and we gladly accepted his services. Losing no time in ordering a spangled suit, and having my motley garb made so loose that I could easily put it on and off, I

soon drilled the volunteer into the work required of him, which was to throw himself into graceful attitudes, and belabour me with his wand, while I was employed in stealing sausages, pilfering legs of mutton, and knocking every one down that came in my way, according to the approved plan of Christmas entertainments. The eventful night arrived. I pass over the scenes from Sir Walter Scott, in which, I am bound to say, we were far from perfect in the words. Indeed, Sheridan's remark was painfully applicable to us, for that celebrated author and dramatist, being asked which actor he liked best at an amateur performance, replied, "The prompter, for I saw less and heard more of him than any one else."

The entertainment went off well until towards the end, when an untoward event occurred. The feat of the evening was a leap through a huge painted transparent clock, through which I was to take the double leap. When the scene came on, I, in my motley garb, took the leap. Then succeeded sundry attempts of the others to follow, which went on until I had changed my dress and reappeared. In the meantime, the clock had ascended, and when I took the leap the applause was immense. No one was more vociferous than Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, from his earliest years, was a supporter of athletic games. "Bravo, bravo!" he exclaimed, "I never saw a higher leap." Elated with success, I was again dressing myself when the event occurred to which I have alluded.

Our temporary scene-shifter, in removing the clock, did not give me sufficient time; and when he drew it off, a scene presented itself that baffles description. In one corner sat the volunteer, enjoying that schoolboy's treat, a glass of wine and some cake; while I, in the other, half in one dress and half in another, my attendant assisting me in the transformation, was indulging in the less aristocratic luxury of a pint of Dublin porter out of the pewter pot. Some of the audience fancied it was a real scene; but the quick eye of Wellesley at once discovered the device, and loudly applauded it.

"Clown and harlequin in one," he said, in his usual quick manner. "Capital!"

During supper I was taken up to Sir Arthur, who complimented me warmly; then, turning to my mother, said—

"Duchess, you ought to send William to Astley's."

"I hope better things for him," she replied. "He looks forward to getting a commission in the army."

"Well, well, I'll see what can be done; there's plenty of time," responded Wellesley.

No further allusion was made to the subject. It was not, however, forgotten by the secretary, though it did not produce any result until he had long left behind him the pleasant scenes of his

Irish official duties, and had commenced his grand career in the Peninsula.

I pass over a few years, when, one morning, I was called up by Dr. Cary, then head-master of Westminster—and conscience, which makes cowards of us all, gave me a pang, for it reminded me that on the previous day I had been out of bounds, a crime always attended, when discovered, with punishment. Whether Dr. Cary imbibed the love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not, but he certainly never spoilt a child by sparing the rod; and it was said the system at that time pursued at Westminster School was founded on the practice of Dr. Busby, who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline, that he flogged his boys every Monday—because he knew they would deserve it during the week! However, on this occasion I was wrong in my opinion, for, with a kindly smile, Dr. Cary showed me the *Gazette*, in which I found myself appointed to a cornetcy, without purchase, in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the duke having recommended me for the first vacancy which occurred after he was made colonel of that distinguished corps.

From this period, all I had heard of the admirer of my early efforts was through the public journals, which in due course of time announced the reception of the duke at Dover in June, 1814.

I, with a view of being prepared for the army, had left Westminster, and was at a private tutor's near Newbury. Among other letters which I found one morning on the breakfast-table, was one franked by Wellington. As in those days peers of the realm and members of the House of Commons had the privilege of franking letters, it did not at all follow that the enclosure was from the same pen as the franker, I therefore read my other letters first, which consisted of scrawls from Old Dean's Yard cronies. I then turned to the franked letter, and, upon opening it, great was my surprise to see "Dear William" in a hand unknown to me, and greater still was it when I read as follows:—

The duke and duchess have consented to your accompanying me to Paris. You must lose no time in getting ready for the journey. When you arrive in town, call here.

Yours affectionately,

Hamilton House, Piccadilly,
July 24th, 1814.

WELLINGTON.

At first I fancied it was a hoax, but showing the letter to my tutor, he pronounced it to be genuine, for he had heard to the same effect from my father; so, taking leave of my young companions, I lost no time in proceeding to London, where my preparations for the journey were soon made, and on the day appointed I drove up to his grace's temporary residence in Hamilton Place. I was most kindly received by the duke, and punctual to the moment, he entered the carriage followed by the late Colonel De Burgh, afterwards Lord

Downes, and myself. During the drive, Wellington conversed upon a variety of subjects. He told us that in the morning he had been honoured by an audience with the Prince Regent, much to the annoyance of a German tailor, who was busily employed in sewing a coat upon the prince, that not a crease or wrinkle might appear on his royal person. He mentioned that, upon the previous day, after reviewing the Blues at Windsor and dining with the officers, he had a narrow escape from a very serious accident. In returning through Brentford at night, the linchpin came out of the fore-wheel of his carriage, by which it was upset. "I did not much mind that, or being detained at Brentford," said his grace; "my only annoyance was that the populace would insist on drawing me to London, and I had great difficulty in preventing them."

On reaching Coombe Wood, the Earl of Liverpool was in attendance to meet the duke, and a small party were assembled for dinner. Nothing could exceed the good humour and affability of the great man, who told anecdotes of the late war, laughed, jested, and kept the whole company in a state of delight.

One anecdote I well remember. The conversation turned upon field-sports during the Peninsula campaign. "While in Portugal," said his grace, "I was at the Villa Vicosá, the family seat of the Dukes of Braganza, and shot with ball ten head of deer in three days. The park in which they were is immense, and I dare say did not contain less than 5,000 head, many of them red deer."

From shooting he turned to hunting, describing the excellent runs his fox-hounds had in Spain and Portugal, and dwelling upon the great advantages he had found from having his officers well mounted.

"Felton Hervey, of the Fourteenth," he continued, "who had lost an arm when in pursuit of the enemy flying from Oporto, always mounted himself and his orderly upon English hunters, so as to make his escape should he at any time be unexpectedly surrounded. Upon one occasion, when reconnoitring, Hervey rode up, by mistake, to a small detachment of French cavalry. Fortunately for him, the men were dismounted, and busily employed in cooking their rations; but no sooner was the colonel discovered, and his rank recognised, than the order to mount was given. Hervey and his orderly, finding the odds greatly against them, immediately started off at a tremendous pace to reach our lines. The French dragoons were quickly in their saddles, for the prize was worth gaining, and amidst wild shouts, and loud halloes, gave chase to their flying foes. The noise attracted the attention of some of the enemy's lancers, who, being posted nearer the English forces, were enabled to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. The clattering of the horses' hoofs, who had thus joined in the pursuit, sounded like a death-knell to the two gallant soldiers. 'Your only chance, colonel,' said the faithful orderly, 'is to make for that ravine.' Hervey followed the suggestion; the ravine was narrow, with only room for one horse to enter. No sooner had he gained it than, on looking round, a terrible sight presented itself. The devoted soldier, knowing that the life of his commanding officer could alone be saved by the sacrifice of his own, had placed himself across the narrow opening, and was literally pierced and cut to pieces. The delay thus occasioned, enabled Hervey to pursue his flight. Gaining the open he charged a stiff fence, and was soon out of sight of his pursuers."

(To be continued.)

A WORD UPON FICKLENESS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

THINE own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." Good counsel that. Many pleasant novitiates in your companionship may have something much more sparkling and sprightly about them, but, depend upon it, your old and well-tried friend is one of the rarest and choicest blessings in the whole universe of God. There are many come-and-go friends, and there is one popular song which especially seems to suit our circumstances when suffering from fickle friendships, and it is this—"When the swallows homeward fly." That is very pleasing when sung with a piano accompaniment at an evening party; but, as a parable of common life, it reminds us, in

a chilly sort of way, of what the cold weather of adversity does to mere superficial friendships—in one word, it starts them off to a more congenial clime, to return perhaps when the warm weather does, if we are ever fortunate enough to secure a new summer-time of prosperity.

Apart, however, from the friendships of life, there are some people who are fickle in business and in duty. They oscillate in everything; they will, they won't; they won't, and they will; and after some half-hour's debate with you, concerning who's to be there, and which is the nearest way, and what's the number of your house or the name of your square, they leave you with the most indeterminate sense of what

they really intend to do: they have so conditioned their visit, by their vacillating remarks, that you may equally rely on their presence or their absence.

Now, *fickle* comes from the old Saxon "*ficol*," which simply means *not fixed*, and a fine word it is, despite the Americanism derived from it, of your "*fixings*," &c. To be fixed in principle and purpose is a great boon to others, as well as a very blessed thing for ourselves. April weather is all very well, and beautiful enough in its season; but it's only one month, and you know how to treat it. If you want it to be fine, take an umbrella; if you want a shower for your flower-beds, take a heavy umbrella out with you, and it will be most probably very fine and very hot. April is April, moody but beautiful, like a lovely maiden smiling through her tears; but April all the year round would be too much of it, and yet it is a symbol of many characters one has sometimes met in life—given to sudden smiles and tears, to varied chances and changes of things—fickle as an April day.

To come back, then, to our opening remark: an old friend is a fine thing, and to meet a friend of your boyhood, especially one who stuck to "*young master*" amid all the early escapades of life, is one of the real enjoyments of life. Never forget an old friend! I remember a middle-aged gentleman telling me that one day, as he was walking to Westminster Abbey, he passed the Horse Guards, and looked, as we all do, with pride upon the two stalwart sons of Old England, caparisoned, in the guard-boxes;—fine horses, fine trappings, fine men; but his eye rested particularly on one of these fine guardsmen. He scanned him well, till their eyes met. What a rush of feeling came over him when he saw in the grown man the companion of his childhood!—the youth who had saddled his pony, larked with him in the fields, and helped him out of many a boyish difficulty. He didn't forget him that day, I guess, in more respects than one. He had found an humble but honest friend of his childhood not to be forgotten. Fickle people change everything about them very often—houses, horses, servants, furniture, friends. Depend upon it that, as a rule, what a man is in one department of life, he is tolerably likely to be in another. You may not quite believe in that philosophy of life, but I do. Commend me to the man who sticks to his father's old watch, and to his mother's old arm-chair; I feel pretty certain that he will faithfully stick to an old friend.

Who does not love to think of stability in English character? Why, certainly, "*hearts of oak*" ought to be as unbending as they are enduring: and such, upon the whole, taken as a type, is the English character. It is a pleasant thing to pass through an English village, and to find old Squire So-and-So's family still living, through the

new generations, in the old hall, and occupying the same old square pew in church; it is pleasant also—

Now, I know what you are going to remark, says the quizzical reader;—amusing to go into church and find how other than fickle the parson is, in that he sticks to the old sermons. It is too bad of you to suggest that, and to spoil my illustration, for, in the first place, it isn't true; and, in the next place, the grand character of that dear, devout old clergyman is the real point I was coming to. His residence there through the long years has given him a marvellous personal influence, more eloquent and powerful in its operation than any sermon, however eloquent, he could ever preach. I should not have blamed him for accepting a deanery if he had been offered one, or a bishopric either, but I still say the stability of his character has been a special blessing to the place.

Whilst I am on this point, as divines sometimes say—though we would think a point is not the thing to rest on long—yet allow me to say that fickleness in matters of church and chapel-going is a monstrous evil, especially in great cities. The peripatetic hearer, always on the tramp to listen to some new divine, is about one of the most contemptible characters to be found; he tries to glean in every field—but then those gleanings, what are they?—clevernesses and prettinesses of speech, &c.—these are his gettings, not the real gold of piety. The fickle hearer may be seen coquetting with half-a-dozen churches in succession; one preacher is too argumentative, another too imaginative, another too sympathetic, and another—who was such a dear man at first—is so very doctrinal. All honour to those noble fathers, many of whom have entered into rest, one of whose noblest characteristics was the fidelity with which they worked and helped the church where God had given them a place of duty, and who might be found, for half a century, always in their place. Right noble men they were, and who shall say how much the churches of to-day are indebted to their influence and their prayers?

It will scarcely be expected of me that I should say anything of fickleness in love. My critical friend tells me I shall be sure to offend some one. Perhaps the young man reading this, a regular reader, who is in desperate love with his seventh *fiancée*, will be disgusted, and never read a paper by me again. But I must risk that, for the luxury of having a smash at a being so utterly obnoxious. Flirting may be very funny, but I have no notion of mankind playing with the God-created faculties of human interest, and trust, and love; and the young man who has spent his earlier years of maturity in fickle friendships, which have been engagements under-



(Drawn by L. STRASZYNSKI.)

"But my spirit waxes bolder,
And hunger points to sin."—p. 347.

stood of all, is neither worthy of other men's respect, nor capable of feeling the loss of self-respect. I would have a "Coventry" like that of school-days kept up, to which such characters should be sent; instead of which, it is sometimes thought an amusing theme to brag about, and talk of *sotto voce*. I question very much whether in our ways of talking about the so-called flirtations of the young, we do not lose that sharp edge of feeling in such matters, which has much to do with the virtues of stability and honour.

Fickleness is the sign of a very weak nature. No truly great end was ever gained by a fickle man. The generals who have won lasting laurels in war; the engineers who have successfully tunnelled mountains, and bridged vast torrents, have been nobly bent on one purpose, and with unswerving energy kept to their purpose. Palissy the Potter stands before our thought at once as fixed in the determination to pursue his plan. Columbus never vacillated for an hour; and Carey, when he went to India, in the face of a hostile government and a hostile press, never wavered in his plans. Nor can we forget the great Example who set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem; who said, "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" If we desire to drink into the spirit of Christ we shall endeavour, above all, to "finish our course" as did St. Paul, who followed so closely in his Master's steps.

Moreover, the disciple of the Redeemer need never fear change in him. Whoever may change, he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! In his prophet Isaiah he says, "My kindness shall not depart from thee." Sooner shall Galilee embosom Lebanon, or the surrounding hills of old Jerusalem be swallowed up, than the protection, love, and sympathy of Christ ever be taken away. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth and even for ever." The kindness of some is but the handmaid to their own selfishness, or the impulse of their over-indulgent fancy—deceptive and dangerous as the thin ice on which the unwary tread; or as the marsh-land light, which but allures our steps to destroy our lives. We have no fickle Saviour; but one stable as the everlasting hills, and more enduring than the most imperishable work which his hands have framed! Never has he once dashed his pen through the handwriting of the covenant, for even to this day not one tittle of it has been broken! Whilst the years have rolled on with us all, and the love of some has turned to indifference, the love of others been like the waning moon, and the love of many more waxed cold, he has loved us

with an everlasting love, and will love us to the end.

And now let me remind you, so far as human friendships are concerned, that you need not wonder much why the stick in your father's study-corner is so precious to him—it's a well-trying one; nor why the friend your mother knew when they were young together, has such hearty preparations made for her visit. The cable which holds their friendship together has kept "taut"—through the gales of adversity; and it is a rare treat to meet again and feel that the friendship has been cemented, instead of having been severed, by the storms of life. No new friends can equal old ones, remember that. School friends, college friends, early home friends—these should be cherished by us with a warm and hearty love.

Of course, I need not make much of a reply to my critical friend, when he asks if we are always to be the same,—if we are never to be exalted or depressed—never to be cheerful or dull—never to have anything plus or minus in our manner—because variety of states of mind is not the same thing as fickleness of heart and instability of character. Perhaps our great English classic has depicted fickleness better than any uninspired writer when, in "Romeo and Juliet," he says,

"More inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South."

And again, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona,"

"O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults—makes him run thro' all sins.
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins."

It is manifest, therefore, that fickleness is no new-world fault, but has belonged to every generation of men—even as far back as the days when the inspired words were written, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Not to be fickle, then, is to be *fixed*, to be fixed in our friendships, our principles, our pursuits. We may gain some passing notoriety by changefulness and jugglery of principle, but we shall gain no real reputation. There is an old, old proverb—When God loathes aught, men come presently to loathe it too; and as the Lord hates the vain, the fickle, and the false, so in the end men abhor them too. In the long run, as men say, nothing succeeds like truth and honesty. The fickle can be neither of these—they play with principles as people play with dice, and if they do not lie in wait to deceive, they deceive without the previous lying in wait at all. Of all tantalising experiences in the desert journey, that is the most so when the worn and jaded camels press towards the desert palm-trees, and approach with

weary steps the well—only to find it dry; and of all the bitter experiences of human life, to believe some friend, and when the needed sympathy is sought, to find the cistern of human consolation empty, is bitterest of all.

But the friends of the Saviour never need dread failure in him—he is evermore the same—he is in us a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. He is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

TEMPTED.



WOFUL world I was born to—
A woful world of pain,
Which the cold winds bring their scorn to.
Or their grief in a bitter rain.

So dimmed my eyes with sorrow,
And so my grief runs o'er,
That it seems to me each to-morrow
Is darker than that before.

The season chills, and colder
My faint heart beats within;
But my spirit waxes bolder,
And hunger points to sin.

And what is life but a trial
Which the hardened safe pass through?
But conscience's cold denial
Will the cautious souls undo.

And why should some have plenty,
Some hunger day by day?
I am young—I think scarce twenty
Sad years have passed away—

Ah! God forgive and pity,
These wild thoughts drag me down;
In the flood of this great city
I gasp in vain, and drown!

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

OLD SWEETHEARTS.



JEAN was now a widow. Poor old Tammas was dead, and his wife missed him sadly; chiefly because she had no one to scold and no one to serve, and both were necessary to her as her very breath. She was quite a prosperous woman too, which made her isolation all the more unendurable. Her little shop wore the aspect of a perfect paradise to the youthful population of Burnside; but, as she dealt out its sweets, her temper grew more and more bitter, and her words sharper and sharper.

Jean was sitting one day behind her little counter, waiting upon her customers, two of whom were in anxious consultation outside the window, as to the most economical expenditure of a bawbee (halfpenny, called a bawbee from its having been the first coin which bore the baby-face of the hapless Mary Stuart). They were as yet undecided as to whether "Gibraltar rock" or "sugar bools" would "pairt best," that is, go furthest on an equal division, when old Mr. Haldane drew near.

It was shortly after his nephew's return from Bleaktown, on the occasion of his introduction to Mrs. Rose, that the old man found a pretext for the visit with which he was about to honour Jean. She had more than once repulsed him already, but he had special reasons for this particular visit, and was not a man to suffer from such repulse as hers. His nephew had taken the first opportunity he could find, to tell him that he must have been deceived by

Captain Oglivie on the subject of his marriage; and if there was one thing more than another which the old man detested, it was the supposition that it was possible for him to be deceived at all. He was, therefore, bent upon knowing the true state of the case.

"Good day to you," he said, in his blandest tones, as he entered the little shop.

But Jean, stiff and unrecognising, looked up at him, and asked if there was anything she could serve him with.

"I cam to ask whether there was anything you wanted in the way of repairs," he answered, with a smile at the old woman's independent manner.

"Naething, I thank ye," she answered, shortly.

"Rents hae been risin'," he went on; "only last term Lucky Simpson offered my agent twa pund mair for this bit place, but I told him ye were a steady payer, and bade him refuse the offer."

"It's an ill-dune thing to tak a hoose ower a body's heid," she broke in; "I never kent it prosper."

"It hasna prospered in this instance," he answered; "ye may hae the place as lang as ye like to keep it."

"It's dootless kind o' ye," said Jean, "but I winna be beholden to you, David Haldane."

There was a toss of her grey head and flash of her grey eye as she said this, which recalled a high-spirited lass to his memory, whose beauty and brightness had been the load-star of his early manhood; and he stood looking at her, and wondering at her freedom and spirit, in half-amused surprise.

But the old woman's tongue had been loosened,

and ran away with her, thenceforth. "If it hadna been you, I would have had a bein hoose bye (besides) this ower my heid, and my kindly auld man would hae been livin' yet. He jist pined away in the back-shop there."

"I don't see how I can be held accountable for that," her hearer interrupted.

But Jean paid not the slightest heed to the interruption, but went on boldly. "An' the bairn I nursed on my knee, and that was like my ain, though she was an Oglivie, ye hae driven awa to get her livin' in a foreign land, because ye coveted the heritage o' the orphan."

Like other and greater rhetoricians, Jean was unmindful of the stricter meaning of words; she forgot that Peggy's father was still alive. But she had hit hard, and her hearer winced a little.

"Ye're a changed man, David Haldane, since I first kent ye; the siller's hardened yere hert."

Again that flash of resemblance, this time extending to the tones of the voice. Perhaps she was related to her whom she thus strangely brought to mind.

"Ye're a bauld woman to speak in that way to ane that can tak the bread oot o' yere mouth. Where do ye come frae?"

"Frae 'yont the hills," said Jean. "Ye hae nae mind o' me. I have often thoct ye maun mind, but didna' care to let on since ye had grown a grandee; but I see ye hae clean forgotten, or ye wadna speak o' takin' the bread oot o' my mouth. I wadna like to stand in your shoon in the day of judgment gin ye daur to do 't."

Mr. Haldane had had enough. He held up his hand to deprecate further words, and said quietly—he could afford to be calm, for the other was unjust—"I came here in kindness, woman, and I hardly understand how we have come to this. Ye mind me of some one I knew; will you tell me your maiden name?"

Jean rose from her seat, still tall and stately, and looked straight into his eyes. "I'm Jean M'Duff."

"Surely no!"

"I tell ye I'm Jean M'Duff—the same ye wranged lang syne, and threw away, when ye had wooed and won, for a jealous fancy o' yere ain."

"Ah, weel, Jean, I never thoct to meet you in this world again. We maun let bygones be bygones, for the sake o' auld lang syne;" and he held out his hand, tamely enough, though he was in reality deeply moved.

"I'll do nae sic thing as let bygones be bygones," said Jean, ignoring the offered hand. "I was true as steel, an' ye treated me like a false quean (damsel). I was innocent as the babe unborn, and ye threw me off like a foul thing. Delaube brought me the bit kerchief, and tell'd me it was frae you, and that ye had tauld him to tak' a kiss for't. An' I took it, and he gat naething for't, for I kent he was jokin' An' for that bit joke ye spoiled my hail life."

"And in a sense mine has been spoiled too, Jean," he answered, softly; "I have never married, and I

suffered long and sore. What for did ye never try to set me richt?"

"I thoct ye ought to hae kent me better than ever to hae put me in the wrang. Father and mother mistrusted me too; but I wouldna' be at the pains to set ony o' ye richt, and I left their hoose on the head o't."

"And went to serve him?" said the old man, with an interrogative more stern than before.

Here, however, they were interrupted by the entrance of the two purchasers—their purchase finally decided upon—and during the time devoted to their service David Haldane turned his back to Jean, and to the world in general, lost in a flood of softening and yet painful memories.

When they were gone, Jean had somehow softened too. "I had come through the hard first," she continued, finding a keen pleasure in telling her story, and telling it to him. "I went back to where my folk had come frae, and took a place there; but I had the small-pox on me, and being a stranger, they sent me away. If it hadna been for Tammas's mother, I might hae deed like a dog; but she took me in and nursed me, and trusted me baith for siller and guid fame. An' Tammas was drawn for the militia, and Colonel Oglivie's regiment was the one he was 'listed in. One day I met the colonel, and told him my story, and he was for goin' to you wi' t at ance but I gar'd him promise never to mention it; and he keptit his word, like the gentleman he was. An' he made Tammas his servant, and when my poor man's mother deed, he sent me to nurse Mrs. Oglivie. Poor leddy! she was o'er delicate to lead a wanderin' life. I stayed wi' her till she left the world, and I hae brocht up her bairn, and her bairn's bairn, at the auld place."

"And your own folk, Jean?"

"They were clean gane by the time I cam' back. A sore, sore hurt it was to me, for it was time then to forget an' forgive."

"It's aye time for that, Jean," said her old lover; and now it was Jean who held out her wrinkled hand, and it was not refused.

"I would never have kent you," he said, "if ye hadna been in an ill tune (ill temper); and then I only half made it oot. Ye minded me o' my Jean, but changed."

"It was the illness that changed me; it didna mark me much, but it turned my colour to this deid white. I grat (wept) when I saw 't first, for I didna ken myself."

"I would marry ye yet, Jean, only it would be a mockery."

"That would be a marriage!" she snarled, in contempt.

Then the two old people resorted to the back-shop, or parlour, and Haldane drew from Jean the recent history of Peggy Oglivie, as far as she knew it.

"She's goin' about from place to place, paintin' pictures. The places are Rue this and Rue that. They a' begin wi' rue. It's an ill trade, I fancy." (Jean's only idea of art was taken from the works of a roaming artist, whose performances in profile, in which she and

Tammas were represented black as ebony, adorned her parlour.) "I'll let you read her last letter, an ye like."

So David Haldane read Peggy's last letter, never meant for his eyes, and somehow it touched him strangely, with its brave, confiding trust in an untried world.

"She's a brave lassie, and a bonnie," he said, when he had read it. "And you tell me there's no a word o' truth in the report that she was to marry Captain Oglivie?"

"No a word, or I would hae heard it. To tell you my mind, I would hae thought it more likely if it had been said o' your nephew, David. But these things are best left unmeddled wi'."

David Haldane thought so too, as he went his way home. "I'll tell the lad," he said to himself, meaning that he would tell his nephew what he had heard, and how he had, even though too late, changed his mind on the one vexed question between them.

Another resolve he made, and that was to rid himself of Captain Oglivie: and he lost no time in intimating to that gentleman that it was desirable to close the account between them.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

Owing to the increased traffic between Burnside and Bleaktown, an evening coach had been put upon the road, starting from the latter place at eight o'clock on the summer evenings, and reaching its furthest point of destination some three hours later.

It was a fair though moonless night in July, and David Haldane was returning from Bleaktown, satisfied that at last he might achieve his longed-for holiday. He was not, as usual, returning alone, but with two companions for the pleasant little journey, an elderly gentleman and a lady, whom he helped carefully to their seats on the roof before he took his own. The elderly gentleman was our friend Dr. Grant; the lady was no other than Mrs. Rose.

There had been strife, for the first time in its history, real and bitter strife, in the minister's family, concerning Mrs. Rose. When Archie announced to his father and mother the fact of his engagement, the latter was highly, and, as she considered, justly, indignant; while the former, with all his generosity and unworldliness, was far from pleased. "You ought to have considered," he said to his son, "that you are still in a dependent position, and may be for years to come, and that you had no right to bind any young woman to a future so uncertain;" language at which Mrs. Grant was more indignant still. That her son had been entrapped by a designing woman, was her view of the matter; and the simple course to pursue was, to break the engagement and defeat the design.

In accordance with this conviction, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Rose's mother, setting forth her grievance. It was a hard, cold, but not unreasonable letter, in which she treated Archie as a mere boy,

who had no right to make engagements which he could not fulfil, his future being still in his father's hands.

This letter was sent, notwithstanding her husband's warning that harm would come of it. "You know, my dear," he remonstrated, "that we have done all that in us lay to form the boys' minds and tastes; and I can't think that Archie's judgment and taste would be so sorely at fault, on such an important matter, as to allow him to fall in love with an unworthy, scheming woman; and if, as Sandie says, she is all that's good and excellent, we have no call to interfere, however much we may regret the step he has taken."

But the good man's mild wisdom was overruled. Mrs. Grant did interfere, and harm came of it. Rose wrote to her lover, giving him up at once and for ever. Her letter was full of gentle dignity. She could not bear to do anything which would displease her own dear mother; and therefore, she said, he must not ask her to displease his, by coming to her as an unwelcome wife. All that his mother (Mrs. Grant) had said was true, and she would not complain of it. She would carry the memory of his generous affection with her through life—an affection which gave so much and asked so little. It was better that he should be free to marry one who would bring no sad memories of a former love to his home, on whose joy in his happiness there should be no shadow.

And the letter roused Archie to indignant wrath, for it showed, by the old wound's fresh bleeding, that the heart of the writer was wounded anew. And the young man rose up, pale and resolute, and asked his father's leave to pack up his few belongings, and go away at once to make his own life. Then there had been remonstrance, and entreaty, and passionate upbraiding in the family circle, till Dr. Grant took the matter into his own hands, and effected a compromise by offering to go himself and see Mrs. Rose.

And he did go, and saw, and was conquered. He was also conqueror, for Mrs. Rose would not have yielded to the son as she yielded to the father. But for him, she would have persisted in her first refusal. As it was, a general pacification had ensued, and only the doctor knew with how little cordiality his wife agreed to it.

And now here was the infatuated man bringing Mrs. Rose back with him, quite unexpectedly, for a visit to the manse, when he had only promised to call upon her, as he happened to be in town.

They had had a pleasant journey among the little hills and the sunset splendours lingering long in that northern region, and were nearing Burnside in what seemed scarcely darker than a dawn, though it wanted little more than an hour of midnight. They had reached a bit of high-level ground a little above the village, and the whole party had sunk into silence, when David Haldane uttered an exclamation, and half started from his seat, making every one of his fellow-passengers turn in the direction in which he was looking.

He was looking in the direction of the Forest House, whose chimneys he could have seen in the daylight, but which were not distinguishable from the surrounding trees just then. But there was a lighter belt of sky over in the direction of the house, and against it rose a trail of smoke, licked now and then by a slender tongue of fire.

Again and again at intervals darted out the snake-like tongue of flame, and exclamation followed exclamation as one and another caught the thrilling sight.

"Whose place is it?" asked a stranger.

"A Miss Oglivie lives there," replied the coachman. "There's a friend o' hers inside," he added, cautiously; "we'd better let him ken. It's a lone house, and little water about, and the only man a fule, purr fellow. I shouldna wonder if he had set the place on fire."

"Drive on," said David Haldane, "we may be of use;" and the horses went down-hill at a gallop.

Meantime Captain Oglivie was dozing inside the coach. He had come up too late to secure an outside seat, and had had the inside entirely to himself the whole of the way.

When the coach reached what was called "the cross-road," leading to the Forest House, it came to a stop, and the coachman, tapping with his whip on the window, roused the half-sleeping occupant by calling out, in a stentorian voice, that the Forest House was on fire.

The shout and the stoppage roused Captain Oglivie, who called out, rather ill-humouredly, to know what it meant. Two of the passengers had already dismounted, David Haldane and a young man belonging to the village, with the intention of hastening to the help of the inmates of the burning house. The latter informed the captain of what they had seen on the hill above.

Then Captain Oglivie sprang to his feet, and was on the road to the house in a moment, without a word, or a look behind to see who followed. David Haldane had lost a few minutes saying good-night to Dr. Grant and Mrs. Rose, and he was therefore last in the race, though all three kept close behind each other. It was dark and still down there among the trees, but as they ran and neared the house they could hear the peculiar windy rush and roar of fire, and see the glimmer, which burst into a glare as they emerged from the wood and came on in front of the house.

The servants were all out; there were but four of them, an old woman and a young lass, an old man and a boy. They stood in front of the house, half-dressed, their teeth chattering with fear, doing nothing and attempting nothing, looking on fascinated by the serpent flames which darted out of more than one window, and drew themselves in again from the hard granite to find fitter food on the wood-work within.

"Where's your mistress?" cried the captain, dashing on the affrighted little group.

"She was here a' safe a minute syne," said the old woman.

"She's in again," said the boy.

Captain Oglivie was about to follow; rapid and resolute, and perfectly self-possessed, his face yet looked ghastly in its paleness and eagerness in the dismal, distorting light. He showed his white teeth as he spoke, scarcely dividing them to hiss out the words, "Why do you stand there, staring like idiots? Come and help me to get her out again: she must be suffocated there;" and he made for the open door, out of which the smoke was now issuing.

David Haldane and the stranger came up just then, and followed Captain Oglivie into the hall, which, being in the centre of the burning house, while as yet the fire was confined to one of the sides, was still unlighted by the flames, though filled with dense clouds of smoke. It was rapidly becoming impassable, and they were all about to retreat, when a cry from Captain Oglivie caused David Haldane to spring forward.

"Help here!" he cried, himself half stifled. He had stumbled on the body of Margery, prostrate at the foot of the stair, and the two men half dragged, half carried her to the open door, where the others gathered round her still breathing form.

In the fresh air she revived—it seemed almost by force of will, for the first words she uttered were—"The back stair—try the back stair."

"There is another life in danger," said David Haldane; and for the first time Captain Oglivie heard his voice, and looked in his face. At that moment a thrill of repulsion ran through the two men, not to be accounted for by the attitude of either up to that time.

"We can leave her now," added David, quitting his hold and resigning his place to the women. "Captain Oglivie, you know the house; lead the way."

"Perhaps you will go round," said the captain, addressing the stranger, and not deigning to notice David Haldane, "and I will direct you from one of the windows."

It seemed the best thing to do; trying to save the house was altogether out of the question. A few bucketsful of water, drawn slowly from the well, would be mocked at by the now raging flames. They must try, at every point, to save that other life.

They hastened round the burning end of the house, and Captain Oglivie passed on and into the interior by the kitchen entrance. The rush and the roar was increasing every moment. The red glare of the fire was thrown upon the trees, which seemed to reel and dance with its fitfulness, like a crowd of dark and dreadful creatures exulting in destruction and mocking at misery; and up there, at one of the still untouched windows, appeared a human figure, horror of horrors, behind iron bars!

"We can do nothing from without," cried David Haldane, in despair.

It seemed an age was passing, and no Captain Oglivie appeared.

The man and boy had followed them.

"Can you get me an axe," he called out.

The boy ran and brought one from the tool-house close at hand.

"We can drive those stanchions out, and let him down through the window, if we can only get into the room."

Another window burst, crackling into flame: still no Captain Oglivie.

"We shall be too late," cried David. "Let us go in."

"Perhaps he has been choked back," replied the stranger, hesitating.

"Is there a rope to be had?" was the next question; and the boy having answered, "Ay," and gone off for it to the tool-house again, David asked the stranger to take charge of it, and hastened to follow where Captain Oglivie had disappeared.

The back staircase was clear when Captain Oglivie entered, as far, at least, as the first flight. At the top of the second flight a door shut it off, with the rooms belonging to it, from the remainder of the house, but this door and the landing leading to it were on fire already, only an open staircase window kept the downward flight almost free from smoke.

It was therefore not the smoke that had overpowered Captain Oglivie, who was leaning on the lower stair rail like one deadly sick. David Haldane, whose shouts had rung through the house, had seen him issue from the door of a room close at hand.

"This is not the room," said the former, breathlessly. "Where is it?"

"Beyond," replied Captain Oglivie, pointing to a barrier of fire. "It is not possible to reach it."

"Have you tried?" They looked at each other fiercely.

"You are no coward," said David Haldane. "We must try together," and he was half way up the stair as he spoke. But they were saved the trial, for all at once, with a terrible crash, the landing gave way. The fire had eaten away its supports on the other side. David Haldane had only just time to spring

back to the place where Captain Oglivie was still standing.

The well of the staircase was now filled with burning material, and the door by which they had entered was blocked. Together they retreated into the room from which the captain had issued, and shut the door. Escape was easy. The window was but one storey from the ground. They were soon standing in safety beneath it. On reaching the ground, David Haldane stumbled on something in the grass which he could see resembled an old-fashioned escritoire; but he did not stop a moment to consider, as he afterwards did, that it had been saved at the sacrifice of a human life, but ran on to the spot where he had left the others. He was hailed with a shout. They had two short ladders, and were lacing them together, in order to reach the window from without.

The ladders were laced at last, and David Haldane mounted with his hatchet, the others giving place to him. With a few ringing blows he drove the old rusty bars out of their wooden frame, and crashed through glass and woodwork. Then out of the window came a dense smoke, which drove him, for a moment, down some rounds of the ladder. At the same moment the dark room shot into a blaze of light, and, on venturing up again and looking in, he saw the form of Sir Alexander Oglivie lying prostrate by the window within his reach. Another breathless moment, and he had entered and dragged him out, and with the help at hand succeeded in lowering him to the ground.

The fire had not touched him. The dense smoke that filled the room from the heart of the burning house had clouded his brain and stolen away his breath, but had left no trace of parting pain upon the still white face: and they bore him gently to a little distance, and laid him down upon the cool dewy grass.

(To be continued.)

A MINUTE'S DELAY.



TAKE this letter to the post, my son. Make haste, or you will be too late. Don't lose a moment."

While his father was still speaking, the boy hastily put the letter in his pocket, and set off at full speed. The post-office was about half a mile off. Bob ran all the way as far as the New Road, at the further end of which the pillar-post stood. In less than two minutes he could reach it, even if he slackened his pace to a steady walk. He pulled out his watch, and found it wanted nearly three minutes to the time when the letter-box would be closed, or rather emptied of its contents. He thought he should just have time to stop a minute to speak with his playmate Jem Hall, whom he saw running across the road to meet him. In their eagerness for a little chat the boys ran up against

each other, and almost pushed down a little child who was passing near.

"I say, Bob," Jem began, in breathless haste, "I was afraid I should miss you, you were going up the street at such a rate."

"Well, Jem, it's true, I'm in a great hurry; I've got a letter to post before four, and it only wants about three minutes to the hour."

"Oh, I see," said Jim; "I shan't keep you a minute. I only want just to show you this jolly pair of new skates; my Uncle Fred sent me them yesterday."

Bob took them in his hands to look at them closely, and he so much admired them that he said, "I only wish the pair I have got was half as good as yours. They are real stunners! But never mind, I can skate well enough with my old ones."

"That's right," said Jim; "we are both satisfied then. Now, all I want of you, old fellow, is just to promise to meet me this evening, about seven o'clock, at the miller's duck-pond. It will be quite moonlight, and we shall have some capital fun."

"But are you sure the ice will bear?" said Bob, doubtfully.

"Sure it will bear! of course I am. I was on it this morning before breakfast, and where it was broken near the edge for the ducks, I saw some big blocks of ice, not less than three inches thick."

"That will do then—I'll come if I can; but I must be off now," said Bob, pulling out his watch, and seeing that it wanted less than two minutes to four.

Jim went home with his skates, and Bob ran off with the letter, which he took out of his pocket and carried in his hand, ready to pop it into the box. As he was hastening along the middle of the road, he stumbled over a large stone which was lying in his path, and fell down. He hurt one of his knees severely, and after he had raised himself with difficulty from the ground, he was obliged to creep along at a snail's pace. At last he reached the pillar; but, half a minute before he could do so, the mail cart had carried all the letters away, and had got almost out of sight, though he could still hear its wheels rattling over the stones some distance away.

Bob put the letter in the box, and felt much vexed that it was too late to go that night. He was afraid of meeting his father, lest he should be asked about the letter, and be blamed for his disobedience. But when Bob went home, he was glad to find that his father had gone out, and was not expected back till very late.

After tea he took his skates with him to meet Jem; but his leg being still rather stiff through his fall, and his spirits down about the letter, he did not enjoy the skating.

Three days later, when Bob was at breakfast, a postman's knock was heard at the door, and presently three letters were brought in, and handed to his father. One of them was a returned letter. This was opened first in great haste. It was the *too late* letter which Bob had posted the other evening. His father dropped the letter down on the table before Bob, and with a look of anguish said to him, "How is this?"

Bob turned red and white by turns. He knew not what to say. His father understood his silence and confusion, and said, "Oh! what mischief you have done, by neglecting to put that letter in the post in time. I shall be a loser of more than fifty pounds by it. But that is not all. I expect to hear to-morrow of far worse consequences to another."

"Oh, papa!" cried Bob, "I am so sorry! I was only a minute behind time. I ran all the way, and fell down when within a hundred yards of the pillar. I hurt myself so much that I could scarcely crawl along, or I should have managed to be in time."

"But," his father replied; "if what you say is true, why did you not tell me the next morning about

it. If you had done that, less trouble and loss might possibly have happened than must now take place."

"I was afraid to tell you," answered Bob; "because I knew you would be very angry with me for being too late."

"Certainly not, if you have not disobeyed me, and stopped on the road, which I am afraid you must really have done."

Bob looked still more confused. "Oh, papa," he cried, covering his hot, red face with his hands; "the truth must out, and you have already guessed it. I stayed just a minute, which I thought I could well spare, to speak with Jem Hall about his new skates; and then, to make up for the delay, I ran along the middle of the road in such violent haste, that I struck my foot against a big stone, and fell down, as I told you before."

"You have been a very bad boy indeed, and deserve to be well punished for your disobedience; and punishment enough will come upon you. You will suffer by my loss; but more than that, you will have yourself to blame for it all."

Next day a letter came from the same person to whom the returned letter had been addressed. It was dated from Liverpool. In it the writer stated as follows:—

"Not finding any letter at the Scarborough post-office on the day when it was due, I was obliged to leave word there that should it come the next day, it must be returned to the sender as too late. Whether it came then, of course, is now known to you, as in that case you must have got it back by this time. I hardly need tell you that I am ruined by this cruel disappointment and delay. The bill was dishonoured through default of the cheque for ten pounds which you were to send me. I had all the rest; but what was the use of it? I could not meet the payment of £100 with only ninety. My character is gone as one sad consequence; and another is, that I have lost an employment worth £200 a-year. Your own loss, as surety, will be £50, and I am very sorry for it; but what is that to mine?—mine is, I fear, quite irreparable. As I shall be on my way to America when you receive this, I must wait long enough for an explanation of the cause of my bitter disappointment and grievous loss."

Bob's father was thrown into the deepest distress by this painful letter. It was not his own loss—though he could ill bear that—but the suffering of his poor friend, which he felt so much concerned for. That was overwhelming. With some difficulty he raised the money, which he was called upon to pay immediately as one of his friend's sureties; and Bob suffered the consequence of his father's loss in a double manner, as his father told him he must: he forfeited the beautiful gold watch-chain his father had promised to buy him as a new year's gift; and what was far worse, he for a long time lost his father's confidence. Bob now saw what immense mischief a minute's delay had done; and bitterly he reproached himself for not obeying his father's injunction, "Don't lose a moment."

W. H.

THE GUYVER

— Saturday, February 22, 1868. —



HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

THERE is a *bon mot* recorded of the Merry Monarch to the intent that, on one occasion, when his royal patience and temper had both been severely taxed, by the inordinate length to which a discussion as to the relative claims of religious sects to the title of the visible church had been pursued in his presence, he suddenly put an end to the controversy by declaring "that

the visible church was the parish church of Harrow, for that could be seen anywhere." And true enough; the ancient, weatherbeaten house of God, with its lofty spire, that some ill-omened croakers declare will come down one day with a mighty crash, stands on a gloriously elevated position, where it is visible for miles and miles around, and whence one of the most varied and extensive views of English rural scenery may be obtained. It is hardly possible to conceive a more lovely spot than the old churchyard, by which it is surrounded, where may be found the famous tomb on which the author of "Childe Harold" used to recline, dreaming away the summer afternoons, when he was a boy at the old school hard by. Thus he sings of it in after-years—

"Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last glimpse of the sun's setting ray."

The place of which he speaks was just such a one as a poet would delight in, with a natural panorama of meadow, wood, and water, stretching away as far as sight can reach. But the stone upon which Byron reclined, revelling in day-dreams, with the music of his genius floating in his brain, and thoughts and words jangling already in silent melody, presently to burst forth and entrance thousands, exists not as he knew it. Little by little, piece by piece, it has disappeared, carried off in tiny morsels by those eager searchers for interesting specimens, who cannot resist chipping and pilfering wherever they go, and by whose polite and assiduous attentions many of our most cherished relics are disfigured and defaced. Certainly the fancies of some people to possess particular things are unaccountable. Who could have believed it possible that the rope with which William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, was hanged should sell at five shillings an inch, and yet leave many disappointed to find that the quantity of twisted hemp necessary to take a man's life was far from being sufficient to satisfy all those whose morbid cravings to secure so ghastly a curiosity made even the executioner for the nonce a tradesman to be bartered with? It is a wonder that the bones of William Peachey, which are deposited within "Byron's tomb," have not risen up in indignation and vengeance at the insults and ill-usage to which their stony coverlid has been subjected, or cried aloud to barbarian aggressors to hold their destroying fingers. However, it is no use grumbling now; the mischief is done, and cannot be repaired. But stay, here I am wrong; it has been repaired—with Portland cement, and the couch the poet improvised for himself in days gone by has had to be patched up with stucco. Rather prosaic

this, though Robert Buchanan has gathered inspiration even in the bricks and mortar of our great Babylon, and could, I believe, if necessary, find poetry in an omnibus.

Byron, so it is said, was not a particularly popular boy. When he was at school at Harrow he does not appear to have possessed that contented mind which is a continual feast; but, like many other geniuses, he was restless and unsettled in disposition, and could not bear the restraints that were of necessity imposed upon him. Dr. Drury, who was then head-master, was particularly disliked by him, nor was he slow to evince his feeling in regard to him; but in after-years he grew wiser, and regretted the impetuous expressions of his boyhood, as not a few less intellectual people than he have done, before and since his time. The short poem, from which I have quoted a verse, was written on an occasion when he re-visited the scenes of his youth, and renewed his acquaintance with the favourite resorts of his schoolboy days. It is difficult to understand what he means by talking about the "streams where we swam," as I am unaware of any river within convenient proximity, unless it be the Grand Junction Canal, and it requires a great deal of allowance to be made for poetic licence, to conceive it possible that it was that stagnant road of water to which he referred. In some respects it has been one of the chief drawbacks to Harrow that it is not provided with a river; but the boys manage to get on very well with the artificial swimming-bath that has been provided for them, which is christened in the school vocabulary and familiarly known as "Duck-pond." Besides, it is just whispered that the reason all, or most, Harrovians are such capital cricketers is, because there is no boating or rowing to act as a counter-attraction to the bat and ball, or, as at Eton, to split up the youthful republic into "dry" and "wet bobs." Certain it is, that all lads who have passed, or are passing, through their educational course at the old grammar-school, founded and endowed in 1590 by John Lyon, must, whether they like it or not, learn something, however little that may be, of the noble game, as lovers of cricket delight to term it. For by the school code—which, like the Common Law of England, though unwritten, is equally binding—every boy has to pass through a period of probation, during which he is compelled to take part in a certain amount of cricket and football; and if found absenting himself on occasions when he is ordered to be present, the monitors, who regulate all such matters, visit him with condign punishment.

On a fine summer evening, when practice is going on down on the cricket-field, a passer-by will find himself much amused by watching the proceedings, and noticing the way in which the

various fags perform the task imposed upon them. Some are lively and active, and seem to enjoy their work, which, like sensible fellows, they think it best to make light of; others look melancholy and wretched, slouching idly along after the ball, as if they felt themselves miserable victims to a cruel destiny in the shape of the captain of the Eleven, who has to see that the cricket fagging is properly carried out, and to administer physical correction to those who attempt to shirk it. I promise you he does not spare his hand, and quite right too; if boys have not the sense to accede to the regulations which have existed for so many years with universal approval, they deserve all they get. Cricket and football fagging were ordained for the purpose of forcing idlers and loungers to stir themselves to take exercise, without which they can neither hope to preserve the *mens sana* nor the *corpus sanum*.

I have not graduated in medicine, nor am I experienced in anatomy, but I am possessed with an unalterable belief that the human constitution, unless physically weak or sickly, demands a very large amount of walking, and such-like exertion, to keep it in order—a fact which does not appear to be very generally appreciated. Artificial means of locomotion have been so much adopted by all classes of late, that it is not very wild to speculate as to the ultimate possibility, nay, probability, of the legs becoming superfluous appendages. Football takes the place of cricket during the winter term at Harrow, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the half-holidays, the street of the village—I beg pardon, town; for, like all suburban localities, it grows in size and bricks and mortar daily—is crowded by boys of all ages, in shirts and caps of all colours, representing the houses of the various masters to which they belong. Here and there one may be seen with a fez on his head, and a long tassel attached to it, by which we know that the owner thereof has the honour of belonging to his house football eleven, a distinction which in some of the larger establishments is highly prized. This general turning-out occurs about two o'clock, soon after the names have been called over, and then all find their way down to the big field, which is situated on the road to "Duck-pond," and just at the bottom of the hill. A little before four, "clang, clang," goes the bell on the top of the old schoolhouse, and soon the coloured shirts and caps reappear, accompanied by red faces, muddy boots, and not unfrequently equally grimy trousers. Then there is such a hurrying and scurrying to get clean, and into respectable and fitting costume to appear before the master and answer to your name, and such a rush to get into your place in the old fourth-form room, where that ceremony is performed.

I can heartily recommend a trip to Harrow, if

only to see this curious old place, with its walls of oak panelling deeply cut into and embellished with the names of boys, who afterwards became famous in the history of their country. The youthful hands that carved them, slowly and by stealth—for I believe it was as much *contra leges* in old times to perform such operations with the pen-knife, as it is now—were, hereafter, some of them, to wield the sword to the glory and honour of old England in far-distant lands, while others were to preside over the pen, with which her destinies are guided and directed at home. Little did those lads, scratching their names in characters larger in size than regular or elegant in shape, think that presently the wooden panel they had defaced would become an interesting memorial of their connection with the old school, and be preserved with tender care and veneration long after they had passed away. So thoroughly covered are the walls with these strange autographs, that of late years those boys who have wished that some record should remain behind them of their Harrow days, secure the services of one of the school officials, who bears the title of "custos," and he, for consideration, cuts their name and year of entrance upon certain boards, which are placed round the fourth-form room for that purpose. This is, of course, a very business-like proceeding, and destroys all those interesting associations which were originated in the old days.

The school chapel is a charming little place, perfect in form and detail, both without and within, and admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended. It is quite a modern building, and no doubt, in an architectural point of view, contrasts unfavourably with Eton College Chapel. I hardly think, though, that the two should be compared one with the other, as the style of both is so utterly and entirely different. Outwardly the Harrow School Chapel is an unpretentious and, I might almost add, plain structure, but its interior only has to be seen to be appreciated for the exquisite taste with which it is ordered, and the lightness and elegance of its framework. Go there some Sunday evening in the summer time, when there is service, and I promise you a scene that will remain indelibly impressed upon your memory as one of the pleasantest you have ever witnessed. Some five hundred lads, well bred and born, many with the best and proudest blood in their veins, are kneeling, and sending up their petitions to Him who, be it man or schoolboy that beseeches, watches over the destinies of all, and to whose dwelling-place their youthful prayers, floating upward through the lofty roof out into the mellow evening's glow, ascend as in a cloud of vapour. "When two or

three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests." Such is the promise of the Omnipotent, who alters not his word, nor departeth from his promises; and as each young heart turns to him and begs for pardon and forgiveness for the past, and for guidance in the future, the gloom and darkness depart, and a soft and gentle feeling of peace and hope supervenes. See there that fine tall lad, who now steps out from one of the front seats and walks up to the reading-stand. He is one of the monitors, whose turn it is to read the first lesson for the day. When the end of the term comes, he will have done with Harrow; and even now his voice falters a little as he remembers that this is the last time he will perform his present duty in the dear old chapel, with every inch of which he has become familiar. Far behind are the seats on which he sat when he was a new boy, and in the lowest form, where to construe Cæsar was a matter of no mean difficulty, and the chief object of life was to do as little work and get as much play as possible. They are as landmarks in his existence, to which he can never travel back, but which cannot fail to awaken many and mixed reflections, even when the journey of his life is well-nigh accomplished, and the time for rest is coming. As each quarter has found him taking a fresh seat in chapel, to mark his upward progress in the school, so has he learned to appreciate his responsibilities; and now, when he has reached his present position, and a few days more will terminate his Harrow life, behind the tear of regret that rises to his eye there is an awakening to the fact that the past has been but child's play after all, and that the serious realities of life are only now beginning. No wonder that by-and-by he will speak with enthusiasm of his school days, and love to recall them to mind, for they are pleasant places in the

road over the desert—green spots in life's wilderness that are refreshing and lovely to think of and remember.

There is not much room in the school chapel at Harrow for visitors, nearly the whole being required to accommodate the masters and the boys. There is a small space set apart for the masters' wives, and they occasionally introduce friends, but the chief portion of the auditory is, as I have said, composed of the school and those closely connected with it. One side of the chapel is dedicated to the memory of old Harrovians who, for Queen and country, perished during the Crimean war. And a long list is there of heroic names, engraved upon small brass memorial plates, that are fixed round the aisle immediately beneath the painted windows, and are read over and over again, Sunday after Sunday, till they become as familiar as those of the living, breathing comrades around. How short a space since they too were merry, light-hearted boys, roaming about the village in shell-jackets and straw hats, canvassing the chances of the Eleven against Eton at Lords, and wasting their substance at the "tuck-shop;" and now they are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, in the English graveyard on Cathcart's Hill, in a stranger land, with none but strangers to watch over the sanctuary, and see that it is preserved from injury or insult; for they are in the midst of their old enemies, with the turf of the foe resting on them. But I must have done, though not without adding that many a day may be less enjoyably spent than one occupied in a pilgrimage to Harrow, to inspect the school and its belongings, where Robert Peel and John Temple (afterwards Viscount Palmerston, the dear old idol of the English nation) spent their boyhood. Besides these, hundreds of great and good names are to be found on the past lists of John Lyon's school.

MEMORIES.



WAVES of trouble, ever breaking
O'er the Christian's shingly way;
Winds of sorrow, ever shaking
Hope's best blossoms from life's spray;
Sands of memory, ever shining
In the moonlight of the soul;
Flowers of fancy, ever twining
Round some far Elysian goal;
Dawn of promise, ever peering
Through the night-wrack of despair;
Imps of pride, for ever rearing
Babel schemes in folly's air;

Bows of malice, ever winging
To and fro pain's venom'd dart;
Hooks of self-love, ever clinging
In the seaweeds of the heart;
Stars of genius, ever fighting
'Gainst the Siseras of caprice;
Sword of faction, ever smiting
Hearts of love and homes of peace;
Skiff of evil, ever mooring
In the vacant spirit's bay;
Pipe of pleasure, ever luring
To the world's deceitful play;

Dove of comfort, ever skimming
O'er the lake of human pain ;

Cup of trial, ever brimming
With the beads of future gain ;

Stones of anguish, ever hiding
In the ruts of sin's morass ;

Dupe of passion, ever sliding
Down destruction's mountain pass ;

Light of beauty, ever waning
Ere its fulness be reveal'd ;

Lap of patience, ever gleaming
Ears of joy in duty's field ;

Eaves of mercy, ever dripping
With the dews of sympathy ;

Cliffs of time, for ever slipping
Into the eternal sea ;

Storm of tumult, ever rushing
Through the unregenerate breast ;

Lull of surance, ever hushing
Lowly spirits to their rest ;

Beams of glory, ever gilding
Adoration's halcyon face ;

Arm of faith, though ever yielding,
Yet that conquers all through grace—

If, amid the bliss of heaven,
Memories of what they were
Shall to Christ's redeemed be given,
May there not be treasured there
Scenes from earth, by angel finger,
Pictured round the throne of God,
Where, in thought, the saint may linger
O'er the paths the sinner trod ?
May not, then, his hallow'd gazing
Rove o'er kindred scenes with these,
Blent the while his grateful praising
With the seraph minstrelsies ? S. A. H.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.—No. 1.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



THE house in which a family dwells is usually designated "home;" but it implies more than mere place of residence. They may live in a house for years without ever feeling it to be their home. Emigrants, who fix their permanent abode in a foreign land, all turn their eyes with fond endearment to their dwelling in the old country, and always talk of that as their home. Home is the dwelling of our childhood, the scene of early pleasures and prospects, endeared to the memory by years of happy associations, chastened by early sorrows, and enriched by teaching and discipline which mould the character and prepare for the duties and developments of both worlds.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty ; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

Whatever may be thought of the fond conceit of the divine right of kings, few will question the divine constitution of families. Some wild theorists have dreamed that they could improve upon it, and that the social organisation would be relieved of its selfish tendencies if family barriers were thrown down, and society resolved itself into one heterogeneous community where the relationships of parent and children are unknown. Such revolting schemers, tolerated in no community, are barely permitted to make the perilous experiment in the woods of Central America.

Home life is invested with all the sacredness of a primary law in God's government of the world. The marriage union, "instituted by God in the time of man's innocency," is the centre from which other relationships radiate, circumscribed by the circle of domestic life. Beyond that circle is the outer world, with its temptations, conflicts, perils ; within it lies the scene of home life, its duties, endearments, blessings.

It is essential to social progress. Society instinctively, and without direction of any kind, assumes this form. Everywhere, and in all ages, mankind settle themselves into separate homes. All history, sacred or secular,—all the discoveries of social life, whether in the ruins of Pompeii or the notices of modern travellers, add fresh testimony to the universal prevalence of homes. In fact, society can hardly exist, much less prosper, without them. One element that has made the condition of slavery destructive to social progress is, that it annihilates domestic relationships. Slavery recognises no marriage vows, and, without a look of compassion, tears parents from their children, and children from each other. It disintegrates the elements of social life. And other modes of life too, military or monastic, that infringe the home constitution, engender so many evils, that no such community ever becomes permanently prosperous or happy. It was a profound saying of Bonaparte's, when adverting to the secret causes of national disorder, "France wants

homes;" and wherever the evils of social disorder abound, the secret spring will invariably be found in neglected homes, and the palpable violations of the duties and affections which form the happiness of home.

Homes, like other earthly things, are subject to change. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, in their plastered timber dwellings, where families and servants were seated at the same table, present but a rough specimen of homes; and though the Normans curtailed their excesses, and introduced more abstemious habits, yet, under the eye of proud feudal barons, the comforts of domestic life but slowly advanced. The homes and habits of England were manifestly improved in the stirring times of the Plantagenets. Their dresses became costly and decorative; tables were spread with luxuries, and a taste for the elegancies of life began to be cultivated. Home comforts multiplied still more during the times of the Tudors. Bishop Latimer speaks of his father, a yeoman, having a farm of £3 or £4 a-year, of which he tilled enough to keep half-a-dozen men, with pasture for 100 sheep and thirty cows. He kept his son at school till he sent him to the university; gave to each of his daughters a marriage portion of £5; lived on terms of hospitality with his neighbours, and gave alms to the poor—all betokening great progress in the comforts and duties of home. From the Reformation till now, the domestic character of the English people has been progressively developed and refined; nor can any well-wisher of his country render greater service than by detecting and removing evils which weaken home attachments, by cherishing home duties and promoting home comforts.

The education of the people is become one of the foremost questions of the day; men of all characters are anxiously turning their thoughts to devise the best method of school management and support. But, whatever may be settled, be it remembered, schools are not homes, and schools never can do the work of homes. Schools impart knowledge, but character is formed at home. Schools, where the learning is sound and religious, are an invaluable blessing to a people, but influences are lacking in school life which can only be supplied at home. It is an immense relief to parents, and lightens their every-day burden, to entrust their children to the educational care of able and conscientious teachers; but teachers and scholars know quite well that school is not home. Many teachers strive diligently to make it like home, and often with much success; but, after all, the maxim is true in many senses, "There is no place like home." It may be imitated in the free and cordial tone of intercourse, in the duties of oversight as diligent as that by the parents themselves, and

in the sacred observance of religious exercises; but compare the aspect and spirit of the school-room just before the Christmas holidays, with that on the scholars' return, when the holidays are over, and it is intelligible enough that home has attractive endearments, exceedingly strong in the formation of character, which are missed among the educational advantages and companionships of schools.

Perhaps our noble institutions for orphan children bear the nearest resemblance to home. It is impossible to over-estimate these monuments of public benevolence, where the "pains of death" are in some measure mitigated, and the precious treasures of broken homes are carefully housed again. There, children wrecked in the great and sudden storms of life, and left, as one often fears, to float awhile in peril among its rough waves, find a home where nothing is wanting which a gentle heart and open-handed liberality can supply. But the main elements of home are wanting even here. It is a home without parents. Filial endearments lack their proper objects. All the fond affections which cluster round the honoured name of father have nothing to sustain them, and droop, like unsupported tendrils, on the ground.

Home is the appropriate sphere for woman. Her strongest energies of mind and heart find full scope in her administration of that loved community. Entrusted with treasures of untold value, and interests that stretch throughout two worlds, she feels herself invested with responsibilities which every day require loving counsel and sympathy, aided by direction and wisdom from above. Many a mother, seen and known only among the unobtrusive duties of domestic life, shows that she commands an amount of inventive sagacity, of administrative wisdom, and adaptation of means, which equals and often surpasses the boasted achievements of public life; and noble-minded men who have risen to eminent distinction, are not slow to acknowledge their obligation to the wisdom and discipline which reigned over their earlier life at home. Few could pen an epitaph to equal the immortal lines with which Cowper welcomed his mother's picture; but many, when surrounded with the duties and honours of successful labour, recollect, as vividly as he did, how much they owe to the wise counsels and gentle diligence with which their mothers bent their wayward wills, and with judicious care lopped off their too luxuriant desires—

"All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honour to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heav'n, though little heeded here."

Home relationships and duties occupy a central

position in the Divine Decalogue itself. Preceded by the Four Commandments of the First Table, which enjoin our duty to God, and followed by the Five Commandments of the Second Table, which prescribe the duties which we owe to the person, property, and reputation of our neighbour, the Fifth Commandment stands significantly in the centre. To believe in God, to fear, love, worship, and honour him, commanded in the First Table of the Law, is the great foundation of our safety, welfare, and happiness; but the streams of home virtue and social comfort flow from their spring-head in the Fifth Commandment. Human legislation touches these duties with a trembling hand, wisely reckoning that such responsibilities are too delicate and sacred to be invaded by civil enactments; but the evils of neglected homes extend beyond the limits of the dwelling. Children trained to nothing will soon apprentice themselves to crime. A child who was never taught obedience to the Fifth Commandment is very likely to violate, without a scruple, the five others which follow it; and then the law must step in to arrest his criminal career. If parents neglect their children, and children grow up in rebellion against their parents, such ungoverned households soon become lawless and ungovernable, prey upon the interests of others, and demand the costly interference of civil power. A blow is struck at the root of these expensive evils by every movement which promotes home discipline, and practically recognises home virtues to be essential elements in national prosperity.

And this is now beginning to be felt, but not too soon. All schemes for popular education,—for bringing the ordinances of religion to bear upon the working classes, or abating their acknowledged disadvantages, must end in disappointment, unless facilities be liberally afforded for increasing home accommodation and multiplying its real comforts. We are naturally the most home-loving people in the world. Let everything be removed that checks the growth and expansion of this inherent virtue. Nothing is more engaging—ay, and ennobling too—than to see a working man stretching out his brawny arms to carry his little children home when his day's work is over,—spending his evenings among them,—listening to their tales and school lessons, equally joyous for them to repeat and him to hear; and then to see them on Sunday seated by his side in the house of God; and if to this be added something like Burns's scene of household worship in his immortal "Cottar's Saturday Night," with its inimitable devoutness, its Bible reading, its simple worship, and patriarchal blessing, so much the better, a thousand times over; but, alas! it is to be feared that we are approximating but slowly towards this standard of home prosperity. Our streets of demolished

dwelling, not yet compensated by an equivalent amount of new building elsewhere—consequently, our overcrowded population in which fevers flourish luxuriantly, but modesty wastes away,—our increasing rents with reducing accommodation,—our glittering enticements and deteriorating moralities—such things operate as a great discouragement upon efforts to multiply the solid comforts of home, and recover the brightness of its virtues.

No doubt the question of the homes of the people is beset with difficulties palpable enough to every one at all conversant with every-day life. Still, in other things, difficulties are not allowed to supersede duties, but stimulate to their resolute fulfilment. These home duties lie embedded as veins of virgin gold seldom explored, and still less worked, in the deep mine of the Fifth Commandment. If its golden counsels were valued and largely circulated, many of the current maxims of every-day life would be condemned as base coin, and by-and-by rejected altogether. Uncomfortable homes make the heart of the people sick. Anything that tends to make home so attractive as to supply recreation as well as comfort, affording relief from care and toil by its unfailing endearments, and ministering bright hopes for time to come, is an axe laid at the root of a thousand evils. If you can gain such confidence in the old proverb that "Home is home, be it never 'so homely,'" that any one will resolve to make the experiment for himself, you have taken a step in the right direction to "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

As we pass through the streets the reflection must often occur, How different the condition of these various homes! Some are the dwellings of the poor, others the abodes of wealth and splendour; while many are evidently the "modest mansions," where neither riches tempt to luxury, nor poverty borders on want. Yet, could we glance inside to mark the spirit that prevails in these various homes, we should discover still greater diversities. Some would be found "like a little heaven below," pervaded by the atmosphere of contentment and holy love; others the prey of restless murmuring and corroding care; some closed in sorrow, and bearing the well-known marks of "the house of mourning;" others glittering in ostentatious vanity; some knit together in the bonds of holy endearment, "considering one another, to provoke to love and good works;" others distracted by conflicting interests, and alienated by mutual unkindness or studied neglect; in some, honest industry is struggling with straitness and want; in others, reckless folly, maddened by intemperance and domestic profligacy, opens the door to every form of wretchedness and ruin.

Such is the variety of home life almost at our

doors. To furnish some practical counsels for management, and fix a warning light upon some of the rocks that make sailing difficult,—to whisper some hints that may be useful to beginners, or to sound an alarm to such as may, perhaps, unconsciously be drifting among dangerous currents,—to repeat some wholesome instructions, well-

known once but now almost forgotten, and encourage the conscientious striver after a better standard of home duty and home happiness—this will be the purpose of a few papers which from time to time may appear in the pages of THE QUIVER.

(To be continued.)

THE ECHO OF THE EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY.

NOT a breath of sound parts the air around,
As we lie 'neath the eagle's nest;
And the bird of Jove
On its rock above,
Unwatchful, takes its rest.

With features hid, with drooping lid,
We wait for the signal note;
Our hearts out of time,
Beat a hurried chime,
As we crouch in our silent boat.

Full, loud, and clear, from the copsewood near,
Rings out the expected call;
Our hearts stand still
With a sudden thrill;
E'en a leaf might be heard to fall.

Like a sunbeam at play, or the ocean's spray
Darting upward, it lightly rebounds;
And the spirits of air,
From their shadowy lair,
Re-echo the magical sounds.

Now far and now near—now there and now here,
Rushing madly from cavern to crag;
The eagle on high
It awakes with a cry,
And startles the timorous stag.

Waxing fainter, it dies: then with glistening eyes
We turn to the glorified sky,
To whose holy retreat,
With its shadowy feet,
It has passed with a whispering sigh.

In this brief space of time we have noticed a chime
Rung out from celestial choirs;
Where the angels above,
To sublime hymns of love,
Ever sweep o'er their heaven-strung lyres.

One star now appears, as the night grows and nears,
And thought takes the aspect of prayer;
As the dark bird of Jove,
From its eyrie above,
Floats forth on the ocean of air.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

REMORSE—NOT REPENTANCE.

WHEN they laid the body of Sir Alexander Oglivie down upon the grass, it was Margery who raised the head and rested it on her lap, to see if it was even yet possible to restore the life that had fled. She herself had been rescued so rapidly from her perilous position, having only fallen insensible the moment before she was picked up at the foot of the stairs, that every breath of fresh air, as she came to herself, revived her strength and courage. She was fully dressed, for the reason that she had not yet gone to bed when the fire broke out; and she was very soon on her feet again, a spectator of David Haldane's unsuccessful attempt to rescue her brother. At the time, she did not notice that Captain Oglivie was absent when that attempt was made. She seemed conscious of the presence of no one there, so in-

tensely were all her faculties occupied with the action of the moment. Not a cry, not a murmur, did she utter throughout the whole.

Now, by the light of the burning house, she and those around her could see that every effort was vain. Still, she made no outcry for the dead, no womanly lamentation escaped her lips; but she crouched on the ground supporting his head in silence, till the little crowd about her fell back a few paces, and stood uncovered in mute respect.

Then a vehicle was heard driving up rapidly, out of which the indefatigable little doctor of Burnside and Strathie leapt, and came running toward the group, with a volley of breathless exclamations. "This is dreadful—dreadful! Not dead!—not dead, I trust!"

This last was uttered as he knelt down by Margery's side; but a grave silence succeeded. It did not need his solemn whisper to tell that all was over.

The fire had roused the village, and the village had taken upon itself to rouse both pastor and



(Drawn by A. W. COOPER.)

“ Full, loud, and clear, from the copsewood near,
Rings out the expected call.”—p. 360.

doctor—the two who were ever ready to help in time of trouble. Mr. Keith advanced more slowly, and spoke a few words to his friend and parishioner, concerning submission to the Divine will; and she laid down her burden gently on the earth, and rose, and gave him her hand in silence.

Captain Oglivie then came forward, and he joined in the entreaties of her two friends, that Margery should allow herself to be driven from the scene of the disaster; but she would not stir: and, by her glance at the form on the ground beside them, they saw that she wished to stay till it could be moved; and, seeing how calm she was, they acquiesced without opposition.

At the same time, David Haldane advanced, and whispered to the doctor, "I can be of no more use here, I suppose, so I had better go."

"You here!" exclaimed the kind-hearted, impulsive man; "what a pity you did not come a little sooner! You saved him from the water once; you might have saved him from the fire."

Their little "aside" passed unheeded, except by Captain Oglivie, who had listened intently to every word; while, without speaking to any one else, David Haldane had stolen away.

Then the active little man attacked the captain. "What have you been doing, my dear sir? Over-exertion, eh? You look wretched—wretched! never saw a man more shaken in my life," he said, turning to Margery.

But at this Captain Oglivie rallied, and offered to go and prepare his mother, who, he said, would be in a state of great alarm at his continued absence, for Margery's reception.

As for her, she was the last to leave the scene of devastation. A light cart had been procured, and had taken the servants down to the village for rest and refreshment, so their mistress had ordered, and only the boy had refused obedience: and for the dead, a door had been taken off its hinges, and four stout men of Burnside had volunteered to carry him through the forest and up the hill-side to Delaube.

The fire was still burning, though with a dull, half-dying glare, when the little procession started. The bearers went first, the body decently covered with a snowy sheet, brought from the store treasured by some village home-wife for the occasion of her own or her guidman's laying-out. Margery followed slowly, with Mr. Keith and the doctor, in the gig. The light of the early dawn was breaking through the eastern clouds, and the wood was alive with the twittering calls of the awakening birds, as they passed along.

As they ascended the little hill the shadows of the night were melting rapidly away, and at length a glorious sun burst over the horizon, and bathed their faces in morning light, which fell dazzlingly on the white drapery of the dead man.

Captain Oglivie was at the gate to meet them. He staggered about like a drunken man, and another man would have been in the condition of such, who had drunk as much brandy as he. But again he

rallied, directed the bearers to a room already prepared to receive the body, and took Margery to his mother, who was waiting for her in a state of feeble distress. The doctor laid injunctions on all three to seek repose, and after refreshing themselves slightly, they separated to their several rooms, and obeyed him as far as it was in their several powers.

The morning was far advanced when they met again, Mrs. Oglivie complaining of a dreadful headache, Captain Oglivie evidently suffering, but not complaining, and, strangely enough, Margery doing neither. The heavy years that had rolled over her had tempered both body and spirit. To the fire of suffering she presented a front of steel. The calamity had not broken, and it could not bend her. The death of her gentle sister had unnerved her far more than this. The shock seemed almost to have strengthened her.

Captain Oglivie would have taken the funeral arrangements into his own hands. He seemed to think that the sooner they were over the better. But Margery would not allow him to manage for her, and rejected with displeasure the advice to hasten the obsequies. So long as she was there to watch over all that remained of Sir Alexander Oglivie, so long should every honour be paid to the full. So six days were to elapse before the funeral, when the poor body was to be laid among the dust of generations of kindred, in the burial-vault of the Oglivies.

Six days, and during all that time Captain Oglivie must live under the same roof with it—with him whom he had detested living, and in whose presence, dead, he sickened with an unutterable dismay. He dared not go away from the house; such a step at such a time would be inexplicable, and would damage him most with the person with whom he desired to stand best. He could not forget—not for a single moment did the object he dreaded remain absent from his thoughts. He sat down to his meals, and there it was before him, borne in and laid upon the table, a formless phantom under the white drapery, just as it lay in the next room, and he could not touch a morsel. His mother lamented over him, and drew attention to his wan looks and bloodshot eyes, and he flashed up at her with fierce impatience. He left the house in the morning, and again in the afternoon, and each time when he returned it seemed more horrible to have to enter and abide there. Why should he be forced to do this? What had he done that he should be so tormented? His will rebelled against his conscience. In a more subtle form he repeated the defence of Cain, "Was I this man's keeper? Ought I to have risked my life to save such a life as his?" He tried by an effort of will to rid himself of thought altogether; but the more he tried the more persistently the one thought presented itself, and always with some added horror. He enacted again the whole of that night's work, with certain ghastly additions, the work of his imagination. The poet speaks of "that inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude;" its bliss, but its torture too; when there flash upon it, not the fair pic-

tures of innocence, but the fiery visions of remorse. Captain Oglivie ground his teeth as he muttered to himself, "I shall go mad if this goes on."

The afternoon had been a sultry one, and had its influence in predisposing both Margery and Mrs. Oglivie to retire to rest earlier than usual. The candles were not lighted at all that evening, and they left Captain Oglivie pacing up and down the garden terrace smoking. As the sky darkened, the sheet-lightning began to play over the sky in broad flashes. He was thinking that as there was hardly two hours of what could be called darkness, he would pass them out there, pacing to and fro till he was thoroughly tired out; for, in spite of his never having closed his eyes on the preceding night, sleep seemed as far off as ever. And yet he was terribly worn, with that weariness which produces restlessness, along with the vain desire to rest. But as the darkness increased, so also did the broad glare of the lightning, till it became intolerable to him to watch it coming and going, like a great eye of light opening and shutting on the scene. At last, through a mass of cloud, there broke a jagged stream of fire, and the next moment the thunder was rolling over the hill, as if the bolt had been hurled at his head.

Still he paced up and down. It seemed as if the madness he foreboded had come upon him already, for he heeded not the torrents of rain that in a few minutes drenched him to the skin. At length, as if mechanically, he went indoors. Flash after flash illumined the walls of his room. There was no escape from its awful illumination. He tried to shut it out, but it played upon his hands and face, and paralysed him in the act. His senses reeled at last, and he fell with a crash to the floor.

His fall had, happily, roused both his mother and Margery, already awakened by the thunder, to the sense that something was wrong, and they were soon in his room, where they found him as he had fallen, dripping and insensible, upon the floor.

Another sleepless night awaited the two women, and when morning came, and the doctor with it, Horace Oglivie was in the first stage of a brain fever.

CHAPTER L.

PARIS, 1830.

It was the morning of Monday, the 26th of July, 1830. The weather was superb, even for Paris, which looked gay and bustling as usual in the morning sun. A few days before, there had been congratulations in the streets and *Te Deums* in the churches for the taking of Algiers; and the volatile people, in exultation at the national victory, had half forgotten their grievances against the king and his ministers; only the prayer of the archbishop, that the king might triumph over his enemies at home as well as abroad, had been felt as a bitter reminder, and was treasured as an insult to be resented.

And now as the crowds begin to pour along the quays, or pass the public places, little knots of men gather to read the "ordonnances" printed in the

Moniteur of the day. The ordonnances are directed against the liberty of the press and the right of election, and gloom settles on the faces of the readers; and a sort of stupefaction at the audacity of the man who had done this, checks for a little the rising excitement.

The bland-looking old gentleman, in blue coat and canary-coloured vest with gold buttons, who had gone in and out among them, for the last half-dozen years, smiling and bowing with such perfect politeness and urbanity had been seized with that form of lunacy, peculiar to kings, which persuades them that in practice, as well as in theory, they can do no wrong, and under its influence he had issued the fatal ordonnances which, before another day was done, would deluge those sunny streets with blood, and cause thousands to execrate his memory as the murderer of their sons, husbands, and brothers. Who could have thought that peculiarly bland and complacent smile had murder in it? No doubt of it, the tall, mild, fair monarch would have shrunk from inflicting on a single family in his capital such sorrow and suffering as his grape-shot scattered wholesale along those streets and quays. But such men can have no imagination; perhaps it is killed in them by a fate grander than their nature. The events of the next few days were enough to have caused Charles X., had he been able to realise them, to sit in sackcloth and ashes, and desire that he might die and not live. But in his exile he was the same as ever. Bland and smiling, he would issue from the gates of Holyrood Palace, his temporary refuge, with his hat under his arm, and his white hair streaming in the wind, bowing graciously to the crowd that waited on his carriage, while by his side tripped the little wizened Duchess D'Angoulême, in yellow satin gown and high-heeled shoes, with long, gold ear-drops pendant on her shoulders. In a few days she, too, was flying from France, in the disguise of an old peasant, a character which she, no doubt, acted to the very life.

There was no want of cleverness in the women of the family. Concerning these very ordonnances, the Duchess de Berri pleaded vainly with the infatuated king.

"Sire," she said, "I am a mother, and the interest of my son compels me to say, that if you do not dismiss your ministers, both you and my son will lose the throne."

"Madame," replied the king, "I want no advice; the ordonnances I have issued are immutable. Calmez-vous," he added; "*l'air de la mer vous fera peut-être du bien!*" meaning, that the sooner she departed for Dieppe the better.

Peggy Oglivie noticed the groups of people collected at various points, as she went the round of the print-sellers with whom she had dealings, receiving, with a heart sinking lower and lower, the same answer from all—"Nothing had been sold;" "Nothing would sell at present;" "A call on some future day would oblige."

The most depressing of all depressions is that which comes from repeated rebuffs of this kind. Ask

the author, whose manuscript comes back to him again and again; or the artist, whose picture is never hung; or, worse than all, the handicraftsman, who trudges vainly from shop to shop of his craft, asking for work to do, if it is not so. To be told that you are not wanted, that in the great busy world there is no need for you, that you and yours might perish unregarded, and never be missed out of the multitude, must be a bitter experience, and yet it is a common one; alas! so very common. Peggy pauses at the window of a shop in the Rue St. Honoré. She does not enter; there is no need for her to do so: her answer hangs there in the shape of her unsold drawing. It is her latest and most ambitious attempt—a pine-clad slope in winter, depending for effect on the ethereal beauty of the sky and the powerful drawing of the trees. She turns away with a sense of relief that another denial is spared her, and with a feeling that she is being defeated in the unequal struggle.

There was nothing for her but to go home. She felt that she could not attempt anything for that day at least, and therefore she would devote what remained of it to her father. She found him in his room, complaining bitterly of his wife's neglect. She had gone out and left him without dinner, or anything wherewith to procure the meal. This neglect was easily rectified on a July day in Paris, and the father and daughter dined together economically, and in perfect peace. But the afternoon passed, and still Madame Oglivie did not return. Her husband began to be very restless, and to harass his daughter with complaints. It vexed alike her ear and her heart to listen. Between the pair not a vestige of love remained. With the wife, there was none of that loyalty which hedges the husband with a kind of jealous honour; with the husband, none of that sacred sovereignty which is the bond of the household. Almost with horror, she heard her father propose a scheme for getting over to England and leaving her behind. She had often tried to awaken a better feeling between them, and she tried now; but in vain. "I hate her," he repeated, "and she cares nothing for me; she cares only for her low pleasures."

As usual, Louis Oglivie escorted his daughter to her own little room. She would have remained with him, but there was no accommodation for her, and her step-mother might be expected at any moment. He sat with her for some time longer, and restlessly strayed out upon the roof to smoke; a thing which his daughter dreaded, as she suspected the presence of the deadly drug in which she now knew that he indulged. At length he took his departure, and she promised to be with him early on the following day.

She had been sitting for some time in perfect silence, and with no other light than that of the summer moon, when there came a rattle of something on the window-pane, which sounded like hail-stones. It could not be the rising wind, for the night was breathlessly still. "It must be a bit of plaster," she thought to herself, and then ceased to think about it. But, after a little interval, the sound

was heard again, and in at the slightly open lattice a volley of pigeon's peas bounded on the floor. It must be her young neighbour. He was getting too old for pure mischief, and besides, he had been uniformly respectful during their acquaintance; so she came to the conclusion that he wanted to speak to her on some matter which he chose to think important enough to justify this unusual proceeding.

She was right in her conjecture, for on going to the window, she heard him call, "Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" in a loud and yet anxious whisper.

She stepped out on the roof, and saw him apparently in his old position, and looking in the moonlight as girlish as ever. "What is it?" she said, and waited.

"Mademoiselle has a good courage," he began.

"You must not try me too much," she replied; "you almost succeeded in frightening me just now. Only that I know ghosts do not carry peas in their pockets, I should have been very much alarmed."

"Mademoiselle must pardon me. I have something to say. Will you come nearer?" he added, glancing down among the lurking shadows.

She went and stood beneath him in the full light, which also shone on his face, grave and important.

"There is no one with you?" he whispered cautiously.

"No person," she answered.

"I pray you make me your promise that you will not go out to-morrow evening."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"What will happen to me if I do?"

"You will be in great danger," he answered.

"Promise," he pleaded, eagerly, "that you will be at home after six o'clock."

"I cannot make promises without knowing why I make them."

"Will you not trust me?" he whispered.

"You do not trust me," she replied.

"I would, but I have made an oath."

"This is very grave. I hope you are not joining in any riotous proceedings. You are too young."

He did not resent the imputation of extreme youth, as she had hoped he would. That might have led to the disclosure of some mischief, which it was possible to prevent.

"I am not too young to die for France," he answered.

At another time, she would have smiled at the grandiloquent little speech, but the face she looked up at had on it such a gleam of enthusiasm that she felt much more ready to cry.

"Oh, no! you must not die," she said, gently; "you must live for the country you love. Every good, brave man is a gain to his country, and you will be good and brave, I think."

"It would not make much trouble if I died," he said, reflectively: "my mother is dead."

"Poor boy! I also have no mother."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Margaret."

"It is the same—my mother's name," he answered: "I have it here," he laid his chin upon his breast. "It is embroidered on her handkerchief. To-morrow I shall wear it over my heart. My name is Henri. I do not love any one very much, but you are my friend, are you not?"

"Henri, I wish truly I could be your friend in this matter, whatever it is, and persuade you to have nothing to do with plots of any kind. You may spoil your whole life before you know what you are doing, and, if only for your country's sake, you have no right to pledge your future. Think," she added, "what your mother would have said about it."

"Ah!" he replied, with a depth of sentiment she had not given him credit for, "she would have said the same thing as you say, if she had been living; but not now. Then, she would have said, 'Keep out of danger;' now, she would say, 'Henri, do not fear to die.'"

Then there was a slight pause in their whispered conversation. The sound of passing footsteps were heard below in the street.

"I have one thing more, may I have your permission to pass over to your side to-morrow, if I should want a run on the roof?"

"I cannot hear any more of this, unless you will tell me what you are going to be about."

He shook his head.

"Well, then, good night, say your prayers, and go to sleep, and let me see you in the morning. You will think better of it, by that time."

"I shall not be here in the morning; no one knows I am here now. I am absent without leave," he said, gaily.

A terrible scratching and whining was set up just then on Henri's side. "It's Fanchon," he explained: "you will not refuse to keep Fanchon for me?—she is such a dear little dog!"

"Take her now," he said, coming up again, with the little thing in one hand, and he dropped down into her arms a tiny, white creature, quivering like a curd.

With another warning, she dismissed Henri, and, entering her room, closed the window and prepared to sleep. But she could get no sleep for hours, thinking of the strange boy and his warning. Yet the more she thought, the more utterly improbable it seemed to her that there could be any grave reality at the bottom of his talk. He was either the victim of a hoax, or else some mischief more than usually extensive was on foot, and would probably be frustrated, or desisted from, without any interference on her part, even if any interference were possible. At last she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



SHOUT of joy greeted Mr. Waldegrave's appearance in the drawing-room, at Elm Grove, one wet evening, and the shout was followed by an exclamation from both his children that he was five whole minutes late for the children's hour!

"And I wonder who was a good deal more than five minutes late this morning at breakfast?" said their father, laughing. "However, I am willing to bear any punishment you may think proper to impose, provided it is not anything very desperate."

"I'll give you twenty kisses as a punishment," said Maida, putting her little arms round his neck; "and if that is too hard a punishment," she whispered, "you may give them all back to me again!"

Herbert looked on at the proceeding in dignified silence, not considering kissing a very manly amusement for a great boy like him (he was just ten years old); and when the twenty kisses had been given and returned, he said the punishment he would give was that the story should be a little longer than usual.

"Very well," said Mr. Waldegrave, "I am quite content; but what shall I tell you about?"

"More about the Exhibition, I think, papa," answered Herbert.

"And about the Prince Imperial too, please," added Maida.

"My dear children," replied their father, "I really

have told you everything I ever heard about the prince; and as to the Exhibition, I am sure you must know it almost as well as I do myself by this time. What would you say if I told you a true story of something that happened in Paris many years ago?"

"That would be delightful, papa!" answered Maida. "But what is it about?"

"Time will tell," said her father. "It would never do to spoil my story by beginning at the end, so I will begin at the very beginning, and say that if you had been in Paris at that time, you might have seen in the Rue St. Honoré a very small house—so small, in fact, that it only consisted of one room, which had, therefore, to answer the various purposes of bedroom, sitting-room, kitchen, and charcoal store. Not a very pleasant or convenient arrangement, certainly; and yet the room was so neat and clean as to look more comfortable than many a larger house in the same locality.

"Two wooden beds, with green curtains, were placed at one end of the room, and beside them was a cradle; further on were great bags of charcoal, heaped one over the other; at the lower end of the room was the large stove. A table, a few common chairs, two or three saucepans and kettles, and a little crockeryware, completed the furniture.

"Such was the home of James, the charcoal merchant, and his family, which consisted of his wife, whose name was Annette, two fine boys of eight and

ten years old, and a little girl, who was just beginning to walk and talk, and was the pet of the whole house.

"One fine summer evening, the mother and children were seated round the table, waiting, somewhat impatiently, for the return of their father, to begin their supper. Charles, the eldest of the boys, ran to and fro between the table and the door, which had been left open, and each time shook his head mournfully as he cast a wistful glance at the covered dish, which his mother had placed on the table. 'Father is not come,' he said, at last; 'and supper will be quite cold.'

"Let us go and meet him," said his younger brother, whose name was Blondel; 'and then the time will pass quicker.'

"But, boys, I do not wish you to go," said their mother, who, seated in a low chair, was singing a sweet cradle hymn to hush her baby to sleep. 'I do not wish you to go, for I am afraid you would lose your way; and I wonder what would become of your father and me then!'

"But, mother," said Charles, 'I wonder why father is so much later out this evening than he generally is; it is quite late now.'

"He had to go to the Palais Royal to take charcoal," replied their mother; 'and this is the Queen's birthday. There are to be great doings there—a state ball and concert, and I do not know what beside.'

"At this moment the charcoal merchant's voice was heard calling out, 'I say, Annette, put down some charcoal on the fire as fast as you can, there is not a moment to be lost.' Then a great tall man, covered with charcoal-dust, and very wet, entered the house, carrying an apparently lifeless child in his arms. The poor little fellow's clothes were richly embroidered, and contrasted sadly with his bare feet and torn sleeves, and he seemed literally drenched with water.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the kind-hearted mistress of the house, laying her sleeping baby in the cradle, and making a great fire; 'what has happened to you, husband? and what is the matter with this poor child?'

"I will tell you by-and-by," he replied; 'but first warm a blanket to wrap him in; that on the children's bed is the best. Poor little fellow, I think he will get on now.'

"What a beautiful boy!" said Annette, as she helped him to undress the still unconscious little stranger. 'Charles,' she added, 'give me your Sunday clothes, for the poor child cannot keep on his own; I must dry them well for him.'

"Here they are, mother," said Charles, handing them to her, and looking in amazement at the embroidered dress which she laid carefully before the stove, and which the boys had never seen anything like before.

"Warmth soon restored the half-drowned child; he opened his eyes, and looking with no small surprise at the swarthy charcoal merchant, and his wife and

children, as well as at the strange abode in which he found himself, he said, half-frightened, 'Where am I? and what has happened?'

"You are here, my little friend," said the charcoal merchant.

"My little friend!" repeated the child, disdainfully; 'my little friend, indeed!'

"So much the worse for you, my fine gentleman," said James, 'if you are angry with me. Bad as I am, I wonder where you would be now but for me.'

"These clothes are not mine," continued the child; 'you have stolen mine.'

"Stolen!" interrupted the charcoal merchant, in a furious passion; 'stolen your clothes! I only wish you were old enough, you ungrateful little—'

"Stop, stop, James," said Annette, gently; 'this poor little fellow is so bewildered that he does not know what he is saying. He will soon know that, although we are poor, we are honest, and while he is resting, tell us what happened.'

"Well," said the charcoal merchant, as he drew his boys close to him, 'I went as usual to take some charcoal to the Palais Royal; the head-cook told me that it was always so good that he would take me to the garden that I might see the fête. And true enough, I could see everything through the windows, which were illuminated to such a degree that I could hardly help thinking that the palace was on fire. I could see ever so many fine ladies and gentlemen passing the windows, dressed so splendidly, with feathers and diamonds that shone like the sun. I was wishing the Queen would pass, but she did not, or I should certainly have known her.'

"But how would you have known her?" asked Charles, who had listened eagerly to every word that his father had said.

"Why, queens always wear a crown," answered the charcoal merchant, 'and I could not see any one with a crown pass the window.'

"But I want to hear about the child," said Annette.

"Well, then," replied her husband, 'as I was standing outside the window, where the cook had left me, I heard a great splash behind me. I turned round, and by the light of the lamps I saw that this poor child had fallen into the water, and before you could say one—two—three, I jumped in after him, and brought him here, for the sentry would not allow me to take him to the kitchen, as I did not know who he was; and, indeed, he was so taken up with what was going on, that he cared very little about the child.'

"But his poor mother, how unhappy she must be about him!" said Annette, sorrowfully. 'Pray tell us where you live, and who you are,' she said to the child, 'that my husband may go and set your mother's heart at rest about you.'

"You are very kind, madam," replied the child, in a tone of politeness, which made a great impression on the two boys; 'but there is not any hurry.'

"But by this time they must have missed you, and be looking for you everywhere.'

"So much the better, madam," said the child, quietly.

"But your mother will be miserable."

"I hope she may, madam," he rejoined.

"Surely you cannot doubt it," said Annette; "and yet," she added, "children never know the depth of a mother's love."

"But we know it, mother," said Charles and Blondel, eagerly, as they ran and kissed her over and over again.

"The little visitor did not make any remark, but the tears fell fast down his face.

"My precious children," said Annette, "are you really *very* fond of me?"

"Indeed we are, mother," answered Charles. "I would not change you for the queen herself, if I could."

"Nor I, for the whole kingdom, and Paris too," said Blondel.

"A loud sob made them turn round. The little stranger had burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said Annette, kindly, drawing him to her as tenderly as if he had been one of her own boys. "Have not you also got kind parents?"

"My father is dead, madam," said the child, still weeping bitterly.

"But you have a mother, a kind mother," said Annette, "who takes care of you?"

"My mother has something else to do than take care of me, madam."

"Why, what *can* a mother have to do that need prevent her taking care of her children?" asked Annette.

"My mother's position gives her many other things to do, madam. She has plenty of servants to take care of me."

"Ha!" said the charcoal merchant, in a brusque tone, "nicely they were taking care of you when you fell into the water; and but for me you might have been there still. Of course, my children might fall into the water too," he added, "for that is a thing that might happen to any one; but if they did, their father or mother would soon find it out. But no matter, wife, let us go to supper."

"As soon as they were all seated at the table, Annette laid down a wooden plate and spoon before each, and then, taking off the cover of the dish, she helped every one to some boiled beans, while the father cut thick slices of the black but wholesome bread, and handed it round.

"Now, father," said the children, "please tell us what you saw at the fête."

"It was magnificent," he replied.

"I suppose kings and queens are very happy," said Blondel.

"At all events their children learn to read," said Charles, with a sigh.

"And do not you know how to read?" asked the stranger.

"No, indeed, sir," answered Charles, "I do not. It would cost ever so much, and my parents could not afford to give it."

"With a grave and solemn manner the little stranger rose from his seat, went to his dress which was hanging on the back of a chair before the fire, took a purse out of the pocket, returned to the table, opened the purse, in which were several gold pieces, and taking one of them, he handed it to Charles, saying, as sedately as if he had been a man of fifty, 'Look, there is money enough for twenty months, and when that is gone I will give you more.'

"Charles!" said the charcoal merchant, in a voice that made the child lay down the money which he had just taken in his hand, and say, 'I cannot take it, sir; but I am very much obliged.'

"But why cannot you take it?" asked the stranger.

"Because I did not earn it, sir, and I could not take charity."

"But that is not charity," answered the child; "it was mine, and I choose to give it to you; so that is all about it, besides," he added, "your father has shown me a kindness that I could not over-pay."

"And do you suppose that kindness can be paid for?" asked the charcoal merchant.

"I have always been told so," answered the stranger.

"Take back your gold, sir," said the charcoal merchant, kindly, but decidedly; "it is not that I despise your gift, especially after your saying that it was to pay for Charles learning to read; but you are too young to give away so much money."

"So you do not yet know who I am?" said the child.

"No, we do not," said Annette; "but I hope you will tell us, for surely it is high time to relieve your mother's mind from all the anxiety she must have suffered on your account these last two hours."

"My mother," said the child, sadly, "loves me just as much as you love your children, but she has not time to think of me so much; her position does not allow her to caress me as often as she would wish."

"She is not like our mother," said Charles.

"She is much handsomer," replied the little visitor.

"But ours is the best and kindest."

"But mine gives me such a beautiful house, and plenty of servants to wait on me, and as much money as ever I like," said the stranger, haughtily, not at all pleased at the comparison.

"Our mother gives us kisses as often as we like," said Blondel, angrily.

"But now the very unusual sound of the rolling of a carriage was heard at the end of the unfrequented street; louder and louder it sounded as it came nearer, and at length it stopped at the door; then came a furious knock, and some one called out, 'Does James, the charcoal merchant, live here?'

"Dear me!" said the little stranger, "that is my tutor's voice;" and while the charcoal merchant and his wife hastened to open the door, he crept under the table, making a sign to Charles and Blondel to follow his example. In one moment the room was filled with noblemen and soldiers. One man, distinguished by his cardinal's dress, his lean figure, and stern, unbending countenance, surmounted by a little red cap, detached himself from the crowd,

and addressing a soldier, who stood at a respectful distance, he said to him, 'Repeat the deposition.' Whereupon, the soldier, looking at the charcoal merchant, said, 'This evening, at eight o'clock, whilst I was on duty at the palace gate, you asked me for permission to go to the kitchen, to convey there a child whom you had just taken out of the water; where is that child?'

" 'Here I am,' said the little stranger, suddenly making his appearance from under the table.

" 'Sire, the whole Court has been searching for you these two hours!'

" 'Sire!' whispered the charcoal merchant to his wife, in utter amazement.

"The child did not take any notice of their surprise, but said, proudly, 'I am extremely glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin.'

" 'Your mother has been very uneasy.'

" 'His mother! and yet she did not follow him!' said Annette, involuntarily.

" 'I am sorry my mother has been uneasy, cardinal; but I could not help it.'

" 'You will come with me now, sire, I hope?'

" 'Yes, if I like,' said the child.

" 'But you ought to like it, sire, when you know that your mother is most anxiously expecting you.'

" 'I must first thank these kind people for their goodness to me when they did not know who I was.'

" 'They shall be paid for it, sire; but pray do not delay any longer.'

" 'Cardinal Mazarin,' said the child with dignity, 'I have learned this evening that money cannot pay for kindness. My friend,' added he, turning to the charcoal merchant, 'I, Louis XIV., King of France, thank you with all my heart for the great kindness which you have shown me; I will take charge of the education of your sons, and will give a dowry to your daughter when she is married. You may kiss my hand.'

"Then, with the most touching expressions of gratitude, the boy-king shook hands cordially with the charcoal merchant, kissed Annette, and said to the boys, 'Au-revoir, our quarrel is over, is it not? Now cardinal,' he added, 'I am ready, let us set out.'

" 'In this dress, sire?' said the cardinal, looking contemptuously at the coarse and shabby clothes in which the young king was dressed.

" 'Yes, in these clothes,' he replied.

" 'But, sire, do you remember that the Queen is surrounded by the Court, and that they are all in full dress?'

" 'Ah! sire,' said Annette, 'do not wait to change your clothes. Think how anxiously your mother is waiting for you.'

" 'Do you hear that, Cardinal Mazarin?'

" 'It is only a poor woman who spoke, sire,' replied the cardinal.

" 'She is a mother,' said the boy-king; and going through the crowd, who drew back to let him pass, he again thanked Annette for all her care and kindness.

" 'You have forgotten your purse, sire,' she said, handing it to him.

" 'I have not forgotten anything,' he replied: 'my purse is yours now;' and jumping into the carriage which was waiting for him at the door, he drove off amid the acclamations of the crowd, whom the unwonted sight had quickly assembled.

"And now, children," said Mr. Waldegrave, as he concluded, "how do you like my story?"

"I think it is jolly," answered Herbert; "only I wish I knew if the young king kept his promise to the children. It must be great fun to be a king, and to have such a row made when anything happened to one."

"I am sure that Louis did keep his promise to the children," replied his father; "but not at all sure that you would find it fun to be a king. But what are you thinking of so earnestly?" he added, as he stroked his little daughter's long golden curls: "you look very grave."

Maida looked up shyly as she said, "I could not help thinking how like the story was—I mean," she added, correcting herself—"what a great honour those poor people thought it for the king to come to them by accident, even though he went away again as soon as he could. But the Lord Jesus came down to this world on purpose, and gave up all his greatness, and even died on the cross to save the people who were so cruel and unkind to him, because he loved them so much that he wanted them to be happy with him in heaven for ever. I think that was a great deal more wonderful, and yet we so often forget it."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 320.

"Elijah."—2 Kings ii. 11.

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| 1. Eve | Gen. v. 1, 2. |
| 2. Lucifer | Isa. xiv. 12. |
| 3. Ibban | Judg. xii. 8, 9. |
| 4. James | Gal. i. 19. |
| 5. Abraham | James ii. 23. |
| 6. Hophni | 1 Sam. iv. 11. |

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The town whence Baasha o'er Israel reigned.
2. Whose son a captive till his death remained?
3. Whose son forewarned King Ahab of his fate?
4. Who died the hour that Hiel made his gate?
5. Who took the gifts his master had refused?
6. Who joined with Korah and his lord accused?
7. The town where Syria's host was stricken blind.
8. Who all his captives to his foe resigned?
9. What prince to cast away God's word was told?
10. Where Gideon placed an ephod made of gold.
11. Whose many sons for valour were renowned?
12. Where for the second time was David crowned?
13. The town which Pharaoh to his daughter gave.
14. The town where Gideon rested in his grave.
15. A prophetess who long o'er Israel reigned,
And well its cause against all foes maintained.

Blest privilege that Christians have
While of God's works they read,
To say with loving awe, "This God
Is our own God indeed."

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, February 29, 1868. —



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE.)

“‘They seem to go better,’ said Polly.”—p. 370.

THREE DAYS IN JENNY'S LIFE.

FIVE o'clock; the table laid; the meal prepared; the kitchen in order; no Polly.

“How late Polly is!” the father said to his daughter. “Polly is always late.”

But even as he spoke, there stood in the doorway, bonnet in hand, bright sunlight in her steps, Polly—who was always late.

Her long black hair, gathered up at the top of

her head with a broad blue ribbon, had escaped from its fastening, and now fell tumbling down her back, a curly mass, in picturesque confusion. Her coquettish dark eyes, so veiled with long eyelashes as to seem almost black, were soft or bright as the girl's heart prompted; and her well-cut little mouth was filled with strong, white teeth, in themselves no small beauty.

Of her skin, Polly herself thought but slightly, it was so much browner than the ladies at the Hall; but there were those who admired its velvet bloom, and approved of the roses that blushed on her cheeks. Among them were to be included all the males in the little seafaring town, from the clergyman down to Roger, the fisherman's son, next door.

The clergyman's wife, indeed, said she thought more highly of Jenny, Polly's elder sister, and Roger's mother could "see nought in the gad-about wench;" but the lords of the creation stuck to their creeds, and Polly held her own among the fish-girls.

"Too bad, Polly," said her father. "Where have you been all day? It's little enough work you do. Jenny 'ull slave herself to death."

"No, father, I like the work," said Jenny, softly; and her sister corroborated the statement.

"Where have you been, Polly? Talking to the boys by the sea, and nothing to eat since the morn'?"

But Polly was too busy to answer. She tossed her bonnet and cloak in a heap on the floor, to be picked up and hung away tidily by Jenny; and was drawing the plate of fresh shrimps towards her, when a low, uncertain knocking caused them to pause—all, indeed, except Polly—and look at the closed door for information.

"It's Roger," said Polly, springing up from her seat, and letting the shells all down on the floor.

"Ah, Jenny! wait. Let me—"

Here Polly became inaudible. The sentence was finished by a gesture.

Taking out a brush from her pocket—where no brush should have been—she wound the long hair round her head like a wreath, and stuck in hairpins to any amount.

Then Jenny opened the door.

Behind it, uncomfortably balanced on one leg, the picture of rustic confusion and distress, stood a young fisherman, who, finding himself thus suddenly exposed to view, took a step forward into the room, and leered at Polly. But that young lady was quite unconscious. She had resumed her evening meal, and was unaware of any intruders.

"Polly, here's Roger," said Jenny. "Don't you speak to him?"

"Roger!" said Polly, lost in astonishment, "who'd ha' thought it? Been to the fair, Roger?"

"And brought this," exhibiting a pair of large blue shell earrings, very grandly set in "gold-work." "Polly, I thought maybe *you'd* take 'em."

"I!" said Polly, virtuously surprised, eyeing the baubles, with her hands behind her back. "I wouldn't take 'em from Jenny—of course you got 'em for Jenny, Roger—for anything in the whole world. Now, it's no use speaking," said Polly, "because I wouldn't do it."

Polly, looking at this minute inclined for an argument, her sister and Roger assisted her to her wishes.

"Polly—why, Polly darling, you're unkind! What do I want with fairings, only to know as how Roger thought of me?"

"That's all," said Roger, looking sheepish. "Take 'em, Polly."

"If I thought," said Polly, not exactly giving way, but certainly coming round by degrees, "as how they wouldn't suit Jenny, even, but—Jenny, put 'em in; let's see how they look."

So Jenny, after a faint protest, which was overruled by the imperious Polly, obeyed, and put Roger's fairing in her ears.

"If you ask me," said Polly, when nobody made a remark; "no, I don't. Every one has their tastes, of course, and I *don't* like that bright blue against Jenny's hair and eyes."

"Now it's your turn, Polly," said Jenny, not one whit irritated by the very doubtful compliments she had read in their eyes; and Polly turned round transformed.

"They seem to go better," said Polly, trying very hard to look modest, and failing very signally; "I suppose it's having dark eyes."

I suppose it was; either that or something else, for Polly had a way of looking well in everything. Blue was her colour, but no one would ever have thought so who had once seen her in pink, or grey, or mauve.

"Polly," said her father, when the meal was over, and Jenny was putting the things in their places, "wilt come and walk a bit on the shore? Art tired, lass?"

No, Polly was never tired. She put on the cloak again, and, taking the bonnet by the strings (Polly had a peculiar objection to putting it on, aware, perhaps, that to hide any portion of so sweet a face was a sin not to be warranted by any circumstances whatsoever), slipped her arm through her father's, and they sallied forth for their evening walk.

Jenny and Roger were alone in the kitchen; and the clock ticked, and the cat slept, and the light of day died a natural death, and they neither of them spoke a word. Jenny moved about the kitchen quietly, putting the place into apple-pie order, and then, her night's work over at last, sat

down by the fire, rather white in its ruddy glow. Then Roger, who had been shifting from one leg to another, with the exact alternation of one minute between each uneasy movement, felt that something was expected of him, and, getting himself up by degrees to the back of her chair, imprinted on her forehead a loud-sounding kiss, which, vibrating through the kitchen, woke the cat, causing her to change sides before the fire.

Jenny put up her hands before her face, not in shyness or coquetry, but very sadly, and—"Roger," said she, "you mustn't do that; never no more, Roger; never, never, never again."

Roger taking this for an invitation—which, indeed, it would have been had Polly been the speaker—instantly gave her two more, and inwardly congratulated himself on his "pluck."

"No, Roger—no!" said Jenny, turning round at him, and catching at his two hands passionately, but speaking in a voice which her own earnestness had rendered steady and distinct; "all that is over now. It's not me as you love now, and you mustn't treat me as if it was. It isn't that, Roger (as Roger just glanced at the earrings, that still lay where Polly had left them, on the kitchen dresser, in close conjunction with Polly's brush, and a perfect tribe of Polly's hair-pins). I've known it this long, long time—ever since Polly came home: and Roger—Roger dear, you mustn't think as how I blame you, or—or think hard things."

Jenny's little speech was over. She had broken the tie that bound them together. She broke off abruptly, dropped her hands in her lap, and her eyelashes over her eyes, and leant back in her chair, paler than ever in the bright reflection the wood-fire threw on her face.

Then Roger found his voice. "Jenny," he said, "maybe I'm a fool; it's like enough, for I feel here" (*here* was his waistcoat, which Roger thumped vigorously, meaning Jenny to infer he alluded to his heart) "that she aint half what she should be, aint half what you be, Jenny; but—but, I can't help it, Jenny, I do love her; though," said Roger, wishing to wind up with an apology, and evidently thinking he had found a good one, "I really don't know why."

"Polly is Polly," said Jenny, in simple explanation; "but we've no call to talk of this any more. It's all over between us now, Roger, for ever and ever; but you must mind as how I say no word of Polly. If so be as how it's to be, you and she will hit it off together."

"And you won't be against saying a word for a fellow once and again?" said Roger, seeking to detain her, as she made as though she would pass from the kitchen. "I've not behaved well I know, Jenny, but when things go so far, they—~~they usually go still further,~~" said Roger, losing

himself in difficulties, and breaking down ignominiously in the very strength of his argument.

"Roger, Roger, let me go."

"One moment, Jenny; only say——"

"Roger, I have loved you, and I love Polly. If I see as how you are set on each other, I'll try and help you both with father."

Then Jenny made for the open door, and fairly ran out of the room.

Up the old stairs, holding on to the wooden bars, went Jenny, mechanically repeating to herself her own heart's death-warrant: "It's all over between us now, Roger, for ever and ever." Her room once gained—the room she shared with Polly—she sat down on a low box by the window, and "began from the beginning." How she had first come to know him; how he had gradually begun to come to the cottage; how it had grown to be a settled thing that he should so come; how the "day" was soon to have been fixed; how Polly had come home. Never any further. That point once reached, Jenny began again. Over, and over, and over again. Like a child conning an unwelcome lesson, the words of which it knows full well, but whose sense it cannot yet master. She sat thus by the open window, telling herself sad secrets, till the night air blew cold on her flushed face and chilled frame, and the snow, that had at first fallen lightly, covered the earth like a pall. Then Jenny rose. Something heavier than snow—something colder than snow—something more like a pall, crushing out her heart; her whole life (so it then seemed to Jenny) spoiled for ever.

This was one day in Jenny's life. Here is another:—

Coming into the kitchen one afternoon, some six months after the snow had lain on the earth, Jenny found Roger very red, and uncomfortable, and evidently expounding to Polly. Polly, on her part, was tilting back in a chair, affecting intense denseness, and looking more than usually pretty. Then, "Jenny," said Roger, "wilt go away a bit? I've summat to say to Polly."

So Jenny went away, closing the door behind her, and sitting down on the wooden stairs outside it, told herself other and yet sadder secrets.

"Polly," said Roger, when they found themselves alone, "I wish for to court you, and I don't know how."

This, as every one knows, was merely a remark, and required no answer. Polly therefore gave it none. Roger had to begin again.

"I'm not generally back'ard, Polly," he went on, thereby showing his opinion of himself differed slightly from the one held of him by others, "but you seem to take so much out of a fellow."

Another statement which required no comment.

Polly unwound the ribbon at her waist, and tied it again in an elegant bow.

"Polly," said Roger, driven to despair, "what I mean for to say is, I love you."

Here Roger came to such a regular pause, and so clearly expressed his intention of saying no more, that Polly at last thought it safer to speak, lest the subject should haply drop to the ground.

"Not *me*, Roger," said Polly, looking at the cat, as if she wished him to infer she believed his affections to be fixed on that household pet; and Roger accepted the challenge.

He got up from his chair, put his arm round her waist, and the elegant bow came all untied, and the long pink ends dragged on the floor. Then all was as good as settled, when Roger, very red and happy, held Polly in his arms, an enchanting vision, with rose-coloured blushes all over her face, and rose-coloured ribbons all over her gown.

Presently Polly, who, finding this to be no time or place for coquetry, probably felt out of her element, made an indistinct allusion to Jenny, and took herself and her rose-coloured ribbons out on to the stairs. But the stairs, though highly suited to Jenny, with her steady little face on her hands, and her desolate little figure in its thick stuff dress, became of a sudden inappropriate, when Polly brought out all her fine colours, and spread them on the wooden boards, with immense success, as regards effect.

"Jenny," said Polly, sitting close up against her sister, and speaking in the pettishly-caressing voice that was peculiar to her, and was perhaps her greatest charm, "Roger wants me to go away and leave you—and leave father."

"I am very glad, Polly; you will both be so happy. *But*," Jenny moaned, "how quick it has been!"

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," declared Polly, promptly. "Lor, Jenny, it's better as it is. If there'd been much work about it, I'd likely have never took him at all; and as for long courtings, I can't abide 'em! Keeping company till you've a'most forgot when you began—I hate such ways!" said Polly, indignantly, and making a face that did truly indicate some slight scorn or disgust.

All this was quite out of Jenny's line. She could not even understand her sister's logic. Surely Roger's love, once given, was worth waiting for. So she moaned to herself, knowing full well she could have waited for ever; and the dark stuff dress heaved piteously, and Jenny did really feel that her heart was broken.

Ah! what uncomfortable stairs! Jenny could positively stay there no longer! The day, too, had turned so hot! There had never been known such oppressive heat! And, truly, Jenny appeared to feel a change. Her pallor became so

astonishing, that even Polly remarked it, clinging to her: "Jenny, Jenny, what is it?"

But Jenny disclaimed the idea of illness.

"I'm so glad, Jenny; for one moment I thought you were going to faint, and then," said Polly, "what should I have done?"

So they entered the room together—Polly, flushed into new beauty, a sort of demure coquette, with petting ways and a caressing voice; and Jenny, in her heavy, thick dress, with dark rims round her swollen, red eyes—eyes from which, however, there shone forth a spirit that had never belonged to Polly—the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish love.

Late that evening, when Polly had gone off to bed, Jenny obtained the father's consent, and congratulated Roger so kindly, so warmly even, on his success, that Roger was quite taken aback. It is only fair to the poor fellow to say that he had never made strong love to Jenny. He had asked her to marry him at the request of his mother (who thought very highly of Jenny, believing she saw in her an excellent housewife, and highly approving of her quiet, gentle ways), feeling, it may be, rather indifferent as to the answer he should receive, but certainly in love with no one else.

Then Polly had come back from a long visit to an aunt, and, uncording her little wooden box, had taken thence such an astounding array of ribbons and bright-coloured odds and ends, arranging them so artistically upon her charming little figure, and bringing them into such close contrast with the dark beauty of her lovely little face, that the very first Sunday, on the way to church, the whole town had, metaphorically speaking, knelt before her, and had so gone on kneeling ever since.

Roger among them. Poor Roger, unaware of danger, had been the very first to fall in love.

And so Jenny's life had come to be spoiled. Polly, however, had known nothing of her sister's engagement, and had only *pretended* to couple their names, for Jenny had not cared to publish her happiness, and Polly was hardly a person in whom one would choose to confide.

And Roger himself had not asked for his release—would not, indeed, have done so; though, when offered him by Jenny, he had accepted it with a new hope springing in his heart, and his pulses beating with a strange delight. And yet, now, when after Jenny's congratulation, he went away back into his own cottage, Roger felt somewhat downcast.

"I don't know now, mother, as how I've got hold of the right girl," he said, uneasily, when he had finished his account of this his latest wooing, and the success with which it had met; but the mother evinced her sense.

"It's late in the day to think of that now, my

boy," she said; and Roger, assenting, went up to bed, where, notwithstanding his expressed uncertainty, his dreams were probably more of the sleeping Polly than of the wakeful little figure that watched by her side.

So the days went on—rose-coloured for Polly, and bright with sunshine, till they lengthened out into Midsummer Eve, or, as the father said, "Somebody's wedding-day." Not Jenny's. Jenny, whose sleepless night was over before the first bird had begun to sing, and who hovered about the cottage in the early morning light, with a soft look of pleasure on her face, stealing up from the good heart that, communing with itself through so many weary months, had conquered at last, and was at peace now with the whole world.

And then, later, Polly came down to breakfast, like a lovely little flower in her plain muslin gown. "All in white *like* a bride," said the proud father, as the girl nestled up against him, hanging over his chair, insisting on being made much of, "because you know, father," said Polly's pettishly-caressing voice, "it is the last time. I am going away, and you won't have me any more."

The cottage without Polly!

"My dear," said the father ("No, *not* any tighter, Polly." Polly was tying a bright-blue neckerchief round his throat in one of her fanciful bows, quite irrespective of the hue to which her father's rosy complexion was rapidly turning), "that is the way of the world; but if you suppose as how we shan't think of you, Polly, you—you think wrong, my dear."

The father could not make speeches; but, indeed, there was no speech necessary, with Polly's little dark head resting on his breast, and Jenny's tears falling on his hand.

And then they all went off to church, and met Roger there, which was, indeed, quite in the programme, and took no one by surprise. And Polly came away, "not simply Polly," she was particular to explain, "but Roger's wife," having in the last hour undergone promotion. Polly, with her beauty, and her little dependent ways, excited general admiration and interest. Even the ladies at the Hall had come down to see their little pet married.

"I never saw anything so charmingly pretty," one of them had said, and she only expressed the general opinion.

And Jenny? Jenny stood in the corner of the church, and prayed for the happy little bride, round whom such bright sunshine was falling—prayed with all the earnestness of her loving, pure heart, that this, her darling sister, might not only be happy herself, but might make Roger happy also.

So Roger took Polly away, and she began to pet *him* then with her little brown hands.

That evening the father spent in a neighbouring cottage, quite unable to bear the sight of his own, on this the first night of Polly's absence; but Jenny, though also solicited, would not stir out. She climbed up into her little room—Polly's old room—and sat herself down, as she had so often done before, on the wooden box by the window. The sun was setting in summer glory, long bars of light stealing down to the earth, and the rosy tints that flooded the heavens reflected red on the little casement.

Polly was gone!

That was at first all Jenny could feel. The child she had so loved grown up into a woman, and married! And then Jenny's thoughts wandered—as Jenny's thoughts were always sure to wander—to the man she had loved so well, the Roger to whom this very morning the child Polly had been given away. Presently Jenny rose, and took from a drawer a little miniature, which she handled with care, and touched reverently.

"Mother," she whispered beneath her breath, "Polly will be *so* happy," and she kissed the little miniature, and her tears rained fast down upon it.

"And so am I happy," Jenny declared, later on in the evening, when, the miniature put away, there were only the stars to keep her company. "The two persons I love best on earth are happy through me, for Roger 'ud never have given me up, had I not bidden him go, and Polly 'ud never have taken him, if she'd known he'd been courting me. And I do feel," said Jenny, confiding in the stars, "as happy a girl as any in the town."

And that was so. Through all the village no happier girl said her prayers that night.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

CAME a merchantman of yore,
Seeking goodly pearls to store:
One he found, and straightway sold
All he had, that one to hold.

But another Merchant came
Seeking pearls He knew by name,—
Seeking, gave His all for me;
Bought His treasure on the tree.

I, too, now, for Jesus Christ,
Look within for pearls unpriced:
Hid in heart and stored in mind,
But the merchantman must find.

Down beneath strong passion's tide,
Down where weeds of sin-growth hide;
Scarce discerned from what is base,
Yet how sweet the hidden grace!

Seek I many pearls to own,
These for crown, and those for throne?
All I have I sell to buy
One I find so fair to eye.

This the pearl all price above,
And I know who calls it love:
Faith and hope, bright gems they shine,
But the pearl is love divine.

Seeking many, finding one,
Finding all, thus lacking none,
Hold I each possession vain,
If I only this may gain.

Toiling on in life's swift whirl,
If I find this goodly pearl,
Till time's merchant own at last,
Heart, not hand, must hold it fast.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON D.D.

REDEMPTION NOT REPEATED IN ITS REVEALED FIGURES.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



THE world waited longer for the Lord's first coming than she will probably have to wait for his second. It was a long, dark nightwatch from the first Adam's fall to the second Adam's incarnation. Men heard the prophecies, and saw the types, and both gilded the cloud of their future with hope. The unity of its Author illustrates the unity of its operation—God is one, and his work one. Scripture defines the interposition of the Son of God on behalf of the sons of men under the four significant figures of “a washing, a justification, a ransom, and an atonement.” Let us mark how these all exclude the theory of a repeated sacrifice. The work of Christ, first, is called a *washing*, “the washing of regeneration” —“washed from our sins in Christ's own blood.” Not cleansings like ordinary washings, which need their repetition, like the daily sacrifice; for he (*i.e.*, Christ) “needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up himself.” And in that one and only cleansing, purifying blood, we have his own blessed testimony, “he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.”

Had there been any Scripture warrant for the theory of repeated sin-offerings, or “a perpetual sacrifice” in the Christian economy, washing was the direct natural symbol under which to announce it. Hence, lest the emblem should be liable to such misconception, the work which it signifies is carefully limited, and defended against any trespass upon its abiding efficacy which might be implied in the metaphor, by the Saviour's special declaration, “He that is washed” (*i.e.*, in my blood for the cleansing of the inner man) “needeth” no other, nor further washing, “save to wash his feet”—*i.e.*, to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh through the sins of the outer man. By the first washing, the character is changed, by other and repeated applications of the same blood, the conduct is purified, as it is written

of the believer in Jesus, who “purifieth himself, even as he is pure.”

Secondly. The work of Christ is called a *justification*. “Through this man, by faith in this man, ye are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.” A plea is established by which sinners, otherwise “dead before God” (*i.e.*, liable to capital conviction), are pronounced as clear from guilt as if, like their Divine Advocate, they had never sinned; and as free from condemnation as He was, who, “being raised from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him.” The metaphor clearly implies that the justification needs no repetition, or otherwise the justified man would resemble a prisoner tried again for the offence of which he had been once honourably and fully acquitted. The law of man repeats neither its acquittals nor its penalties for the same offence; and shall the law of God be less just and high-minded than human statutes? God forbid! “There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus: for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made them free from the law of sin and death.” “Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now *once in the end of the world* hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.” Then the singleness of the sacrifice is specially analogised with the singleness of death: “As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered.” There is as much sense or sound theology in a theory of repeated deaths of the sinner, as in repeated sacrifices for sin.

This proposition of the absolute and perpetual unity of the propitiation is confirmed, thirdly, by the designation of the work of Christ as a *redemption*—“Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ.” Thus the redemption of a sinner, like that of a slave, is the paying

down of his price, by which the property in the man is either transferred to the purchaser, or the bondman becomes free. But whoever heard of the price being demanded twice, or of the ceremony of the ransom being repeated? If the captive were free, there is nothing to ransom; if he were still in bondage, the act of emancipation is a cheat and delusion. Christianity is no such fraud; the Gospel ensures "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." Nor are these gracious manumissions of the heart, soul, and conscience, so many dreams of enthusiasm; "they are the words of truth and soberness." "If the Son shall make ye free, ye shall be free indeed." Nevertheless, the regained freedom may be compromised by the "cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;" hence the need of the caution, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with a yoke of bondage." Entangling dogmas multiply in these days, and require all our utmost circumspection and "watching unto prayer," to save our necks from old sacramental "yokes of bondage, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

Their effect is to evaporate and fritter away the essence of truth, and leave the poor, carnal prodigal no resource but to "join himself to a citizen of that country," do his base menial work with the swine, and feed upon their husks till the moral hunger becomes intolerable. Then, in the forlorn depth of his penury and rags, there breaks through his broken heart the light of old and better memories of his father's house; and of the bread enough to eat and to spare.

Fourthly. The mediation of Jesus is called an *atonement*, or reconciliation: "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." It is not the repeated death, but the perpetual life of the Mediator, which is salvation: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood;" not faith in an "*un*-bloody sacrifice," nor in reiterated atonements, which, like the old typical "sacrifices, offered year by year continually, could not make the comers thereunto perfect," but "the bringing in of a better hope did." Had even the typical sacrifices possessed the saving efficacy of their great Antitype, "then would they not have ceased to be offered?" Clearly they would have ceased, "because that the worshippers once purged should have had no more conscience of sins." If, then, the Jewish sacrifices would not have been repeated had they possessed the power which dwelt alone in the sacrifice of Christ, is it not a monstrous contradiction to repeat the sacrifice of Christ himself? If such repetition was the result and evidence that those former priests had in-

firmity, and, therefore, their sacrifices imperfection, is it no disloyal ascription of both personal infirmity and piacular inefficacy, to repeat the sacrifice of the hypostatic union of Deity with the body and blood of Christ? Ah, sirs, these dogmatic rehearsals of the passion of the Saviour are most apt, easily and fatally, to glide into substitutions for the office of the Saviour himself. They divide Christ against Christ in such wise that his kingdom cannot stand upon such anomalies. The fallacy that pretends to do again what the Lord Jesus did once for all, is not far from the thought of the heart which would willingly, or perhaps unwittingly, do without him altogether. It is a subtle bridge of constructive transition from "the cup of the Lord to the cup of devils." Never was it more needful to examine ourselves, and prove our own selves, whether we be in the faith, or whether we be falling into fancies of the flesh.

Recapitulating our arguments, with a view to their concentration on the conclusion, we note that these four figures of washing, justifying, redeeming, and atoning, are the leading symbols under which Holy Scripture indicates the work of the Father's mercy in and through the functions of his Eternal Son. Consequently, the act on which the whole work of salvation must be seen to hinge, is that one in which all these beneficent processes of spiritual washing, justifying, redeeming, and atoning, meet and co-operate. Let us inquire, therefore, how and when and where the Lord Jesus paid down the ransom for our souls, and supplied us with a plea on which, as sinners, we could purify our souls from the stain of sin; by virtue of which we may claim acquittal from the charge of sin, and on the ground of which we can make an atonement of peace between us and God. These issues all directly point to, and converge in, the *death* of the Saviour, and confirm the uniform statements of Holy Scripture to the same effect. Hence the force of the passages: "Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are cleansed." "For the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." "Who is he that condemneth? It is God that justifieth." "For in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "That God may be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and your spirit, which are God's." "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "For the Lord hath laid on him" (as the scapegoat of a world of sin) "the iniquity of us all;" therefore "we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." "For he is our peace" (*i.e.*, our peace-offering); by which oblation "we have access to God by a new and living way, through the veil, that is to

say, his flesh." Thus the whole tenor of Scripture ascribes all our mercies, privileges, exemptions, and covenant inheritance, to the death of Jesus: and death is pre-eminently one. It is a single incident, or it is not death, but its counterfeit. Life is a continuous act, it is a repetition of sundry laws and operations of being; but death is an isolated instance in the individual life. No man, apart from miracle, dies twice, still less the Son of Man; "in that he died, he died unto sin once: in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Being raised from the dead, he dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him." The oneness of the Mediator's death contradicts, with all its natural meaning and solemnity of implication, the repetitions of its supposed offering in a sacramental form. "The offence of the cross," as being a dying once for all, always was, and will be, the great hindrance to the reception of the Gospel by the self-righteous man; and always was, and will be, contemptible to the carnal intellect: but it always was, and will be, though "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness," yet to every one that believeth "Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

God's inspired Word inseparably connects this purification, redemption, justification, and atonement, directly and specifically, with the shedding of the life-blood of Jesus. "The blood is the life." "The bread that I give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." It was necessary to make atonement for a broken law—death was the only satisfaction which the law of God, in profound fealty to its own holy requirements, and righteous vindication, could accept. Hence the Mediator became man that he might die. It was, indeed, the original ideal nature of man which Christ assumed—a nature not corrupted by sin, and so not in itself liable to death. His death was purely voluntary, because it was for others' sins he died. His death is our redemption, restoration, life.

Thus the whole spirit of Christianity, radiating from the death of Jesus as its great central truth, is opposed to any and every kind of multiplying of mediators and of sacrifices. They bring back, like an unnatural night, the darkness of the crucifixion, after its glorious dissipation by the morning of the resurrection. All such theories, of whatever kind or degree, are releases into "weak and beggarly elements"—anachronisms, based upon no "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," but upon carnal stumblings on the rudiments of the world." They are neither "strong meat for men" nor "milk for babes;" but "the old leaven" of "them who draw back unto perdition," not "of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

The immediate personal comfort of believing the

Gospel, is its immediate undeferred salvation. Believing now, you are saved now. The salvation is perfect because its purchase is finished, its atonement accepted. God wants no more, why should man pretend to offer more? "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Beware lest your offering interfere with his, or set aside his, and depreciate his. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." This tabernacle service is in various ways returning to many a careless house and heart, whence it had gone out, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. An apostate is always worse than one who had never believed.

Young and ardent readers of THE QUIVER, never was it more needful for every man, young or old, to try and "examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." You should bring to the test of prayer and Scripture your moral and religious sentiments, as well as your emotional sensations. Opinions need sifting as much as practices, for the practices are the fruit of the opinions; and, bad as these may be, evil practices, inconsistent with evangelical professions, are worse. These offend weaker brethren, are enemies within the camp of the cross of Christ, profane that holy name by which the backsliders are called, and "give occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme."

"Let not your good be spoken evil of," at all events, so far as your life and walk are concerned. Gainsayers will despise and libel the Gospel—that you cannot prevent, but you *can* prevent their having any evil thing to say of *you*. "Only let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ," and then let the world rail on, and heresies withstand and misrepresent "the truth as it is in Jesus," the magnetic power of godly sincerity shall extort, even from your ungodly contemporaries, the acknowledgment that "God is in you of a truth."

Wait in hope and expectation for the fulfilment of the promise, when in the world's convictions, as in his Divine reality, "the Lord shall be one, and his name one," and all his people, and all people shall be his, "shall be called by his name." No more idolatry of sacraments, as so many saviours, nor vicarious deifications of ministers, by investing them with the incommunicable functions of their Master, constituting the sacerdotal order an elaborate sacrilege and trespass on the one eternal priesthood of the Mediator; a regenerate world will detect the imposition, and accept no other and inferior intercession between them and God, except His pontificate who is "consecrated for evermore," thereby harmonising in one glorious act of uniformity the adorations of the earthly with



(Drawn by S. L. FILDES.)

"Where fearful fevers rage, and death grows rife,
There have I found her."—p. 378.

the heavenly hosts, both worlds bowing down at the same altar, to worship "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever."

In the meantime, to be consistent with this anticipation, and true to the pledge of whole and undivided fealty and affection to "our Master and only Saviour," thus "dying for our sins and rising again for our justification," let our only repetitions, or rather spiritual assimilations of his death, consist in our own "dying unto sin, and rising again unto righteousness." Let us substitute for ritual processions of host, or symbol, a personal "bearing about the body of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our body;" so shall we best protest against the conflicting and fluctuating theories founded on any "other Gospel which is not another," and, resting our peace and comfort on the finished work of an alone Redeemer, be bold as Isaiah, and confident

as the avowal of St. Paul: "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

By neither sacramental dogma, nor by personal incongruity, will I "crucify my Lord afresh, and put him," whether I would or no, "to an open shame;" no other crucifixion will I abide, beyond that by which "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." That is the only cross which the Spirit of Jesus hath taught me to bear, as I look to his glory for my only crown! Infinitely subtle and diversified are the forms, visible and invisible, of the spirit of idolatry. "There be gods many, and lords many," and many sacraments, and many sacrifices are apt to slip down the inclined plane of creature-worship into so many gods and lords. "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord."

CHARITY.

I'VE met her wand'ring, seeking those in need,
Smiling with ethereal kindness. Blest—
How blest! how pure and holy in the deed
Of doing good, and thoughtless all of rest.

Easy to guile, unable to deny,
She gives her all, by all to falsehood doomed.

Still seeking and still sought for, she is found

Under the mask of age, of lovely youth

More oft, spreading her gifts to all the world around,
Heedless of birth, of beauty—only truth.

O give her truth! nor cheat her with the lie
Of poverty, of indigence assumed;

Where fearful fevers rage, and death grows rife,
Whence all are flown who soothe the sufferer's pain,
There have I found her, careless of the life
She saves for others—their ungrateful gain.

These deeds recorded, these received with joy,
With songs and music to the gladsome voice
Of saints in heaven, their constant time employ
In sweetest strains to her, their dearest choice.

H. W. A.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

IT was the morning of Tuesday, the 27th, and, from the quarter in the far east where he had spent the night with a manufacturer of his acquaintance, David Haldane hastened westwards through the streets of Paris, to explore the city in search of an address written down with care in a leaf of his pocket-book. He had already finished the business part of his visit, and there remained before him only pleasure. But he did not look like a pleasure-seeker—certainly not like a Parisian pleasure-seeker—as he traversed the streets at a still early hour. He was walking rapidly, with that springing gait which belongs, more or less, to the people of the hills, bearing down towards the quays, through the Faubourg St. Antoine. Then he

seemed to notice that he was walking very fast, and checked himself. Smiling at his own impatience, he consulted his watch, and resolutely took to loitering. He noticed an immense number of idlers hanging about; but it was nothing unusual for an immense number of idlers to be hanging about there, so he passed them, with a glance of commiseration for the squalor and wretchedness in which they were condemned to live. As he came down upon the quay, there were idlers of a better class engaged in more or less exciting conversation; but, then, it was nothing unusual for Frenchmen to be excited. From some words which he caught in passing, he knew that they were discussing the ordonnances; and though he could not help smiling at their eagerness, it was with that peculiar thrill of sympathy which keen popular feeling creates.

He had his own private excitement too, which was sending the blood coursing through his veins more

rapidly than usual. He was on his way to the presence of Miss Oglivie. There was her address, taken down from her own handwriting, as exhibited to him by Jean, in the corner of her last letter. He took it out and looked at it again, judging it time at last to proceed thither.

What he hoped for in this visit of his he did not ask himself. He did not, however, hope for any immediate result. He did not expect her to fling herself into his arms without more ado. He had gleaned enough of information respecting her father's character and circumstances, to know that she could neither be very prosperous nor very happy with him; but he knew well enough that this but increased instead of diminishing his difficulties. At all events, he would bring with him softening memories of home; he would be welcome to her, if only for their sake, and he would at least renew their relations with each other. The rest he must leave to fate and his own strong heart.

Arrived at the street, which, though a small back one in a close neighbourhood, he had little difficulty in finding, he was soon at the house indicated by the address, where he inquired for M. Oglivie. He was gone, madame too, whither the man could not tell. Could monsieur himself form any notion, as several inquiries had been made? and from the knowing look which accompanied the question, David Haldane understood that the inquiries had not been of the politest order.

He, of course, replied that he was a stranger, and knew nothing of their probable movements. "Was the young lady with them still?"

"Mademoiselle used to come daily," was the answer; "but she did not sleep there—she had apartments of her own."

It seemed quite mysterious, and there was no key to the mystery, no clue to any further search.

Bitterly disappointed, he turned away. The sun no longer shone for him; the river no longer smiled. It seemed as if the world had suddenly gone into eclipse, so dull was all its brightness. He strolled on, without any particular object, and came into the Rue St. Honoré. He was looking into the windows in a listless fashion, not that they interested or amused him, but simply because it gave him an opportunity of lingering near, and thinking whether there was any possibility of finding any one by chance in a great city.

He was looking into the window of a print-shop, when he felt his attention suddenly aroused, and his thoughts carried back to the fir-clad slopes of the Strathie. The picture which had done this was a representation of a little hill, clothed and crowned with fir-trees, just like those at home. He examined it more attentively. There was snow upon the ground, its softness and brightness beautifully indicated, as well as its dazzling white. The sky was bluer and more ethereal than it ever is—except at rare intervals—in the cloudy North, and against the sky the dark branches of the trees rose in the form of a cathedral window. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, it

was one of the hills he had seen at home—it was Delaube.

He entered the shop at once, and desired to see the drawing. On examining it closely, there was a small cipher in the corner, which stood for the initial of the artist. When he had purchased the drawing, he said to the shopman, "This is the work, I believe, of a lady whom I am anxious to find, can you give me her address?"

The shopman, with great politeness, produced the address. It was the same as that which he had already, and which had proved useless.

On hearing this the man further explained that the young lady, the last time she had called, promised to return in a day or two, and might therefore possibly call that very day.

"I am staying close at hand," said David Haldane; "I shall leave the drawing with you. Keep it in the window, and take it down when she calls, that I may give you as little trouble as possible. I will also leave my card, which you will kindly give her, and ask her to leave her new address with you."

The man cheerfully promised to do as requested, and David Haldane went away, rejoicing in his good fortune, having unconsciously taken the very means which would prevent the object he had in view. He had not been gone half an hour when she whom he sought passed by, and with a wistful glance at the shopwindow, passed on despairingly.

David Haldane wandered about restlessly all day, dined at his hotel in the Rue de Rohan, which crossed at right angles the Rue St. Honoré, and wandered forth again. He hovered about the quarter, straying into the galleries of the Louvre, crossing the Pont Neuf, and spending half an hour in Notre Dame, and finding himself more than once passing the same shop, where the drawing he had purchased still kept its place in the window.

The day had been almost intolerably bright and hot, and it was no wonder that in the cool of the evening nobody should think of going indoors. The workshops were emptied, and the workpeople were not going home; the shops were closed, but the streets got fuller and fuller. Everybody was out, and the crowds passing on to the quays, where, of course, it was cooler than anywhere else, and where the free space of the broad river allowed them to breathe a fresher air, soon became a continuous stream. David Haldane recognised some of his friends of the Faubourg St. Antoine, not by the faces of individuals, but by the general bearing of groups. These had an individuality of their own; stunted stature and keen intellect, both famine-bred, made their movements more swift and savage than those of the better artisans.

But they were evidently moved with a common impulse towards fraternisation on the evening in question, group communicating with group as they passed along. As the evening advanced, it was clear that something unusual was going forward, but not till the moment for action arrived was even this apparent.

Then, a whole city had risen against its government. Paris was in arms.

To an onlooker the whole thing appears inexplicable—confounding. The king's ordonnances are issued on Monday, and the people are stupefied for a moment. Then they pass from stupefaction to displeasure, from displeasure to indignation, from indignation to a determination to resist: and all this not individually, but collectively, and in a single day! The next day they carry their determination into effect, not by means of a compact organisation, but by the spontaneous movement of the whole population of Paris, seemingly without communication or concert.

But they are comparatively unarmed, and there are in Paris 12,000 men, the élite of one of the finest armies the world ever saw, and their first movement is, therefore, to obtain arms. David Haldane saw a compact body of workmen—they might have been from one shop or yard, so accustomed did they seem to act together—with the utmost coolness break open a gunsmith's shop, and distribute the contents, first among their own members, then, as far as they would go, among the crowd: and the same thing was going on elsewhere in the city, with the same deliberate and yet almost unpremeditated design.

The soldiers of government were on the alert; troops were being concentrated round the several palaces, and lancers were sweeping the streets in the vicinity of the Palais Royal; but as yet there had been no fatal collision between the soldiers and the people, and David Haldane once more entered his hotel.

Some of its windows commanded a portion of the Rue St. Honoré, and he had returned with the intention of watching the movements of the mass from thence. On entering he was told that a lady, a countrywoman, desired to speak with him. His heart gave a bound at the intelligence: he felt sure that it must be Peggy who had sought him, and sought him in a time of danger when it was possible that he might serve, even save her. He hastened to meet her, following the servant to the door of a private room.

A lady rose to meet him—certainly not the one he sought—a little grey-haired, bright-eyed woman, who advanced in much excitement, in which, however, there was nothing of fear. She spoke with a rapid utterance.

"I thought I might claim the protection of a countryman," she said. "We are Scotch, and I knew from your name in the hotel-book that you were Scotch also. My niece and I are travelling home from Italy. She is ill. I fear this excitement will kill her. Our window looks down upon a perfect sea of people, and they are getting more and more excited every moment. They will soon be behaving like lunatics, as they are. Is there any way of getting out of the city to-night?"

"I fear it is quite impossible," he replied. "From what I have seen, you would encounter worse than you would escape from here. I dare say peace will be restored before morning; and in the meantime I

will gladly exchange rooms with you. Mine is high up, and at the back of the house, and you will be quite quiet up there, while I shall hear and see all that is going on. In the morning I will assist you in any way that I can."

"Will you come and see my niece? It will reassure her greatly, and we will thankfully accept your offer," said the lady.

He passed into another room, which was a bedroom as well as sitting-room, and found there a lovely creature, evidently on the verge of another world. Her cheeks were hollow and burning, their hectic deepened by the excitement of watching the people in the street, and her eyes blazed like stars. Her thin hands were strained together, and she was altogether in a condition which required the greatest care. David Haldane was at once interested and filled with pity. He spoke to her with a quiet assurance of safety; but she turned upon him with a luminous and yet wavering smile, and told him that she did not care for safety—that she had too little of life left to seek to husband it.

"Yet, for your aunt's sake," he said, "you will try. She would be better in a quieter room, and I have offered mine in exchange for yours."

She looked at her companion inquiringly. There was entreaty in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, if you wish, dear aunty; but I am sure I shall not sleep now."

At length it was agreed that they should adjourn to David Haldane's room, and that he should come to them from time to time with reports till the streets were a little quieter. Of that there appeared, however, very little prospect. Up from the human sea there came an ever-deepening roar; and there ran through it at intervals great waves of disturbance, as communications passed along the living channel. It seemed as if there would be little of sleep in Paris city on that July night.

CHAPTER LII.

GUILTY.

In the room to which David Haldane escorted the ladies he found a letter awaiting him, and after making them as much at their ease as was possible under the circumstances, he begged permission to open it, as it was a letter from home. It was in the handwriting of a clerk, and he expected only a business-like missive, informing him that all was going on satisfactorily—a statement which the absent master craves for, and yet knows to be about as unsatisfactory as general statements usually are.

The missive was there, worded exactly as he knew it would be worded. Everything was going on well, so well as almost to convey the idea that they went on all the better for his absence. But there was an enclosure strangely enough, addressed to Miss Oglivie. It was sent to his care by Miss Margery Oglivie, who was to be greatly obliged to Mr. Haldane if he would deliver it soon and safely into the hands of her young relative.

Concerning this letter, it is necessary to go back to the night when Captain Oglivie was seized with brain fever. His mother and Margery watched him throughout its creeping hours, sleeping a little as they could by turns. An expression of unusually deep concern was on the doctor's face as he came out of the patient's room, where he left him with Mrs. Oglivie, in order to give Margery a freer opinion of his case than it was possible to give to his nearly distracted mother. He was dangerously ill, and would be worse before the disease was at its height. The doctor recommended that a nurse should be procured before the crisis came on, if possible, one who could be trusted with—and the good man hesitated—with any family secret.

Before the day was done, Margery knew the meaning of the hint the words conveyed. The delirious man was in the midst of the burning house, re-enacting his part in the scene of the preceding night, answering accusing voices heard by his ear alone, shouting out, "Who says I am guilty of murder?" "How do you know I could have saved him?" "Let him perish; my life is surely worth ten such lives as his." "I must have the money." These, and other exclamations, repeated over and over again, mixed up with the name of Mr. Haldane, came from that terrible sick-bed; and Margery determined, in the strong magnanimity which lay at the foundation of her character, that no ear save her own should listen to that self-accusing, unconscious voice.

She was glad when poor Mrs. Oglivie, who was helpless at all times, fairly broke down and took to her bed. There was only the doctor whom it was necessary to trust, and who could be trusted, and she would try her own strength to the utmost before she yielded. When the doctor came again in the afternoon, she announced her determination, and very reluctantly he felt obliged to acquiesce.

"It is terrible," he said, pressing her hand, and, accustomed as he was to suffering of all kinds, he could not look at her for a mist of stinging tears; "but he may be accusing himself falsely," he added. "It is often the case in delirium: the patient accuses himself of crimes he never committed. Poor fellow, he may have made every effort to save your brother, and, conscious of failure, thinks he has not made enough. It is dreadful for you, very dreadful, but I honour your resolution to stay by him. The phase may soon pass over. If necessary, I will spend the night with him myself."

It would have been quite possible to have accepted the doctor's explanation of the words to which Captain Oglivie gave utterance, and it was readily accepted by his mother; but an incident of the afternoon brought to Margery a terrible confirmation of her doubts on the subject.

She was called out of the room, happily, when her patient was lying exhausted. Her little serving-lad had employed himself in poking about among the ruins, and had found something which he wished to deliver to her. It was an old-fashioned escritoire, which he

carried in his arms. The lad had not much reason to congratulate himself, it seemed, on the value of his discovery, for his mistress received him and dismissed him harshly, though he expected praise, if not reward; for the box, as he called it, had been Miss Janet's, and all the servants knew that everything of hers was precious. It had the name "Janet" engraved on a plate of silver on the top.

But before he had left the house he was recalled, and questioned closely as to the finding of the writing-desk. It had been full of papers; now it was empty, rifled of its contents, and yet the fire had not passed upon it. Then his mistress went on to ask him what he had seen on the night of the fire.

The boy had been, like other boys, though by no means a brilliant specimen of the class, pretty nearly ubiquitous. He had seen everything that happened. His hero was evidently David Haldane, whose movements he had closely followed. Margery found that the servants were saying, it would have been better if David Haldane had not followed Captain Oglivie, but had tried the ladders at first. The boy had seen the two men descend from the window under which the writing-desk was found, and he had then followed David Haldane, and lost sight of Captain Oglivie.

Still, they might have thrown out the desk before they descended, and, in the confusion, it might have been robbed of its contents by some villager who had come to see the fire. Its contents were worthless in themselves—bundles of old, yellow letters, chiefly from Sir Alexander Oglivie to his daughters—sad remembrancers of long-past trials and sorrows. Not a single love-token, or letter, could the sisters boast between them among the relics of their youth. But in this desk of her sister's Margery had deposited the letters of Louis Oglivie to his wife, and the other papers received from Gilbert on his death-bed. These she would have given much to be able to restore to their rightful owner.

The escritoire had rested on the top of an ancient chest of drawers; and on a piece of furniture exactly similar, only that it was placed in a recess of the room, had rested one exactly like it. Both the drawers and the desks had belonged to the sisters from their early days, and the other desk was marked with the name "Margery" in the same fashion as the one now found. Margery's desk had, however, contained a considerable sum of money in Scotch bank-notes, and other things of material value.

On the first night of her watch by the bed of Captain Oglivie, Margery had noticed that the grate was full of the black remains of burnt paper, and that the whole hearth was strewn with the same. These were now swept away, and there remained nothing to show that Captain Oglivie had possessed himself of the papers, and so to set at rest the horrible doubt that remained on Margery's mind.

It was, however, destined to be set at rest speedily. In putting away the clothes that he had worn, the bundle of letters which were weighing on Margery's mind fell out of one of the pockets, and, with a shock

which even her firm nerves were not proof against, she picked it up and hid it away. A few nights later she saw the unhappy man, whose life had just been spared, rise from his bed, and proceed to search for that same bundle. The watcher had been half dozing in her chair, and seeing him rise and totter across the floor, she judged it best to remain perfectly still, as the least excitement might bring on a relapse. Not finding what he looked for, he put his hand to his head, and, tottering back again, fell fainting on his bed.

Captain Oglivie's return to life and reason was more painful to Margery than even his illness had been. How was she to deal with him, when he had partially recovered? She dared not reproach him while he lay in his weakness on that bed, where he had suffered tortures, such as no human power could inflict; she dared not even tell him all she knew, because of the danger of relapse; though, as she watched him, she thought that it might even be a relief to him, to know that he had unconsciously unburdened himself of his terrible secret. She longed to say, "I know and forgive, even as God knows, and is ready to forgive." It was well that she had witnessed his sufferings, or she might not have felt thus towards him—might not have felt inclined to spare him as she did.

But he could not bear to see her, and manifested this so painfully on his return to consciousness, that she gave place at once to his mother. His first words to her were:—"Is he gone?"

"Is who gone?" she asked; but from the expression of his face she gathered that he meant the dead man, and answered, "Yes, he is gone."

"I have been ill a long time," he said.

"Not a very long time, it is only nine days."

"Has anything happened?" he asked in a sinking voice.

"Nothing," she answered, "except the funeral." He seemed to breathe more freely.

"Margery has nursed you through it all," said his mother.

"It is kind of her," he whispered, faintly.

"I did not think she could have been so kind," she replied.

There was a pause, and then he said, "We must go away from this place, mother."

"Yes, my dear," she answered, mechanically.

"We must go away as soon as I can move," he repeated, eagerly.

Another secret of the sick man's had come into Margery's possession, and that was his debt to David Haldane, and she seized the first opportunity of seeking an interview with the latter. She demanded, bluntly, to know how much, including interest, the debt amounted to; and David Haldane told her what was the sum total of money lent, but utterly refused to receive the interest, and was paid on the spot.

"I wish I could have seen your nephew," said Margery; "I owe him more than I can ever pay."

The old man explained that he had gone to Paris. In the course of their further talk, it came out that he had carried with him the address of Louis Oglivie's daughter, and at Margery's request, David Haldane promised to forward a letter for her to his nephew's care.

This was the letter which lay waiting David Haldane at his hotel, on the evening of the 27th of July; in it Margery recalled her young relative, and offered her, under very different circumstances, a home with her. She was about to take up her abode at Oglivie Castle, and seeing that there was room enough in it for a whole clan of Oglivies, she desired her to ask her father and step-mother to accompany her thither.

(To be continued.)

THE KIND-HEARTED FISHER-BOY.

SOME little children—girls as well as boys, I am grieved to say—have a very dangerous habit of looking down upon people that are not quite so well dressed, or so rich as themselves.

Again, most children—of course there are some happy exceptions—feel inclined to laugh at an old man or woman who is feeble, or peculiar in appearance. Children of a higher grade content themselves with laughing and sneering at them, while children of the very poor, or dirty and ragged class, who are not particular to observe the outward decent forms of society, manifest their feelings by throwing mud or stones at the unfortunate old people.

Now I am going to tell you a little story of a boy who, although he was poor and uneducated, and had had no "bringing up" to speak of, was yet possessed of sufficient goodness and wisdom to defend the helpless, and to protect the weak against the

strong. In short, he was gifted with the highest and truest politeness, that springs from a good, noble, manly heart. But you shall judge for yourselves, and see how unexpectedly this kind-heartedness was rewarded.

A good many years ago, at a small watering-place called Shoresea, there were a number of fisher-boys, fine, sturdy, brown specimens of humanity, full of health, and life, and spirits. When they were not at sea, they were always down on the beach throwing the shining pebbles into the sea, or paddling in the water with their bare feet. But the generality of these boys, I am sorry to say, were not *polite*. You see they had never been taught manners, and if they had gentle mothers and sisters, they were scarcely ever at home with them. They got up with the sun, in the fresh air of the morning, and swallowed a scanty breakfast, and off they were to the water; and when they came home at night they ate their

suppers—if they had any to eat—and tumbled into bed, without so much as saying their prayers, I am afraid.

There was one happy exception to this rule, I am glad to tell you, and his name was Harry Dingle; and although he was as short, and broad, and healthy, and brown as the rest, yet he was as gentle as a delicate girl could be.

You never heard him swear like the other boys, nor gibe and jeer at the old fishwomen who walked about Shoressea with men's high boots on, and short blue petticoats. No, as I said before, he was very gentle. Shall I tell you why I think it was so?

He had a sister at home, a poor little cripple, whom he loved very much; indeed, she was the only human being he had in the world to love. They were all alone in the wide world, poor little creatures. Their father had been drowned, and their mother had died of a broken heart, so people said, and the two children could just remember her pale face, and how she used to get up in the night when it was stormy, and watch the sea for hours, and cry.

You may imagine how lonely the poor little sister was all day long, lying on a hard wooden couch with nothing to do; but Harry ran home as often as he could, and every spare penny he had he saved for her. She was passionately fond of flowers, she tended them as carefully as if they had been living things, and watched them with the most intense interest as she lay on her little couch for the greater part of the long day. She could only move about very little, poor little Jenny, and yet she was rich in her brother's love and her flowers. Some of us strong, hearty ones would be glad of that much.

But I must not forget Harry. I am going to tell you how his politeness, which always made him feel happy, was the means of very great good fortune, both to him and his sister.

One bright August morning, very early, before breakfast a long time, an old woman, very strangely dressed, with a coarse blue bag slung over her left shoulder and under her right arm, appeared on the beach, and after watching the sea for some time, stooped down, and was apparently searching for curious pebbles.

Her costume was certainly remarkable: her dress was very short, and made of the largest possible patterned chintz; her mantle was of black silk, and reached almost to the bottom of her dress; her bonnet, oh! I could not describe her bonnet. It was one of those they called coal-scuttles, and the largest and most frightful of its kind. It was covered with a large white veil, of the most costly and expensive lace; but it was very yellow, and not much to look at to people who did not understand that sort of thing.

As soon as the fisher-boys perceived this strange figure they set up a shout of derision, and some of them even went so far as to run up to her and twitch her mantle. One rude fellow actually bawled out to her—

"How much a yard did you pay for your dress, old

girl? I should like to buy some like it for my sweet-heart."

Harry Dingle was at some distance, but hearing the shouts, and seeing the crowd of boys, and the poor bewildered woman in the midst, he guessed the "wind was in the mischief quarter," as he said, and hastened to the spot.

"Can't you let the poor old woman alone?" he shouted. "What mean-spirited creatures you must be, to fix on an old lady like that! Why, Jack Stiles, I'm ashamed of you. Look here now," he continued, as the boys did not seem inclined to leave off, but were about to attack the old lady again—"look here, if you boys don't let the poor old soul alone, I'll fight every mother's son of you, one after the other."

Then, turning to the old lady, he said, "What are you looking for, ma'am? Pebbles? Don't you be frightened; they shan't hurt you while I'm here;" and he turned such a bold and determined front to the boys, who were in a group at a little distance, that they thought discretion was the better part of valour, and marched off.

"We don't want no rows with 'Arry," said Jack Stiles; "but I never see such a chap as he is for interfering with larks."

"No more did I," said Bob Giles; "but we made the old gal pant, didn't us, Jack?" and the friends walked off, laughing.

Meanwhile the old lady had thanked Harry for his service, in a very kind tone, at the same time talking very angrily about the other fisher-boys.

"Young barbarians!" she said—"how dare they insult a lady who chooses to amuse herself by collecting pretty pebbles?"

"Do you like pretty pebbles, ma'am?" said Harry; "here is a beauty;" and he took a beautiful stone out of his pocket and gave it her. "I picked this up coming along, ma'am," he said: "you may have it, if you like. I did mean to give it to Jenny; but she has lots more something like it."

"Thank you," said the old lady, as she dropped the pebble into her blue bag; "and who is Jenny?"

"Jenny, ma'am, is my poor little sister. She's a cripple; and pebbles, or flowers, or any pretty things like that, please her very much indeed."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the old lady. "A cripple, eh! How sad to be sure, very sad! A cripple, and so poor." Then she turned round full upon Harry, and said, "I should like to see Jenny—can't you take me now?"

"If you like, ma'am," said Harry; "but it's a very poor place, very poor indeed. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go there; but it's very clean, for though poor Jenny cannot do much, our neighbours are very kind, and wash the room and make everything so bright and clean. The poor are very good to each other, ma'am—very good, when they are really kind people."

"Yes, I believe they are sometimes—I believe they are," replied the old lady; "and, as for your poor place, so long as it's clean, I've no objection to the poverty of it."

"Well, ma'am, then I'll take you now, if you like," said Harry.

"Yes—yes, by all means."

The old lady had a great fashion of repeating her words and sentences. So off they went, away from the beach, where the fisher-boys were discussing them, through the narrow streets, till they came to the place where Harry and his sister lived.

"This is our street ma'am," said Harry.

"Oh! answered the old lady, "what a smell of fish!" and she put a scented handkerchief to her nose.

At last they came to the house where Harry and his sister lived. "What a beautiful show of flowers to be sure!" exclaimed the old lady, looking at the window; "why, I haven't a rose-tree in my whole garden to compare with that."

"That's my sister's rose, ma'am," replied Harry, "and that's Jenny singing; hasn't she a sweet voice?"

"Yes, very," replied the old lady.

Then they went in, and up the rickety, dark old stairs, and entered the room where little Jenny was lying on her couch by the window, with the sweet smell of roses, and stocks, and mignonette blowing upon her pale face. The old lady was very kind, and talked away to Jenny and her brother for at least half an hour. As for Jenny, she was charmed with her; she did not notice her peculiar look after the first glance, she was so pleasant and chatty. She told Harry to come to her house on Sparlton Terrace the next morning, and she would give him a beautiful calceolaria for his sister.

Jenny was quite sorry when the old lady went. She even kissed Jenny's forehead and patted Harry on the head, and at the door she gave him a card, and said—

"Oh, here is my address. You will see my name on this card. Don't forget the flower to-morrow."

Harry took the card, and let the old lady out; then he rushed back to his sister's room, and shouted—

"Why, Jenny, she's a real lady; see here's a card

with it all on;" and he showed Jenny the piece of pasteboard, whereon was written, "Lady Silvermoat, 4, Sparlton Terrace."

Harry knew that the houses in Sparlton Terrace were the best for miles round, and that No. 4 was the best of all.

The next morning Harry washed his face till it shone like polished deal, and Jenny put on a nice clean collar over his Sunday suit, and with fear and trepidation he knocked at the great door of No. 4. It was opened by an immensely tall footman in undress, who said, in awful, pompous tones, which chilled poor Harry to the very marrow—

"Ho! you're the boy as my lady hordered to call; step in, young man, and 'ere's the calcilary as you was to take;" so saying, and thrusting the pot into Harry's arms, he opened the door, and as Harry was going down the steps he called after him: "My lady's not hup yet."

Harry was rather disappointed; but Lady Silvermoat's kindness did not stop here by a great deal. She was a very eccentric old lady, but, like a good many more eccentric people, she was very charitable, and, fortunately, had the means to be as charitable as she chose. She had a couch-like carriage made for poor Jenny, and the tall footman used to drag her about in it, much to his own disgust and the amusement of the aforesaid fisher-boys.

Harry was sent to an excellent school in London, and afterwards placed in Her Majesty's navy, and when last we heard of him, he had attained the rank of post-captain, had married a wife, and was as happy as love and a clear conscience could make him. Twice every year he goes down to Shoresea, to see the graves of two people very dear to him—his beloved sister and his kind benefactress. They lie side by side in the little churchyard, within sound of the rolling sea that they both loved so much, covered with pebbles and flowers by the loving hand of Captain Harry Dingle, R.N.

EDITH WALFORD.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

(EIGHTEENTH LIST.)

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Brought forward from List		J. Davies, 29, Hill Street....	0 5 11	A Reader of THE QUIVER,	1 15 0	"Inasmuch as ye have done	
Seventeen.....	815 8 0	Miss M. Ouston, Louth.....	0 12 6	Luxwardine, Herefordshire.	0 5 0	it unto one of the least	
W. R. Scott, Epsom, Surrey	0 7 0	near Wakefield.....		Miss Hedges, Epsom Terrace,	0 1 5 0	of these, ye have done it	
Miss Anderson Crook Log		A. Wilkinsons, Otley Road,	1 0 0	Ed. G. Robson, Barnard Castle,	0 9 1	unto me," Tickhill.....	0 2 6
Farn, Haxley.....	0 3 6	Bradford.....		G. of Southampton.....	0 13 0	Julia Hickings, Rutland	
Little Alice, Pentbrook Villa,		Miss Rogers, Clevedon, near		M. Catherine Goldsbro', West		Gate, S.W.....	0 5 6
Birmingham.....	0 6 3	Bristol.....	1 4 0	Square.....	0 5 0	Maria M. Mack, Meadow-	
Eliza Hill, Sutton, S.....	0 2 0	W. Warburton, 4, St. Peter's		G. W. H. London, W.....	0 5 0	bank House, Eskbank..	0 5 6
A Bush of Olives, Whitfield		Gate, Stockport.....	0 15 0	S. P. and A. P., Hadleigh,		Jas. M. Fisher, Mill Street,	
Street.....	0 2 9	Margaret Gibson, Stewarton	0 2 2	Suffolk.....	0 0 10	Crowe, first birthday gift	0 2 6
A. J. Campbell, Kentish Town	0 9 6	E. C. D., Hornby Villas,		Isabel Webb, Abingdon....	0 7 8	J. C. Moon, Lancaster....	0 10 0
G. A. James, Richmond, S.W.	0 6 0	Boole.....	0 11 0	F. M. Hawkins, Oxford....	0 8 6	Alice Bascley, Northampton	0 8 1
Chemists, Spilby.....	0 5 3	Jane Hughes, Castle Street,	0 13 4	Margaret M. Ames, Cowley's		Mrs. W. Cook, Finchley	
Sophy, Cardiff.....	0 2 6	Beaumaris.....	0 0 6	School, St. Helen's, Liver-		Common.....	0 6 0
M. McN., Charlotte Street,		Joseph Wilson, Lee.....	0 0 6	pool.....	0 7 0	James Smith, Banff.....	0 16 6
Carlisle.....	0 5 0	Mrs. W. B. Tawell, South-		J. W. K. Rochdale.....	0 3 6	E. Baner, Hockham, and	
G. E. Bedford.....	0 5 0	ampton.....	2 0 0	Mrs. M. C. Worcester.....	1 15 0	Alice Hunt, Forest Hill	1 10 0
H. B., Leicester.....	0 1 0	S. Tall, 2, Good's Place, Hull	1 1 0	One who loves little chil-		N. B., Kilmarnock.....	0 3 0
Z. W.....	0 1 0	—, Bandon.....	0 8 0	dren, Britton Hill.....	0 2 0	Girls' Senior Class, Hill	
Alice B., Preston.....	0 2 0	Miss Shepherd, Jesmande		Polly Rosser, Swansea....	0 5 0	Field Chapel, Coventry,	
The Five Sisters of Y.....	0 2 6	Grove.....	0 1 6	Q. O. H.....	0 2 6	per S. A. Hancock.....	0 2 0
Sarah J. Foster, Clunderhill	0 1 0	M. Jordan, Dinwiddie.....	0 1 0	M. A. S., Royston.....	0 5 0	"Junius XIV," Scarborough	0 4 0
M. J. A., Gloucester.....	0 2 6	J. S. D., New Brompton Kent	0 3 0	J. Tapster, Ramsey.....	0 2 6	An Orphan, Cornwall....	0 7 6
Mrs. Frost, Charles St., Louth	0 5 6	I. S. D., Leicester.....	0 2 0	H. & C. Wedlake, Highbury	0 2 6	Miss Russell, Campden Villa,	
Miss Loughton, Hidedford Devon	0 10 0	J. H. Pickard, Leicester....	0 4 1	J. H. & C. Wedlake, Highbury	0 12 5	Croydon.....	0 7 0
Thomas Percival, Eyerton,		Miss Speedy, R. H. M. School,		E. H., Birmingham.....	0 3 0	Miss B. Chesland, Park	
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Hugaw, London, S.E.....	0 1 6	Street, Chelsea.....	0 10 0	Sole.....	0 8 0		
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THE BYRON

— and Saturday, March 7, 1868. —



(Drawn by RAPHAEL NEWCOMBE.)

"I paused to look at the happy picture."—p. 333.

SHADOWS.

I AM a solitary being. I live in a large the glorious, warm-hearted North, three-and-
southern town; possibly the first adjective twenty years ago, and they have died or gone to
is an ample explanation of my first statement; far countries, and my hand has lost the feel of
and I have no friends, not one. I left them all in loving, earnest clasps, and my ears are strangers

to words, tender and true, which used to make such ceaseless music in this weary heart. Perhaps this is my own fault, but so it is.

One side of the road of life is shady, and the other sunny. Some people walk most on the sunny side, and some scarcely ever quit the shade. I have walked in the shade these twenty-three years, but let that pass; it is not of my own sorrows I would speak now, and I have had my day; the sunshine was mine once.

One of my idiosyncrasies is a love for walking abroad after dark. I cannot walk much in the day; I have work to do. In this work I am absorbed, and I am content; for absorption is almost happiness. Women who are denied the more natural and beautiful life of home-duty, ought to find some such work. They would be an immeasurably nobler class of people, if they could divest themselves of the idea that there is but one sphere for a woman, and out of that she is, and can be, nothing.

There is a broad street not far from the square where I live, down which I pass every evening in my wanderings. Some of the houses are small, and others are very large and handsome. When I first went to and fro, I noticed at the lower window of one of the small houses the shadow of a man upon the white blind. Three nights of every week he was there reading. On the other four nights there was no light. Sometimes as I passed he would move across the room, and I saw that he was tall, well-built, and what is generally called a fine young man. After some months, the room was dark, and apparently untenanted, for two or three weeks. At the end of that time I was rejoiced, on turning the corner of the street at the usual time, to see the window brilliantly illuminated. Standing just within it were two figures, whose shadows fell full upon the blind. The tall young man holding close in his arms a slight figure in bonnet and cloak, and stooping tenderly to see her face half-hidden on his shoulder. I paused to look at the happy picture.

O graceful loving shadows! God's smile be on you! Presently she drew herself gently away and went swiftly out of sight, leaving him where he stood. How attractive that window was to me! How long I lingered before it, night after night, just to see them sitting together, he reading while she worked, or now and then she reading to him, while he rested in an easy chair. This peaceful scene was sometimes varied; other shadows fitted across the blind, or sat in their seats, and I caught no glimpse of my friends. Once it was varied in a different and not so pleasant a manner. The shadow of the young man came and went quickly on the blind. He was pacing up and down, angrily, it seemed, for he pushed his hands hastily up

into his hair from time to time. She was sitting at work so close to the window, that I marked the determined pose of her little head and the set expression of her face. It was not long, however, not a minute, before she laid down her work and went to him; first taking both his hands, looking up into his face, and then throwing her hands round him, and clinging to him, as if to say, "Never—never—never more shall any discord arise between us."

I turned for a last look at the corner of the street. They were still standing together; his hand, so lately angry, was fondling her bent head. Ah! second shadow-caress, more beautiful than the first, because witnessing of a love built upon a rock, which storms of anger cannot shake, which the keen wind of mutual fault cannot blow down, but only make more steadfast and more sure.

The months passed on; a little wearily for me, not wearily to my shadow-friends, I sometimes thought with a sigh; and then the manly shadow sat alone for several nights, or the blind was blank, however long I watched. It was very wet weather. I struggled against wind and rain up the street, but never forgot to look up as I passed that house. At last I was rewarded by seeing his companion sitting by him again, though now *she* was reclining in the easy chair. She was looking down at something in her arms. He rose and stood by her. She lifted the something up towards his face. He put his lips to it very, very gently, took it in his arms for a moment, and returned it to the mother's waiting knees. I dreamed of that baby all night. The face I imagined it to have rose ceaselessly before me, and I woke holding out my arms with an indescribable longing to take it. For some days I was possessed with the womanly weakness which envies another woman that sweetest of all earth's sweet possessions—a frail, tiny, helpless baby.

During four or five years my shadows scarcely changed in their habits, or as it seemed in themselves. But they were gradually surrounded by more little shadows, fitting to and fro, now romping together, now climbing on to fatherly or motherly knees, now disappearing from down-stairs, and appearing again in an upper room. Sometimes in that upper room the shadow-mother would be moving about when I passed from home, and be still there when I repassed, and the light would be dim, and the child-shadows down-stairs would be restrained by the father's hand from making too much noise. There was illness. I saw this once for a long time, and then I missed one child-shadow; there used to be four, now there were never more than three.

Soon after this, I came one night and found the

house shut up, I was distressed, fearing I had lost my friends. Three successive evenings I went past, and was then quite assured that they were gone. But, happening to glance up as I passed one of the large houses, I refound my shadows. There they all were; I knew them again instantly. Prosperity was theirs, for none but rich people lived in those mansions, and these friends of mine had love with it. Could any sight be more pleasant to look upon? Alas! there are some flowers which are fair and strong in morning sunshine, but the glory of the noon is too much for them, and they fade upon the burning lea; and there are some men whose goodness will not stand the noontide of wealth and honour. A change came over the shadow-household. The wife sat alone with her children night after night. His shadow fell upon the blind scarce once a week, and when there, it was restless; it seemed to find no happiness in the old seat at her side. Often, too, there was merry-making, and the whole house was lighted up. Did she carry a heavy heart about with her among her guests, and in her daily duties? Oh, poor shadow-wife! I guessed so, and it seemed I was not wrong: for one night he rose impatiently from his seat, as if the quiet was intolerable to him. She sprang up, stayed him with her hand on his arm, pointed to the children, laid her hand on his shoulder, caressed his hand. He threw back his head with a mocking gesture—woman's fears are foolish—but he kissed her and sat down again. When I passed homewards she was alone. I turned away. I shuddered, as the fancy swept over my heart: What if my joy so brief, so incomplete, had been consummated like theirs, and then *he* had changed? This thought held me so, and brought the shadow-trouble so close home to myself, that I could not rest, and I often went out very late, and stole into that street, to see if she were at her sorrowful post; and often, God pity her! she was there, at midnight, with her head bowed upon her hands. Now and then, as time went on, there was a little shadow by her—the shadow of a little girl about ten years old—sitting by the tired mother; and it was pitiful to see how the child-head was turned, listening, towards the window at the slightest sound outside. Shadow-father, do you ever think of the gloom you have brought upon her childhood, which should have been so gay? do you ever think how you have sullied the beauty of that grand name “father” to her innocent heart?

I was weary of my anxiety and sorrow for the shadow-wife, who moved about more slowly and despairingly day by day, when that anxiety and sorrow had a sudden ending. For many successive nights she sat motionless, neither working nor reading, nor even noting her little daughter's

movements. Not one of all those nights found him at her side. At last I came, to find them gone. The window was deserted. I looked up, and on the blind of a bedroom saw distinctly the shadow of a coffin on its trestles; a long coffin, far too long for any child. Was it hers or his? Had the forlorn heart found its rest in the love which changes not nor wanes? or had he been stricken down in the midst of his carelessness, bringing her sorrow upon sorrow? These questions passed rapidly through my mind as I gazed up, hoping the survivor, whichever it might be, would come to weep there, and I should have my doubts set at rest. But no one came. And four other nights I watched in vain; there was no shadow anywhere, but that one awful, mournful, death-shadow. Then it was no longer there; but below was the shadow of one bowed down with grief, one who suffered not only in his bereaved affections, but in his awakened conscience—awakened too late—one who let the book fall from his hands in remorseful reverie, one who walked the room with heavy steps and dejected head.

So she it was who had passed away. Could I sorrow for her any more, poor thing? could I regret that she had been so quickly and quietly removed from earth's hard winter of neglect and pain, to the eternal, heavenly summer? No; I was comforted when I knew her safe, though I missed her shadow, as one misses a well-known face or voice; that shadow which, lost to my view, must have haunted all his dreams waking or sleeping. Only twelve short years ago he had stood in the window, holding her, his bright, blooming, tender bride, as though she were dearer than life itself. She had not been dearer than his own selfish enjoyment, and this was the end. Ah! me, we jest about heartaches in this frivolous world; but there are such things in every house, and they are not easy to bear.

I saw with satisfaction that the uprightness and vigour of the lonely shadow did not return to him; he sat, month after month, every evening, not a yard from the spot where she had kept her weary vigil, while he had been madly blind to her happiness and his own duty. The little attendant shadow, which had been so faithful to her, was almost always with him; but it was long before she learned to draw near him trustfully, or to caress him lovingly. However, there came a time at last, when I could tell if she were entering the room, long before her shadow fell upon that blind, which had revealed so much to me, by the eager uplifting of his head. They bent over the table hour after hour together, and the movements of his hand seemed to indicate that he was explaining things to her. Loss and gain are curiously inwrought in the web of

life; she had lost a mother, and gained a father. Neither of them ever sat in the mother's place. By-and-by, instead of a small child-shadow, there sat by him a tall maiden with a regal head and graceful movements, like the lost wife and mother in her happy days, only far less sprightly. There was but one other shadow then with these two—a child-shadow—except at times, when a boyish, quick, ever-moving figure was to be seen leaning on the father's chair, or upsetting the sister's work. Gradually, this boy-shadow grew more manly, and fell into his father's habit of pacing the room, when the girl's head would be lifted up to watch him, and the father would sit forward in his chair, making earnest gestures. After many such scenes, his shadow scarcely ever came near theirs, or within my view; and if it came near hers, or his, it was not to talk to him, or to tease her, as in the old times, but simply to pass as if he cared nothing for their presence. Then his shadow never came at all, and the father's head was bowed down again, and the maiden-shadow moved about very quietly and sadly. Was she never to walk in the sunshine? I grew impatient at her lot, beautiful in charity as it was, and angry at the want of discernment in men, who could pass her over, and spend their love, which might have made her life so bright, upon foolish and vain girls, or at least, on girls totally unworthy to be compared with her, sweet gentle home-shadow!

For when the impatient youth had been at home, there had often been other young manly shadows at her side, invited, as I divined, to win him back to his filial duty. I had not grumbled long, when I noticed two of these same shadows with the father and daughter; sometimes one alone, sometimes both together. I noticed that one was taller than the other, and that the lesser one was oftenest by her chair, and that she talked much more to him than to the other. From this I instinctively guessed that her heart was with that other. After a time the shorter shadow disappeared. Then I was ill, and unable to go out for a fortnight. I had missed several weeks at various times before, when I had sought recreation in the country, or been too unwell to pursue my ordinary track; but this had never before happened at any very interesting point in my shadow-studies, and I was very anxious to be out again. When I was able to do so, I saw only the two shadows, of father and daughter—never either of the others. Many weeks had passed like this, when one night he suddenly

looked up from his book. What did he say—what thought had flashed across him, that her head drooped so over her work? He leant forward—took both her hands. Her head drooped lower and lower. She lifted it once for a moment to look into his face, that was all. Then he let go her hands, and held out his arms, and she sprang into them, and lay close to his fond, father's heart, weeping, as I knew from his soothing care. I left them so and went home. The next evening, the taller lover was in the father's seat, bending over her busy hands, and now and then stopping them with a young man's earnest fondness. Presently the father's stooping shadow came between me and them, and he laid an affectionate hand on each, and looked from one to the other. Are these things too imperfect to be understood? I say no. That noble shadow-girl sent her lover away, though all her maiden thoughts went after him, because she would not leave the father, who, though kind now, once spoilt her childhood and broke her mother's heart. All happiness follow her, now he is brought to her by that father, who is saying something to the young man—what, perhaps the reader can tell. Listen to him, O young lover-shadow, as he speaks of his fault and its bitter punishment, and never be tempted to leave her to such weary, weary hours of loneliness!

To-night I look up at that blind. The father sits in his old place, with a baby-shadow on his knees. Husband and wife are sitting together in the mother's corner. Presently she rises and stoops over some one farther in the room. This she does once or twice; then she comes slowly forward with a tall, gaunt figure leaning on her arm. She helps him tenderly to a chair. I take one long look at the shadow-picture, complete now, with even the "lost and found" returned to the shelter of home. It is my last look, for to-morrow I leave the house where I have lived all these years, and go to a distance. There is only one thing I regret much—the leaving of my shadow-friends, of whose life I know so much, though I never saw their faces, or heard their voices, or touched their hands. Farewell, shadows; I part from you with sorrow; but I may meet you again where earth's shadows pass away from our lives for ever, where I shall see you face to face, and recognise her who for the past eleven years has found that perfection which we ever seek and are ever denied in this lower life.

M. G.

THE BENEFICENT EFFECTS OF HURRICANES.



WHEN we read the accounts of the hurricane at St. Thomas, Tortola, and elsewhere, it was not possible for the moment to do anything but to pity the sufferers. The destruction to life and property was so enormous, the fury of the blast was so dreadful, that for the time one was awe-struck, and failed to see the hand of Him who came flying upon the wings of the wind. And when afterwards one did recognise it, was he not disposed, in view of the destruction and dismay, to attribute the guiding impulse of that hand to motives other than beneficent; to wrath and to fury poured out, forgetful of the lesson which our Lord taught when the Tower in Siloam fell and killed eighteen persons? Are we, or the French, or the Germans, or the people in Grenada and Trinidad, where hurricanes never come—are we less wicked than the people in St. Thomas, and in the other places visited? It would be better for us not to court the inquiry, at least until we can do so in another spirit than that in which we hazard suggestions as to our comparative righteousness. In any case the inquiry would be unprofitable, and in the conduct of it we could not possibly pray too heartily to be delivered from presumptuous sins.

We must look for some other motive in Him who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm." In a former article we noticed the ruinous effects of hurricanes, and made some suggestions as to the causes of them. We propose now to notice some of the beneficent effects of these storms; and we shall not be surprised to find that they are as numerous and more important than the evils that they bring.

It is not yet known—probably it never will be known—how much damage the St. Thomas hurricane has occasioned. In the small island of St. Thomas, however, the property destroyed—to say nothing of some hundreds of men—included four mail steamers, some fifty vessels of various sizes, and a very considerable portion of the thickly-populated part of the town. Wharves, warehouses, docks, and merchandise shared a common ruin, and this ruin has proved to be so utter, followed as it was by the effects of numerous earthquakes, that the merchants of the place are gathering up the few fragments that remain to them, and are quitting St. Thomas's in despair. Time, and much capital, and more labour, will be wanted, to put the place *in statu quo*; while those who have been snatched away suddenly into eternity are gone, never to come back—"no reckoning made, but sent to their account, with

all their imperfections on their head." Such is the statement on one side of the account. Let us see what is written on the other.

"Yellow fever has left St. Thomas," is one of the first entries that meets the eye. For some months we had heard, as a sadly regular item of news, that the West-Indian mail packet had been quarantined on arrival at Southampton, on account of the prevalence of fever on board. So virulent had been the form of the malady, that the colder climate of the northern latitudes, even during the winter months, had not succeeded in killing it; and as the summer, and then the autumn came on, the cases reported on the arrival of the steamer became worse and still worse. The quotation above was one of the first pieces of good news we had in connection with the disaster; and though since then there have been a few cases in the island, they have either been imported, or have arisen in consequence of the overcrowding of dirty people in the parts of the town and harbour which have survived the storm. The place as a fever-nest has been cleared out by the "rushing, mighty wind," and the conditions of atmosphere (to be noticed presently) which caused it to have a tendency to be a fever-nest, have been blown away *vi et ventibus*.

This alone is great gain, but it is not the whole of the benefit conferred. It is indispensably necessary to the well-being of the ocean system, and, therefore, to the maintenance of existing climates in all parts of the world, that a certain quantity of the hot water which has been heated in the tropical seas, should be carried off, both north and south, and be replaced by cold water, which is brought by currents from those latitudes towards the equator. Should this system of currents, which intersects the globe much in the same way that veins and arteries intersect in all parts of the human body, get out of order, there would be dire confusion in Nature's great aquarium. The functions discharged by currents are very numerous beyond and beside those of preventing stagnation in the ocean. They are the compensators which strike a balance between the hot and cold climates, and bear in their own persons the remedy for too great an extreme at either end of the thermometer. They produce, or rather they induce, the downfall of rain, through the mists evolved by the junction of hot and cold streams, and by the condensing effect which cold streams have upon steamy and steam-making currents. They convey large quantities of sea-salts from regions where the evaporating power of the sun has caused them to become concentrated, to the

latitudes where the great rainfall, and the large influx of fresh water from rivers, tend to make the sea thin and poor (the water of the Baltic is almost brackish). They carry on their surface seeds and drift of various kinds, which, washed up on the shores of unclothed islands, go to form the material for a substantial covering, and to make the new land available for man. The greatest office, however, which they have is that of scouring the seas, so as to prevent and obviate the many evils which would come of stagnation in the deep.

Now this system of currents is liable to get out of gear; the machinery seems to require occasional renewings, and the motive power which keeps it going requires from time to time a fresh stimulus. The tropics are the caldron in which the sea-water is heated and made to expand itself, and to originate, therefore, the current system. It is in the tropics that the machinery seems to get out of order. From some causes, not yet ascertained, the heat of the sun is found sometimes to be more than enough for the heating it is called upon to do; over-heating takes place; the air, so to speak, gets burned up, the healthful breeze fails, and fever and the causes of fever take the occasion to profit. The sea also gets overdone, and cannot get rid of its superfluous heat; the land catches the infection, and begins to be ill at ease; all Nature in those parts languishes; and men whose business it is to come to and fro, note the difference between the characteristics of the atmosphere at these seasons, and at those in which Nature is going on regularly with its work. The complicated but beautiful system by which the winds blow in their appointed circuits, producing the "gentle trade winds," the friendly monsoons, and the countervailing currents which act as their coadjutors, is at such times disordered, and the whole world is out of joint in consequence.

It is at such times that hurricanes come. The evil to be remedied is so great, that nothing short of a violent medicine will remove it. And the hurricane *does* remove it. Cleaving the air as it does with its mighty presence, whirling round and round with terrible swiftness, it snatches up in its folds and there annihilates the listless, vapid, and death-giving atmospheres which erewhile plagued the earth. Its purifying power is equal to its destroying power, and it brings life as well as death in its wings.

And then the waters; they, too, are stirred up from their lowest depths by the force of the winds which are raging on their surface, and the cold water below is brought violently into contact with the over-heated water on the top, and the defect in the boiler where the warm streams are heated, is made good. Some idea of the mixing power of the wind may be gathered from the statement,

that the great hurricane of 1780 tore up rocks that were lying embedded under seven fathoms of sea-water, and cast them like so many shells on the beach.

After a hurricane, the Gulf Stream, which before it has been always noticed to be irregular in its rate and direction, goes on regularly as before; and the numerous small wheels in Nature's machinery which are regulated by this great wheel, and are in good or bad order according as it is so, whirl merrily round, discharging the office assigned to them in the beautiful system of God's creation with renewed life and spirit. What would the whales do, if the Gulf Stream no longer brought their food of sea-nettles, and other small fry, to their breeding-stations in the ocean? What would be the climate of the British Islands, placed two degrees to the northward of ice-bound Newfoundland, and yet never blocked up with ice, if the Gulf Stream failed to bring (all the way from the Gulf of Mexico) the heat which tempers the severity of an English winter, and makes the whole atmosphere mild and bearable? What would the impoverished Polar Seas do, if the great ocean carrier did not bring supplies of salt to renew the vigour of their brine? What would the over-salted tropical seas, and the myriads of fish who live in them, do, if the excess of salt were not got rid of? All these things depend principally upon the proper and efficient circulation of a system of currents. This system is liable to get out of order, as we have stated, at certain irregular intervals, and owing to causes not yet sufficiently ascertained. This liability is checked, and the disorder itself is remedied, by the violent action of the winds "in hurricane assembled." How, then, can it be said that the hurricane is an unmixed evil? How could any gift or operation of the beneficent Creator be so described? He whom the winds and the sea obey has given to hurricanes a certain duty, which duty they perform, like all his agents, with unerring faithfulness and thoroughly. If man has discovered, as undoubtedly he has, that the execution of this duty is attended by results eminently disastrous to him, if he be unprepared and unmindful of their coming, is that a reason for begging for a withdrawal of the hurricane from Nature? or a reason only for man to use his intelligence—no less God's gift—in devising means to guard against the disaster? It is evident we could not spare the hurricanes, were their actions even more furious than they are. We can devise means for guarding against their fury in respect of our dwellings and our ships; we can study more and more their nature and their causes; we can improve yet greatly on the knowledge (far greater than our grandfathers had) we already possess; and we can learn how to put

ourselves and our property in safety till the wind-tyranny be overpast.

Much has been done, much has been ascertained, and it is something to have learned even so little as is contained in our former article on the subject. Shipmasters know now how to conduct themselves when a hurricane overtakes them. They no longer give themselves up to despair. Sometimes they can even use the stormy wind for the immediate purposes of their voyage. Why should we not, on further study, find out more useful knowledge? There is no reason whatever

to the contrary; indeed, the probability is, that when we know more about hurricanes, we shall not only act differently with regard to them, but shall see in them no longer a mere fury poured out; we shall recognise them for the beautiful and mighty instruments of the beneficent will of Him who desires not the death of a sinner, whether by hurricanes, or ignorance, or any other thing, but would rather a thousandfold that he should be converted from the error and ignorance of his ways, and live and not die.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

"ANGELS UNAWARES."

BY THE REV. H. V. H. COWELL, B.A.

OME have entertained angels un-
awares," says the author of the
Epistle to the Hebrews. Abraham
did so. When sitting at his tent door,
under the shade of the terebinth of
Mamre, while the eastern sun blazed fiercely
around, he saw three mysterious men near his
habitation. He rose, went forward to greet them,
made ready a lordly meal; and thus entertained,
"unawares," messengers from the unseen world.
Lot did so. Sitting at the gate of Sodom, as the
sun shot slanting beams along the western sky, he
discerned in the gloaming two strangers approach
the city. These he pressed to spend the night
under the shelter of his roof; and thus uncon-
sciously did honour to the heavenly ambassadors
whom God had sent to deliver him and his from
the destruction impending the place. Gideon did
so. While thrashing out his father's corn at
Ophrah, he was startled by the sudden appearance
of an unfamiliar form. He made ready some
food for the wayfarer; but this was made to serve
as a sacrifice, in the flame of which the stranger
rose as a seraph to the sky.

In these cases, "angels that do always behold
the face of our Father in heaven," stood face to
face with man; and those whose voices swell the
symphonies of the skies, spoke to human ears.
Thus heavenly messengers, disguised in earthly
garb, received as men, entertained as "strangers,"
disappeared with their higher nature disclosed.

Not thus visibly do angels appear now; but often
still do heavenly messengers visit us in veiled form,
so that we do not recognise their high origin until
they "brighten as they take their flight;" and
sometimes not even then does their true nature
appear to us. It is well, then, that we should be
prepared to receive them in disguise, and should
be ready to entertain God's servants, whatever
form they may assume. Let us, then, think of
some of the "angels" whom we are apt to "enter-
tain unawares."

First, then, we doubtless often have actual
angels in our homes, or hovering over us in our
ways, while we are unaware of their presence. At
the beginning of this epistle the apostle asks,
"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to
minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"
And in the chapter that precedes the one in
which the expression "angels unawares" occurs,
he says, "Ye are come . . . to an innumerable
company of angels." The Psalmist declares, "The
angel of the Lord encampeth round about them
that fear him, and delivereth them;" and in
another psalm it is written, "He shall give his
angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy
ways." The angels who met Jacob at Mahanaim,
who ministered to our Master after his tempta-
tion, are with God's children still, to keep and
comfort them. You remember when a holy feel-
ing suddenly surprised your soul; then you
entertained an "angel unawares," who was sent to
excite heavenly emotion, as the angel at Bethesda,
descending, gave supernatural virtue to the spring.
You remember when a gleam of light flashed on
your saddened spirit; then you entertained an
"angel unawares." You remember when you
felt the chain of a sinful desire snap and fall
loose from you; then you entertained an "angel
unawares," sent to free you from the fetters
of sin, as St. Peter was delivered from the prison-
gyves.

"In solemn beauty, and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star."

In a less strictly literal, though no less true
sense, we may be said to entertain angels un-
awares, when our relations and friends prove
messengers from God to lead up the path of light
to heaven. There are those near us every day
who have definite missions from God for us.
The wife, the child, the companion, who allure to
better things, and inspire us with higher, purer

feelings, are God's messengers of mercy. But, as Leigh Hunt says so truly—

"Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

We see not in the changeling child an angel sent to bid us set our affections on things above; we recognise not in the familiar voice of a friend the still small voice of God's mercy. These are "angels unawares."

So are those who, with "the love-light on their brow," bend over the sick and suffering, relieve the destitute, instruct the ignorant. The eyes are not purged to see the unearthliness of their spirit—they are "angels unawares."

Again, in our sorrows and trials we entertain often "angels unawares." They advance to us along the plains of earth, and so, not tracing them far enough, we think they arise from the dust, spring from second causes, come from some fortuities in our lives. And the messages they bear seem so hard as to have little that is heavenly in their tone. There seems, too, so little Divine gentleness in their treatment of us, so little of God's love in their aspect; so, forgetting that—

" Oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise,"

they are to us "angels unawares."

Oh! that God would open our eyes, as he opened those of the servant of the prophet; then should we welcome those sorrows at which we so much murmur now. There was a picture exhibited some time ago, by a German painter, called "Cloud-land." At first sight, it seemed but one chaotic

mass of clouds; but, as one gazed, each cloud came clearly to assume the aspect of an angel, and gradually angels' eyes flashed forth from the former gloom, and angels' wings spread across the sky. So, if we saw aright, would each trouble appear. Yes,

"Thou art God's angel, Sorrow! Though thy face,
Veiled by the shadowy wings, is hid awhile,
Sweet is the message on the scroll we trace,
A holy rapture hath thy parting smile."

"Cowards are we—fain would we pass thee by,
When thou wouldst wake the soul by sin long stained;
But at thy flight we own thy ministry,
And find we have an angel entertained."

And once more, there is an angel that enters our homes with dusky wings, and bears away our best-beloved from our embrace. How we start at the approach of that angel—Death! yet is it God's messenger.

That angel will come some day to call from earth not ours but us; and how much depends upon the aspect that angel wears to us then! Shall we hail his approach, or shall we cry, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" This will depend on the way in which we "entertain" God's messengers now. Let us receive them reverently, listen to them teachably, entertain them as heaven-sent, whether they whisper to us in secret, or dwell with us in the familiarities of home, or approach in a chariot of cloud, or darken our threshold to bereave us of those whom we love the best; then an angel-escort shall at last bear us to our Father's house on high, as Lazarus, in our Lord's parable, was carried to Abraham's bosom.

MY FAITHFUL STAR.

DOWN the moonpath, softly creeping,
Came my little love to me;
Wakened from her first, fresh sleeping
By my farewell melody.

Chaste and childlike, 'neath the moonbeams,
Stood she there to hear my love;
Which, e'en through her deepest night-dreams,
Thus had power her soul to move.

Round my outstretched, fevered fingers
Closed her soft and cooling palm;
Round my heartstrings fondly lingers
That loved touch, so pure and calm.

Up unto the heavens then gazing
With those liquid wells of light—
Up to heaven her white hand raising
To the maiden Queen of Night,

Said she then—(I yet can hear her):—

"As that moon and planet pale,
Ever near, but never nearer,
Sadly through the night-air sail;

"So on earth, though doomed to sever
(Tears her lifted eyes now fill),
Still our hearts will cling for ever—
Cling through parting, pain, and ill!"

Thus she spoke, and softly creeping
To my heart, one kiss she gave;
Then she left me, gently weeping—
Left me, oh! so strong and brave.

Still beside me, ever gliding
Near me, yet, alas! so far;
Patient, watchful, and confiding,
Steals my fond and faithful star!



"Down the moonpath, softly creeping,
Came my little love to me."—p. 392.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN.

THE cavalry had swept through the streets with drawn sabres, and the first blood had been shed. They had wounded a few unfortunates, in all probability the most innocent in the assemblage, whose movements had not been quick enough to secure their escape. Then a shot had been fired from a window in the Rue St. Honoré, most likely in pure foolhardiness—the foolhardiness which carries its candle into the powder-magazine—and it was answered by a volley, which killed the perpetrator of the act and his companions, where they stood. Another man fell in the street, and the people snatched up the body and carried it along, with wild cries for vengeance. These sounds signified the rousing of the fierce spirit of insurrection. They were the first tokens of the storm; the fall of the loose stones before the rush and crush of a mighty avalanche.

Deputies were assembling, had been assembling all day, debating what was to be done. The bourgeoisie, whose clamours had roused the people, and whose interests alone were at stake, were beginning to be alarmed at the spirit they had raised, and would fain have laid it again. But for this they had no spell of sufficient power. A deputation to wait upon the king, the withdrawal of the ordonnances, these were their proposals. They might as well have tried to stop the rush of the avalanche once in motion, as to stay the progress of a revolution already begun, with such straws as these. The same fate awaited him who stepped in to impede the path of the one as of the other—that fate was destruction.

The sound of the first few shots was the signal for action to the unarmed crowds in the streets of the city. For the most part, they knew not for what they were about to fight, but there rose in them at the sound, the blind, brave instinct of resistance to physical force. Almost simultaneously, there floated over their heads a tricolour flag. A man of the people bore it along; there was light enough still to distinguish the colours at a distance, and the crowd everywhere opened before it. The people accepted the signal, received it with homage and in silence, a silence which broke in deeper murmurs when it had passed. These were the colours under which they would fight, to which they would rally, by which they would know one another, friend from foe. Men clubbed their pocket-handkerchiefs on the spot to form the tricolour; the red and blue cottons of the workmen, and the cambric of the rich young bourgeois, were fastened together and hoisted on sticks. The mercers' shops still open were invaded, and there sprang up, within the hour, a furious trade in tricolour which speedily exhausted all the red,

white, and blue ribbons to be had, and which, before the revolution had spent itself, had used up every yard of these within the bounds of Paris. Every man, woman and child in the city hastened to don the national colours. Man and boy wore the cockade or the breast-knot, those who wanted to appear doubly patriotic, both. When there was no more ribbon to be had, they cut up broad pieces of silk into strips, to serve instead. While ladies made their appearance in white gowns and scarves of red and blue, or any combination of the colours which came to hand, no matter though it might set their teeth on edge with its savage incongruity.

But on this first night of the outbreak the people seemed only playing at insurrection. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the tragic incidents of the evening, they laughed, and jested, and accosted the soldiers good-naturedly; they, in their turn, driving the crowd before them, more by entreaty than by force. As the darkness descended, the streets appeared to thin, and though confused noises and murmurs, and sometimes a shout, or the crash of a street-lamp, floated up to the ear of David Haldane, he was able to visit the ladies to whom he had given up his room, with the assurance that the disturbance was dying down. The younger lady was persuaded to seek repose; the elder remained for a little with him, whom she had constituted her protector.

Miss Minto—for that was the name the elder lady gave—went back with him to the room they had vacated, in order to satisfy her curiosity as to the state of affairs. The sound of a shot came to their ears as they stood at the window.

"I hope she has not heard it," she said, in a tone of alarm.

"It was some distance off," he answered.

"Ah, Mr. Haldane," she went on, with the confidence born of the hour of danger, "I am one of the happy women who have no history. My joys are other people's joys—my sorrows other people's sorrows. But for her—I have trembled for her reason. Within a month of her marriage-day, he who was to have been her husband was shot, and by her brother's hand—shot by accident, in sport. At first she was wild for death, lamenting that she could not die; but lately she has taken no interest in anything, and seems to be consuming her very soul in silence. I fear the effect of any disturbance upon her, especially of this dreadful firing."

"You may rely upon me to do whatever can be done to secure her against annoyance, though I hope that to-morrow my help may be unnecessary," he replied. And with this assurance, they separated for the night.

David Haldane neither slept, nor sought to sleep. He sat listening to the noises that sounded not unlike a sea breaking upon a distant, rocky shore.

It was the sound of men engaged in piling up the barricades. He was far from anticipating the aspect of the morrow, and yet he could not rest. He felt the disturbing influence that often seems to come with the nearness of one whose destiny is interwoven with ours. And there was another who declared—but that was in the future—that she too was subject to the same mysterious influence. She too on that night was sleepless, and on the eventful morrow she was twice startled by a face and figure which, in the distance, appeared to be no other than David Haldane, and, on a near approach, turned out to be as unlike him as possible.

When Louis Oglivie set out, on the previous evening, to escort his daughter, there issued from a closet in the room which they had quitted, a dark-eyed fury. It was Louis Oglivie's wife. Her hair and dress were in disorder, and her face was flushed. She had been confined in the darkness for some time, and her breath laboured from long suppression. The closet was used as a bedroom, and opened into a room on each side. She had entered it from the back, and was in the act of making her appearance at the other side, when the words she heard tempted her to listen. In her case, the old adage had been fulfilled. Her face flushed, and her ears tingled with anger, as she listened to her husband's complaints of her conduct. But when she heard him coolly propose to quit France and leave her behind, her rage knew no bounds. She could hardly contain herself sufficiently to remain in her place of concealment till father and daughter had taken their departure. She had paid little heed to the voice that had pleaded the sacredness of her rights. She pictured to herself her husband intent on his scheme of desertion—a scheme which she resolved to defeat.

When he returned she was sullen and silent, and on the morrow she maintained the same demeanour.

Breakfast over, Peggy withdrew to her studio, making a little *détour* to look in at the window of the shop in the Rue St. Honoré, and then going to work with the resolution of despair.

His daughter gone, Louis Oglivie proposed to go out, and his wife at once prepared to accompany him. He changed his mind upon this, and remained in the house; she remained too. Every now and then her dark, resentful eyes were upon him. She went about ostentatiously doing things with abrupt, grating noises. He shrank from contact with her visibly. An almost insane desire to get quit of her presence seized upon him. At length he said, in a tone of irritation—

"Are you not going out?"

"I will go when you go," was the answer.

"But I am not going."

"Well, then, neither am I."

"I wish you would," he muttered.

"Ah, you wish I would!" she cried, no longer able to control herself. "You think to escape me; but you shall not," she hissed, "if I never quit you till I quit you dead."

Louis Oglivie did not answer his wife on such

occasions, save by a mocking laugh; he would show that he had nothing in common with her, even in their mutual disagreement. Nevertheless he winced at her words. Her present threat had something terrible in it to his morbid mind.

So he answered nothing, but towards the afternoon he watched his opportunity and made his escape. Wrought up almost to a phrenzy of disgust and aversion, he went straight to his daughter's studio.

He found her at work, sitting in the sunshine. A cup of milk and a piece of bread had sufficed her for a midday meal, and so intent was she on the sketch before her, that when he entered she smiled and nodded, without even raising hand or eye.

"I can bear it no longer," he said, with a new vehemence, beginning to pace up and down the bare little room.

She looked up at him inquiringly, and with pity in her eyes.

"She knows all," he went on. "She was listening last night, serpent that she is. All day she has watched me, till she fell asleep, like a cat. She will follow me here—she will follow me everywhere. I cannot bear it!" and the weak and miserable man burst into tears.

His daughter laid down her pencil, and stood up dismayed in the presence of a misery which she had no power to alleviate, on which she had no sympathy to bestow.

"Stay here in the quiet," she said, leading him to sit on the seat from which she had risen. "I will go to her. Oh, father," she added, "can you not spare her a little love to heal all this cruel unhappiness?"

Ay, there lay the healing for that and many another mortal hurt; but where was the love to come from? What power on earth is to create it, where it is not? Alas for the terrible impossibility!

He would not suffer her to go, and his complainings ended in the usual appeal, "Have you got any money?"

She had but little left, but one gold coin, in fact, which she was husbanding for the payment of her small rent. She told him this, and did not offer it, for she knew, or feared, it would only do him harm; but she could not resist his eager entreaty—his tears even, and he promised faithfully to keep it for his own necessities. As soon as he had it in his hand he showed an excessive eagerness to be gone, scarcely listening to her last words; but answering at random that he would be with her again in the evening.

He hastened into the street. At the door, which was open for her entrance, stood his wife. The porter afterwards said that she seemed to be quite gay and smiling; she spoke to her husband in his presence, and her words were: "Come, we will enjoy ourselves together."

As her father had not returned, Peggy went round to their apartments at her usual hour. It was six o'clock. She remembered Henri's warning, and smiled. There was nothing unusual that she could see in the few back streets she had to traverse. Her father and stepmother had not returned. She ob-

tained the key of their rooms, that she might be there awaiting them; but the evening passed on and they did not come. She became restless and unhappy, and again went out and visited her studio, intending to return and wait for them. This time she heard the sounds of unwonted tumult, and saw unusual crowds in the quiet streets. She learned, too, that the pair were together, for the porter told her what he had seen and heard, and concluded his statement with a recommendation to her to keep within, as there was some disturbance going on. She therefore changed her mind about returning, and went back to her room for the night. Her father had doubtless made it up with his wife, and they were enjoying themselves together, as the latter had said.

From her roof she could hear the sounds of the tumult below, and a vague, nameless apprehension, which was not fear so much as foreboding, took possession of her as she listened. The sounds were of the unseen, the unknown. She could form no conjecture what they were, what the people could be doing in the night, for the sounds were those of labour rather than of fight. She flung herself on her bed near the open lattice and listened, and sleep was banished from her eyes.

CHAPTER LIV.

FROM DAWN TO DUSK.

NEVER did a lovelier day dawn on any city of the world than the morning of the 28th of July, 1830, as it rose over the city of Paris; and many were the sleepless eyes in the gay capital to which the light was welcome as hope from heaven. Many a watcher had watched there throughout the night for one who had not returned—for one who, now, never would return to the place he had called his home: for on that fatal morning the people were intent on blood. The tiger had been roused, and was ravening for prey. At an early hour men were turning out into the streets, armed with whatever came to hand, preparing to march *en masse* from their quarters, St. Antoine, St. Denis, and St. Martin, and to carry insurrection into the very heart of the capital.

But at an early hour the central portion of the city, which was about to be turned into a bloody battle-ground, was still comparatively quiet. The struggle had not begun when Peggy Oglivie, having watched the splendour of the dawn "melt into the light of common day," and having in vain essayed her task, stole down the stair as soon as any one was stirring. She stopped to exchange a few words with the concierge, a seemingly sleepless old soldier. He had heard the reports of the night—reports in which the fighting and killing were, of course, fearfully exaggerated, and which he was evidently desirous to verify, if his wife, who was even more preternaturally vigilant than himself, would allow him to do so. He therefore made light of alarms, and Peggy passed out into the street with the strange foreboding weighing on her heart.

Her worst fears appeared to be realised, when she found that neither her father nor stepmother had been in the house that night. Again she set herself to the dreary task of waiting; but the morning wore on, and they did not return. Every moment increased the tumult in the streets. If she waited longer they might be impassable. She resolved to go back, leaving a message for her father. He would surely come to her as soon as he could, when he learnt that she was in anxiety about him. She was more at home in her own little room, for the people here were new and strange to her; while she had exchanged friendly greetings with most of the inhabitants of the house of which her studio was an insignificant portion.

She was again on her way through the streets, but even yet they did not look very terrible. It was ten o'clock before the troops, concentrated in and near the Tuileries, received their orders to march; and as yet there was no fighting, for there were no foes to encounter.

To her, the aspect of things seemed by no means alarming. The crowds she passed through were still gay and good-humoured, though the excitement was immense. Every one spoke to every one else, it seemed, and all sorts of rumours were afloat. The city had been declared in a state of siege, and the soldiers had received orders to encompass it, and fire upon the people. True enough, as it turned out, but only half believed by the multitude.

She suffered herself to go with the stream till she came into the familiar Rue St. Honoré. But how changed was its aspect! At one end a huge barricade, on which armed men were mounted on the look-out; the shops either unopened or shutting again in haste; a dense mass of people on every side. Before she could retreat, she found herself completely hemmed in by a sudden movement of the crowd. It was caused by the approach of a patrol of infantry, accompanied by some mounted lancers of the guards. The unarmed multitude fell back, for the people who were to do the fighting had not yet arrived on the scene of action; and above the tumult, a woman's voice cried from the balcony of an hotel—

"Do not kill! Soldiers! do not fire."

The balcony was exactly opposite where Peggy stood, trembling and alone in the press, and she looked up eagerly, for the words were spoken in English. In the excitement of the moment, the lady had forgotten that her own language was not that of those whom she addressed. But soldiers and people seemed to understand the language of the heart, in the clasped hands and supplicating gesture, for the officer took off his cap, and bowed as he rode on, and some in the crowd were not behind him in the graceful homage.

A glance showed Peggy that the lady was young and beautiful, but the glance was immediately riveted on her companion. This time there could be no mistake. She had been startled already by a faithless resemblance, which had vanished from her sight, but this was indeed David Haldane. It was

no momentary glance she was permitted to take, for she saw him come out barcheaded upon the balcony beside the lady; she saw the brown locks tossed back; the gesture of tender entreaty, no doubt accompanied with still more tender words; and then he almost bore her into the room. She was doubtless his wife, beautiful and full of goodness, and every way worthy of him. Peggy exaggerated her loveliness, great as it was, for her heart had thrilled with sympathy, at the cry of the woman's heart. To her that white-robed girl, crying out, "Do not kill—do not fire," was an heroic figure, remained an heroic figure evermore, when she shuddered at the bare idea of her before whom Frenchmen ground their arms as she passed bloodstained from the victory. More than one woman took part in the fighting; and one received this mark of honour—or disgrace.

The two figures retreated from the window, and a sense of utter desolateness fell upon the spirit of her who watched them, as she stood alone in the press below. In the next few moments, worse than the bitterness of death passed over her, for life remained while hope had died. She knew then, that for her there could be no refuge from the world's dreary selfishness, such as there is to be found in the sheltering love of a heart that is wholly ours. How strangely Fate had tantalised her! hiding from her the happiness which was within her reach, and holding it up before her, that she might recognise it before it vanished for ever.

A mist swam before her eyes, and she stood heedless of the tumult around her. A little longer, and she would have seen David Haldane return to the window and take up his post of observation there, letting nothing escape his keen and earnest scrutiny; a little longer, and her eyes might have encountered his—might have seen his sign of joyful recognition, and she might have been at least within the shelter of a friendly arm: but at that moment the roll of a drum was heard at a distance, and a shout arose—"To the quays! to the quays!" The human tide was turned, and poured in streams down every intersecting street. On one of these streams she was borne along unresistingly, like a twig down the course of a torrent.

The new movement of the crowd had been caused by the intelligence, which seemed to penetrate it like lightning, that the troops were on the move—were coming to plant their cannon on the quays. Instead of running from the danger, this strange, brave multitude flew to meet it. It was this that gave the revolution its unconquerable force. To have conquered Paris that day would have been to depopulate it.

The troops had been ordered to march in two divisions: one eastward and southward, from the Tuileries along the right bank of the Seine to the Hôtel de Ville and the Place de Grève; the other by the northern Boulevards to the Place de Bastille, and from thence through the Faubourg St. Antoine; thus drawing a cordon round the greater portion of the city.

Besides these, two battalions of the guards took up their position in the centre of this circle, in the Marché des Innocents, with orders to divide the city, by keeping the Rue St. Denis open from end to end—from the Boulevards to the river.

From the first it fared ill with the two latter portions of the little army. Neither of them was able to accomplish its object. Three battalions of guards, a hundred and fifty lances, and two pieces of cannon rolled along the Boulevards. The trees fell behind them as they marched, barricades were piled with incredible rapidity to cut off their return; attacked at the Ports St. Denis and St. Martin, they managed to reach the Faubourg St. Antoine; but here they were engulfed. Nothing more was heard of them for the remainder of the day. They were fighting a hopeless battle, with hosts of foes swarming out upon them from narrow street and crooked alley, and hurling on their heads, from all the houses, everything that could be turned into a missile; while doors opened to receive the enemy whom they pursued, and closed in their baffled faces. In the end they had to turn, and go round by the new Boulevards on the south, to reach their starting-point, when the day's fight was over.

Meantime, the first division had skirted the river and arrived at the Pont Neuf, which they crossed half way, and advanced into the Isle de Cité, as far as the bridge of Notre Dame. Here they passed to the north bank of the river, and charged the crowd assembled on the Place de Grève. Then the fight began in earnest, the cannon opened fire, and rained a storm of grape upon the Place; and the soldiers took possession, and cleared it of all save the dead and dying. But from the southern bank of the Seine the people kept pouring into the island, and manning the Quai de la Cité with sharpshooters, who, under cover of the river wall, did grievous execution among the soldiers on the other side.

Amid the mêlée Peggy Oglivie had been borne along, scarce knowing or caring whither, till she found herself over the bridge and on the island, in the neighbourhood of Notre Dame. Then making an effort to disengage herself, she hastened for refuge to the great cathedral, in which many women had already taken shelter when the firing commenced. The great bell of the cathedral clanged and boomed over their heads, and the sound of the firing reached their ears, representing to their shuddering fancy a scene of slaughter even more terrible than the reality. Many cast themselves on the pavement, weeping and crying; others retired into the chapels, and knelt in silent prayer. Notwithstanding the tumult without, there was the usual sacred hush within, which subdued even the sound of weeping. It died away in murmurs. The fever of excitement calmed under the shadow of the solemn aisles, cool and dim, while the hot sunshine without blistered and almost blinded the raging people.

The sound of the firing did not cease. Hour after hour it was kept up, till the blazing noon passed over them, and the shadows lengthened eastward.

Pale and motionless—nearly as pale and motionless as the white image above her head—Peggy Oglivie sat during those terrible hours. She knelt and tried to pray, but her attention wandered—wandered from the exhaustion consequent on watching and want of food. It seemed as if those sounds of discord would never cease. Still she did not move. She felt as if she would gladly die.

Two Sisters of Charity—in their black gowns and white headgear looking as if the sun never burned and the dust never soiled them, and as peaceful as if they had come out of a cloister-garden, instead of through the blood-stained streets of an insurgent city—came into the little chapel. They laid down their bag, filled with gifts for the poor, said their evening prayer, and were about to depart. A woman asked them for bread, and they bade her follow them to the door of the church. Peggy remembered that she had not tasted food that day, and another remembrance seized her, which made her rise and quit the sanctuary with the sisters.

It was a strange recollection to occur at such a time and place—no other than that of Henri's

small dog Fanchon, who must be famishing, shut up in her room unfed since yesterday. She was hastening on, thinking of Fanchon, when Fanchon's master suddenly appeared. On the instant the boy offered her his escort with the greatest gallantry in the world. At another time she would have smiled at the little man, as he raised his cocked hat and walked by her side, sword in hand. He was full of the incidents of the day, and tripped along gaily, his hat in his hand half the time, his childish face begrimed and smiling. He was a sight for a tender heart to weep at. David Haldane, from his post of observation, which he had seldom quitted throughout the day, and which had become one of danger too, noticed him. The students had made themselves conspicuous, and he was in full-dress uniform. He did not, however, notice his companion until it was too late. When he did, he started from his place and rushed out after them. They had disappeared down a side street. He followed, but only to see them vanish round another. When he reached the second turning, they had disappeared altogether.

(To be continued.)

SOLDIER JOHNNY.

PART I.



JOHNNY MAYNARD was a bright little boy of ten years, with large blue eyes, round, red cheeks, curly brown hair, and—an ambition. Now this ambition was—to be a soldier.

Yes, to be a soldier, and wear medals and stripes like his Uncle Fred, who had been in the Crimea, and afterwards in India: going out a private, and returning home a sergeant-major.

Johnny's father was a farmer; that is to say, he had a few acres of land to cultivate, and lived in a tiny farmhouse, round which ever arose a continuous chorus from beast and fowl—the cackling of hens, the grunting and squeaking of pigs, the quacking of ducks, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of kine, an occasional hee-haw from Mr. Edward Bray, and an intermittent crow from chanticleer. In this musical atmosphere was our hero born, so that, whenever he blew a martial call upon his penny trumpet, he was well accompanied by a numerous natural orchestra. When I have mentioned that not far from the house was a small rickyard, in which were stacked and thatched the hay and corn of last harvest, I think I have given you as much of the geography of the place as will be necessary to our story.

What halcyon days for Johnny were those of Uncle Fred's stay at the farm! Uncle Fred had plenty of stirring tales to tell, of battles, and sieges, and skirmishes, and lonely bivouacs; and finding in his nephew a greedy listener, tell them he did, over and over again, day after day, from morning till night, when Johnny went to bed charged to the full, to dream a chaos of flood and fire, and an incessant

whizz and whirl of shot and shell. Then Uncle Fred allowed Johnny to fasten on his big white belt with the bayonet, and his large red sash, and to bury his small head in the enormous black "busby" worn by grenadiers: and thus accoutred, our enterprising young hero would strut and stumble about in grand style, to the no small amusement of the household. So this is how, like the youth whose name was Norval, he had heard of battles, and longed

"To follow to the field some warlike chief,"

rather than follow the plough. After a time Uncle Fred had to rejoin his regiment, and there was an end to the wonderful stories and the daily march with the bayonet and busby; but the "scarlet" fever once taken, was not to die out so quickly. Johnny all at once caught a happy idea. He would make a regiment of his own, and he should be captain. So one day after school, when the master had granted a half-holiday, he set about the enlistment of as many of his schoolfellows as he could induce, with almost as much craft as any recruiting-sergeant in Her Majesty's service. As Betty, Mrs. Maynard's servant-of-all-work, said, "To hear how that little chap went on, for all the world like his own uncle, about honour and glory and offending this 'ere glorious free country, was that amazin', 'nuff to take yer off yer head a'most!"

In this way he got together about twenty of his schoolfellows, and brought the whole troop into the farmyard, an old corner shed in which was granted by Johnny's indulgent father for the head-quarters and armory of the corps.

I dare say you have played at soldiers, too, my boy;

but I am sure you would like to know how Johnny organised his army.

"Now, look here—I mean, 'tention," said he, as they ranged themselves in a rank before him. "You've all 'listed yourselves into a new reg'ment—eyes front—aint you?"

"Yes," in tones equal to the solemnity of the occasion.

"And I'm your—'ten-tion!"—(what a concentration of mind the gallant officer seemed to require!)"—"and I'm your captain, aint I?"

"Three cheers for Captain John!"

And our young martinet was lax enough to allow those three cheers to be given.

"Ten-tion! Now, of course, we must have a sergeant-major, and a sergeant, and two corporals.—Jemmy Slow, turn out your toes; *you'll* never be an officer, make sure o' that.—First, who's to be our sergeant-major? Now, mind, *I* don't want to choose him; but Bill Slade is the biggest of the lot, and he carries his head very back on his shoulders—But who's that muttering?"

"Yees," said a heavy-looking lad, "*ye* wants to favour 'un, acos his fayther wuks on your farm."

"No, it aint," exclaimed Johnny, firing up; "no it aint, private Jenks! just you mind your own business a little, will ye? It *aint* that, 'cos father told me this very morning, that he shouldn't keep Slade on another week. And if you say another word, I'll try you by court-martial for mutiny and drum you out o' the regiment."

So Bill Slade was made sergeant-major, and the other officers were selected by the captain—although mind, *he* didn't want to choose—without opposition, as the smallest sign of it was threatened with a court-martial, a horrible thing which they did not understand, and a drum out, also a thing in which Jehnny had the advantage of superior knowledge.

"And now," continued the captain, "we shall want a uniform; a cockade will do. What sort of cockade shall it be?"

"Hens' feathers," suggested the sergeant-major.

"No, it won't," snapped the captain; "they aint shiny enough. Betty's going to kill a cock to-morrow, and we can have the tail, if I ask for it. I shall have the largest feather, being captain, and the sergeant-major the next biggest, and the sergeant and corporals the next pick, and so on. Aint that right?"

"Yes, and please, sir," said the sergeant-major, "don't we want a name to be called by?"

"Name! of course; you don't suppose we're going to be a reg'ment without a name for the Queen to call us by? 'cos," continued the captain with much solemnity of manner, "I mean to tell Uncle Fred all about it, and he being a sergeant-major in the guards, lives very near to Buckingham Palace, and sees the Queen quite often; so you see he can easily tell *her* all about it. We'll call our regiment—'tention!—we'll call our regiment the Queen's Own—"

"Cocktails," suggested the sergeant-major.

"Ah, right,—the Queen's Own Cocktails. It sounds fine! won't the Queen be proud of it when she hears about it, that's all! Three cheers for the Queen and the Queen's Own Cocktails!"

Having in this manner formed his regiment, our young captain instituted drill and parade. And it was a cheerful, if not a very imposing sight, to see them perform their wonderful evolutions, which Johnny had learned from Uncle Fred. When on parade, the Queen's Own Cocktails had their band, in full strength of three tin whistles and a tam-bourine; and as they thus marched into the adjoining village, the whole juvenile population turned out to receive them. I forgot to tell you that the other sergeant carried the colours of the regiment, which had been made with a flaming red handkerchief belonging to Farmer Maynard, and an old broom-handle, begged with eloquence that "took her off her head a'most," from poor old Betty. The captain carried a tin sword, and the rest shouldered their gun-shaped hedge-stakes with soldierly vigour. But ambition grows upon its own success. They felt that much more was yet to be attained, and that their gun-practice was only a mockery and a delusion, while they were obliged to make noises with their mouths to represent the noise of firing. One day they had been drilling in this fashion, and the captain was giving the word—"Fire!" when the sergeant-major, who had been ominously silent from the commencement of the drill, now suddenly broke out with—

"I say, captain!"

"Silence, Sergeant-major Slade," rebuked the captain; "I'm 'stounded at you. It aint dis'pline to speak to your commanding officer in that fashion while on duty."

"Well, I was only a——"

"Silence, I tell you, Sergeant-major Slade. If you stop me while I'm speaking again, I'll reduce you to the ranks. 'Tention there, corporals. Now, sergeant-major, what have you got to say?" jerked out our young captain, with his left hand upon his belt of pink ribbon, and his right hand on the hilt of his sword; "and first of all, make your proper salute."

"If you please, sir," began the humbled sergeant-major, "we're all getting jolly tired of growling out bang-bang, when you tell us to fire."

"What business have you to get jolly tired, I should like to know?" exclaimed the captain, who, you see, was a very strict disciplinarian. "Who gave you leave to get jolly tired? It's mutiny, to do anything without leave from your commanding officer." The captain was rather partial to the phrase, "your commanding officer," it having been a frequent expression of Uncle Fred's.

"Beg your pardon, cap'n," remonstrated Sergeant-major Slade; "but I was only going to venter a observation, as I thought on, this morning."

"Don't be so long about it, then; but let's have it."

"Well, cap'n, I thought as how—Here we've bin

a goin' on day after day, and firing away nothin' but bang-bang, with our own breath; when all the while we might have had real fire, and real bangs, with no trouble at all."

"What a jolly idea! How's that, Bill?" asked Johnny, eagerly, forgetting his "dis'pline" in the excitement of the moment.

"Why, with lucifer-matches, in course," replied Bill. "All you've got to do is, take your pocket-knife, and cut off the head of the match, stick the head into the hinge of the knife, and squeeze it together—so!" And the sergeant-major illustrated his lecture with an example, to the great delight and edification of the captain, who had not known of this "dodge" before.

"Think," concluded the sergeant-major, with a look of sublime triumph—"think what a jolly noise, the whole score on us could make, firing away all at once, and together; and I know we've all got knives."

"But, where are the matches to come from?" pursued the captain.

"Well, you bein' cap'n, ought to find the matches, I should think," said the sergeant-major.

But the captain's pocket-money was quite exhausted, and he knew that old Betty must not let him take any away from the house; so he said—"No, I think the sergeant-major ought to provide the am'nition."

"But, please, sir, I can't. My fayther is so jolly cross about bein' turned off your farm, that he won't give me a single penny at all now, and would give me a good licking even if I took only a single match."

Here was a pretty fix. No matches, and, no money to buy them with. He would grant them all a furlough for one day, so that he might consider the question, and afterwards call a council of war: so he said—

"Tention! Eyes front, all of ye. Private Slow, four toes again. I grant you all a furlough for one day. Present arms."

The next day hung very heavily on the captain's hands, and he could not arrive at a fair solution of the important problem before him. There was not one wealthy warrior amongst them all, and when they had a penny to spend, to their undying shame be it spoken, it unfailingly went to Goody Silkstone's for toffy. All the morning Johnny disconsolately wandered about the farmyard in search of an idea, until wearied of the pursuit, with a sigh, which was a very deep one for a young captain, he turned into the kitchen, resolved as a last resource to seek counsel of old Betty.

But old Betty was not there. With a howl of impatience he was rushing away, when something on the high mantelshelf caught his eye.

A matchbox.

Johnny felt very guilty. He had never contemplated any such act before, and he now trembled all over. He had brooded over it so long, that he now lost all control over himself, and it seemed as if

he could not help taking it off the mantelshelf and bolting away.

What a useful servant is logic to the Evil One! Johnny now began to use logic. "After all," said he to himself, as he took down the box and slipped it into his pocket, "it's only half a box-full of matches, worth about a farthing; and as to my not being allowed to take them away from the house, because it's dangerous, that's all nonsense, as if I should be such a stupid as to set fire to anything. Besides, I am doing nothing at all to-day, and I should like to have a little practice in firing 'em off."

So Johnny stole out of the house, and, like the stupid he just now professed himself not to be, made for the rickyard.

"They'll neither see nor hear me here," argued he.

Bang—bang, went match after match. Johnny laid the open match-box on the ground, so that he might pick up his charges the more quickly.

"It's awfully jolly!" said Johnny. Bang—bang—fizz! "Goodness gracious! what's that?"

One of the lighted matches had fallen into the box and set it all ablaze. If Johnny had tried to set the whole rickyard on fire, he could not have planned it better. The box lay on a loose wisp of hay, and close to the foot of a hayrick; a gentle breeze was blowing—just the very breeze to keep a flame alight; so, though Johnny stamped and jumped upon it with all his might, it was too late: the flame spread from the box to the loose wisp, from the loose wisp to the hayrick, and presently he saw a growing column of smoke issuing from the roof of the rick. The mischief was done; the whole rickyard would be in flames, and he was lost! The fright gave him only one impulse, and he sped away in the opposite direction from home; anywhere—anywhere, so that it was out of sight, and nobody could find him!

In another minute a man passed by, and saw the smoke rising from the rick. He was very much startled; but a fierce gleam shot from his eyes as he said, "Good, good! My enemy has met with his punishment. But what if the whole rickyard should be burnt down? That will be dreadful. I don't want to ruin the man. I must give the alarm."

But the revenge in his heart would not let him act at once according to his conscience. He came away very lingeringly; and it was only when nearing the farmyard that he began to run, shouting, "Fire!—fire!"

He met Farmer Maynard running towards the rickyard with a pail of water in either hand, and his three farm-servants following him with other buckets.

"Oh, is it you, Slade?" exclaimed the farmer, without stopping. "Very kind of you to tell me—very! Come on, lads!"

But when the poor farmer reached the spot he found the case was almost hopeless. "We must get the engine," said he. "Johnny—Johnny! where are you? Oh, the young scamp! he is never by when he is wanted. Smith, run for your life to the town and fetch the engine; and," he added, whispering into his ear, "bring the constable with you."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BIVVER

— Saturday, March 14, 1853. —



THE FIRST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN ERECTED A.D. 61.

THE peculiar beauty that is inseparable from noble and majestic architectural ruins, in the instance of the ruins of the great monasteries that are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands, is certain to be powerfully enhanced by their association with beautiful and picturesque natural scenery. The builders of those once magnificent edifices loved

hill-sides, and wooded valleys, and winding streams, and they chose for their own retreats and for the sites of their architectural triumphs, the fairest of the many fair scenes which in their days were placed absolutely at their disposal: and so we now find the shattered relics of our old abbeys, in addition to their intrinsic interest and attractiveness, to be beautiful also for situation. Many and great, doubtless, were the changes which in various ways affected the general aspect of the scenery surrounding the abbeys, during the long interval that intervened between their original foundation and their dissolution in the sixteenth century; and still more decided and more important changes may have succeeded in later times: yet the monastic ruins are certain, at least, to prove that once they were surrounded with natural beauties of a very high order, even if now they are not actually encompassed and incorporated with as much of natural beauty as was theirs in the olden time.

Second to very few (if, indeed, to any) English monastic remains, in every quality and circumstance that is powerful to excite the delighted admiration of all who know them, are the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Very pleasant are the Somersetshire hills, where they yet linger, rich as they are in historical memories, and richer still in traditional associations: and most striking in their varied loveliness are the views that spread away on every side from those chisel-wrought memorials, which with silent eloquence declare how powerful man is both to create and to overthrow.

It is not, however, with either the artistic excellences of the Glastonbury ruins, or the fine scenery in the midst of which they have been preserved, that I am now specially concerned; nor do I desire on the present occasion to direct attention to any historical incidents connected with Glastonbury Abbey, whether in the palmy days of its early grandeur, or during the subsequent era of its decline and fall. But it is upon the traditions of Glastonbury which precede its positively established history, that I have a few words to address to all who, like myself, are unable to read these five words "*The First Church in England*," without the thrilling consciousness of their being pre-eminently stored with memories the most glorious, and the most precious of associations. This very short sentence, "The first church in England," is, indeed, one that at once engages thoughtful attention and commands the warmest sympathies; it leads the involuntary train of thought to a remote period, in which the earliest of the edifices that ever was erected for Christian worship in this church-building and church-loving country of ours, stood alone—a solitary, humble structure,

in this then remote "island of the sea," the very world's end of what in those days constituted the known earth.

Reflections such as these naturally and necessarily lead to the inquiries: Is anything whatever known concerning a first church in England? By whom is it supposed to have been built, and at how early a period, and on what spot of English ground did it probably stand?

No historical record of unquestionable authority is known to be in existence, which beyond all doubt or hesitation fixes either the site or the era of the first church, or sets forth the name of its founder; and yet there are very strong and cogent reasons for believing that the first church was erected in England very near the middle of the first century of the Christian era; that it was founded by a personage no less venerable and interesting than Joseph of Arimathea himself; and, further, that this first of English churches stood on that very spot, in the midst of the pleasant hills of Somersetshire, upon which in after times the great Abbey of Glastonbury grew up in stately dignity, and where its ruins, so magnificently solemn in their decay, remain to this very day.

It will be understood that claims are urged for more than one other locality, time-honoured in association with the history of English Christianity, as the site of the "first church in England." Some persons suppose that Canterbury Cathedral, and not what once was Glastonbury Abbey, is standing now on this memorable spot. It is, indeed, most true that, with a happy consistency, the metropolitan Cathedral of Canterbury stands where stood that venerable structure, whether British or Roman, which Augustine found when, in the year 597, he came to re-establish Christianity amongst the Anglo-Saxons. But neither Canterbury, nor any one of the other places where very early Christian churches were certainly erected in this island, can rival Glastonbury as a claimant for the very first church;—the *very first*, as many have believed and affirmed, of the churches, not in England only, but in universal Christendom.

All the most ancient edifices that were consecrated for Christian worship, and particularly those that were erected specially for that high service, in all external and material qualities were humble as was the worldly condition of the primitive worshippers. Altogether unlike the spacious and splendid structures which rapidly arose in the principal cities as soon as Christianity had become the religion of the emperor and of the empire, the first churches were small and lowly, and without any pretension either to architectural merit, or to distinctiveness of character. It is more than probable that the first church in

England, whether or not it may also have been the first Christian church that ever was constructed for the special purpose of worship, as a building, was the humblest amongst the humble. The first church at Glastonbury, according to an early chronicler, had its walls made of stakes driven into the ground, and of branches and twigs "wended and twisted together after the ancient custom,"—such a structure exactly as appears represented in our wood-engraving. The length of it, we are also told, was sixty feet, and the breadth twenty-six. Joseph of Arimathea is said to have reached the shores of Britain in the year of our Lord 61; when he established himself, and with himself, the eleven companions of his travel and his fellow-labourers in his ministry, at the place we now know as Glastonbury. And there they built the first church: and there, in their own simplest, yet noblest of metropolitan churches, those true "pilgrim fathers" worshipped and "preached the word." This was believed, from a very early period, throughout Britain. Many of our earliest historians place the first English church at Glastonbury, and record the tradition of its origin. In consequence of its priority of existence, this particular church is found to have been frequently entitled by our earliest writers as "the church founded and built by our Lord's disciples," as "the beginning and fountain of all religion in England," as "the mother of the saints," and "the tomb of the saints," while the place where it was erected is called, in both the same spirit and the same form of expression, "the first land of God," and "the first land of saints in England."

Such is the tradition which assigns to the first church in England a local identity, and to the founder and builder of it gives a distinguished name. Southey, a judicious and thoughtful writer, considers the tradition to be worthy of credit, from the circumstance that it was never contradicted, nor were any conflicting claims adduced in those ages, when other churches would have derived very great temporal advantages from being able to have advanced similar pretensions on their own behalf. From the first, to so far as we can trace out any allusion to the matter at all, Glastonbury claimed to have its abbey standing where the first church had stood; and from the first also, through many an age, in which no such claim could have stood firm without good and solid ground to stand upon, the claim of Glastonbury was accepted and recognised as worthy of all acceptance. For example, it is certain that the Churchmen of England, who were present at the Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle, severally held in the years 1409, 1414, and 1431, brought forward the Glastonbury tradition, as proof that no Continental ecclesiastics had a right to rank in

precedence before themselves; and the validity of this argument was admitted. And again, at the present time, in his "Architectural History of Glastonbury Abbey," published last year, Professor Willis, one of the most cautious as well as the most discriminating of inquirers, after narrating the early traditions of that church, collected by William of Malmesbury, remarks: "One fact can certainly be derived from them, namely, that there existed on the spot, which is the scene of the tale, a *structure of twisted rods or hurdles*, which was believed to have been built as a Christian oratory, and reported to be *the earliest church erected in Britain*; also, that it especially bore the name of *Vetusta Ecclesia*, the 'Old Church,' and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. To show the veneration in which the structure itself was held, the chronicler records that, 'according to the tradition of the fathers, St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York (A.D. 630), clothed the old church, which before was *made of inter-twined rods*, with boards, and covered it with lead from top to bottom.'"

It is tradition, then, which places at the Glastonbury of to-day the first church in England, said to have been erected in the year 61. But the weight, and value, and validity of tradition vary very greatly; and in every case they must be estimated by special circumstances, and determined upon their own particular merits. Where the voice of tradition has been clear, strong, distinct, unvarying, and long-continued; where its truth is, at least, probable, and it is opposed by no weighty evidence; also, where it can appeal to an early, a general, and a sustained acceptance, it is but reasonable to believe that it contains the outlines, if not the substance, of a true chronicle. The tradition that places at Glastonbury the first English church, "a structure of twisted rods or hurdles," is of such a character as this. It possesses, in the most remarkable degree, every quality of authenticity; and, with extraordinary emphasis, it supports and maintains its own allegation; while (as I have already stated) many of our early histories concur in confirming its testimony.

The church which the good and pious Paulinus built at Glastonbury, and the "old church" that he covered over for protection, alike have passed away. That "old church" itself must also have been restored many times after the veritable "first church" of all had been set up in apostolic times, and before Paulinus appeared to render to it a becoming tribute of reverential care. Of the magnificent abbey, also—in part of Norman work, and partly of the Early Gothic of England—roofless walls, and broken arches, and shattered sculptures, are the chief existing remains. But the name and the memory of Joseph of Arimathea are still preserved in inseparable association with the

ruins of Glastonbury. The remains of the pious saint himself, the *first of English church-builders*, are believed to rest in the hallowed ground where his own church was placed by him: and amidst the ruins of the grand abbey of later days, covered over and sheltered by a low rounded arch of massive masonry, lavishly enriched with the zig-zag work that the architects of the North so dearly loved, the "Well of St. Joseph" may still be seen.

A representation of the "old church," the "first church in England," has been given by Sir Henry Spelman, in his work, entitled "*Consilia Britannica*," published in 1639, as he obtained it from a plate which was fixed in a pillar of the new church, and was preserved after the destruction of the monastery. The same venerable structure has also been engraved, from the same authority, in Sammes' "*Antiquities of Ancient Britain*," p. 213, (published in 1676); and, more recently, in Phelps'

"*Somersetshire*," p. 40; in "*Scenes and Sketches from English History*," p. 314; and in the *Evangelical Register* for February, 1839, p. 48. (See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, x. 415.) At length a copy of one of the early engravings became the property of an artist, in whose service the sunlight itself has been taught by modern science to perform the most important duties. So the old engraving at last has been photographed; and the photograph, beautifully executed, with the little memoir which is published with it, has been sent to THE QUIVER, by the kindness of the proprietor and publisher, Mr. W. H. Mason, of Brighton; and, reversing the process adopted by Mr. Mason, THE QUIVER has engraved the photograph, that it might be enabled to place before its readers as faithful a representation as possible of the simple structure that was considered to have been the First Church in England. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—IX.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.



CAPTAIN SCOTT would not give a decisive answer at once that night, in regard to accepting an appointment as almoner, or taking any district under his own particular charge.

He was naturally of rather a cautious disposition, and preferred, as he told his friend, to sleep on it, at least one night, and indeed even to take a day or two fully to consider the matter, before committing himself.

Sydney Welworth did not care to use any further arguments or persuasion than he had already done.

"I have this evening," he said, "just shown you the sort of thing you would have to undertake, if you like to join us. You complain of being without any occupation, and wish that you could find some object in which to interest yourself. I don't think that you will find any other which will more thoroughly answer your purpose, even looking at it from the more selfish and interested side of the question, while at the same time others will be deriving relief and benefit from your services, and I feel quite sure that, even after what you have seen in this evening's rounds with me, you will lay your head on your pillow to-night in a more satisfied and contented, if not an actually happier, frame of mind, than you have done for, perhaps, some considerable time."

Archie took his friend's advice in good part, and really did his best to analyse his own feelings thoughtfully and conscientiously that night when he turned into his bed. He fully carried out his intention of devoting the best part of the next

two days to fairly considering the pros and the cons of the question, giving one day exclusively to each; and, to make quite sure of arriving at a just and impartial decision, even thought it necessary, almost as a matter of conscience, to spend one afternoon in his old corner in the club, so as to try the effect of sitting there with nothing to do. That decided him.

That very evening he addressed a letter to his friend, the Hon. Sydney Welworth, informing him, in his own homely style, that he considered that he (Sydney) had decidedly "hit the right nail on the head," and that he had spoken only "like a printed book of wisdom," for that he certainly had found that he had gone to bed happier, slept sounder, and awoke up fresher, even after the day devoted to "cons," than he had done since his sad reverse in circumstances, or, more correctly speaking, disappointed expectations; and, therefore, he was ready, if the society should think fit to appoint him, to "go in" for the charge of a district, though he could not, at first start, engage to bind himself for more than two days in the week.

His services were accordingly accepted, at the very next meeting of the working committee of the society, and Captain Archibald Scott became the accredited almoner to the district of St. Edward the Confessor-in-the-East. So far in the east, indeed, beyond the most distant and undiscovered regions of Bethnal Green, does that district, dedicated to the memory of that respectable old Saxon monarch, lie, that, as the astonished cabman, who had driven the captain down there

on the next morning after his appointment, was overheard to declare to some of his brethren of the rank, that Shoreditch or the Commercial Road might be considered quite as west-end or fashionable localities, in comparison to the regions he had that day explored. And whatever such a real swell as the capting could possibly be "up to" down in such outlandish parts as them, he, the cabby, was quite at a loss (though not perhaps expressed in quite such delicate language) to conceive.

What the captain was "up to," was going round his new district, seeking out and making acquaintance with the incumbent, the Scripture readers, the Independent minister, and, in short, the authorities, or any principal persons of the district, who could supply him with any information as to the number of the population, the general character of the work or means of livelihood of the inhabitants, the average amount of poor rates, local charities, or other institutions, and any other particulars in regard to the lowest and poorest classes of the inhabitants; all of which he had to set down in a printed schedule, with which he had been officially supplied by the secretary of the society, upon his accepting the appointment of almoner.

Besides that, he had to find out and arrange with the proprietor of one of the local coal-stores, and the most respectable general grocer and provision shop in the neighbourhood, for the proper recognition of the printed orders or tickets, which he was about to distribute among the poor, sick, and suffering, who, partly from the bitter severity of the weather, partly from the unusual depression in trade and capital of some of the great employers, were to be found in hundreds, and even thousands, in all the eastern districts of London.

Captain Scott soon found out that it was indeed no sinecure which he had undertaken, but having—to use his own term—once "gone in" for it, he certainly stuck to the work which he found cut out for him, like a man, and a soldier trained to know what duty really is. He was no longer to be found in his old corner in the club, at least during the day-time. The two crusty old gentlemen had the big room pretty well all to themselves for the rest of that winter, each in undisputed possession of his own favourite fire-side; though, by the way, Archie, before giving it up to them entirely, by adroitly pitting them one against another, managed to extort from each a five-pound note towards the funds of the society of which he had become a member.

As Welworth had foretold, he very soon became too much interested in his new work to be contented with the two days in the week to which he had cautiously restricted his services on

first starting; three, four, even five days running, while the worst pressure of distress lasted, might the gallant captain be seen rattling along eastwards in a hansom, with an eagerness and interest in the expression of his countenance very different from the old, listless gape, which always appears to be the stereotyped characteristic of a "heavy swell."

"One learns such a lot of new things of all sorts, you see," said Archie, describing his new avocation to a friend. "I used to fancy that I had seen as much of what is called life, and knew as much of the world, as most men; whereas I now find that I just knew nothing at all beyond a narrow circle, the radius of which was hardly beyond the length of my own nose, or thereabouts. Such new characters one meets with!—why, if I had only gained the acquaintance, as I have done, of that noble body of men, the London working clergy, and seen the zeal and earnestness with which they devote themselves to their endless and almost hopeless work, I should feel myself well rewarded for any little trouble I may have taken. And there are the parish doctors, too; the work those poor fellows go through is quite wonderful. They may not perhaps be considered to be a very polished lot, but a better-hearted, more charitable set of men, I never met; and their extraordinary kindness, and the deal of good they do with the very small means at their disposal, is perfectly astounding."

One thing, at any rate, Archie Scott learnt amongst others—the real value of money, and upon how very little a poor man with his family can manage to subsist, if really obliged to do so. He who three months before had looked upon an income, or rather allowance, of £500 a year as positive starvation, now began to hold very different views as to the relative value of that sum, when brought into immediate comparison with the miserable pittance which he found so many of his fellow-creatures absolutely thankful to call their own, on which they had to feed, clothe, and lodge, not only themselves, but their wives and whole heaps of children of all ages.

The necessity of keeping exact accounts was, perhaps, what troubled our friend more than anything else; but though he grumbled much over them at first, he soon fell into the way of regularly sending in full and elaborate statements of his expenditure in fuel, groceries, blankets, clothing, and other domestic necessaries, carefully filed and docketed, according to the strict rule at "head-quarters," as he used to call it, before he could expect any fresh grant of funds to carry on the work into which, having once launched himself, he had gone with all his heart; indeed, before that winter was over, Archie Scott had shown himself to be a model almoner, and was looked

upon by the committee as one of their best and most efficient men.

His friend Sydney Welworth saw very little of him for some time; their districts were widely apart, and while the severity of the weather continued, they both had their hands too full of

work among the starving thousands, to find much time for meeting or looking-out for one another; but he heard of him constantly at committee-meetings, and had every reason to feel proud of his pupil, and to congratulate himself upon having been the means of introducing him to the society.

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF BELIEVING.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.



HERE are times in the history of most men when the soul is aroused and made uneasy about itself. In a Christian land, few people or none go through the whole of life easily and comfortably to ruin. At least, they approach Christ, like the young man who presently departed sorrowful, in a gush of feeling that will not last; or, like Felix, they tremble and resolve not to let this matter drop, even though they will not follow it up just now; or, like Agrippa, they are almost persuaded to be Christians.

Perhaps some one is reading these words who is thus troubled and disquieted; and he would fain be a child of God, and would like to live a holy and blessed life, and yet something seems to hold his spirit down. There is a kind of cloud over the way of salvation, and although its scheme has been repeated a thousand times, the poor tried soul is still uncertain and perplexed, striving to enter in, and yet unable.

Such times are more important than we can say—fraught with eternal blessedness, if they are ended aright; but if they are let pass away, certain to end in greater heaviness and hardness of spirit than before. Let me try to smooth away even one difficulty that is felt, to show the manner in which conviction may ripen to conversion, and how the anxiety that presses the soul down to the ground, may change into the blessed assurance that you are an heir of God and a joint heir of Christ.

There is but one way: "They that are of faith are blessed;" and although faith has now become almost a scientific word, a theological term, it simply means, "they they that are of trust," in whom a spirit of reliance has taken the place of that cold forgetfulness or guilty fear which the world feels toward God. If we remember this assertion, it will perhaps save us from some mistakes that perplex seekers after grace. One says, for example, "To be a Christian, I must give up all my sins." But yet he confesses in his very heart that he is quite unable to do that. Sin is like a fiery garment, that clings to him even while he feels it to be torture. A man in fever might as well say, "To

be well, I must become cool again, and chase away the delirium that fires my brain," and set to work upon that hopeless task, as might the sinner set about ridding himself of his corruptions.

Surely there is blessedness in deliverance from sin, one of the best enjoyments of a saved heart is to be pure, but only they that are of faith already are blessed, and therefore it is only by faith that we can hope for holiness. If one is desirous to give up sin, well. Yet the evil that he would not, that he does. It is not until the great act of trust in God has been performed, and his Spirit has spoken peace into the heart, that old things can pass away, or anything become new.

So, again, people say, "To be a Christian I must bear a cross, and deny myself, and think far more of God's smile than of the world's frown. But I really cannot do that. Yonder is a dear companion that I know I could never give up, and yet he is not a person whom a Christian ought to stay much beside. He is so clever and witty an acquaintance, that I think I should die with mortification, if his sarcastic smile and knifelike words were turned against me and my saintliness. There is also some extravagant or excessive pleasure, that has become part and parcel of my life itself. Now, in order to believe, I must renounce all these, and therefore I cannot believe until more strength is given me, and in the meantime I can but hope and wait."

But, now, think. How strange a religion that would be which promised God's strength to help you, but not until you had proved clearly that your own strength was enough, requiring that you should bear unaided the greatest shock of all, in order to buy the help that would break the power of other shocks. No, my brother; the blessing of self-control, like that of holiness, belongs only to those who have already put their trust in God and in his Christ. To say otherwise, would be a mockery as cruel and heartless as to tell a traveller in the desert, who has lain down to die of thirst, that if he will only toil on one other day, there is a spring which he may reach. Give him to drink, first. Let him

cool his fevered brain and his swollen tongue, and then he will rise and go forward, from fountain to fountain of living water.

To get these blessings, any blessings, we must begin by having faith, by exercising confidence in God. To trust God and his wise plan for saving us, to trust that even if that way seem dark, it will some day prove the highest wisdom, and if it seem weak, it will yet prove to be the power of God; and in that sweet confidence to lay down our souls to rest, believing that Christ is our Saviour, and will be our guide, leaving this world and the next in his good hands—that is faith.

In old times the chief difficulty arose from the darkness of God's counsel. How little can Abraham have known about the Saviour's work! how much less Rahab! Yet trusting God in the dark or in the twilight, they were accepted.

There is light enough now, but what it shows does not please flesh and blood. The humility of Christ, his patience, his abasement, the transfer of his suffering work to us—these are the stumbling-blocks of our day. Yet even if we could not explain such things, our duty would still be to accept and trust God's Word; and whoever does so, amid ten thousand perplexities, shall find light arising in the darkness.

Perhaps the hardest thing of all is to trust God the Father himself. Yet a great part of faith is to believe that God is love, that he is quite as anxious as the Son to save us; that before any attempt had been made to assuage his anger, before the first step in the atoning work was taken, even then the great eternal heart was full of kindness and of pity for his erring children, and even then he was fixed in the intention to deliver them from the power of Satan who are led captive by him at his will.

We have a difficulty here which the Old Testament believers never felt. Not knowing anything definite or certain about the Trinity, they could not fall into the sad and shameful error of giving all the mercy to one Person, and all the justice and severity to another. We live in a time when the air is full of strange, false notions about Christ's work; but none of them can grieve the Son more deeply at his heart than that men should honour him for any quality of goodness more than they honour the Father. His great desire was, that his Father should be glorified; and now it is possibly his highest joy that souls, once alienated from God, should come with boldness to his throne; that as men hear of all he himself did, as their eyes grow moist with gratitude, and their hearts begin to beat again with hope, they should look up to Him who so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, and should say, "Thank God." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who of his

abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope."

Reader, have faith in God. Sitting in the highest of all places is not a blind and wanton Chance, who saves or crushes according to his mere caprice, not an enemy to be propitiated by some one's blood, but a friend who has made all the needful provision by which your sins may be forgiven. In the pit of hell there may be sorrow when a guilty and doomed soul is washed and pardoned, but there is no such sorrow in the skies, nor one spirit before the throne who does not feel a wave of deeper transport stir his breast when, gazing where he always gazes, he beholds a beam of exquisite pleasure there. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Faith in God implies faith in God's plan, and consent to it. If he speaks of deliverance in one way, declaring that there is none other name given by which we may be saved, and telling us that now is the day of salvation, then it is absolute unbelief (and insolence as well) to think of striking out any other road to heaven, or to reckon on being forgiven to-morrow, although we spurn the offer to-day.

It is no real belief in God, that sets his warnings down as idle threats. A silly reliance upon the good nature even of a man, against his clear word and solemn warnings, would scarcely be taken for a compliment. It is not trust, but defiance—not tranquil confidence, but scornful and high-handed presumption, that stays and loiters in the sinking ship of a worldly life when the lifeboat of mercy is at its side, and refuses to believe that it may possibly depart without him, although threatened, warned, implored.

True faith is not afraid to commit itself to the finished work of Christ. Others may be wise above what is written, and talk of the danger that sin and lightness may be encouraged by so easy a doctrine; others may argue away and treacherously narrow in the large freeness of Christ's Gospel, insisting that works and dispositions are taken for granted when they are not mentioned in the message of grace—but the humble, trustful soul knows well that pardon and holiness, however cheaply given, are not likely to make him a worse man than he was, and that to offer mercy only when he should become good, is as great a mockery as to offer it when he should drink the sea. So he takes the gracious gift as a gift. He believes that "Christ was made to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." He believes that in Christ's death his sins are dead, and in Christ's life there is holiness and life for him. He does not expect God to love him because he is a believer, but he ventures to believe simply because

God already loved him, and proved it when Jesus died. Neither does he think of his own trust as a thing which finishes the work, and brings him into an acceptable condition; for the work was finished when Christ rose from the dead an accepted sacrifice, a Saviour omnipotent to save. Hungry, he takes the bread of life; thirsty, he drinks the living water; but never dreams that his eating is what provided the bread, that his drinking is what filled the river.

Faith is but the glad and thankful hearing of God's call, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and the answer of a ready soul—

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive—
Wilt pardon, pity, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come."

True faith is quite content to receive its good things in God's own established order. We have seen that trust comes before holiness, but many people do not seem to know that trust comes before happiness also. You cannot believe because you are under a cloud; because your spirit is downcast; because you are still as conscious as ever of your sins! But then belief is the only way to get rid of those troubles and anxieties. There is such a thing as peace and joy in believing, but there is no such thing as believing in peace and joy. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace; but no branches bear fruit save those which by faith are already abiding in the Vine. People who want comfort in order to believe, are like people who wait for health in order to take physic. It is by faith you must be freed from sin, and so from all the evils and hindrances which sin casts about the spirit. These are but the grave-clothes in which a corpse is swathed, and Christ's manner, as we know, is first to give life to the dead, and then, not till then, to say, "Loose him and let him go." But he who trusts the Saviour in the dark, will soon be led by the Saviour into light, and liberty, and gladness.

Just such another snare is the one which Satan finds most deadly among well-taught congregations and in Christian families. How often does

every minister hear something like the following argument:—"I wish I could believe, but I cannot—I really cannot *feel* these things. I know them all. I have not the slightest doubt that Christ died—not the slightest doubt that he would receive me if I came; but you see it is all dry knowledge, my soul has no pleasure in it, and so it is quite beside the mark: I *cannot* believe."

Stay a moment. We are teaching some person to swim, and we tell him that his body is lighter than the water, so that if he will stay quiet he cannot sink. Still he hesitates, and tells us that he knows all that—has read it in books of science—that are beyond all question, but has really no experimental feeling of the kind, and cannot venture until he has. May we not answer—"If you know it, act upon your knowledge, and the feeling will soon come. Plunge in and try; that will show more real belief than any amount of emotion?"

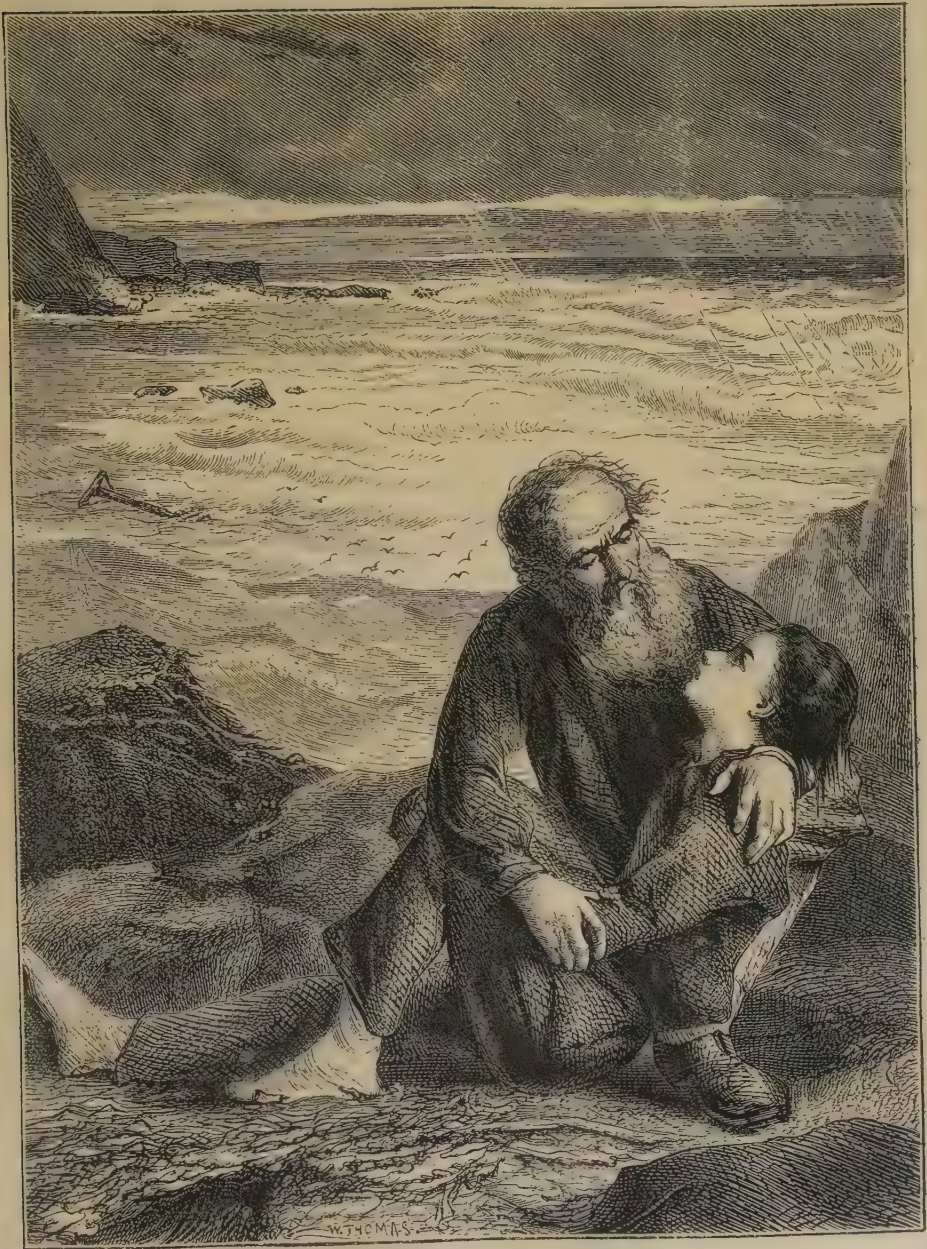
So it is with God's love and Christ's atonement. You know they will not fail, but your heart is all in a flutter at the greatness of the venture. Make it, nevertheless, and never heed your want of emotion, for the glow of confidence, the calmness of acceptance, the rapture of a cleansed conscience, the filial sense of your adoption—all will come in their due time.

Come they shall, if you but make the trial, for "they that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." Blessed in the flood of heavenly light that suddenly bursts upon this mysterious life of man; blessed in the satisfaction of numberless desires that ached and hungered and moaned within the breast; blessed in the one companionship that death cannot break, nor falsehood breathe upon, nor time exhaust and make monotonous; blessed in the upraising of that heavy curtain that parts the present from the future, the fleeting from the eternal, the seeming from the true; blessed in the death of death, in the conquest of passion, in the harmony of their deepest longings with the holy and all-subduing will of God.

LOST.

NONG years ago, he knew not where,
He knew not how, or in storm or
calm,
Whether the wintry surge was there,
And caught and clung to the flaxen hair,
Or broad seas, sweet with the Eastern
balm,
Had sucked him down when the skies were
fair—
Long years ago, his only son
Was lost, and the young life scarce begun!

However it was, by night or day,
He could not live from the beach away;
Though at times his rude hut scarce could stand,
When the west wind drank the flying spray,
And swept, hard-breathing foam and sand,
On that lonely life in the lonely bay,
Coldly caught in the lonely land.
A still old man whom the years passed by,
Who took their days and heeded not,
Whom the World, and Time, and Death forgot,
Who loved not life, yet could not die.



"A dying youth in aged hands,
That clasped him then in life once more."—p. 410.

Sometimes when summer lovely made
 The sleeping sea by rock and cave,
 He climbed from out his wonted shade,
 And saw far off the western wave.
 He had not hope, or grief, or fear,
 Only a yearning toward the sun,
 That sank above the seaman's grave,
 And made so bright what was so dear,
 And ceased where that brave course was run.

Sometimes his hands, yet sturdy, took
 The oar, and cast the net again,
 And from his careless calm he shook
 Himself, and spoke to passing men;

But rarely and but briefly came
 This change upon his inner mood;
 And men knew not his birth or name,
 And scarce his strange speech understood.

Thus came the end: all through the night
 A tempest scarred the coast with wreck;
 And the first breaking beam of light
 Saw in that bay a storm-swept deck,
 And close by that old cottage door
 A dying youth in aged hands,
 That clasped him then in life once more,
 And clasp him still beneath the sands.

J. S. W.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT, ETC."

CHAPTER LV.

THE BARRICADES.



THE dawn of another day saw the city sunk in death-like repose. It had been nearly midnight before the last of the firing ceased on the Place de Grève. A detachment of the Swiss Guards had been sent towards evening to the relief of the soldiers, hemmed in by insurgents in the *Marché des Innocents*. They had succeeded in withdrawing them, an exhausted remnant, from their perilous position, and in falling back altogether upon the Louvre. Swiss had also been sent to succour the soldiers on the Place de Grève; but the people had become frantic at the sight of the poor mercenaries, and redoubled the vigour of their assault. Fired upon from every house in the neighbourhood, they still maintained their position, and, up to eleven o'clock at night, defended themselves from the windows of the *Hôtel de Ville*. With the coming on of night, however, the wearied assailants had withdrawn, and, after a time, the equally exhausted soldiers retreated, carrying their wounded with them, to head-quarters, and leaving the deserted streets strewn with corpses—a ghastly sight for to-morrow's sun.

On the morrow, the people took possession of the post the soldiers had vacated, and installed themselves, and their self-made general, in the *Hôtel de Ville*. The troops were barricaded out of the populous quarters, and the scene of the conflict was therefore changed.

Again the people mustered, and advanced in dense masses along the Boulevards, and down the Rue Richelieu towards the Louvre and the Tuileries. Other bands of insurgents, headed by the students, came from the opposite side, and the Rue St. Honoré, and the other streets that lay between, became a scene of frightful carnage.

The front rooms of the hotel in which David Haldane lived, were no longer tenable. The shutters

were closed and the rooms vacated, for bullet after bullet crushed through the glass, and lodged in the wood-work and plaster.

The terror among the inmates of the hotel, especially among the women, was extreme. They crowded into a large room at the back of the house, servants and all, together, completely paralysed with fear. Among them, the two English ladies were the calmest and most self-possessed—the younger lady the most self-possessed of all. That each feared not for herself, but only for the other, was that which gave them courage.

"Oh! it will kill her," the elder lady had whispered to David Haldane; and he had made answer—

"I do not think so; for the present it seems to have cured her." And so, indeed, it appeared: the inward fever seemed quenched. She was paler, but firmer. No longer languid and brooding, but roused, and carried altogether out of herself.

The hotel was closely shut up, and all were waiting with beating hearts for the passing of the storm of conflict, when the terror intensified—reached its supreme moment. The combatants, one side or other, were thundering at the doors. Amid the crying and confusion that arose, one idea seemed to prevail—to keep the doors shut. But abler counsel was at hand.

"You cannot resist their force," said David Haldane, in the ear of the dismayed proprietor; "it is safer to propitiate it."

He accompanied him to the door. The people only demanded admission for the wounded and the dying, that they might not perish under foot. It was granted with seeming graciousness; and, without a rush, calmly, and quietly, the poor fellows, soldiers as well as citizens, were carried in, and the door was shut. Then humanity conquered fear, and all were speedily busy, attending to the unwelcome guests. Some of the strange actors without captured and sent in a surgeon, and under his orders the hotel speedily became an hospital; and among the nurses, swiftest and firmest, and tenderest of hand, was

the English girl who had been going home to die.

At length the storm swept on, and seemed to be dying down; and David Haldane, having done all that he could to assist in the disposal of the wounded, turned out into the city. He had meditated doing this all the morning, but the disturbance in the hotel had kept him indoors till within an hour of noon. His object was to find Peggy Oglivie; not that he expected to find her in the streets: it could only have been by accident that she had been exposed to their dangers on the day before. But he counted upon seeing her companion of yesterday; it was a clue to be picked up, if possible. The students were everywhere at the head of the revolt, and he would, in all probability, find the youth who had roused his curiosity and pity, in the midst of the fighting; he would know that childish figure, tricked out in its warlike bravery, anywhere.

By the time he reached the Louvre, the triumph of the people had begun; the fire of the soldiers had suddenly ceased, and the mob were about to enter the palace, and scatter themselves over the noble rooms, filled with the relics of ages, to indulge in a revel of rude mockery and dismal burlesque; with the lance of Francis I. to run a tilt at the portraits of his descendants; to sit by turns upon the throne of France, and then to leave a dead man to fill it.

A few searching glances sufficed to show David Haldane that the boy-soldier was not there. He left the crowd just as they burst through the palace gates with a yell of triumph, and went on towards the quays. There he met party after party, headed by youths in the well-known uniform of the school; but none of them was he whom he sought. These parties were coming from the attack of the archiepiscopal palace. Stormed upon with grapeshot from the quays, the crowd had taken refuge in the aisles of Notre Dame; there some young priests had caused them to be fired upon from the windows of the palace. A signal revenge was taken for the unchristian act; the gates of the palace were carried by storm, and in an instant masses of people filled its sumptuous apartments. All the furniture—books, paintings, hangings, even the plate—was thrown into the river. One object alone, a representation of Christ, as large as life, was respected; the people instinctively felt that he whom it represented, who had dwelt in no palace, and wielded no temporal power, had nothing in common with those who called themselves his priests. But now the crowds were pouring westward steadily, and David Haldane turned back and went with the stream. The conflict had ceased in the city quarter, but in the Rue St. Honoré the fighting still went on. In fact, the soldiers posted there had been forgotten in the general retreat; they were Swiss, and they defended themselves to the last. When David Haldane returned to the point from which he had started, they were reduced to about sixty men. Three red lines, each consisting of a single file, fronted the raging multitude which filled the entire breadth of the street, and there, at

the head of the half-armed mob, who had suffered fearfully from the practised fire of the soldiers, was the young student, armed with a carbine, which seemed at least as big as himself. It was easy to be seen that it would fare ill with that remnant of the enemy, now become thoroughly obnoxious to the people, and conspicuous by their uniforms. The deep roar of the increasing and excited multitude was enough to strike terror into their hearts. The lines wavered, broke and scattered, the soldiers flying singly or in pairs.

But the mob seemed resolved that this last act of the drama should be a bloody one. They pursued the poor soldiers into the shops and houses in which they sought refuge, and stained their hour of triumph with some acts of brutal butchery. But many even in the crowd connived in their escape, and suffered them to get out of back windows and into back alleys, while they pretended to be following them for their blood.

David Haldane had kept his eye on the small figure in the cocked hat, while this scene was enacting. He saw him discharge his piece, and throw it away, that he might run after two tall soldiers who had turned and fled down a side street. He and they soon distanced the crowd yelling at their heels; so also did David Haldane. At any moment the men might have turned and got rid of their young but apparently merciless pursuer. At one time they did turn, when he was close upon them, seemingly to address to him some remonstrance. Surely the boy's life was at stake, for the crowd had not yet gained the corner. David Haldane glanced behind him. They were in the very street in which he had lost the boy and his companion the night before; and now, when he looked forward again, he was following the soldiers through an open door, which David Haldane only reached in time to have closed in his face. Both pursuer and pursued were shut up there with their fate, and what that would be depended on those who had thus received them. It could but make matters worse to put the yelling mob upon the scent, and therefore he passed on, marking well the tall old house in the narrow street, to which he determined to return immediately.

Meantime Peggy was passing through those terrible hours of waiting, which so often fall to the woman's lot, and whose anguish is worse to bear than any active suffering. The night before, she had slept the sleep of exhaustion, and had awakened only in the full sunshine of another day of blood. The old soldier keeping guard at the foot of the stair had prevented her going forth, and had brought her a message to the effect that nothing whatever had been heard of monsieur and madame. Perhaps they were dead, she thought, killed in those dreadful cannonades. Perhaps they had gone away together, and left her to her fate. She knew by this time that she had flung herself into hands that would wring her heart for a single coin.

It seemed as if nothing remained to her but to

die. Only she was young and strong, and she knew that she would not die just yet, but live and have to face life as bravely as she could. The unselfish too rarely make the most of their own sufferings. She thought of Margery, and what her life had been, and a deeper sympathy for her relative came to her in her own desolation. Then the faces of the sisters she had seen in Notre Dame passed before her in their sweet serenity. They had given up life, but had given it up to the service of others; and she longed to devote her life as theirs was devoted, and wondered why her purer and sterner faith forbade the sacrifice.

As she sat thinking thus, seated on a low stool near the window, her head resting on her hand, she heard a noise of trampling feet upon the stair, and Henri bounded into the room, pursued, as it seemed, by a couple of soldiers. Before she had found words to speak, he had sprung through the open window on to the roof, the men following but leaving their arms behind them.

Entreating them to desist from harming the boy, she ran out after them, and was hailed by Henri with the assurance that all was well, that these were friends of his whom he was saving from their pursuers, and hiding in a place of safety. She had scarcely entered the room again and fastened the door, when a fresh trampling arose, accompanied with frantic noise and tumult. It was evident that a crowd was approaching. Another moment, and they were thundering at the door. Delay might be precious to the fugitives, and she did not dare to open it, but drew herself up, wide-eyed and motionless, in the furthest corner of the room. She heard the door creaking and straining as they pressed against it with cries and execrations. There was no time to escape, even if she could, from that dreadful multitude. There was only the parapet, and, five storeys underneath, the stony street. The door fell inward with a crash, and a number of squalid, blood-stained men stood upon the floor.

They ran to the window shouting, "They are here, they are here, the murderers of the people!" Just then a man appeared in the doorway, a head taller than the rest, and a voice called out in breathless eagerness, "I have found you at last, my love—my love!" They had swept her, trembling, from their path; but the next moment she was safe in David Haldane's arms, and, for that moment, everything was forgotten in one long, clinging embrace.

The soldiers had escaped, and the baffled pursuers retreated across the room. Gay and goodhumoured in their very mercilessness, they gave no annoyance as they passed, save a jest or two over the prize the stranger had won.

CHAPTER LVI.

FOUND AT LAST.

LEFT alone together, a deep and painful sense of embarrassment took the place of that moment of ecstacy. They were each conscious of the mutual

thrill with which they had met; but there existed in both their minds a barrier to its true interpretation. She was the first to draw back, and then for an instant he looked at her, no longer a blushing girl, but the sweet and yet noble woman her girlish grace had promised. The face he gazed upon was sad and quiet to coldness; and yet, but a moment since the lovely head had lain so willingly on his bosom that it seemed as if it might rest there for ever.

He was the first to speak. "You are alone?" he said, glancing round the little dovecot of a room.

"Quite alone," she answered, sadly, "at least here."

"I thought you were with your father," he replied, with an asking look.

In a few words she explained to him the aspect of affairs.

"You must not remain here," he said, when she had finished; "you must come with me. There is a lady at my hotel under whose protection I can place you."

"Your wife?"

"My wife!" he repeated, in amazement.

"Then the lady I saw you with was not your wife?"

"Certainly not. I am not married, nor likely to marry."

She was conscious of drawing a little closer to him, though she restrained the involuntary movement.

But he seized her hand. "Forgive me if I am wrong," he said, "if I am taking you at a disadvantage: I will never ask any woman to be my wife, except the one I have asked already. Something tells me that one day I may ask again with better success."

"You shall not ask again, if you think her still worth having," she answered, the sudden generous impulse of giving fully and freely conquering her womanly reserve, and she held out to him the other hand.

He drew her toward him eagerly, and was about to kiss her.

"Stay till you hear all," she cried. "You know that I was engaged to Captain Oglivie, and that I broke off the engagement?"

"There is no need to tell me anything, only that you love me now," broke in the impatient lover.

"Oh, listen," she pleaded, "you do not know that I fancied I loved him before any one knew that I had seen him. He is not so much to blame as he seems, for my heart had gone from him before I was able to break with him altogether. In spite of this, I tried to keep a foolish, fatal vow—a vow that seems to bind me still, though we are separated for ever."

He looked grave, and she went on to tell him of the scene in the fir-wood, still holding him gently back. When she had finished, he drew her to him unresistingly.

"Then you do not think me fickle—almost false?" she whispered, after a little interval; "you do not think my love for you will change?"

"You have never told me yet that you loved me," he said, somewhat archly. "Let me hear you say you do."

"I do, I do," she answered, earnestly.

Suddenly he remembered the letter with which he had been entrusted, and told her of it, adding, "Had we not better go? The streets are dangerous, but it seems that here we are not safe, and I think I can pilot you to a place of safety."

"But Henri," she said, "will return here, and I have something to ask him."

"Is that the little soldier?" he asked.

"Yes; he is a great friend of mine."

"I wonder what has become of him. When he has made an end of the two gendarmes, perhaps he will come and have a thrust at me," said David. "Your little friend appeared to be uncommonly thirsty. Seriously, is the boy safe, do you think?"

"He is quite safe," she answered; "as safe as a cat, out on the roof there."

"And the soldiers?"

"Not quite so safe there, I fancy, though safer than in the hands of those awful men;" and she shuddered as she thought of the invaders of her sanctum. "Henri saved the soldiers at the risk of his life, I suppose."

"It was to kill them he risked his life, I imagine," said David.

"Oh, no; he himself told me they were friends. People in this country fraternise more suddenly than with us. Come out here," she added. "Perhaps he will hear me if I call to him."

They went out into the sunshine, these two. It was strange, in that city of strife, what a peace had fallen on their hearts—the great peace and rest of love. Peggy called softly, but there was no response, and they stood still a little out there, to ask and answer the endless questions which occurred to each. They were trivial for the most part, for it is the privilege of love to exalt the trivial and transfigure the common things of life. David Haldane tried to keep back for a little the tragic incident which had taken place at the Forest House, and when it was no longer possible to do so, he softened it as much as he was able. Truly, their new-found joy was shadowed by a sad and awful background.

Just as they were about to depart, Henri's face appeared over the high range of chimneys. If Peggy's eyes had not been turned in that direction she would not have seen him, for he rose and disappeared as deftly and silently as the cat to which she had compared him.

"It is all right, Henri," she exclaimed; "they are gone, and this is a friend."

Henri had evidently heard her assurance, for he looked up again over the barrier.

"I thought monsieur had led the pursuit," he said, a little doubtfully.

"Not I," replied David Haldane. "A lady from an opposite window pointed out the door through which you had passed, and the sovereign people demanded admittance in a way that was not to be denied."

"Have you got them safe?" Peggy asked.

"Quite safe," he answered, "but hungry, dreadfully hungry. Have you anything you can give us to eat?"

She was obliged to confess that she had nothing.

"They cannot go through the streets till they have changed their clothes," said the little fellow, thoughtfully. "The people would kill them, though the fighting is over now. I have been to the end of the houses out here, and I can see the people embracing one another, but there is not a red coat to be seen."

"If you will wait till I take this lady to a place of safety," said David Haldane, "I will send you everything you require."

Thus it was settled, and Henri was to remain up there till the soldiers could come forth with safety.

Then Peggy asked her question. It was, whether the lad knew anything of her father. It had struck her that, in his strange curiosity about every one, he might have made himself familiar with her father's haunts—might know more about him, indeed, than she did herself. And she was right in her conjecture. Henri knew where he was to be found if yet alive, and promised to set out in search of him as soon as he should be released from taking charge of the safety of his new friends. As Peggy surmised, they had fraternised in the moment of victory, and the clever lad had saved them by his sham pursuit.

They re-entered the room, and Peggy prepared to go with her lover. "I cannot well stay here," she said, pointing to the demolished door; "and yet I am sorry to lose a chance of finding my poor father. He might come here." There was still a painful explanation to be made on her part. It was necessary for her to confide to David Haldane her father's desperate circumstances, and leave him to judge if it was possible for her to forsake him then. Would he try as well as trust her? leave her to do her duty, and wait for her? It was with a wistful, deprecating look that she told him, in as few words as possible, of her father's weakness and need.

"I will go with you till he is found," she said. "I shall be glad to see and be near a countrywoman again."

"And do you think I am going to lose sight of you again?" he said, tenderly. "You do not know what a hunt I have had for you. And do you know that I have bought a picture of yours?" he added; "I knew the old place in a moment."

"Oh, I am so glad you have got that," she said; "and I shall be glad of the money too, for I am desperately poor." She tried to smile over it, but failed. It had been quite too serious for that.

Meantime they had got into the streets. It was as Henri had said: the three days' fighting was over, and men who had never seen each other before, were embracing and kissing in an intoxication of joy.

They reached the hotel in safety, and a few words of explanation from David Haldane sufficed to interest the kind-hearted Miss Minto in her new charge. What these words had been, the latter could gather from the elder lady's manner toward

her. She evidently regarded her in the light of David Haldane's future wife, and her gentle freedom of manner was tempered by respectful tenderness.

"I like you, my dear," said the sweet old gentleman, when she had carried her off to her room to arrange her dress; "and as for him, he is a man to be proud of."

Yes, he was certainly a man to be proud of—a man whom women instinctively trusted, and men instinctively honoured.

Then there was Margery's letter, which seemed to solve every difficulty. All that remained was to find her father, and the poor stepmother, too, and make everybody happy after their own fashion. This was her first thought—a return to the old childish vision of universal good; but her second thought was deeper and sadder. She knew now that life was not so simple a matter; that the good, which was to be universal, was not to be so easily attained; the taint of selfishness and sin was not so easily purged away; and while these remained, the inheritance of happiness was not to be won—never would be wholly won on the earthly side.

With Miss Minto and her niece, Margaret Oglivie

—the childish pet name had fallen away from her, for David had called her Margaret—was in her element. In the younger lady she found a friend and companion, in the elder a mother, one who loved youth and rejoiced in its joys, and so shared them. In Grace Minto these last days had wrought a great and happy change. She had found that there was no comfort like comforting others; no relief from pain so great as that which came from relieving others. Her aunt found the task of consolation and care suddenly taken out of her hands. The only danger seemed to be that Grace would overtask her physical strength, which had been deeply shaken, though not undermined, by her sorrow. This would be in a measure obviated by the necessity for returning home, and finding there objects on which to expend her awakened energy of beneficence. It was resolved that, if all went well, the whole party should return to England together, waiting, however, a sufficient time to allow the disappearance of Louis Oglivie to be satisfactorily accounted for. That very evening David Haldane, assisted by Henri, began an active search for the missing pair.

(To be continued.)

SOLDIER JOHNNY.

PART II.



HE rickyard was evidently doomed. Higher and higher, wider and wider, leaped the growing flames, and seemed to laugh at the miserable efforts of the rickety little parish fire-engine. The

whole population of the village came trooping up to the spot, and their yells of surprise and excitement, with the snapping and roaring of the flames, made a hubbub which had not been heard in that neighbourhood for many a day.

Farmer Maynard groaned in his despair. "It is all over with it," said he, "and nearly over with me. What shall I do? These crops, on which I have so long depended to pay my rent and clear the better part of my debts, all gone in an hour. I can scarcely believe it—it is too like a terrible dream!"

So saying, he drew back a little way from the scene, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, the leaves of which were scorched and seared with the heat of the flames, he contented himself (if such a word as content could be applied to his frame of mind) with watching the progress of the fire, and the last efforts of the men. He noticed how particularly energetic was the conduct of his former servant, Slade, who was throwing bucketful upon bucketful of water on one of the ricks, and whose voice was frequently heard directing the rest of the men. But the farmer said to himself, "Ah, I am not going to be deceived in that way. It's only a feint of his, to throw me off the scent; but he will very soon discover his mistake."

So he quietly waited until the fire had spent itself, and the crowd was beginning to disperse. Some of the

people were gathering round Slade, and giving him great words of praise for his zeal and activity, when the farmer stepped up to the centre of the circle, and taking Slade by the collar, called out to the constable, "I give this man in charge for setting fire to my ricks."

The constable was so astonished at this, that it gave time to the indignant Slade to make a struggle for his liberty; but the farmer kept a firm hold on him until the constable took him into custody.

"It is false, I tell you," exclaimed Slade. "I was passing by, on my way to the next town in search of work, when I accidentally noticed the smoke, and immediately turned back to give the alarm."

"That is a very fine story, indeed," retorted the farmer. "I saw the smoke myself long before you gave the alarm; and I also saw you slowly slinking away from the yard after you had done the mischief."

Poor Slade winced at this, and he could not make a positive reply to the accusation; but he said, "You cannot say that you saw me set fire to the ricks."

"That, indeed, I cannot," replied the farmer; "but it seems that even you do not dare to say right out that you did not do so."

"Yes, I do dare. I did not set fire to the ricks."

"Ah, well, that goes for nothing. Of course you would say so, in the hope of getting out of it. But no such luck for you, I can tell you."

"Besides," put in the constable, with a knowing wink, "if you was sich a innocent little chap as you wants to make out, why did you make sich a desperate struggle to escape as you did just now?"

"Ay, that's it," echoed the crowd.

So poor Slade found that all his arguments were of no use, and that circumstances were dead set against him. Oh, why did he not pass by a few moments earlier, and thus have discovered the actual perpetrator of the mischief? But he felt it was a punishment upon him for nourishing revengeful feelings against his former master. And off he was marched to the house of the magistrate.

And now the poor farmer had a second trouble to endure: Johnny had disappeared, no one had seen him for two or three hours.

"Perhaps he saw the fire, and was frightened," suggested Betty. "He's sure to be somewhere on the farm."

"Let him be, then," said Farmer Maynard. "He will be sure to find his way home—trust him for that."

But the smoke died out of the ashes that remained from the burnt ricks, the sun went down in the west, and the moon peeped up from the east, and yet no Johnny appeared. Here was a new sensation for the villagers. Farmer Maynard now began to be alarmed, and called out his weary servants to look for the wanderer. Lighting their lanterns, they scattered themselves over the farm, shouting, "Johnny, Johnny!" but no answer came. The news spread through the already excited village, and every hole and corner was ransacked—to no purpose.

The distracted father dismissed his men, and the villagers went home to bed; but all night the farmer wandered about the fields and lanes, with his lantern in his hand, searching for the missing one, and calling out his name. By degrees, a dreadful suspicion grew upon him: had Slade anything to do with it? What if Johnny had caught Slade in the act of setting the rickyard on fire? It was very likely. Johnny had last been seen going in that direction, a little while before the fire had broken out. The rest now seemed terribly evident. Johnny had witnessed the crime, and Slade, in a frantic effort to escape discovery, had made away with the boy, and become a—murderer!

The next morning Farmer Maynard was found lying on the doorstep of his house, insensible, and white as death. In a few minutes he recovered from his faint, and was removed to his bed; but he was soon raving in the delirium of fever against Slade as the murderer of his son; all of which Betty and the doctor heard and thought upon; and that day a second and graver charge was laid against the unfortunate labourer.

And now it is time for us to see what has become of Johnny.

We have said that Johnny, as soon as he saw the mischief he had done, ran away. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, he escaped the notice of poor Slade, who was passing along on the other side of the rickyard. Fear gave him speed, and he tore away with the swiftness of a hare, until he got out of sight of the farmyard; going down an unfrequented road, and in a direction in which he had never been before. Once only he

paused, and then for sheer want of breath. He had gone about a mile, and thought he could trust himself to rest on the stile he had just reached. The very picture of misery looked the panic-stricken, panting boy, as he gazed back, his eyes and ears on the alert for sight or sound of the pursuers he so much dreaded. As he sat there to gain breath, he had time to think upon what he had done, and upon what he must do. Would the rickyard be burned down, or would some one have seen it in time to save it? How foolish it was of him not to have run to tell his father of the mishap, for then perhaps it would be got over quickly and quietly. And where was he going? He did not know. None of his father's relatives, or friends that he knew of lived in this direction, unless it was many miles away—nearly up to London. (Johnny, you must know, being only ten years old, had very vague ideas on such matters as these.) Perhaps he would be lost in the woods, or on the wilds, and die of starvation, like the poor babes he had read about in the picture-book, and be covered over with leaves by the robins. Or perhaps a terrible policeman, such as had once appeared at the village fair, clad in blue cloth with large white buttons, would seize him and take him to that horrible place for homeless people, the workhouse, where his only food would be water and dry bread. Many a like dreadful fate did he picture to himself, until he trembled with apprehension, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

He now thought of turning back, and begging his father's pardon. Was a rickyard worth very much money? He was afraid so; he had heard his father speak of it so ardently and hopefully, as the means for paying his debts. Well, he would go home again, and suppose if, after all, the rickyard had been saved?

Just then, a strange glare of light shot up into the sky, and in it the poor boy seemed to read his doom. It was all on fire! He was too frightened to return now. He had once heard that people who set fire to anything, were sent to prison for life, and even hung. Again he was panic-stricken, and sped on for his very life.

Now all this running and resting, speedy though it was, had taken some little time from an afternoon, which had already begun gradually to merge into evening, and it was now growing decidedly dusky. Johnny now found himself on the threshold of a vast-looking wood, which looked very dark and frowning within. Still, he would not stop, but hurried on, stumbling over old fallen branches, and scrambling through thickets of thorns, which scratched his face and hands till they bled. The darkness grew thicker and thicker, and at length, when Johnny had gained the other end of the wood, he found himself abroad in the starless night, foot-sore and bleeding, not knowing which way to turn for shelter, unless he made towards the one little glimmering light which shone from a distant window. Thither he resolved to go, and crawled painfully along the stony path which led towards the spot.

It was a farmhouse, and very much like his own home. So it was with some return of confidence that he opened the gate, and was going up to the door, when after him rushed a monstrous-looking bull-dog, which barked and snarled so savagely, that the startled boy fled to the high railings at the side of the yard, determining to put them between him and his assailant. Johnny was a very good climber, but fear took away his discretion: he slipped off the top rail, and, with a cry, fell to the ground stunned.

When he awoke, he found an old man bending over him, with a lantern in one hand and a horsewhip in the other. The sight of the whip brought back the boy's recollection, and he cried out—

"Oh! please, sir, don't whip me! I didn't mean to do it!"

"Heyday, little chap," said the old farmer, "didn't mean to do what? You've not been after my apples, have ye, boy?"

"Oh, no—no, sir!" cried Johnny, as he slowly raised himself from the ground. "I've come a long, long way; and please don't ask me about it any more, because I'm afraid to tell."

"What ha' ye bin a-doing then, ye little scamp?" questioned the old man, shaking the little intruder by the arm.

"Oh! oh! don't!" screamed Johnny; "my arm hurts me so;" and he sank again to the ground in a faint.

He had broken his arm in the fall. When the farmer (he was a kind-hearted old fellow) discovered this, he took the little truant in his arms, and bore him into the house, shouting—

"Here, Polly, quick! this poor little bairn has gone astray and broken his arm. Put him into the little cot, and I will go for the doctor."

The doctor soon arrived, and oh! the pain of setting the bone. Poor Johnny was quite broken down, and sobbed until he went to sleep.

But the farmer and his dame, good souls, did not go to sleep so easily. This mysterious advent quite upset them, and they had scarcely the patience to wait till the morning, to satisfy their curiosity.

When the morning came, Johnny looked pale and weak, but very placid. His grief and anxiety seemed to have worn themselves out, and all he could think of now was, his weak arm—he did not know it was broken—and the prospect of a nice warm breakfast of bread and milk, which the dairy-maid, who rose earlier than the old couple, said she would give him almost directly. When, therefore, the farmer's wife questioned him about his strange adventure, he answered readily, and told her everything, although much of his old terror returned, as he realised his strange position.

"Pray don't take me back again!" said he, with tears in his eyes.

Can this be our blustering young Captain John?

"Now, don't cry, my little man," said the old dame, soothingly, and trying to conceal the astonishment she had felt at Johnny's wonderful story.

"You have done very wrong, and ought to be sorry for your misconduct; but you must control your feelings, or your arm will not get better."

So they kept him two or three days, the farmer having gone to Mr. Maynard, whom he found as we have related, to explain the cause of his son's absence. Johnny quickly recovered, for his nurse, the farmer's good dame, was as attentive to him as a mother could be—so Johnny thought, and he was about right; but he, poor boy, had never known the tender care of a mother.

And now I must take the reader back to the old scene. The village is suffering from its third excitement. News of Johnny has arrived; the whole truth is out, and the innocent prisoner is released. Farmer Maynard still lies on his bed, but he is again conscious, and is anxiously awaiting the return of his repentant little son. He has lost much, and suffered still more, but he will not upbraid the cause of his misfortunes; his only words of greeting will be words of affection and forgiveness.

A small crowd is now waiting at the gate, and foremost may be seen portions of the disbanded regiment of the Queen's Own Cocktails. Presently a light cart draws up at the gate, and a kind-looking old man, with a pale-faced little boy in his arms, alights and enters the house. I will not describe to you the meeting between father and son; but had you witnessed it, I am sure the tears would have come to your eyes, as they did to poor, faithful Betty's.

And so Johnny has returned home, having learned—and, we trust, profited by—his first sharp lesson. He will have other lessons to learn, though; not so severe, perhaps, but more lasting. The consequences of this one thoughtless and disobedient act may cling to him all his life long.

There, my boy, I have at last got to the end of my story. I do not care how hastily you may throw it aside, or forget the mere incidents I have related, so that you remember its simple teachings, and bear in mind the old proverb, "You cannot play with fire, and not be burned."

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 368.

"This God is our God."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

1. T irzah	1 Kings xv. 33.
2. H amutal's	Jer. lii. 1, 11.
3. I mlah's	1 Kings xxii. 8.
4. S egub	1 Kings xvi. 34.
5. G ehazi	2 Kings v. 20.
6. O n	Numb. xvi. 1.
7. D othan	2 Kings vi. 18.
8. I shmael	Jer. xli. 14.
9. S eraiah	Jer. li. 63.
10. O phrah	Judg. viii. 27.
11. U lam's	1 Chron. viii. 40.
12. R abbah	1 Chron. xx. 2.
13. G ezer	1 Kings ix. 16.
14. O phrah	Judg. viii. 32.
15. D eborah	Judg. iv. 4.

THE WIDOWER

Saturday, March 21, 1863.



(Drawn by S. L. FILDES.)

"Dinna greet, pet; the Lord's eye mindfu' of his ain."—p. 418.

THREE CHAPTERS IN A PAINTER'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"HE called my hair a golden glory," thought Marion Riddley, as, after the last fête of the season, she sat before her toilet-table; and as the remembrance of the words, or, perhaps, still more, the look that had accompanied them, recurred to her, she lifted a long tress of her beautiful hair, and letting it droop over

the back of her hand, sat gazing at it until it danced through the tears that rose for very happiness.

Next afternoon, Marion and Walter Chesney met in the park, and while Mr. Riddley was talking to a friend, Marion found an opportunity to say—

"We are leaving town to-morrow, Mr. Chesney." She was on horseback, he on foot, so that as Marion spoke in a low tone, and leant a little forward, she looked almost directly into Walter's eyes; only for an instant, however. Something she saw there made her eyelids droop, and the blood rush to her face. Then wishing to hide her agitation, she hurriedly explained, "We are going to pay some visits first, and then on to Scarborough."

"And I am off to Germany; poverty is sometimes a hard taskmaster, Miss Riddley."

"Oh! don't say that; you know that

"Many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought;"

and Marion's sweet face grew shyly earnest as she spoke.

"Come, May," cried her father, "we must toddle on; I've an appointment at six."

"Good-bye, then, Mr. Chesney," whispered Marion; "and don't lose heart."

Walter held the little gloved hand very closely in his as he said, "Good-bye, and au revoir. I shall think nothing impossible now."

Mr. Chesney walked straight home to his lodgings, where he dashed off the outline of a picture, to be called "The Painter's Dream," and to which he subjoined the quotation spoken by Marion Riddley. He sat at it for an hour or two, until, satisfied with the creation and story, he laid it aside, and began a note, in which he wrote—

DEAR MISS RIDDLEY,—My prospects in life depend materially upon the success I may be enabled to make at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy next spring. I have chosen a subject. May I ask, as the greatest favour and kindness, that you will let me have a small piece of the beautiful hair God has given you, that I may endeavour—alas! I fear but feebly—to imitate its golden glory, wherewith to clothe the spirit of my picture?—Faithfully yours,
WALTER CHESNEY.

Having sealed his letter, Walter walked to Davenport Street, where he left it, and a card, in charge of a footman, who, having that morning received his dismissal, revenged himself by putting both in the fire.

Walter waited anxiously, day by day, for an answer, and none coming, he concluded that his request had offended Marion, or that she, like many another of her sex, had only been amusing herself with his admiration, and now intended him to feel that their intimacy was over. Young love does not stop to reason. Walter's pride took fire, and before a month was over he had reached Dresden, and was working down his misery and

disappointment, determined to achieve the success he had told her of, and prove that he at least did not intend to lose the world for love.

Autumn passed; November found him back in London, busy with his great picture. The Riddleys were not in town; Walter passed their house very often in his walks, and each time saw the long, dismal-looking blinds hanging limp behind the dirty window panes.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are many streets in East London which the light and air of heaven seem to shun; and to the garret storey of one of the most dilapidated dwellings therein, I must take my reader. The room was low, almost dark, the faintest amount of winter twilight only stealing through the small skylight. The walls were black, or green, from damp, the plaster peeled off, and in many places the tiled roof lay bare, allowing plenty of ventilation. Beside a grate, where, on a handful of cinders stood a broken tin teapot, a human figure was crouching, but whether male or female you could not be certain, until a long deep sigh, as of one drawing breath after a paroxysm of pain, caused the head to turn, and the heavy dark beard became visible.

"Are ye better, darlin'?" he said. "Sure the cinders are contrairy this day—bad luck to them! Ye'll never be able to ait the broth, av it does come broth, which I'm not hopeful of."

As he spoke the teapot tilted, and the contents were emptied upon the ashes, sending up a cloud of white dust.

"Och! dear, dear! the broth is lost!" and the man burst into tears. "Nelly, machree, it's gone, every drop av it."

There was a movement in the corner of the room, and a young woman, gliding up, threw her arms round his neck. "Dinna greet, pet," she said; "the Lord's aye mindfu' of his ain. He'll never let us starve till we've done our work; and when he let's death come we may lie down in peace and thankfulness."

"Ay, thankful!—you say rightly, Nelly; it's been a bitter life to drag the likes of you down to."

His wife laid her cheek against his. "I'm thankful, indeed, Denis dear, for the Lord's mercy in letting me know how far above riches and the world's goods true love can make a bodie. Na, na, pet, keep up heart. Ye mind what ye've often told me, that 'it's always darkest the hour before day.'"

"What a comforter ye are, darlin'! Sure the Lord must want ye in heaven. Where are ye going, machree?" he added, hastily, seeing Nelly putting her shawl over her head.

"To follow the Lord's guiding. Lie doon and

get a sleep, Denis. I'll wake you when I get back, and the time will no' seem sae heavy if ye can dream."

So Nelly went out, along the slushy, dripping streets, down which came an east wind that pierced through the poor thing's scanty clothing, making her hurry on, until, breathless, and half stupid with cold, she stopped in front of a hair-dresser's shop.

The window was brilliantly lighted, and two resplendent wax figure-heads displayed the triumph of the owner's art, while rows of plaits, curls, and false hair, of all colours and designs, told their own tale of woman's vanity. Nelly only stood long enough to recover her breath, and read a card, which at night, and at night only, lay in a prominent position in the window; then, pushing open the swing door, she went up to the counter, behind which sat a shopman making a wig. He looked up as Nelly came in. "Well, what do you want?"

"You buy hair, sir—a bodie's ain hair?"

"Yes; do you want to sell any?"

"If you please, sir."

"Take it down."

Nelly obeyed, and unfastening, shook out the coil, which rolled down in a heavy golden shower below her waist. The man turned the gas higher, and looked at the hair with greedy eyes.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"I dinna ken, sir; the Lord jist sent me."

"The Lord!—Lord who?"

"The Lord o' heaven, sir."

"Oh!" and a smile passed over the speaker's face, as he thought, "The woman is an imbecile; I'll get a bargain here." Then speaking aloud, he said, carelessly, "Didn't he put a price upon it when he sent you?"

Nelly stared, a faint flush came up into her face. "Oh, man!" she gasped, "dinna make game o' me. I hae a husband deeing wi' fever, and no' a bawbee to buy bite or sup!" and a sob choked her voice.

"Well, well, don't excite yourself. I'll give you five shillings for it."

"And I will give her five guineas," said another voice; and Walter Chesney, who had been watching the scene from the doorway, came into the

shop. Pushing back her hair, Nelly gazed at him with wild, incredulous eyes.

The shopman coughed, and winking at Walter, said, "I suppose she'll say the Lord sent you too."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" was the stern answer; "you need not add blasphemy to robbery. Here, poor thing, fasten up your beautiful hair. I am a painter, and I shall be very glad to give you all I said, and much more too, if you will sit to me for a picture I am doing. You said your husband was ill," he went on, when they were in the street; "will you take me to see him? I am half a doctor, and might be of use."

"It is sic a pair place, sir; jist a garret."

"Never mind that, I have often been in a garret before; and, after all, it's better than the open street in such weather. Have you been long so poor?"

"For a year, sir. Denis lost his place through the fault of anither man, and then he fell ill wi' fever, and the bairn died, and what wi' trouble and work, I got ill, and——"

"Oh," said Walter, interrupting her, "that's enough to bring you to a garret. Well, we won't talk of it any more at present. Tell me what part of Scotland you come from?"

"Perth, sir; Killin is my hame. I was in service in Stirling whan I married Denis, and he was an officer's servant."

"I come from Perthshire myself," said Walter, "so you see you were right when you said the Lord sent you out to-night, for he has put it in my power to help you, and also to help myself. I have been trying to get a model to please me for a long time, and so you see it is a mutual obligation."

"Deed, then," began Nelly, but the sobs came, and she said no more, though from her heart went up a silent thanksgiving to the Lord, whose doing this was.

Walter did not leave poor Denis in the garret; he took him to the nearest hospital, where, fortunately, some of the doctors were private friends of his, and ready, as they always are, to do a good or kind action. Nelly he took to his lodgings, placing her under the care of the old woman who acted as housekeeper.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PERFECTION OF SCRIPTURE.

"The law of the Lord is perfect."



PERFECTION! It is a high claim and one which men do not readily admit, since they find it difficult—nay, impossible—to judge of. A very strange reflection this is, that men refuse to acknowledge a claim because

they have not the means of substantiating it. Does, not justice dictate the other course—of admitting the claim when we fail to find evidence to invalidate it? No. In this case it would, to say the least, be a dangerous precedent to allow every claim to perfection because we cannot dis-

prove it. There are a thousand claims thrust under our notice every day, which we cannot disprove, but which it would be manifest folly to admit on that account. Moreover, the very nature of the case in question prevents man from being a fit arbiter in judging of perfection, since the Book which makes the claim of perfection thrusts man down from the office of judge, by declaring man's imperfection. Are we, then, brought to the conclusion that we must admit because we cannot disprove? No; for on this principle we must accede to the claims of the preposterous frauds and impostures which come to us in the garb of religion, if they claim perfection. All the miserable burlesques of creeds would come trooping round us, demanding our faith, but denying our right as men to judge of their perfection.

Is it, then, true that a religion is presented to us—a revelation purporting to teach us truths unknown to mortal ken—to unfold to us Divine mercies unreachd by the most extravagant flights of human hope—and yet we are without any means of determining whether the religion so presented to us is genuine and authentic? No; this is not true. There is, I believe, a safe mode of testing, and one which Scripture itself invites— which He who is the life and light of Scripture propounds—“By their fruits ye shall know them.” The truth is that, when we hear of the claim Scripture lays to perfection, we alter—almost instinctively—our ordinary modes of thought, and prepare to apply a test alike inadequate and unfair. There dawns upon our minds a lofty vision of perfection. We expect to find boundlessness in the range of subjects treated of, and exhaustiveness in their mode of treatment. It is an illusive expectation. God, in mercy to the limit of our faculties and the shortness of our lives, has not burdened our minds and our earth (which “could not contain the books which should be written”) with boundlessness and exhaustiveness. The indulgence of this expectation is an alteration of our ordinary modes of thought. Perfection does not, in daily parlance, convey to our minds these vast, these oppressive notions of boundlessness and exhaustiveness; it rather conveys to our minds completeness of design—or, to take one word which seems to embrace all that we need—adaptation to the end in view.

To take a familiar case or two. I look at the human eye. I find that it is an organ of very delicate construction, arranged in such a way that all the points of an object outside it are conveyed, with almost faultless accuracy, by a wonderful series of lenses and humours, to a network of very fine nerves, which carry the impression to the brain. I notice that the aperture through which light enters the eye is

capable of contraction and extension; so much so, that whereas the diameter of the pupil at one time measures only one-tenth of an inch, at another time its measure increases to one-quarter of an inch. I see from this that the eye is constructed with the view of meeting lights of varying intensity. But I know that, notwithstanding this power of regulating the quantity of light to be admitted, there may result, from the refractions of the light within the eye, scattered rays, which might interfere with the clearness of vision, by producing a blurred image. Yet there is no danger of this taking place in a healthy eye, for I discover that the retina (or network of fine nerves spoken of) is embedded in a black substance, which absorbs all the scattered rays, and prevents any marring of the image. The result of this investigation and these discoveries (and many more, for the wonders of the eye are numerous) leads me to exclaim, “The eye is perfect.”

Now on what have I grounded this opinion? On the discovery that the eye is eminently—nay, exactly—fitted to the purpose for which it was designed; or, in other words, I have considered its *adaptation* to the object of its creation, and on that I have formed my conclusion that it is perfect. But suppose a merry fellow should object to my conclusion, and say, “Nay, good sir; the eye is a wonderful organ, but not perfect, for I see that the vibrations caused by my speech will not penetrate the sclerotica, nor reach the brain by pulsations through the aqueous and vitreous humours.” I should scarcely be inclined to answer such a captious questioner, that the eye was only made for sight, and not for hearing; for I should regard the objection as indicating folly or perversity. Yet the objections made to the perfection of Scripture are, many of them, not more wise than this, and often more perverse. Men will not retain in their mind the fact that a limited range of subjects, and limited information on some of the topics revealed, is not inconsistent with the claim to perfection; and this, too, in the face of the Scripture declaration which confesses to a limitation. “We know *in part*,” says the apostle. There is a limit put to our knowledge. Though God has revealed to us eternal life, there are things God has not revealed. Our knowledge is not boundless; and even on those topics which we preach to men we are limited—there are bounds we cannot pass. Even in the subjects which God has revealed, our information is not exhaustive; for not only do we know *in part*, but we prophesy *in part*.

Still, however, the claim is advanced—“The law of the Lord is perfect;” and its perfection is to be measured by its adaptation to that end for which it was given. We are to study its design,

and consider how it fulfils that design; or we are to apply the test of our Lord himself: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Our inquiry now is, What is the object which Scripture is designed to produce? We have not far to look for an answer to this question. The psalm which advances the claim to perfection, tells us the design of God's Word: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

I do not suppose that any one will quarrel with the object here proposed, or that any will be hardy enough to assert that the object is uncalled for, as men do not stand in need of conversion; but though I do not anticipate this, it will aid our reflections a little, if we consider that the history of the world proves incontestably that men believe that there is a fatal propensity towards evil among them, which ought to be overcome. For, first, we have laws to protect the peaceable citizens from the idle and insubordinate. We have all sorts of punishments, arranged on a graduated system, suited to the various transgressions of the laws of which men may be guilty. Then, as we all admit that prevention is better than cure, we have bars to our shutters, and locks and bolts to our hall-doors; and, on the same principle, we have reformatories, and penitentiaries, and refuges, and other institutions, by means of which we hope to check, if not to eradicate, the evil. But when we have done all this, we find that there are some kinds of ill-conduct which we cannot touch by any of these means. Our notions of liberty are so sensitive that we cannot punish men for misbehaviour which all honest people heartily condemn; and for such we have another kind of penalty, and it is a very severe one. The law cannot touch, but society can frown; and the transgressor finds the laws of society more numerous and more relentless than the established laws of the land. Now all these laws, and institutions, and customs show that the world acknowledges that men stand in need of conversion.

But we may well ask how the means which men have adopted for the conversion of mankind from their evil propensities, have succeeded? There have been two plans tried by men for this object. There is the plan we have spoken of—viz., the institution of laws and customs, and this we may call the repressive system; the other plan is the way of reasoning, or the argumentative system. This has been tried of old: "Show man that the way of virtue is the way of happiness, and that the way of vice is the way of misery. Convince him that the restraint of his passions will be a joy far greater than their indulgence. Prove this, and leave common sense to work out the

result." But common sense could not; the seeds of the disease were not so much in the disordered brain as in the corrupt heart, and this, argument could never cure. In some few natures the reasoning might produce an effect, but these were very few, and the effect was more formal than real, more moral than spiritual; and the repressive system confessedly only reached the outward conduct; it never dived into men's hearts, and confronted their motives, and wrought a cure there.

So in the highest sense these human systems fail in effecting the conversion of the soul. But does Scripture accomplish this? Yes; for this cause it was given and came into the world. You have only to compare the marked improvements in mere morals since the introduction of the Christian revelation, to see what a power has been at work, and how the great soul of civilised society has been transformed. You have only to observe that where the revelation of God is freest, and the teaching of it purest, there the infractions of established law and criminal convictions are fewest.

But we have greater works than these. The effect of the Word of God is to turn the sinner from darkness to light; and under its influence we see the licentious man becoming chaste, the intemperate sober, the dishonest upright, the lying truthful; and this not merely in a negative way, but in a way which reveals the existence of an active principle for good deep-rooted in the heart.

And the reason of this power is plain. The Bible speaks to man as he is. There is no affectation of a variable holiness, but a simple and decisive statement of man's fatal proneness to evil. The source is pointed out, and the salt is cast in at the fountain-head to heal the deadly waters; or, in other words, though the Scripture reasons with men, it reasons in love, and brings to men the most powerful motive as a substitute for the base motives which led them astray.

It is when we contemplate the effects which Scripture by God's power has accomplished, and the effects which it is calculated to accomplish, that we see wherein its perfection consists; even in being thoroughly adapted to bring the sinner back to the Father's home, whence he has strayed.

It must not be supposed that this is the only result which revelation is calculated or intended to produce. This is only one, but a chief one, of many. We may at a future time speak of these others; but this one serves well to illustrate in what particulars we should look for the perfection of Scripture.

W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

CHANGE.

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever."—Eccles. i. 4.



MAN is changing—the earth is unchanging; yet the man of science tells us that even this solid globe is being slowly but steadily altered. When we would mention what is permanent, we speak of the "everlasting hills." If we would recall far-distant ages, it helps us if we remember that upon the same hills, with just the same shape and colour, the men of those ages gazed as we do.

And yet they are not *quite* the same. Rain and sun and storm are leaving their marks upon the scarred and seamed precipices. What the globe is at the present moment results from steady change carried on through ages. Strictly speaking, Nature is never at rest. Change and progress are the law of the universe.

Yet the above passage is *practically* true: the world "abideth for ever," if its age be compared with the sixty, seventy, or eighty years allotted to us. We wonder at the May-fly, which is born in the morning and dies in the afternoon. Yet why should we wonder? Its little life is brimful of happiness. It looks to no future; it dances out its little existence in the sunlight, and perhaps more happiness is crowded into its few hours of being than into the lives of creatures which live longer: and it does not startle us that a fly should live a fly's life. But how extraordinary—how difficult to reconcile with God's goodness, if to man, made for immortality, with thoughts and feelings reaching far beyond this lower world, were allotted only a life as brief as "the vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away!" We will not believe it. God will not leave us in the dust. His own promise and invitation is—"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead (Isa. xxvi. 19)." Do we then put contempt on the present life? Far from it. It is bright with a light thrown back upon it from eternity. But shut out that light, and "how great is the darkness!" Look at man's gifts, and capacities, and longings; are they all to be crushed down into the horrible pit? must we not believe that man was made for immortality, and that his troubled and sin-stained life here is but the prelude to an endless, a glorious life, untroubled and unstained, under the eye of Him "who has overcome death and brought life and immortality to light?" Yet why should I depress my fellow-man, by telling him that he is a changing creature in an unchanging world, unless

I had something more to tell him? Who by taking thought can add a single moment to his life? very well; then if this world be *all* let us give up taking thought. Let us (so the Epicurean argues) try to make the best of it, to forget that it is short, to crowd into it as much pleasure as possible. This, let the sceptic say what he will, is an odious and degrading creed, "of the earth, earthy;" but the question is, does it not follow, by all rules of common sense, from a denial of man's immortality? Tell a man that he is to die like an animal, and why, he will ask, should he not live like an animal? Tell him of a noble life, purchased by Him "who has loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," a life in that Presence which is fulness of joy, and you make him a new man, because you kindle in his heart a new hope.

"One generation passeth away, and another cometh." We find it hard to conceive this perfectly. We walk through the streets of London, and as we look into the faces of the thousands who meet us, we can to some extent feel that they are human beings like ourselves, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter." But they are not *more* human, not more capable of joy and grief, than the men who, hundreds upon hundreds of years ago, hurried through the streets of Corinth or of Rome. Yet they have all long since returned to dust; and perhaps in hundreds of years hence, men will think of London as we think of the cities of the past. It is difficult to get hold of the fact that the men of the past were not shadows, but men of flesh and blood, in whose hearts swept as strong gusts of feeling as in ours; who were as alive to every thrill of pleasure or of pain as ourselves; for whom life had as intense an interest, and death as deep a gloom.

So, again, let us look at the march of events in our own day. Seventy-nine years ago the greatest event in modern history, the French Revolution, began. Who himself remembers it now? It is a reminiscence only of those (how few they are now!) who at ninety years of age have their memories unimpaired. We spoke lately to a very old lady who remembers seeing her mother crying because Marie Antoinette was beheaded. We saw in France last year another, who, when a little girl, was condemned to die by the guillotine, and only was saved because of the fall of Robespierre. Now she sits day by day in her arm-chair by the window, waiting quietly for her call home. Yet when most of us were children, there were many who could freshly re-

collect the Revolution. In five years scarcely one will remain; *in ten years not one.*

Yes, and we are slow to remember that when we are called away, it will be "the present" to millions having life strong within them,—that the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as cheerily, and the sea roll its waves as majestically to the shore,—and that in cities men will hurry as eagerly to their business, and that the chatter and noise of the world will be as loud as ever. Thank God, that beneath the changing lies the unchanging, and that when our earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, "removed as a shepherd's tent," we shall, through God's grace, have "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

There is no use in dwelling on our perishing life here, unless it lead us to seek that life which is "hid with Christ in God." One of the noblest poems in the English language is "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is beautiful and touching, but it is only *part* of the truth—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But there are other paths which do not lead to the grave: the path of faith, the path of duty—these lead, not to the house prepared for all living, but to that presence of the Saviour, wherein we shall praise him day and night, and see his face, and have his name in our foreheads.

REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON, WITH ANECDOTES OF HIS STAFF.—II.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

AT an early hour next morning, we left for Dover. The duke was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm; the gathering multitude pressing, clinging, struggling around the carriage at every change of horses; for, in the language of Southey, "the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero of England." At three o'clock a salute from the batteries at Dover announced the arrival of the duke, who, upon alighting at Wright's hotel, was joined by Vice-Admiral Foley. That gallant officer said that as the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-south-west, and the weather was very boisterous, it would be impossible to embark from that port, and that preparations had been made for the duke's reception at the hotel.

"I must proceed, if possible," replied Wellington. "Could we not embark at Deal?"

"Assuredly," responded the admiral; "but I have only a small sloop of war there, and I fear the accommodation will not be suitable for your grace."

"Never mind that; I must make the best of my way to Paris."

In less than an hour we were on board the *Griffon* sloop of war. Wellington was a wretched sailor, and as the captain had not sufficient time to prepare for so distinguished a guest, the duke had to rough it upon the ordinary sea provisions—hard biscuit, salt pork, and fiery rum; but neither adverse winds, a bad passage, nor seasickness, prevented the Iron Duke doing an act of justice to the crew of the vessel he was on board of. A short time previous, a malicious report had found its way into the newspapers,

stating that there had been a mutiny on board the *Griffon*, and Wellington, in taking leave of Captain Hewson, referred in the handsomest manner to the statement, which he pronounced to be scandalous and unfounded. No wonder, then, when we disembarked at Bergen-op-Zoom, for we failed to make Ostend, that the crew gave the duke three of the heartiest cheers that were ever given by British tars.

On arriving at Bergen-op-Zoom, the duke witnessed the scene of that untoward and fatal enterprise, under Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, wherein Skerret, the intrepid defender of Tarifa, led the attack and fell; as also, Gore, Mercer, Carleton, and M'Donald; where 300 were killed, and 1,800 were wounded; and which attack, although it promised at the onset complete success, failed in the end from the loss of the principal officers of the right column, which caused it to fall into disorder; and from the left column being weakened by a loss of the detachment of the Guards, cut off by the enemy. It was with the deepest interest that Wellington inspected the town and fortress; his grace examined minutely the different points at which the gallant Graham had attempted to carry the place by storm; he saw the spot between the Antwerp and Water Port gates, where Cooke, despite of the difficulty of passing the ditch, on account of the ice, succeeded in establishing his column on the ramparts; he stopped opposite the Stenberger gate, where the feint attack was to be made by the third column. He paused for some time to the right of the New gate, where the second column, under Colonel Morrice, was compelled, from the heavy fire of the enemy, to retire; but the point that seemed to attract the all-absorbing attention of

the duke, was at the entrance of the harbour, fordable only at low water. Here the right column, under Skerret and Gore, had forced their way into the body of the place; but the death of the latter, and the severe wounds of the former, had (as has been stated) caused the troops under their command to fall into disorder, and to suffer a great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. During the whole of the time our chief was thus employed, his brow was thoughtful, and his countenance portrayed grief.

The whole road from Bergen-op-Zoom to Antwerp was a scene of the greatest gaiety: "the bees had expelled the bear that broke open their hive." "Orange Boven!" was shouted everywhere; the bluff burghers were puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes. On the 10th the duke arrived at Antwerp. As he was in plain clothes, he was not immediately recognised; but the moment he was known, he was very much cheered, especially by the English. His grace shook hands most cordially with many of his fair countrywomen. On the 11th he visited the dockyard and arsenal; and about one o'clock, having previously seen the cathedral, set out for Brussels. It was a most gratifying sight to see the young and gallant Prince of Orange, afterwards King of Holland, who had served in the Peninsula as aide-de-camp to the great duke, welcome his former chief to the country to which he had been so lately restored. The prince, whose Christian name was William, was, from his slim figure, nicknamed "Slender Billy." He was aware of this, for one day Lord Fitzroy Somerset, not knowing that he was present, said—

"Where is Slender Billy to-day?"

"Here I am, Fitzroy," responded the prince, "and shall be delighted to drink a glass of wine with you."

There was something peculiarly delightful in his royal highness's manner; his strict attention to military duties endeared him to his chief, while his affability and good humour made him truly popular with his brother officers. Many a page might be filled, showing the mutability of human affairs in the person of William of Holland. His early death closed a career chequered with disappointment—first, in finding himself supplanted in the affections of his ladye love, "the fair-haired daughter of the Isles," the late Princess Charlotte of Wales; and, secondly, by the loss of a portion of his dominions by the same successful rival, the late King of the Belgians. But I will not dwell more upon the history of the illustrious dead; suffice it to say, the King of Holland was a brave soldier, as his war services in the Peninsula and Waterloo campaigns bear ample witness.

To resume. Brussels at the time I write of was

the scene of the greatest gaiety; and here I must dwell for a brief period to recount two anecdotes. Among other entertainments got up, was a concert given by the celebrated Madame Catalani, which was attended by the Queen of the Netherlands, Wellington, and a large concourse of Belgian, Prussian, Hanoverian, and English officers. Wellington throughout the evening was gay even to sportiveness, conversing with all around him. He never was seated, not even for a moment, and seemed enthusiastically charmed with Catalani, ardently applauding whatever she sang, except the "Rule Britannia;" and then, with sagacious reserve, he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in every country but our own to give out a chorus of "Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!" and when his officers began to vociferate an encore, he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation; and thus offered every one an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious sway, when occasion might call for the transformation.

The hall in the park had been opened with a company of English performers, "John Bull" was announced for the first night, and throughout the day it had been hinted that Wellington had acceded to the request of the manager, and that he would probably honour the performance with his presence; and under this hope, a private box had been retained. Although there was not a shadow of pretence for such a rumour, it spread like wildfire, and led to a ludicrous mistake. A brother officer and myself had been dining in company with the duke, who told us if we liked to see "John Bull," we might make use of his carriage after it had set him down. Upon reaching the park, the carriage was recognised, and a crowd immediately followed it. As we gained the entrance to the hall, the name of Wellington rent the air. This was heard by the manager, who thrust his head out from behind the curtain to give a signal to the leader of the band to play "See the conquering hero comes." The report that his grace was about to make his appearance, reached the occupiers of boxes, pit, and gallery, and all eyes were turned on the vacant stage-box. In the meantime, my companion and myself had alighted from the carriage, had tendered our money, and were not a little surprised at the obsequiousness of the box-keeper, who thinking we were the precursors of the duke, begged us at once to walk into the lobby. The bills always announce, "no money returned," this was the only instance in which I ever found "money refused." The manager had rushed into the private box to prepare the seats, and there, candles in hand, awaited the welcome visitor.



"And hand in hand, both laughingly there,
Carolled and beckoned me into the air."—p. 428.

It was now easy to see the mistake that we had unwittingly caused, and anxious to explain it, we approached the open box door. No sooner were our uniforms visible, than the orchestra struck up the soul-stirring melody. In vain did we strive to correct the error; the audience had risen *en masse*; shouts re-echoed throughout the house, the curtain was drawn up, and the company came forward to sing "God save the King," but no representative of that sovereign to the newly-restored monarch of France appeared. For some minutes the cheers continued, when at length the mistake was explained, and after the excitement had a little subsided, my young friend and myself sneaked into the box, placing ourselves behind the curtain, fearful of calling the attention of the public to two mere urchins, who unintentionally were upon the point of receiving honours due to their chief.

After a brief stay at Brussels, the duke proceeded to visit the principal fortresses in the Netherlands, reaching Paris on the 23rd of August. Here his grace took possession of the Hotel Borghese, formerly the residence of the beautiful princess of that name. I pass over the festivities of the "City of Frivolity," given in honour of the newly-appointed ambassador, and

shall only remark that at that period France could boast of a royal hunt. Wellington was fond of the chase, and having an excellent stud of hunters, kindly mounted me whenever he took part in it. Our first rendezvous was in the Bois de Boulogne, where Wellington met Marshal Ney in friendly intercourse by the covert's side. What extraordinary events occurred between the "meet" at the Bois de Boulogne, on the 27th of August, 1814, and the meet on the plains of Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815! How much happened in that interval! but history has recorded all; suffice it to say that although the hunt was attended by the Ducs de Berri and D'Angoulême, and all the sporting men of Paris, the great object of attention that day was to witness the two rival generals riding side by side in amicable converse. Grosbois was our next place of meeting, then Rambouillet, where for the first time Wellington adopted the French hunting costume—cocked hat, gold laced coat, and jack boots. Never shall I forget the smile that beamed upon his countenance, when he saw Fremantle decked out in a similar costume. "What would they say of us in England?" he asked, as he took a full view of his ex-aide-de-camp, at that time attached to the embassy.

A WORD ON PRETENTIOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



LET'S 'tend to be ladies," was a remark I heard from juvenile lips not very long ago, and being hard up, not so much for a new subject as for a title for the same, I had to thank them for a text: for, after all, that word thus abbreviated for pretend is one that has no exact synonym in our language. We read, certainly, an account of the Pretender, in those school-history books which are so marvellously adapted to the "proper" and current estimate of things in schools generally; but the English History Pretender is not the only one in English life: all do not seek exactly that crown of empire, but they aspire to one which does not properly belong to them. Having met a cleric who looked as nearly like a bishop as it was possible to be—the cassock being, waistwards, very deep, yet *not* an apron—it struck me very forcibly how remarkably sweet the grapes would be, could he but get hold of them; and, moreover, how thoroughly done some devoted curate would be by raising his hat to the ecclesiastical pretender!

The aim of this paper, however, is more directed to that generic subject, home-life; and sure I am that the misery of humanity is not in taxes, or

police, or water-rates, or measles, or next-door pianos, or outside organ-grinders, so much as in this same pretence. In English life pretentious appearance is certainly running into an extreme that is supremely ridiculous. In the country, and at a farmhouse, it is considered nowise *infra dig.* for the girls of the family to rise early and tend the dairy, and milk the cows, and make the butter. They enjoy the work amazingly, and look fresh and fair enough both at it and also after it, when they are ready for afternoon's needlework or country walk. Why on earth those who live in cities, and can only keep one servant, should not let their daughters vary life by some domestic duties, I cannot understand. What if there is a double rat-tat-tat at the door, and Miss Amelia Talk-your-time-away does call! Let the girls come up with flour on their clean arms, or a duster in their industrious hands, and courteously tell the lady caller that they are very busy, and will she kindly come and have a chat while they work away in the domesticities of life? Capital confession that, I take it, and likely to raise their character high in the market of common sense—much more so than to shuffle up the work, and tell the maid-of-all-work to finish it, whilst they

smartens and stiffens themselves, and go into the drawing-room with all due composure of manner and commonplace of talk. That's the kind of pretence that costs time, comfort, and self-respect. I remember hearing of a family in which there was only one maid, the said family being extremely genteel. A visitor was continually hearing sometimes of "Cook," and at other times of "Ann," when, after seeing continually the same servant's face "up-stairs, and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber," she discovered, to her amazement, that Cook and Ann were the same identical person, the names being alternately applied, the one to the culinary and the other to the cleaning department of the establishment!

It strikes me that the Cook-and-Ann idea is one of the most contemptible manoeuvres in the world, and if people had not parted with a very considerable amount of common sense, they would see how contemptible they become in the eyes of others, when they resort to such dodges to be genteel. Borrowed plate at dinner-parties, and all that kind of thing, seems to me to partake of the same pretentiousness. I love to sit at the comfortable board of a Christian friend; but of all things unenjoyable, to share a dinner which is a strain in its viands, in its adornments, and general belongings, seems to me to be the most so. What if an accident happens? What if the tureen cover capsizes the candelabra, or a nervous waiter smashes up the well-cut wine-glasses borrowed from No. 7 in the Terrace? why, as possible contingencies and probabilities arise before your vision, your digestion gets desperately out of order; and then if the visitor part of the business breaks through; if the long-looked-for Count, or the ex-M.P., or the dear General does not come, then the discomfiture is great indeed—not to be concealed, and scarcely to be borne. Well, to what end is all this abominable pretence—silver salver and such like adornments? Because it raises the family, or keeps up the connection. Why the ex-Magistrate lays his next gout to the bad port, and the dear General departs to another engagement before the evening fairly begins.

But there are other pretences besides these, and of all possible pretences, pretension in religion is worst. There is nothing so nauseous in itself; there is nothing so pernicious in its influence. Real, earnest, devout religion is the most beautiful thing in the whole creation; but an affected pietism, a look-down-your-face expression when some innocent pleasure is spoken of; a grim and ungracious manner; when, accompanying all, there is a money-grabbing spirit, or a glumpy, sulky disposition, and an imbecile ignoring of all that makes life interesting—this is pretence indeed; a pretence which makes religion a by-word amongst men and a bugbear to children; a

pretence which for a little while makes you think you must be very far off the mark, if you are not as sombre-looking as these persons themselves! Who has not known some of the most covetous old creatures this world has ever seen, who have been most pietistic in manner, and possessed of "gifts?" Who has not known some of the most uncomfortable men to live with in common life, cantankerous, and indeed cruel, who looked, so far as pious pretentiousness was concerned, as if a homœopathic globule would choke them?

The most caustic words that ever were penned, would not be too hot to apply to such. They have done harm immeasurable and irremediable. These are the men who want to know how to increase the heavenly mindedness of the church, when, if they were alive to their real state, they ought to inquire how to increase the heavenly handedness, the heavenly pocket-ness, and the heavenly home-life-ness of the church. Pretence, in other matters, is very objectionable, though, of course, not so desperately bad as hypocrisy in religion. Talking about mamma's carriage, when you only keep an old shan-dry-dan of a brougham; talking about our stay on the Continent, when you were only at cheap lodgings at Boulogne; talking about our yachting cruise, when you only went from Folkestone to Dover in a friend's boat! Pretence, ah! miserable pretence. I remember hearing of a youth who visited a farmer, and chanced to brag of the Latin he had learned. The wily farmer hooked him thus:—"What be the Latin for cart, Master R—?" he said.—"Cartibus," replied the nonplussed lad. "And fork?"—"Forkibus," returned the youth. "Oh! oh!" said the farmer; "suppose you take that forkibus and put some of this dungibus into that cartibus!" Honest and sensible reproof that. Would that all assumers of learning in the world of medicine and theology could be dealt with likewise.

I cannot forget the pretenders in the sphere of beggary. What a painful instance of the corrupt influence of sin on our better nature is to be seen in the shammings of this city! Some feign to be widows; in some cases death has been assumed, and living persons have been covered with a sheet, as if laid out; and in some cases sores are painted on the flesh, and clothes rent in pieces, to afford pictures of pain and poverty. All this is very terrible, and may furnish to those who doubt man's depravity some illustrations of the darker side of human nature. But there is pretence in the sphere of scepticism as well as of religion. The assumed self-satisfaction, the outward appearance of perfect fearlessness concerning death and eternity, this is all sham; and secularists know that it is; they might as well endeavour to blot out the sun as try to blot out the instincts of the

soul. Tell me there is no sun, the next moment it shines upon me; tell me there is no immortality, the next moment the prophetic whisper is heard in my heart: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Of all pretenders, perhaps the sneering, supercilious sceptic is amongst the worst.

Next, however, to him is the pretender in politics—the rights of man advocate—the hair-thrown-back, dirty-handed style of orator roaring out about tyranny, and taxation, and tremendous wrongs, winding up with a kind of screaming peroration about this enlightened generation, and Liberty coming down upon the mountains! The echo which this sort of pretender likes to hear is, "Bravo, Buttercups!" The sight he likes to see is walls placarded with "Buttercups and Freedom!" "Buttercups and the poor man's Beer!" Buttercups himself sees beneath the printer's blue ink, "Buttercups and his own self," in very clear and distinct letters indeed. Pretentiousness is common to no peculiar era in life; but it is certainly amazing how quickly it is discerned, dealt with,

and done for at college or school. "To take him down a peg or two," is a very common necessity with the spoilt boy who comes from home; and even parents themselves often have to confess that, after the first term, their boy comes home quite a different being, and certainly a much better one.

It is one of the characteristics of Christianity that it inculcates the beautiful lesson, "Not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but to think soberly;" and no one can study the sublime adaptation of the Gospel to our nature, without marking the Divine hand in the remedy. We need to apply its teachings to our innermost thoughts, even to our self-estimates; and sure I am of this, that the more we study Christianity as a system of pardon, peace, or practical godliness, the more we shall see that it reveals such a knowledge as only the Divine Understanding could possess, and such a power of renewal as only the Divine Omnipotence could bestow. Even pretentiousness receives its death-blow in the religion of the Redeemer.

SEASONABLE VISITORS.

TO my cot, nigh which a stream now purls,
And now is dumb, four visitors came:—
June, with rosed cheek and golden curls;
July, in a mist of odour and flame,
And hand in hand, both laughingly there,
Carrolled and beckoned me into the air;
When I saw them followed beyond the sheaves
By a figure crowned with yellowing leaves,
Heaped with apples, peaches, and plums.
Presently entered an old man, damp,
As if he had walked through a fog from the sea;
And, as he sat down, with a wat'ry look,
Beside the clean-swept hearth, he shook,
Moaning as though just seized with a cramp,
And talked for a while asthmatically.

Then, as he wheezed, at the door I saw
An older face, in whose icy jaw
The teeth chattered chill, who scarce could speak
For cold, and who coughed as his ribs would
break,
Who called to his comrade o'er and o'er
To give him a seat by the fire. But soon,
Both vanished; and, as I shut my door,
From the snowy hills looked in the moon,
And I heard from the eaves, by the wintry wall,
The wavering thaw-drop slowly fall.
And in the morning's softened light
Green tinge the pastures erst so white,
And o'er the fields where the first birds sing,
The soft blue breathing face of Spring.

T. C. IRWIN.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT, ETC."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE RETURN.

IDAVID HALDANE fulfilled his promise to Henri, and sent him the supplies he needed; and as soon as he was released, the youth set about his search for Louis Oglivie. But he failed in finding the least track of the missing ones. They had disappeared without leaving a single clue by which to trace their steps. Their fate, living or dead, was a matter of mere conjecture.

A pit had been dug in front of the Louvre, where the slaughter had been thickest, and the bodies scattered over the battle-ground in its neighbourhood had been collected and buried there. A hundred and sixty bodies were laid together in that ghastly grave, and each one of the number represented a domestic tragedy of the saddest sort. Most of the dead were buried there unrecognised. The indiscriminate grave closed over the unnamed and unknown. Most of them were young men—many, indeed, almost boys; and mothers and newly-wedded wives went about,

from hospital to hospital, in the vain hope of finding some dear one who was hidden for ever in that bloody heap of slain,—went about refusing to believe that they were not to be granted one last look before the final hiding of faces—one assurance of love before the long silence of the great separation.

And in the footsteps of these poor, distracted women followed the daughter of Louis Oglivie. Nothing would satisfy her short of such a personal search as this. Had some one died without a name among the hundreds admitted to one of the noble institutions of the city, she did not hesitate to look upon the face of the dead, in order that she might be assured that it was not him whom she sought.

But she was not alone in this mournful task; David Haldane went with her, and would have taken it on himself entirely, only that in the matter of identification he was useless. Grace Minto, too, insisted on accompanying her friend through those scenes of suffering, that she might find objects to whom her wealth might minister relief.

Inquiries among the friends of Madame Oglivie proved equally fruitless. The pair seemed to have sunk into the earth—whirled away in the wild, demoniac dance of the revolution. That two human beings should be so swept away in that terrible vortex, was, after all, not so strange or improbable. In some respects it was not difficult to account for such a catastrophe. Madame Oglivie had made up her mind not to quit or lose sight of her husband, and the unhappy man was almost insane upon the point. Under the morbid influence of his aversion, he might have rushed into danger, in the hope of thus ridding himself of her, at least for a time; while she, equally determined to keep him, might have braved the danger wilfully. Thus they might have perished together in one of the storms of grape that swept the streets that lay between Louis Oglivie's haunts and his home. It was never known exactly how many did perish in this way.

But however it might be that the wretched pair had ended their career, it was, perhaps, well that the veil of the unknown should hang over the end. For years to come Louis Oglivie's daughter cherished the hope of his reappearance; but it was a hope never to be realised. He had really and truly disappeared, and for ever.

At length a day of departure for England was fixed upon by David Haldane and his party. Their passports were made out in the name of "the Lieutenant-General, the Duc d'Orleans," and they proceeded to Dieppe, and from thence in His Majesty's packet *Crusader*, crowded with English people flying from all parts of France to England.

In the name of all the proprieties, Miss Minto protested against David and his betrothed going on together and alone. At London, therefore, they halted, and took up their abode for a few days at Miss Minto's house in town. From thence they were to go down into Sussex to join the rest of the Minto family; while David Haldane proceeded to Scotland by himself.

"Remember, we shall not give her up till you have a legal right to carry her away," said Miss Minto, in parting; and it was settled that he should return, and be married in England, as there were no near relations on either side to be consulted on the matter.

The Mintoes were a family of five. Fatherless and motherless, and rich, they were left almost entirely to their own devices. The eldest brother had a fine estate in Sussex, and inhabited a bright, large, hearty-looking old Sussex manor upon it. But the brightness had gone from it for him, and the heart had died out of it, since the sad event by which, unwittingly, he had darkened the life of his favourite sister. It was hardly a year ago, and yet the place looked deserted and neglected. Grace had kept house for him, and though her sister Bella had taken her place, she could not fight against the gloom which had seized upon her brother.

"Bella, do you mind having your flowers away from the house, somewhere where I cannot see them? they remind me of Gracie, and the happy days we had before——" he would say, and rise and go away, striding over the downs till he was exhausted.

The brother and sister had not met for many months; they had not even written to each other, each too fearful of reminding the other of the past, and all the suffering that had sprung from it. Grace had, indeed, sought to assure him of her unaltered affection, but that was when her every look seemed to him a reproach. His sensitiveness equalled hers, and his suffering had been even more severe.

And now that they were to meet, their friends were anxious concerning the meeting. When he heard that she was coming home ill, her brother had said, "Yes, she will die, it is the best thing for her; and for me too, if I could manage it, death would be better than life." But now he had heard of her rapid recovery, and that she was coming down to Sussex, and he prepared to go away at once. "It will only make her ill again, to see me," he said, "even if she can bear the sight of the place."

And both Miss Minto and Peggy felt it to be a great experiment, that going down to the place. It was in the hall of the old house that the fatal shot was fired; and in a room above—a white-curtained room, looking out into the orchard, where he had been carried wounded to death that—he died. They questioned whether it was wise to go there yet; but Grace knew that her cure was not complete till she had braved this renewal of suffering; and they yielded to her wish to get it over without delay. A return of the old inaction seemed to come to her till this was accomplished. It was possible, indeed, that it might prove too much for her. The experiment might fail. The absence of her brother, who next to her was the principal sufferer, seemed an element of failure.

A third sister had built a cottage on her brother's land, and called it "The Retreat." It was a real cottage, and not a sham. Except in the exquisite purity of everything in it, there was nothing to distinguish

it from the better class of humble homes. The door opened straight into a square hall, which could be used as a sitting-room, scantily furnished with oaken chairs and table, and with a wooden settle on each side of the great fireplace, furnished with dogs instead of a modern grate. From the hall opened an inner room, one step higher, furnished with equal simplicity, its square of crimson carpet, and its table-cover of some plain material, being quite attainable by all but the very poor. The sleeping-rooms, equally simple, were reached from this room by a wooden stair. A door communicated with a similar cottage, built by the side of this one, in which dwelt the young squire's keeper and his wife, who served the inmates of "The Retreat," whoever they might happen to be. Behind, in a dwelling of their own, lived a noisy family of beagles, and two or three young ones were generally to be found crawling about along with the keeper's baby, and running the same risks of being trodden upon or burned alive.

It was to the cottage that Miss Minto resolved to come, and to bring the two young ladies; Miss Kate, its owner, being absent with another aunt in Scotland. It had strange tenants often, "The Retreat"—a retreat, indeed, not from splendour and gaiety, as its young mistress at first intended, but from many of the ills of life. As has been said, these young people were rich, and free to spend their riches; and both riches and freedom were beginning to be nobly used by them. Did Kate Minto find a poor young schoolmistress, toiling and fainting through the summer, in a close London schoolroom, she would send her down, with a mother or a sister for company, to stay a month at the cottage, to wander over the breezy downs, and eat fruit, and drink sweet milk *ad libitum*. At another time it would be a poor artist and his wife, to whom it was a double boon, giving life to his art as well as to himself, furnishing his exhausted portfolio with fresh sketches of lovely Sussex woods, picturesque with scattered farm and manor, church and cottage, amid the wavelike undulations of height and hollow.

Bella was at the cottage to receive them, and at first it seemed as if both sisters would have broken down at the meeting. It was Grace who recovered first, and presented Miss Oglivie to her sister. "We two," she said, holding her hand "have talked over this meeting, and I think but for her I should never have been able to bear it. Now I feel as if it was selfish to sorrow so much and so long. Where is he?"

"Ben? He does not know you are here," faltered her sister; "I was afraid to tell him. Oh, you do not know what he has suffered!"

"How glad I am," said Grace, looking at her friend with tearful eyes, "that you persuaded me to see him at once—that you guessed all this. Do you know she told me that he must be suffering more than me?" she said, turning to her sister.

Bella went up to Peggy and kissed her. "Oh, thank you so much!" she sobbed. And turning to Grace, "It will all be as it used to be at home again, will it not?" she asked, timidly.

"How will you let him know I am here?" said Grace.

"I do not know," answered her sister. "If he knew, I think he would go away. I know he has thought of giving up the place to Will, and going away altogether. I think if you had not come back, or if—if you had died, he would have done it soon."

Then Miss Minto was taken into consultation; and it was resolved that she should see "Ben," as her nephew was called, on the morrow, and tell him that his sister was at the cottage, and was coming to see him. But Fate had ordered it otherwise.

On the morrow, when Miss Minto had gone up to "the house," to fulfil her mission, Grace, who was very restless and excitable all the morning, was urged by Peggy to go out into the little wood. Anything to work off the feverish feeling which betrayed itself in the heightened colour and unnaturally brilliant eyes. Leaning over the stile which led out of the wood to the upland beyond, was a man who seemed immovable in his attitude of listlessness. At first Grace did not recognise him; but on their advancing close, he turned a little, and Grace, excited as she was, gave a little cry, and sank on the bank by the pathway. It was the very opposite to all she had intended her meeting with her brother to be. He turned and looked at her for a moment, and then with an expression which Peggy never forgot, as an embodiment of acute despair, he was about to fling himself over the stile.

But Peggy saw in a moment what had happened, and hastened towards him. She did not hesitate to seize his arm, explaining in a hurried whisper that they were there to see him. "Come to her," she added, "and all will be well."

But he stood still. "She cannot bear to see me," he murmured.

"Oh, yes, she can—she will; but she is trembling now, so that she cannot walk, and you must go to her."

He suffered himself to be led forward; but his sister had risen to meet him, and came to him crying, "Forgive me if I have hurt you, Ben. Indeed, I did not mean it; but we came upon you so suddenly."

Strong man as he was, Peggy could see his whole frame shiver with emotion as he took her in his arms.

Then the three walked together back through the little wood, growing calmer every step they took.

"Shall we go and find Miss Minto?" said Peggy, with a look of intelligence to her friend.

"Where is she?" said her nephew.

"She has gone up to 'the house' to tell you that I was coming. Let us go;" and his sister clung closer to his arm, while Peggy, excusing herself, turned aside into the cottage.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE TITLE IN ABEYANCE.

DAVID HALDANE found on his return that things at the factory had gone on much in their usual course; but the old man had begun to murmur at his pro-

longed absence, though his stay beyond the allotted period had not been much more than a week. The old man murmured, because in his early days people had had no holidays at all. He himself had had none, he said; and, like all old people, he was inclined to measure with his own bushel other people's apples. He was, altogether, somewhat crusty with his nephew.

"I have another offer for Delaube," he said, in the first hours of their meeting.

"And I hope you have refused it," said his nephew, hastily.

"No, I haven't. I think I'll sell it. Captain and Mrs. Oglivie want the place taken off their hands, and Miss Margery makes another offer for it."

"I will take it," said David the Younger.

"And what wud ye do wi' it?" asked his uncle, almost angrily.

"Bring home my wife," answered his nephew.

The old man felt an intensity of interest which he did not choose to show. He did not want to be mollified all at once. "Where may she be?" he asked.

"She is in England," was the answer; "and I want to arrange for an absence early in October, when I mean to bring her back with me."

David Haldane the Elder had not shown his interest in his nephew's first statement; but he could not conceal his disappointment at the second. He had completely reconciled himself to the idea of an alliance with the Oglivies, and, from being reconciled, he had become eager for it. "I wud rather ye had married a countrywoman o' your ain," he said, testily. "They say the English lasses are baith bonnier and franker; but, as far as I've seen, there's mair ootcome in the Scotch."

"But surely Miss Oglivie is Scotch enough," said his nephew.

"Ou, ay; if it's her I've naething to say," rejoined the old man.

His nephew then told him the story of the "Three Days," and before he had ended his listener was restored to entire good humour.

"I'll settle about the house," he said. "Nae doubt she wud like to come back to the auld place. She seemed sore vexed to leave it."

David had undertaken to see Margery at the earliest opportunity. She was by no means prepared to rejoice over the marriage which awaited one of the last representatives of her noble house; but for David Haldane, personally, she had conceived a great admiration, which she showed by telling him her mind on the subject, concluding with—

"So ye're not afraid to marry one o' an evil race. For many a day the Oglivies have had the ban o' the Almighty on them. Few o' them have died a fair-strae death" (viz., died fairly in their beds). "No good have they ever done, no blessing have they ever brought."

David gave it as his opinion that his betrothed was blessing enough for a whole generation of Oglivies; but shrewdly added that, if her opinion of them was so bad, the race might as well come to an end.

"The lands and the gear will be hers some day," she said, half-meditatively.

"They needn't," he replied; "there are others who can claim them."

"And ye want nothing with her?" she rejoined with a queer look.

"Nothing," he answered, proudly, but with no evil pride. "What I want I win: the power to do this is my inheritance."

"Well, well, let it be," she answered; and they parted friends.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT A NUISANCE!"

"**M**ISS MARY, just come and watch baby, while I go and make his food for him when he wakes."

I was reading a story-book very intently in the window-seat, when nurse's clear, brisk voice broke upon my ear. I did not answer just at first; to say truth, I was annoyed at being disturbed; I had just got to such a very interesting part of the story; so I merely frowned, and went on reading.

"Miss Mary, did you hear what I said? Will—you—mind—baby—while—I—go—down—stairs?"

Nurse spoke every word of her sentence very slowly and deliberately, and close to my ear, so that I was obliged to reply. I had no longer the slightest excuse to be silent, so I said, in a pettish, cross voice, "Oh, very well, nurse! what a nuisance you are! you never will let one read a story without interrupting one."

Then I turned with renewed energy to my book. But the subject was not to be dismissed so easily,

for nurse continued: "I shouldn't ask such a disagreeable child to do anything for me, only baby's not been well these two days, and I don't like his symptoms."

Then nurse left the room, and I got up and went to the cradle.

"Symptoms, indeed!" I thought to myself; "a great fat, red child like that to have anything the matter with it! I don't believe it—it's as fast asleep as a top, and isn't likely to wake, either, till nurse comes back with the food."

Then I tried to go back to my book; but I had been thoroughly roused. I had got over the "pretty part," as I called it, and didn't care to read any more.

Baby was still asleep.

"Oh! what a nuisance!" I said, half aloud; "and I might have been playing with Rosie" (that was my last new doll). I went softly towards the cradle, with my arms up to balance myself in case I should take a false step. Still fast asleep was baby. While I looked the little hand clenched itself, and the little

lip quivered. "Oh," I thought, "he's dreaming. All right." I crept softly to the door, turned the handle very gently, shut it after me, and went up-stairs to the lumber-room, where my playthings were.

I had played with my doll long enough, and was laying her snugly in her usual receptacle, when I heard a loud shriek, the most terrific cry I had ever heard. My heart almost stood still, and I felt the hot blood rush up to my face and neck. I stood leaning forward with my hands clasped for one second, then I made a rush down the stairs.

"Ring the down-stairs bell," screamed nurse from the nursery.

In my agitation and flurry I set almost all the bells in the house ringing.

"Rush down-stairs and tell them to bring hot water immediately," said nurse again.

I saw the housemaid coming up the stairs, and I shouted, "Hot water, Mary—baby—oh! I don't know what's the matter."

Nurse's voice followed mine down the stairs:

"Be quick for your life, and call missis. The baby's in a fit."

I crept back to the nursery, and was nearly knocked down by Mary, who arrived with a can of hot water. The baby was already undressed, and in another minute was in the water, but not before I had seen his little face almost black, his arms and legs distorted, and drawn up in a frightful manner and his eyes rolling horribly.

"Oh, nurse! nurse!" I said in agony, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Go away," replied nurse, in a cold hard tone, "go away, you wicked girl! you've killed your brother for aught I know."

Mamma was there, but she was too much occupied with baby to take any notice of me.

I saw all my fault and wickedness then. I was perfectly penitent and heart-broken. I thought I had killed my little brother, and I already looked upon myself as a murderer. I saw now that nurse was right, and I remembered the nervous twitching of the hands and eyes, which I had taken for the effects of dreaming. I wished I had never had a pretty book, nor a doll, to prevent my doing my duty readily and cheerfully.

I slunk down-stairs like a thief, as if I had no right in the house. I had an indistinct notion that some dreadful harm would happen to me if baby died, and I had a vision of myself poor, unprotected, and in rags, like the little girl at the corner of the street who swept the crossing, and received a penny from papa regularly every morning. I thought I should have to go a long way off, and never see papa and mamma again. I felt quite certain that I deserved such a fate; but it grieved me very much all the same, and I went and sat in the library, and cried till my eyes were so red and swollen that I could hardly see out of them.

I had not been in the library long when I heard the doctor's knock, and then his loud voice in the

hall, and his squeaking boots ascending the stairs heavily and regularly, till he reached the nursery door, when there was a deadly stillness, awful to be borne. It seemed hours to my childish ideas before he came down again, and I endured horrible tortures the while. When I heard the boots on almost the last stair I darted out and said, "Oh, sir, will baby die?—tell me, sir, will he get better?"

"It's been a very near touch, little woman," said the doctor—"a very near touch. If nurse hadn't gone in when she did, there wouldn't have been much chance for the poor little chap—very little chance indeed." Then he patted my head. "I suppose you're very fond of little brother," he said. "Why, you've cried your eyes out almost. Oh, I dare say he'll get all right again, only he must be closely watched. There ought to have been some one with him when the fit came on. Ah! he wouldn't have stood it much longer, poor little chap;" and the old doctor opened the street door, and gave me a gigantic and sympathising nod as he closed it after him. I felt more wicked than ever then, and I had a great impulse to open the door and call after the doctor, and pour into his horrified ear the tale of my misdeeds, and tell him that I was crying as much for them as for my brother's illness.

All was quiet now; in fact, there seemed a deathly calm in the house. I sat on the stairs and cried softly to myself, and listened to the clock tick, tick, tick, and it seemed to tick harshly and angrily to-day. Presently I got up and slowly went up-stairs till I got outside the nursery door. I was afraid to go in. I dreaded the combined anger of mamma and nurse. I stood leaning against the door for a long time, still listening to the angry clock, wishing I could hear news of baby, and wishing I could go anywhere rather than be so miserable. Mamma came out suddenly, but quietly, and, grasping me firmly by the wrist, led me into her bedroom.

Mamma's scolding was not of the character I had anticipated: she spoke to me very calmly and gently. "Mary," she said, "I don't think I need say anything to you about your wicked, cruel neglect of a helpless little baby—your own brother; your punishment must be about as much as you can bear already, if you have any conscience: for the little fellow nearly died. Nurse tells me she mistrusted your watchfulness, or she would not have returned so soon. It was fortunate she came as she did, or you might have been wretchedly unhappy for the rest of your life. I hope this will be a lesson to you always, Mary. When you are inclined to be petulant, and disagreeable, and disobedient, remember how a life was once almost sacrificed to your temper and unwillingness to do your duty, and avoid even the chance of bringing such unbearable misery upon others and yourself."

I listened very quietly to mamma's speech, and then made a full and free confession of my naughtiness, and received that forgiveness which a parent should always be ready to accord to a child who is sorry for its fault.

E. W.

THE BIVYER

— Saturday, March 28, 1868. —



(Drawn by S. L. FILDES.)

“It’s pretty plain he worked *con amore*.”—p. 434.

THREE CHAPTERS IN A PAINTER’S LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

MAY had come round again, the Academy was open, and Walter Chesney’s success had far outrun his wildest hopes. Men and newspapers

raved about his pictures. “The Painter’s Dream,” was sold; and so, too, was an exquisite little picture, in which he had immortalised the scene in the hairdresser’s shop.

Walter had given up his city lodgings, and taken a comical little cottage at Putney, where Denis and his wife kept house and garden for him, and where admirers of art and lion-hunters came and left piles of cards and invitations, very few of which Walter accepted. He was still coward enough to be afraid of meeting Marion; he even shunned the Academy, until one day he remembered Nelly had not been there.

"You must take your wife to see herself, Denis," he said.

But Denis looked troubled; he had an idea that Nelly would be politely mobbed if she showed herself inside the Academy, and that people would at once recognise her as the "Dream Angel." So he did not respond so warmly to his master's offer as that master expected, and finding out what the poor fellow really felt about it, Walter good-naturedly offered to take the little woman himself, and bought a marvellously pretty bonnet and dress, chosen with the express intention of setting off her beauty to its best advantage.

They went early, to avoid the crush, and were sitting before "The Painter's Dream," when Marion Riddley and a friend entered the room.

Marion saw Walter at once, and the colour flushed indignantly to the roots of her hair, for she recognised at one glance the heroine of his wonderful picture, and saw him leaning towards her with every expression of tender interest in his earnest face. Marion read the motto attached to "The Painter's Dream," and, remembering her words, her heart throbbed angrily as she thought, "He might have spared me the insult of putting my words in *her* mouth."

Walter had not seen her yet, of that she was sure, so she had time to school her face, before she must pass him. Very slowly, therefore, she followed her friend, talking of the pictures in a dry, hard voice. They had reached the next seat to that upon which Walter was sitting, his back was towards them, and so far as Marion knew he had never turned his head, he was too busy talking, telling Nelly of a plan he had formed for enabling her husband and herself to put their chosen wish of emigrating into effect, and Nelly was listening, with gratitude and happiness speaking in her lovely face. Others besides Marion were deceived as to the relationship of the two. A couple of men—acquaintances of Mr. Chesney's—were sitting near, and she heard one say, evidently in reply to some question put by the other—

"Wife! of course. Walter is one of the right sort."

"Then that accounts for his taking a cottage, no one knows where? Where on earth did he pick up such an angel? she looks as if she had come to meet him half-way."

"It's pretty plain he worked *con amore*," laughed

the friend; "come along and try if he will introduce one," and they rose and sauntered on.

Marion saw Walter look up, as one of them addressed him by name in passing; saw him start, and nod hurriedly, then go on with his conversation; she saw this, but did not see that, in turning, Mr. Chesney had recognised her. She did not see the spasm and pallor that crossed his face; but Nelly, who knew every phase of suffering by heart, did.

"You are ill, master," she said, rising. "Let us go home."

"Not yet, Nelly; sit down again, and I'll tell you all about it. I've often meant to, but the right opportunity never seemed to come. It is the story of that picture, and of my life."

Walter's heart was full, and when that is the case, nature generally grows eloquent; and so he became not only eloquent, but impassioned, and Marion, looking on, saw it; but little suspected the story he was telling had any reference to herself. She looked on as long as she could, then the very agony she was suffering gave her courage, and, rising, she swept down the room, her stately figure drawn up and her head held proudly. As she passed Mr. Chesney, she turned and bowed, in that marked manner, which is more difficult to assume, and more galling to bear, than any cut direct, at the same time looking Nelly full in the face; and the poor little woman, whose heart was bleeding for her friend, blushed for very pity.

"She looks very proud, master," whispered Nelly, half-inclined to cry. "Is she a great lady?"

"Her father is a merchant."

"Oh!" said Nelly, dubiously. In her part of Scotland every man who sold a yard of tape was a merchant. "Are you sure she ever got your note, sir?" was the next query.

Walter's eyes opened, and grew earnest.

"What do you mean? how could it be otherwise? I gave it to the man myself."

"Ay, master, but flunkeys are sae lazy; and maybe he gave it till the ladie's maid, and she forgot it."

"Then why should she treat me as she did just now? she never used to do so."

Nelly's woman's instinct had a ready answer for this; but she did not tell Walter what she thought. If Marion did not care enough for him to trust him, it would be better that no new hopes should be roused, and unsettle the calmness purchased at the price of despair. He had spoken of his story as of the past, best let it so remain; and yet in her heart Nelly had strange doubts, and as she walked home, she formed a plan, which was simply this: to go and tell Marion of the letter, and of Mr. Chesney's goodness to her husband and herself; then leave the result in the hands of Providence.

Next day, Nelly presented herself at Davenport Street; and the footman, concluding she had come for orders, took her to Marion's private room.

Marion, who was alone, started when she saw her visitor.

"He has mistaken your name," she said, rising, and, though indignant at what she thought Walter's impertinence, determined to be friendly, and vanquish him by her very courtesy. "I must apologise for the blunder of a new servant, Mrs. Chesney; but you see it is rather earlier than our visitors generally come. Do sit down."

Nelly's face had been a picture in itself, during these few words. She had been terribly frightened of what she had undertaken, and only the intense gratitude she felt towards Mr. Chesney could have overcome her natural timidity. Now, however, she saw it all. The name Marion had called her by swept away the veil, and strengthened her for any amount of difficulty.

"I am not Mrs. Chesney, miss; my husband and I live with Mr. Chesney. He doesn't know I've come here to-day, miss; and if you'll please not to be offended, I'll just tell you how he found me out, and put me in his picture."

Marion sat down, she could not pretend to understand this woman; but something held her silent, and in a manner compelled her to listen, while bit by bit, and not without tears, Nelly unfolded her story; and when that was told, without giving Marion time to arrive at any conclusion, the cunning diplomatist launched off into the subject of the letter.

"What letter?" cried Marion, her colour deepening; "I never received any letter from Mr. Chesney."

"There now, miss, I told him so; but he said he put it into the man's hand himself, and that you wad get it, the very night." Nelly stopped with a sort of hysterical gasp. She saw it all, and the very happiness in store for Walter took away her breath.

"I never received any letter," repeated Marion, slowly; "but as Mr. Chesney could have nothing particular to say, I dare say it was of no consequence."

"Jist this," burst out Nelly, forgetting everything but the truth, "jist this, that it sent him out o' the country wi' a broken heart; and, at this moment, he dare na gang out o' the place, for fear o' meeting you, and remembering the love he had lost."

"Really," and Marion rose, "really, I do not

see what right Mr. Chesney has to complain, or why you are to come and tell me this."

"Only for this, miss, that he wrote, and whan he never got an answer he went 'most mad."

"Well, then, tell him to bring his letter to-morrow morning, and I will honestly answer it. I can say no more. Please go home now. I dare say you mean it all well, but you don't understand. - At all events, I am glad he got such a good subject for his beautiful picture."

Nelly flew rather than walked home, and roused Walter out of one of his gloomy fits by a recital of her morning's work, and next day Mr. Chesney calling at Davenport Street, was taken to Marion, to whom he presented a copy of the much-thought-of letter.

He was standing by the window as she read it, but when she said, "Is it too late to tell you I would have proudly granted your request, Mr. Chesney?" he came closer to her, and leaning over her chair, tried to look into her face, as he said—

"Then for eight long months I have insulted you by every thought. Can you ever forgive me?"

Marion's eyes, no doubt, gave the necessary assurance, and more too, for Walter did not leave Davenport Street until nearly five o'clock, and when he did, a long tress of the golden glory lay in his pocket-book.

* * * * *

"I have news for you, Nelly," said her master, putting his head into his housekeeper's room; "I am going to be married, and as we owe it all to your great wisdom, you are required to go to Davenport Street with me to-morrow to be suitably thanked. Denis has to go too, for the gift will concern you equally. The truth is, Mr. Riddle has bought a little place in Ireland, and wants a steady couple to farm it for him; so, as one good turn deserves another, my friends, Miss Riddle has secured the post for you, and if you make haste and get over, we'll be able to spend our honeymoon in the old house. What do you say to going back to Ireland, Denis?"

But Denis could not just then say anything. His lips were shaking, and very little more would have upset him altogether; so Nelly, as usual, became spokeswoman, and very nicely and truly did she use the power.

"It's the Lord's doing, master, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I'll never doubt that the sma'est o' our actions are guided for guid, if we like to find it again."

I. D. FENTON.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

IT is the Puritan's daughter,
The daughter of Paul the Bold—
Paul the eloquent preacher,
The scoffer at rank and gold ;
Paul, you know, with the grey beard,
Looking a century old—
Paul who stands in the market-place,
Raving of Justice, and Faith, and Grace.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
The innocent Magdelene,
A ray in the house of her father,
Gliding the glooms between ;
His home in the stead of her mother,
Who sleeps 'neath a coverlid green—
Who sleeps in her bed with a heaveless sleep,
It is so peaceful, it is so deep.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
She sits in her cheery nook,
There you may daily find her,
Good sir, an you care to look—
Glancing anon to her needle,
Anon to the page of her book ;
And smoothly as runs the silken thread,
So run the thoughts of the Book in her head.

It is the Puritan's daughter ;
You may scan in vain for a trace
Of wile or guile in her quiet smile ;
'Tis only an unthought grace :
'Tis only the light of her spirit
Sunning awhile in her face,
Lustring deep in the wells of her eyes,
And rosily dying as daylight dies.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
And O for that joyful peace !
Those hours in the dim cathedral,
Despairing now, I cease ;
For the many rites have bound me
Till I groan for my release :
Ay, would I were Paul in the market-place,
Though he rave of Justice, and Faith, and Grace !

II.

It is the Puritan's daughter :
One spring-bright day as I went
Beneath the opening window,
With sorrowful face downbent,
A leaf came fluttering downward,
A page from a book, 'twas sent
Like a healing leaf from the Living Tree,
And I knew who plucked it thence for me.

It is the Puritan's daughter :
I caught the page, and I prest
To my lips the precious burthen,
The message true and blest :
"Come unto me," it whispered,
"And I will give you Rest :"
O words of love ! O bliss unpriced !
At length I found Thee, Jesu Christ !

It is the Puritan's daughter :
But where is the scene of old ?
Beyond the heaving of waters ;
And an ocean of woes untold,
Far, far from this verdure of gladness :
And what of that Paul the Bold ?
The Thunderer sleeps with a heaveless sleep,
It is so peaceful, it is so deep.

It is the Puritan's daughter :
She walks in the pleasant glades
Of a vast delightful forest ;
For in sooth she loves the shades,
And saith, "Where the sun is brightest,
All bloom the soonest fades ;"
So Magdelene blooms in the shades of life,
A comely matron, a fadeless wife.

It is the Puritan's daughter :
The night is drawing on ;
Her children kneel around her
Till the last faint ray is gone :
Now come away, my children,
She rests in the shades alone ;
And through that deep and heaveless sleep
The good kind God will her spirit keep.

B.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

THE word of Him who knew what was in man affirms distinctly, that the Christian life, so promissory of all the blessedness that men really and instinctively, though often blindly, yearn after and long for, is certainly attainable. The question is, *how* is it to be attained ? In other words, as the suddenly-arrested persecutor asked : "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?"

That young ruler was obviously no loose, unprincipled profligate, nor, in his own view, even an irreligious youth, who besought our Lord to tell him—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life ?"

All classes of life, and all kinds of character, brought the same practical question to the Baptist, as he preached repentance, asking : "And what shall we do ?" Pharisees, publicans, soldiers, and all kinds of people came with the same question,

as the Philippian gaoler: "What must I do to be saved?"

I want to answer that vital inquiry. There is something to be done, as well as something to be believed, for "*faith without works is dead.*" True; and works without faith are equally dead. The body without the soul, or the soul without the body, equally imply a condition of death. Consequently, all that we need advance is essentially comprised in those two simple elements of godliness—faith and works.

When I say faith, I don't mean that haughty, inflated orthodoxy which shibboleths the dialect of heaven, but looks down with contempt upon its fellow-sinners, whom angels watch with tenderer interest, waiting to catch the first starting tear that wakes the unselfish "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." There is too much of that cold creed which freezes into diffidence, if not distrust, the poor, meek, timid, soul with which it comes in contact. I do not mean faith of that fashion, but a loving, active, ingenuous, and humble faith, that thinks little of itself, and much of others, and most of God. A hearty, honest faith that forgets its theological system in the glory of its centre—that sinks itself in its considerateness for others—a practical, as well as experimental faith, which turns with too much candid loathing from its own sins, faults, and infirmities—which, of course, it knows best—to have any element of contempt left for the sins of others, and only feels how much it has to undo for itself, and to do for its fellows. As the pious Joseph Alleine wrote from his prison, to his old flock at Taunton, "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves: let the world see that the promises of God, and privileges of the Gospel, are not empty sounds, or a mere crack. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations, prove the reality, and excellency, and beauty of your religion to the world."

That "restless diligence" is the point which meets the defective spirituality of the day—the want of workers. We have too many talkers, and plenty of believers, so called, but not enough workers. There is a want of workers, not only in the direct work of Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, collectors for religious societies, active leaders and co-operators in mutual-instruction schemes, and such like; but we want also workers for God in your common workshops; Christians working for him while they are at work for themselves—glorifying God in their secular callings. A young Christian shines brightly in his business, when his Christianity makes him more active and conscientious, more in earnest at what his hand findeth to do, than worldly men. Your religion has done little for you, if it has not done that.

You may be a lawyer (like Sir Matthew Hale), or a physician (like Haller, Heberden, and Mason Goode), or a painter (like West), or a sculptor (like Bacon), or a poet (like Milton, Klopstock, and Cowper), or a merchant (like Thornton and the Hardcastles), or a philosopher (like Boyle and Boerhaave), or a hardworking artisan (like the Yorkshire blacksmith, or the watchmaker of Geneva), but your aim, your study, and daily prayer should be, to be not only a better Christian, but a better lawyer, a better physician, or painter, or sculptor, or poet, or merchant, or philosopher, or mechanic, than the mere man of the world.

You should let the world see that religion, so far from obstructing secular eminence, actually promotes it, and purifies it of idle fame-craft, and converts personal gifts into instruments of greater personal usefulness;—that it inspires a John Newton to write his Letters, and a Butler his "Analogy," and a Matthew Henry his Commentary, and a Cowper his Hymns;—that it restricts a contemplative Venn to his parish, and impels a Whitefield to make the world his field; locks up a profound Edwards in his study, and scatters the sweet perfume of a Wilberforce in the boudoir; so that each in his way works and waits upon God—"he that ministereth by his ministering, he that teacheth by his teaching, he that exhorteth by his exhortations, and he that ruleth by his diligence," and by his judgment and love unfeigned, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Thus the varied and sanctified field which, like Joseph, the Lord hath blessed, bringeth forth its fruits, "some thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred-fold" to the praise and glory of the great and good "Lord of the harvest," whose cry is still for "more labourers." Alas! that the responsive cries are so few and far between, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

God's moral operations, like his natural ones, are, for the most part, so quiet and unseen in their process, like the silent growth of a flower, or the ripening of a crop, though these are as much his handiwork as the louder echo of his voice in thunder, or the more obvious flash of his glory in the lightning, that the stillness fails to minister to some men's ambition, pride, or parade; and hence comparatively limited is the number of young men found engaged in "doing the work of an evangelist." There seems no scope for hero-craft, no dazzling materials for history, in stooping down to the level of back-street ignorance, to teach vulgar little boys and girls. No philosophy in reasoning oneself into a discussion with a wretched drunkard, or with that notorious young thief, his son, whose only lesson has been to be taught to steal for him. There is no poetry in diving down a back lane by gas-light, in search of the ragged refuse of the streets, to surprise and

warm their precociously benumbed hearts with, perhaps, the first tones of fellow-feelinghood that ever thawed them. Yet there is a heroism, none the less sterling that it happens not to be fashionable—there is a philosophy, none the less real because it is not of the schools—and there is a poetry, sweet and holy as the melody of the harper of Bethlehem, in the sentiment which charmed evil spirits out of the conceits of a melancholy king, in the large and tender-heartedness which finds a channel for its sensibilities in rude and unlovely miseries, that require no metaphor to illustrate them, in midnight ignorance and degradation, which asks no laboured comment to expound them; the sight of which, without sensational descriptions, and the pitiful and gracious apprehension of which, without public or romantic inducement, constrain for the love of Christ, every personal energy of evangelical benevolence into the effort that yearns for their amendment and reclamation. And they best reclaim the waste places of society, who not only enclose the common, but sow it with seed to make it fruitful. It is a grand secret to teach a young lawless wanderer and wayfarer, not merely that he has been doing evil, that he was good for nothing—which, perhaps, the rough staves of the police have often told him already—but that he is good for something better, which he had never thought he was, before you told him so;—to persuade him that he has a gift which only lacks developing, like the resources of a once barren soil, whose culture produces wheat even more abundantly than it had brought forth its spontaneous weeds. This was the secret of Dr. Arnold's power as a teacher, that he impressed every pupil with the stimulating conviction that there was a work for him to do, and that he could do it. The boy woke to find himself of some importance; that there was a niche in the Pantheon of life which his humble statue was hewn out to fill, if only his own hand and heart quarried out the materials for the impartial sculptor. He raised the duty of study into a mental dignity, and thus made it each lad's ambition to be a conscientious labourer in the sphere of his individual gifts, assured that life was no lottery, with its contingent luck and loss, but that some prize was open to every one in the sure and just proportion of his industry, capacity, and truth.

The teacher who neglects the poor dull boy, or the bad wild boy, in the selfish forcing of the brilliant one, whom he destines for his own advertisement, is the reverse, not only of the Christian who "minds not high things, but condescends to men of low estate," but of the "old English gentleman" who,

"While he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small."

Minds, immortal spirits, have their forlorn hopes, and we want volunteers to dare them. There are acres of cold, hungry soils that want the slow and patient toil of spade husbandry to dig and develop their scanty capabilities.

There is too much easy-going charity and gaslight philanthropy in these days. What the practical needs of the age require is just that patient, obscure, conscientious elaboration of schemes of benevolence, whose only recompence is sought for in its success, and which looks for no other applause than the obvious benefit of its poor client: like the gardener, who early and late waters his plants and tends upon his flowers, seeking no other return, at least from them, than their budding into their own bloom and beauty in their appointed season.

I ask, then, the young men who are readers of *THE QUIVER*, who profess to believe in, to love and serve, the Lord Jesus, to be content to stoop as he did, to take the children of the streets "in his arms, lay his hands upon them, and bless them." It robs no ray of glory from the Redeemer's Godhead to picture him laden to the bosom with two or three little ones—poor people's too, for it was not in rich men's houses he met them, but in the bare streets and lanes of the city, whither many of his parables bade all who would be his disciples to go out and follow him. I give a prominence to this work of imitating Him who came "to seek, as well as to save them that were lost," for there is a "taking up of the cross" in it, greater than the less trying task of teaching the children when they have been gathered in under the wings of the school. May I not add, however humble a young man's gifts may be, or his modesty suppose them to be, or his indolence pretend them to be, every one has gift enough to be a street-searcher, a kind of moral scavenger (and Aristides was not ashamed to be a real one)? It wants nothing but the will, and the grace of God and the love of Christ working with that will, to be an effective explorer of those artificial dens and caves of the earth wherein great cities unwittingly hide the victims, or the agents, of their neglects, vices, and sins.

There is nothing nobler than the consecration of our gift, be it only the one talent, to doing good. To do good is to get good. We learn by teaching. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," is equally applicable to duty. God's Word demands men's exertions only according to their gifts, and any "man is accepted according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not." Even an accidental infirmity, or natural defect, does not exclude the individual from his share of opportunities for well-doing. One night an elderly miner, returning to his home across the colliery fields of Worcestershire, lost his way.

He wandered helplessly in the thick darkness for several hours, till midnight overtook him, weary, worn out, and utterly at a loss to know where he was. At length, perceiving a light in a wayside hut, he tapped timidly at the door. A voice from within kindly bade him enter, and he asked his way to Cradley.

"Thee art three miles off the road," replied the cottager, and then cheerfully rising, added, "but I'll put thee right again;" and forthwith went out with the wanderer, and guided him safely to his home.

"How couldst thee find thee way through the fog?" said the grateful miner.

"It's no fog to me," said his friend; "I be blind as a mole."

All honour to the blind philanthropist, whose inner vision could recognise the claims of brotherly kindness, and convert his very infirmity into an instrument of usefulness. Such deeds put to shame many a selfish Pharisee, who "now saith he seeth, and therefore his sin remaineth."

If through "the gross darkness on the minds of the people," there were more searchers for scholars, there would be larger schools, and if there were larger schools, there would be more teachers. Young men and maidens could not for very shame see the children come crowding into

the schools, and let them go away without a lesson. Like the Lord whom they profess to follow, they would have compassion on the tiny multitude, and dread sending them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way.

One of the modes, then, in which I would urge you into work for God, is to volunteer your services as Sunday-school teachers, and to be ready to take your turn cheerfully and promptly in the task of visiting from house to house in search of the little involuntary law-breakers, who know not what they are breaking, whether of God's law or man's, or the law of their own well-being. I repeat the assertion, you will do yourselves good by doing good to others. No one knows till he tries how much we actually learn by teaching—how many old errors are detected—how many old impressions are rectified or confirmed, and how many old truths are realised in new lights, by the simple process of teaching a child to read and know the Holy Scriptures. Their casual accents have often lisped a commentary unawares which never struck us before, and a new and bright light has flashed upon our understandings, from the unconscious theology of "one of those little ones," whom we must ourselves resemble in spirit, or ever "we enter into the kingdom of heaven."

SELFISHNESS.



Selfishness a virtue or a vice? Are people ashamed of it or proud of it? It would be very hard to answer these questions, if one had to form a judgment either from the ordinary conduct or the ordinary maxims of men. People do, for the most part, in fact, what they justify in theory—namely, look after "number one;" moreover, it must be confessed, that there is a kind of selfishness which, in a manner, coincides with perfect virtue. We say, for instance, that Almighty God seeks first of all his own glory; and so, in a far lower region, we feel that there is much more than mere prudence in the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

"This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

On the other hand, most people seem to think that, though they are themselves perfectly justified in preferring their own interests to everybody else's, it is a dreadfully mean thing for anybody else to prefer *his* own interests to theirs; or, to express it differently, selfishness in other people is a vice; but in oneself it may be regarded, at the very worst, as a painful necessity

or a disagreeable virtue, and sometimes even as a particular form of *unselfishness*.

Of course, the devil never appears without disguise, if he can possibly help it; and if Selfishness were to wander about the world naked, it would be at once arrested and punished with a chorus of universal indignation. But from the very beginning of life, this particular vice, being, in fact, the fruitful parent of all other vices, is in a manner specially petted and cared for by the Father of Lies, dressed in coats of many colours, taught all manner of accomplishments, and furnished with every attraction that belongs to virtue, except its reality. Even little children, almost before they have finished teething, find out that if they give away one sugar-plum in perfect self-oblivion, they very often get two in return; and so by degrees they develop into such friends as those of Timon of Athens, of whom honest Flavius had bitter need to say—

"Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed."

The coarser forms of selfishness, then, may be left out of the question. Murder may be one of the fine arts; and viewed as mere skill, the ingenuity of Charley Bates or the Artful Dodger is

not without a grotesque sort of beauty. To pick a pocket adroitly, has many more attractions than the mere watch or purse that may be abstracted. There is the excitement of the chase, the sort of pleasure, not without just a touch of danger, which country squires find in hunting foxes; and this "touch of nature" may make even Charley Bates and the Rev. Charles Kingsley "kin." And above all, there is the fun of utterly deceiving your neighbours; shooting at them from their blind side, and betraying them, so to speak, with a kiss.

But society has not yet persuaded itself that the Ten Commandments can be safely broken in what one may call so honest a manner. Everybody will admit that it is indisputably and brutally selfish to fracture a man's skull, or gouge out his eye, for the sake of half-a-crown; nevertheless, as two negatives are often equivalent to an affirmative, so two breaches of a commandment are often considered equivalent to one keeping of it. As, for instance, if you not only can steal your neighbour's money, but also steal the appearance of not stealing it. "The Morality of Advertisements," even, would, if well written, make a queer chapter in a treatise on practical ethics.

The only forms of selfishness we need be very strictly on our guard against, are what one may call the virtuous kinds, and, perhaps, also the teasing, fidgety kinds. As to the latter, can two human beings be more preposterously exacting than two average lovers? When they get married, their selfishness takes the virtuous form, or, at any rate, combines that with the fidgety, teasing form; but while they are merely lovers, can anything be more heart-breaking than for a young man to look across a table and see that the object of his devotion is looking at somebody else? Is it within the reach of the human faculties that a heart in which you fondly believe you have taken up your own abode, can find room, even in its poorest and quietest corner, for any thought of regard for anybody else? Courtship is sometimes a horrible monopoly, when it is not a detestable sham. A loving girl is only too ready to give away to a lover far more of her affections than she can in the least afford to spare; but to require her to empty her heart of all its old associations, and begin life afresh, as if there were nobody in the universe but the sweet young man who comes a-wooing, is perhaps the stupidest and most cowardly form of fidgety selfishness. "Well, I don't know, my dear, but I think Tom is a little too exacting, isn't he?" "Oh, no, no! it isn't that; it's only that he's so very fond of me." Poor sweet innocent! how uncommonly young you must be; how unfamiliar with real life! Your devoted lover is rather fond of you, and very fond of himself.

Yes, but when they get married they will either get better or worse—of course. The family, and therefore the relation of husband and wife, is one of the Divine schools of unselfishness: but for that very reason, the devil is continually applying for the situation of under-master, and so manages to turn both the discipline and the instruction upside down. To begin with—what constitutes a really good and satisfactory marriage? There are many happy marriages, though the husband may be old and the wife young, and even—though much less frequently—when the wife is old and the husband young; so that disparity of age is no bar to happiness. So, again, such disparities as those of wealth, social status, and even mental culture, are not wholly incompatible with the true blessedness of marriage; though, unquestionably, a very wide experience may warn us that they are extremely hazardous. The true blessedness of marriage—that, in fact, without which both the legal status and the religious sanction are preposterous mockeries—is a perfect community of interest. Husbands and wives, if they are what they ought to be, acquire the habit of never living to themselves, but always for each other. And this is not at all difficult; indeed, with anything like a fair start it is extremely easy. All of us, whether married or not, ought to cultivate a similar unselfishness; and we should find it quite easy to do so, if we were continually reminded by the facts and experiences of life of our complete dependence on one another, and, it may be almost affirmed, our *equal* dependence on one another. Five times four make twenty, and because five is larger than four, we may fancy that it has a larger share in the product; but, in truth, the fours have as much to do with the twenty as the fives have, and four times five are as many as five times four. And so human happiness is made up of the combined efforts of very many individuals, and the result would be wholly changed by the absence of any one of its components, even though it might be the smallest. Masters and mistresses often fancy that *their* characters and conduct form by far the most important element in the happiness of a household; but they often find out, to their cost, that even the dirtiest scullery-maid, or the boy that cleans knives and boots for possibly sixpence a week, can completely destroy the peace and enjoyment of every member of the family. If masters and mistresses would never forget this, unselfishness, being dictated by the commonest prudence, would quite easily become habitual, and would at last be recognised, not only as one of the necessities, but one of the beauties and comforts of social intercourse. Now this necessity of unselfishness—of habitually considering somebody else's wishes and interests as well as one's own, and even placing them on the same level as one's



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"Lucy, answer and tell me true,
What of your old love and what of your new?"—p. 442.

own—this necessity is forced upon the recollection of married people every moment of their lives; it is recalled to mind, not only by grave and solemn duties, but even by the most trivial of every-day occupations. Of course, if husband and wife do not care for one another at all, if, in other words, their marriage is an odious farce from first to last, then this mutual and complete dependence will become one of the most irritating and exhausting torments of life. But many marriages are not *positively* vicious because consciously deceitful, but only *negatively* vicious because stupid, and empty, and ill considered. These silly marriages, however, get mended by time and the experience of life. When two people discover that mutual forbearance, and even active effort for one another's good, is necessary to the happiness of both and of each, they soon learn to accommodate themselves to the necessity, until at last it ceases to be in any degree burdensome, and becomes a second nature. As a matter of fact, the majority of marriages are at least tolerable, and the majority of husbands and wives would never dream of acting without a perpetual regard to the wishes and interests of each other.

But how very easily may fidgety selfishness assume the disguise of the *unselfishness* which is a necessary element of the happiness of marriage! There are thousands of husbands, and perhaps tens of thousands of wives, who are petty tyrants, and who all the while believe that their very tyranny is a proof of their singular affection. They are so dreadfully fond of one another that "they can't bear it." Can't bear what? Why, the husband "can't bear it" if the wife sees any beauty in the universe except in himself; and the wife "can't bear it" if the husband isn't a milk-sop, or at any rate a grown-up baby tied to her own apron-strings. That each should habitually regard the wishes and interests of the other, is not enough; it is required that each should habitually disregard the wishes and interests of everybody else. Now, when the devil has persuaded us, under the pretence of being completely unselfish towards one person, to be entirely and incurably indifferent to the happiness of everybody else, he has done an uncommonly good stroke of devil's business.

When people get married they have children, and then they have to learn new lessons of unselfishness, which may quite easily be perverted into fresh occasions of selfishness. Of course, parents are bound to take care of their children, to provide for their physical necessities, to give them a good education, and, negatively, to keep them out of harm's way. Nor can it be doubted by far the best method of discharging our duty to the whole human race, is to begin by thoroughly performing our duties to that small part of the human race which dines habitually at our own table. To weep over the agonies of little children—unhappy little tropical girls, for instance, flung out to die almost as soon as they are born—and at the same time to neglect one's own baby, would be the mere caricature of philanthropy. Even general education—that is to say, teaching every human being that is entrusted to our care as much as we can possibly get him to learn—has had scarcely a more dangerous adversary than the jealousy of parental love. "It's hard enough," says some muddle-headed father, with some half-a-dozen lazy, ill-taught sons. "to get situations for our boys as it is; but if the children of the poor are to receive gratis the education of gentlemen, we may just as well buy the boys brooms and send them out to sweep a crossing." Very likely, irritable old gentleman. The day has gone by, thank Heaven, for building up a reputation, not upon one's own goodness, but upon somebody else's *want* of goodness.

But enough. It is one of the grandest achievements of virtue to be perfectly unselfish. So magnificent is this self-sacrificing love that it has taken the place of piety, and furnished an object of worship, even for those who deny a God. Even M. Comte must have a religion, and the object of his worship, is the whole human race, "ascending into the unknown recesses of the past, embracing the manifold present, and descending into the indefinite and unforeseeable future." The deification of the human race is a sorry substitute for a living God; but while the religion of truth is infinitely superior, it may be well for us to remember that some people make it seem, by their perversion of it, as if there were no real superiority in it at all.

K.

THE WEDDING GOWN.

I SAID to Lucy, one summer night,
As she sat and worked at her wedding-gown;
Stitching away in the sunset light,
Which sprinkled gold on her tresses brown,—
"Lucy, answer and tell me true,
What of your old love and what of your new?"

With just a quiver upon her brow,
And the white work rustled across her knee,
She answered, "The old love remaineth now,
As much as ever it was to me:
A dream—a something I could not hold;
A fading fortune of fairy gold:

"And I did nothing that I can blame ;"
 And then she rustled her work and sighed.
 "One thinks no harm when I name that name,"
 Right proud she said, "One is satisfied.
 First love calls for a smile and sigh;
 Life's love calls us to live and to die !
 "Can you recall when I wore some flowers—
 Flowers *he* gave me to deck my hair?
 Ere the twilight they dropped in showers,

And nought but the stems remained there.
 Life's love giveth a better crown :
 And I sit and work at my wedding-gown."
 Behind us, the eastern clouds lay dead,
 The west was bright as a golden sea,
 And Lucy gazed at it, as she said—
 "The old love is but a dream to me :
 In twilight hours we hail a star,
 But we know the sunshine is better far."

ISABELLA FVYIE.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

SIR MORACE.



IN the garden David encountered Captain Oglvie. He was sitting in the same wheeled chair in which Gilbert Oglvie had sat so long. He looked weak, and pale, and desponding—a wreck of himself. David Haldane was touched with a great pity, but its expression would probably have been utterly distasteful to the object of it, and he therefore bowed respectfully and passed on. Horace Oglvie was recovering his health by very slow degrees. His constant cry was to get away. He would sit for hours with his head bent upon his breast, speaking not a word to any one. If they endeavoured to rally him, he would turn on them fretfully, long before he was able to be moved, and cry, "You are keeping me here to kill me. I would be better if you would only take me away." He seemed also to be trying constantly, and vainly to remember something. He would sit knitting his brows with the effort to recollect; then he would institute apparently useless searches through his room and all his belongings, which ended invariably in fits of weariness and weak excitement, or in still deeper depression.

One day Margery came upon him while thus employed. His mother had complained to her of it frequently before.

"What are you doing?" she asked. There was an unusual tremor in her voice.

"Looking for some papers which I have mislaid," he replied.

"When did you see them last?"

He shivered.

"Before your illness?" she asked again.

"Yes."

"Let me try and find them for you."

"No, no!" he answered, sweeping the things before him together, with a strange expression of alarm. Then hastily he changed the subject. "Here is a note of my debts," he said, still speaking with weak excitement. "I have not kept quite straight on the score, you know. It is as well to confess it now, when I am too ill to be severely punished for it."

He looked, indeed, as if it would be as well for

him to ease his spirit by confession. His smile was wretched: it seemed to throw a ghastly light upon his face.

"Your debts," she repeated; "to David Haldane?"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"When you were ill——"

"True. I talked nonsense." His face grew yet more ghastly. "He is a hard man. He will not let me go, perhaps, till I have paid the uttermost farthing."

"God forbid that we should any of us exact that," said Margery, solemnly; "but I have paid him all."

"Then you know all," he almost gasped. "I must have spoken of other things. Tell me what I did say, and I will not hide the truth from you. I am miserable."

It needed no words to tell that. The woman whom he thought so grim and ungracious, drew near him softly, and caressed the bowed head for a moment, as his mother might have done, only with an infinity of tenderness which was not in his mother's nature.

"Hush!" she said, softly; "tell me nothing: I know the worst, but I will think the best I can. I will think of you tempted more than your weak spirit was able to bear. It is best that this should lie between yourself and your Maker. Make no excuses to Him."

"And the papers?" he whispered.

"I have got them," she answered; and her voice was like that which is used in a sick chamber.

And truly the soul of Horace Oglvie was sick to death; but he had suffered, and was sick of life also, and very sick of sin.

"And you do not hate me?" he asked, after a pause, during which his face had remained hidden in his hands, and she had turned half away.

She stopped, as if to think. She was, in truth, thinking whether, if the suffering which had drawn upon her tenderness were not there, she would not hate him. At length she answered, "No." He was at least capable of suffering. She had known some who were not, whatever they inflicted.

After this, the preparations of Captain and Mrs. Oglvie for leaving Delaube were hastened. Captain was now Sir Horace Oglvie, but it transpired that

he wished to drop the title, and it was never heard again in the house. He went away with his mother while he was still half an invalid, and proceeded abroad, plentifully supplied with money from Margery's ample means.

Not long after, his mother died, and he refused all further supplies. He might have been seen wandering about at quiet watering-places, one of those solitaires who have a history written in their faces, and yet whom no one knows. He was only known as Captain Oglivie. The title was in abeyance; the once-coveted inheritance no longer either hoped for or desired.

CHAPTER LX.

PREPARATIONS.

MEANWHILE Peggy was becoming domesticated among her new friends. Miss Minto and Grace remained at "the cottage," but they went daily to "the house," or else Bella and Ben came to them.

The wound was at length healed, and could be pressed without bleeding.

It had already been proposed that Grace should take her old place in her brother's household, and the necessity for preparing for the marriage of her friend made the arrangement the more desirable. The proposal had come from Bella, and as it was yet in the early days of their stay at the cottage, Ben had still to be made acquainted with the event that was pending, and of the use that was about to be made of his bachelor abode.

They were walking in the little wood, a long, narrow slip of plantation, chiefly of young birch-trees, which were already dangling their leaves like golden medallions mingled with the tresses of a maiden's hair.

Grace and her brother were alone together, for Bella had gone off with Peggy in search of any wild flowers remaining in the wood.

"When are you going to take me back, to keep house for you?" said Grace, almost gaily. "Bella is quite tired of it, I think."

"I shall be only too glad to have you back again," he replied. "Do you think you could bear it?"

It was the first time he had alluded to the great trouble of their young lives, and his voice almost faired him as he did so.

But she looked bravely into his eyes, and answered, "I am sure I can, and we will take care of each other. I am strong now—stronger than I ever was before. I used to think there was no fate so hard as mine—as ours: now I know that there are many as hard, if not harder."

"What we should do with our lives, seemed a question very hard to answer a little while ago," he said, musingly.

"I have learnt the best answer to it now and always," she replied. "It is to spend them in the service of others. I was roused out of my selfish trouble by those terrible days of bloodshed, and the

cure has been completed by nearness to a thoroughly healthful spirit."

"Miss Oglivie. She does seem very bright and pure," he said, a little sadly.

"It is like breathing mountain air to be with her. She is so unconscious, so free of self, and so simply lofty," said Grace, with enthusiasm. "I want to be settled with you before she goes away, and leaves me to myself again."

"I fear it will be exchanging the mountain air for that of a dismal swamp," was the rejoinder, in a tone of melancholy. "When does she go?"

"Oh, very soon."

"She is engaged, is she not?"

"Of course she is, and we want her to be married up at the house. There, that is our plot."

"Who is he?"

"Her intended? why, the David Haldane we talk so much about. He is a Scotch manufacturer."

"Is he worthy of her?"

"You would have little doubt about it, if you saw him," said Grace.

"But she is of good family."

"That is so like a radical," she laughed.

He took up her lighter tone and went on: "Why did you or Bella not tell me all this sooner, instead of exposing me to the danger of unwittingly breaking the Tenth Commandment?"

"I thought you knew from the first."

"I got confused, I suppose, among your adventures; and, you know, I never was clever at enigmas. You women are so fond of little hints, that I did not think Miss Oglivie's fate was sealed so utterly."

"Would it have made any difference to you?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Never mind, Inquisitor-general. I think I see you and I in the future—mind, I give you my whole life, Gracie, and the future is not an unhappy one. There is Will, and Kate, and Bella to carry on the family name, et-cætera, and we will be the conservators of their interests—fairy godfather and godmother, in short."

Through the light, half-mocking words ran a chord of deep sadness, which touched the sister's heart.

"Dear old Ben," she said, caressingly, "if there would be the least use in it, I would turn a desperate intriguer on the spot. I would ruthlessly manœuvre to deprive David Haldane, much as I admire him, of his promised bride, and try to believe, in self-justification, that she would be ten times happier with you; but there is not the least use; she is hopelessly in love with him."

"Would you mind my going away for a time, Gracie?" he asked, abruptly.

"For how long?" she replied; "it depends upon that."

"Well, perhaps for a year or two."

"Oh, Ben!"

Her arms had fallen listlessly by her side; her whole expression and gait changed at once. But he was quick to notice it, and to see that it

was his duty to remain. The next moment he cried out—

"I am a selfish fellow, Gracie! but you may keep me if you like—only get me plenty to do."

"I was just going to give you plenty to do," she said, smiling out again. "In the first place, will you give away the bride?"

"At your service," he said, but he winced a little.

"Then will you let us fill the old house from top to bottom? I want to take this opportunity for a reunion," she explained; "to make it as nearly as possible what it would have been, if Harry and I had been married. Why should it not?" she added, clasping her hands about his arm. "We must be happy in other people's happiness now."

"You shall do just as you like, darling," he answered, tenderly.

"Then we will all come up to-morrow," she replied, "and I will write at once to Kate and Will. Kate wants the cottage, for she has caught a poet, with ever so many children. He will be a fit person to write the epithalamium, by-the-bye, and she has invited him and his family to 'The Retreat,' so you must take us in."

The brother and sister finished their walk without coming upon the other two, who had returned by another path.

As they neared the cottage, they saw the postman turn in at the little gate that led up from the road, and, still in the shadow of the wood, they could see the lattice open and an eager hand stretched out to take the letter.

A little later, they looked in at the end window, which being in the shadow they scarcely darkened, expecting to see Bella and Miss Oglivie together. But they saw the latter only, and drew back instinctively; not, however, till they had seen the pretty picture which the room and its occupant made just then.

A fair girl was leaning over an open letter, her flowing curls brushed the open sheet, and from its folds she had lifted a sprig of white heather, and was pressing it to her lips the while she read.

"No, I won't go in," said Ben, in a whisper, and he turned his back on the picture, and with a squeeze of his sister's hand which almost hurt her, he strode away.

Dinner waited long for Ben up at the big house that afternoon. He had been battling with the breeze for hours upon the downs, and perhaps battling with himself, too, for his sister had henceforth no reason to complain of any slackness on his part in the preparations that were going forward; nay, he ran up to town one day by himself, and bought a brooch of amethyst and pearl for the bride elect.

Margery had her own way of doing things, and she

had written to the elder Miss Minto without the least hesitation. Being satisfied with the reply she received, she had placed in that lady's hands a considerable sum of money for Peggy's use, whom she chose to treat as still a child. But, with the help of David Haldane's interpretation of her character, Peggy appreciated the delicacy which really underlay the arbitrariness of the proceeding, and rendered thanks for the kindness with real grace.

And in other matters she had to submit to a little arbitrariness also. Miss Minto insisted on spending the money entrusted to her on bridal adornments of the most perfect kind: on gleaming, pearl-white satin and delicate lace—adornments which suited well the character of the bride's graceful loveliness. And it is not to be denied, that Peggy rejoiced in them like any other fair young bride, glad that the gift she is giving—the gift of herself—should be enhanced even in its outward beauty, and be at the moment of giving at its fairest and best.

The bridegroom came down the day before the wedding, and found that, though he might be indispensable on the morrow, he was the last person wanted just then.

He had to submit to the most unceremonious treatment. Busy, merry Kate took possession of him, and quartered him for the night with the poet down at the cottage, threatening him with all sorts of penalties if he made his appearance before the appointed time, or was seen anywhere about the premises till after he had duly gone through the ceremony of the day.

After being wrought upon in this fashion, it was no wonder that he trembled and "looked as white as a ghost," according to Kate, when confronted with his bride. It seemed to him as if her loveliness had overflowed, and clothed her in that dazzling raiment, and that he stood by her side in a trance of the spirit from which a word might awaken him.

It is on record that he made the responses with great propriety, having learnt them off by heart; but it is believed that he did not hear a word of the service, of which the bridesmaids Bella and Kate had the benefit.

The little church was decorated for the occasion, and among the decorations was a quantity of white heath. But Benjamin Minto never confessed the trouble he had had in procuring it.

"Bless me! I am the only old woman here," said Miss Minto, when they were all assembled at the wedding-feast; "and I had quite forgotten the fact; but one can never be old while one feels with the young."

"Nor miserable," whispered Grace, "while one can rejoice with the happy."

(To be continued.)

THE TWO DOGS.

IZE goes for nothing," said the Terrier, turning up his nose; "so you needn't think yourself any better than I am, just because you're bigger. It's not the room dogs take, but what they do that makes them valuable."

"Quite true, my little friend," answered the Newfoundland Dog, good-naturedly. "Don't excite yourself; it's so bad for the system. Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what you *can* do, for I really don't know?"

"Do!" replied the Terrier, delighted at the opportunity of wagging his tongue and his tail over his own exploits; "why, the house wouldn't be safe if it were not for me. Scarcely a night passes that I don't arouse every one in it; and no thief dares come within a mile of the place."

"Then why bark?"

"What use should I be if I *didn't* bark, I should like to know?" and the Terrier glanced superciliously at his companion, quite astounded at the simplicity of the question. "My master would think nothing of me if I didn't call him out of his bed sometimes. If you want to be thought anything of in the world you must bark."

"I shouldn't thank you if I were your master. Why call him at all—why not fly at the thief yourself? I beg your pardon, I really forgot what a little fellow you are. Size does go for something, you see, after all."

"Personal remarks are odious," snapped the Terrier; "your breeding, Mr. Newfoundland, is like your coat, a little rough."

"Ah! I dare say. A sleek coat and a brass collar do make a dog a gentleman, I've no doubt. But which talked about size first?"

The Terrier snarled.

"And," continued the Newfoundland, for although the best-natured dog in the world, he could never help teasing the Terrier, "there is a little disadvantage in being small. You can be taken up and carried anywhere; and then to have your ears cut must be very trying to a dog with any self-respect."

"It's extremely vulgar and low-bred to wear ears; I wouldn't wear ears on any consideration," protested the Terrier, this being one of his sore points.

"You'll be less of a puppy when you grow older," said the Newfoundland, grinning, "and think more of your ears and less of your appearance. Well, I'm quite contented to leave you the elegancies, but I can't give in about the use; you certainly must grant me the superiority there."

"I shall do no such thing," barked the Terrier; "I'll not yield an inch to any dog, not even if he were twice as big as yourself."

"Then suppose we take a walk this fine morning, and hear what others have to say on the point?" said the Newfoundland; "it would be very amusing, and one is sure to learn something."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the other, trotting off concededly by the side of his big companion. "I'm appreciated in these parts, I flatter myself, and it's my impression you *will* learn something, Mr. Newfoundland."

The first animal they came across was the cat.

"Good morning, Miss Tabby-cat," said the Newfoundland; "this little gentleman and I want to ask you a question. Which of us do you think the most useful?"

Here was a question to be put to a timid cat. Despite her intimacy with both dogs, Miss Tabby, being of a nervous temperament, had never overcome her constitutional aversion to them. If she said the Newfoundland was the most useful, the Terrier would worry her life out; and if she said the Terrier, might not the Newfoundland put an end to her on the spot?

"Really, honoured sirs," she answered, trembling in her skin, "you've puzzled me extremely; you are both so celebrated for your shining qualities that it would be hard to answer your question."

"Don't let's have any flattery," said the Newfoundland, laughing.

"Speak the truth, or I'll pull your tail," snapped the Terrier.

At this awful threat the cat stood speechless.

"Come along. Don't you see the poor thing is frightened, and nobody speaks the truth when they are afraid of you. Here's the Horse, I'll ask him;" and the Newfoundland walked on whilst the Terrier gave the cat a parting snarl as she scampered off.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. Bay-horse, but my friend here and I are out this morning in search of the truth."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go a long way then."

"Well, anyhow we want your opinion. Which of us do you think of the most use?"

"Use!" and here the horse gave a contemptuous snort. "I'd be thankful to any one who would tell me what possible use that little snarling, yelping Terrier is? I shall kick him to Jericho one of these days if he comes barking at my heels every time I go out with my master, and so I tell him."

When the Newfoundland turned round to look for his companion, he saw him skulking off with his tail between his legs; and it was not until they had left the orchard for the lawn that it reappeared in its proper place.

"I wouldn't stop to listen to that horse," said he, looking askant at the other, "he's as ignorant as a blackbeetle. How can you expect truth from anyone steeped to his ears in prejudice?"

"And prejudice reaching to his heels, too," laughed the Newfoundland. "But, Mr. Terrier, what *did* you do with your tail? when I looked behind you I couldn't see an inch of it."

"I felt it a little cold, so tucked it up to get warm," answered the Terrier, far too proud to admit

of feeling afraid. "Here's my old friend Goody Snail, let's have her opinion. How are you this morning, Mrs. Snail?"

"I am as well as can be expected," said the Snail, in a very thin, slimy voice; "but nobody knows what it is to carry one's house on one's back all day long, except those that have to do it."

"Why not leave it behind you then?" asked the Newfoundland; for, although a very sensible dog, he was profoundly ignorant of natural history, and didn't understand the habits of snails. "I might as well carry about my kennel and then grumble."

"And so you would if you were stuck to it as I am to my house," retorted the Snail, sneering with its horns. "But ignorance and incivility always go together."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I meant no offence, Mrs. Snail. Ask her our question," he whispered, giving the Terrier a nudge with his tail. "I didn't mean to make the old thing angry."

"My friend is a little rough," said the Terrier, patronisingly; "you mustn't mind him, Mrs. Snail. I want you to tell me which of us you think the most useful."

"If you come to me in a month, I shall have digested the question. I can't do things in a hurry."

"So it seems," said the Newfoundland, walking off.

"I wonder you don't show respect to grey horns," said the Terrier, following, reproachfully. "You have hurt her feelings, I'm sure, by that last speech."

"Then why can't she give a plain answer to a plain question?" answered the Newfoundland. As he spoke they turned the corner of a walk, and came full upon the Peacock, pluming his gorgeous feathers in the sun. "Let's ask King Peacock. It's such fun to hear him talk."

"Would your gracious majesty be condescending enough to tell us which you think is the most useful—I, or the Terrier? You've so many eyes in your tail, surely you must see into everything."

"How can two ugly creatures such as you be of any use at all?" screamed the Peacock, for a scream was his royal mode of speaking. "Look at my dazzling beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for they are not worth looking at. I pity you; I do indeed."

"You needn't," said the Newfoundland; "for really, if your majesty will pardon me for saying so, we don't envy you. My friend and I are quite contented with our personal appearance, I can assure you. It wouldn't do to have a world full of peacocks, for all their fine feathers. Your eyes see nothing but yourself, I find; and we prefer to see beyond our own noses."

The next friend they met was the Butterfly. She answered their question with a laugh.

"What's the use of being any use? Why not enjoy oneself and be merry? Life is too short to be useful in;" and away she danced from flower to flower.

"Gentlemen," said the Bee, coming from the bell

of a white lily, "what the Butterfly has just said is shocking morality. Pray don't mind her, the frivolous creature! I really didn't mean to listen, but being inside the lily I couldn't help hearing your question."

"Then, perhaps, as you have heard it, Mrs. Bee, you will be so kind as to answer it for us," replied the Newfoundland.

"I am not Mrs. Bee," replied she, with great dignity; "I am the little Busy Bee that improves each shining hour. I gather honey all the day——"

"From every opening flower," interrupted the Terrier, for although unacquainted with Dr. Watts, he considered himself very poetical, and liked to show his talents.

"No, I was *not* going to say that, Mr. Terrier; but it's quite correct, notwithstanding. I gather honey for the benefit of the human race; that's my proud position. I set an example to them also, and am known as the symbol of industry. Now, if you can tell me what each of you do, I can answer your question in the twinkling of my wing."

"I do a great deal," began the Terrier, pompously. "I guard the house at night; I bark at all the beggars; I am accomplished in a number of tricks; really, if it were not for me my master would have nothing to entertain his company with. I catch rats—in fact, I am invaluable."

"And what do you do, Mr. Newfoundland?" asked the Bee.

"Well, really, I have been puzzling my brains whilst my friend was talking to know what I *do* do. Not much, I'm afraid. I go out for a walk when I'm wanted; carry my master's stick, or the children's baskets and toys; go into the water when I'm sent—in fact, I do what I'm told."

"And that seems very little. I really think Mr. Terrier is the most useful, although he is so small."

Here the Terrier gave a bark of applause.

"I have saved my master's life once when he got out of his depth in the river, and I flew at a man's throat and saved my mistress from being robbed, if that's worth mentioning," added the Newfoundland, modestly.

The Bee clapped her wings in ecstasy.

"Why, you are a perfect hero! Yes, Mr. Terrier, *that's* what I call being useful to the human race. You must give up to the Newfoundland; for beyond doubt he is the most useful. You couldn't save anyone's life. But I must bid you good morning, and go to my honey-making."

The Terrier hung his head abashed. He had never before heard of the Newfoundland's deeds, and they struck him as being very grand, quite beyond the capacities of a little dog like himself. Perhaps, after all, size was something.

The two dogs sat for some time in silence after the Bee's departure: the Terrier too crestfallen, the Newfoundland too meditative, to speak.

"After all," said the latter, at last, "what the Bee said is partly true, but it can't be the whole truth. Jumping into the water is as easy to me as standing

on your hind legs is to you; there can be no merit in one more than the other. I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll go and ask the Owl; she is the wisest bird in creation, and I'll be bound can tell us."

The Terrier was quite agreeable to this, by no means liking the Bee's decision; so when twilight fell they started off to the barn, where the Owl came every day in the dusk to catch mice. She was perched on its gable-end lost in contemplation, when the Newfoundland barked, "How d'ye do?" to her.

"Bless me, Mr. Newfoundland! how you startle a body!" cried she. "How are you this fine evening?"

"Pretty well, thank you. My friend the Terrier and I have come for the benefit of a little of your wisdom. Which of us do you think is the most useful?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked the Owl, looking down at them with a wink; "because so many come to me to hear the truth, and are furious when I tell it to them. The hedge-sparrow flew to me in a violent passion the other day, because the cuckoo had laid an egg in her nest, and when I told her she must grin and bear it, for such was the way of cuckoos, and no one could prevent them, she was ready to peck my eyes out. This is hard, you see, gentlemen, on an Owl that gives wisdom gratis."

"We'll be very grateful, if you'll only tell us the truth," barked both the dogs.

"Well, you shall have it. Each of you have separate duties appointed you: he that does his duty best is the most useful of the two;" and the Owl flew away with a grand air of philosophy before the dogs could thank her for her wisdom.

"She's quite right," said the Newfoundland; "and now, Mr. Terrier, I hope you're satisfied."

"Perfectly," said the latter.

It was noticeable that ever after the Terrier was less officious, barked less, and gave the horse's heels a wide berth. The Newfoundland went on much the same as usual, for never having overdone his duty, he couldn't improve in that way, and always having done it, he couldn't do any more.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

True absolution from all sin was given
To one who sought it from the Lord of heaven;
To his all-searching ken her actions proved
How much she mourned her sin—how much she loved.

FINALS.

What though a sinner's soul was steeped in sin,
Her Lord saw faith and penitence within;
And, granting pardon from his bounteous store,
Bade her renounce the life she led before.

1. Of height stupendous—once in Persia reared,
Used for a man for whom 'twas not prepared.
2. He who when King of Israel sinned more
Than all the wicked ones who reigned before.
3. The friendly shelter, where with loving care
A suffering man was placed—well tended there.
4. The town, whence issued forth the "mournful bier"
Which carried all the widow held most dear.
5. The king who fought upon Megiddo's plain,
Where one whom Israel loved and mourned was slain.
6. A name so sacred, all the soul o'erawes:
Before repeating it, oh! think and pause.
7. A holy youth, who, scorning dainty meat,
Drink of pure water asked, and pulse to eat.
8. He who, when aching hearts in sorrow pine,
Pours in His soothing balm, His peace Divine.
9. She who, when tempted, was her husband's snare,
And brought a curse upon the guilty pair.

A lesson wise these verses will impart;
That, if for pardon to our Lord we go
In humble faith, and penitence of heart,
Our sins, "though scarlet, will be white" as snow.

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THE BIVVER

Saturday, April 4. 1863.



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"And this woman carried a baby under her cloak."—p. 450.

THE VILLAGE IN A PANIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

DO you know what a fright the village is in?" said Miss Hester Apreece, a gentle old lady, who, with her elder sister, lived in the smallest of genteel lodgings, on the smallest of genteel

incomes. These two were samples of a very large class—spinsters, that were honours to womanhood, not libels on it. Theirs were not the envenomed tongues that carry evil reports, whether true or

false, from house to house. They would rather cover a scandal and hush it up. True, they were fond of gossip—or, rather, small talk—but it was flavoured with the milk of human kindness. In earlier days they had entered moderately into society—and good country society, too; but they were not literary, or witty, or brilliant. It is to be supposed they had the usual hopes and wishes that arise in the youthful heart; but if these hopes and wishes faded away, and they found themselves left unregarded and stranded on Lethe's wharf, while others, gayer and more prosperous, sailed merrily by with a favouring wind, it did not convert their sweetness into acerbity, nor make them find a poor pleasure in speaking evil of their neighbours. Hence, if you went to them with the intention of an hour's chat, you might be pretty sure it would turn chiefly on the small affairs of the living and occasional anecdotes of the dead; but that you would never have need to say afterwards—

"At every word a reputation died."

Therefore, when Miss Hester Aprcece said to her friends, the Monktons, "Have you heard what a fright the village is in?" the mother and daughters looked up from their knitting, netting, and crochet, or whatever female handiwork they might be about, with pleasant and harmless interest.

It was a homely matter, after all, nothing to write a sensation story about, but yet one that stirred every mother of young children in the place; and it is quite worth my while to write about, and yours to read, because an easy solution was found of a difficulty that was theirs, and may, some time or other, be yours.

There was a passage-boat that made daily trips between the mainland and the pleasant little fishing-village of Sandynook, which is the scene of my story. Sandynook is in a neighbouring island. I have not seen it this many a year. It was a small place then, it is probably a small place now, out of the common route of tourists, and too tame in its prettiness ever to become much worth hunting up. There were very few gentry; but among these few were some offshoots of nobility. It was very quiet, it was very cheap, which were attractions to this little coterie; it was also very healthy, so that there was no resident medical man, nor need of one. The nearest practitioner lived at a large watering-place thirteen miles off—thirteen, that is, by land, six by sea; but, of course, a doctor's gig went by the former, though the captain's gig went by the latter. Once a week, then, Mr. Jones went his rounds, and came to Sandynook in the course of them; put up his horse and gig, unlocked the door of a little triangular parlour—which he used for his consulting-room and dispensary—received patients, inquired

into cases—if there were any—gave a draught to one, a box of pills to another, and always bade the recipient return the pill-box.

This may seem foreign to my story, but it is not so. It was autumn. Barford's boat had crossed and come back again as usual, laden with its usual kind of cargo: a quart of vinegar for one, two pounds of fresh butter for another, a piano, a smoke-jack, and a few passengers. We will not inquire whether any of the women returned, lightened of the bladders of smuggled brandy they sometimes carried over under their petticoats. Among the passengers this time came a poor woman of the lowest class—perhaps not wrongly described as a tramp, and this woman carried a baby under her cloak. This mother and baby took up their abode in the only place there was for them, the common lodging-house, where there were several poor lodgers already; and then, too late, it was discovered that the baby was covered with small-pox.

So this it was which put the village in a panic, and well it might. It need not have done so, mark you, had the children been duly vaccinated; but that was far from being the case. We know how difficult it is to get poor people to attend to this important precaution, even when they have every facility, which at Sandynook they had not. It was not always convenient to mothers living in outlying farmhouses and cottages to come to Mr. Jones's lodging on the day and hour appointed. Perhaps if they did, they found he had not the needful; anyhow, they generally threw the blame on him, and then felt their consciences relieved of the obligation—just as if that saved their children from danger.

"Ah, my friends!" as their good clergyman used to say sometimes in the pulpit, when he was driving a plain truth home to them; "may we not spiritualise this a little?" I am sure we may, if we have a mind. Were the Sandynook mothers the only people that neglected to do what they should for their children, laid the blame on somebody else, and then discharged their consciences? Do parents never do this with regard to things that appertain to the soul, as well as the body?—Ah, my friends!

Now, too late, the villagers were frightened out of their senses to find a baby with the eruption full on it located in their midst, and went about piteously saying, "Oh! what shall we do?"

"Many may even have taken the infection already," said Miss Hester, looking anxiously at Mrs. Monkton, whom she was accustomed, even on short acquaintance, to consider a sort of household oracle; "but at any rate, those not yet infected should be kept out of harm's way; only, what should be done?"

"That which ought to have been done before,"

said Mrs. Monkton; "they should all be vaccinated without delay."

"That's what I think; only who's to do it?"

"The parish authorities ought to enforce it."

"Ah, but they never do what they ought," said Miss Hester, ruefully; "Mr. Sloman won't stir."

"Has he been spoken to about it?"

"Well, I believe so."

"We should never take things for granted. Perhaps if we inquire of him, we shall find he has not been applied to."

"If you think I should not seem meddling, I will ask him," said Miss Hester, hesitating; "only people are so apt to censure interference."

"But I think there is reason for it, in order to be helpful."

"Well, then, since you think so, I will."

And away sped the kind-hearted old lady, who returned after some time, very tired and disappointed.

"Mr. Sloman is away, and Mr. Brown won't do anything, nor will Mr. Green."

"Surely, then, Mr. Allworth will. He has children of his own, and, as a clergyman and father, will surely care for the infants of his parishioners. I will go and ask him."

"Oh, do," cried Miss Hester; "he'll be sure to attend to you."

Mr. Allworth was as good a clergyman, I think, as ever lived—as amiable, I mean, and kind-hearted, but not always equal to an emergency. His sweet little wife was dead; he had a large young family; and really the wonder was the poor man got on as well as he did; and when there was any shortcoming, all were willing to make allowances. He preached much on faith, and practised what he preached; but now and then he did not see his way quite clearly. And his voice was so balmy and tender, and his blue eyes so full of gentleness, that, as he stood folding one hand over another, saying, "I really don't exactly see what we can do," one had not the heart to be angry with him.

Yet Mrs. Monkton was very near being angry when he did so now, and spoke up rather briskly; but she might as well have tried to spin a bit of maslin like a teetotum. It was labour in vain. He smiled gently, sighed, and folded his hands—"I think we must have faith."

"But faith without works is dead," said she, hastily.

"Yes—yes, indeed; but how would you improve that?"

"I think Mr. Jones should be sent for to vaccinate the children immediately."

"Yes—yes, indeed."

"Then will you write to him?"

"Oh, I must not stir. There'd be no end of ill-will."

"Then who should?"

"Mr. Sloman, without a doubt."

"Mr. Sloman is away."

"Ha, so I think I have heard. Then Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Brown declines to take any step."

"Hum—then Mr. Green."

"Mr. Green will have nothing to do with it."

"I am not surprised. Well, then, you see nothing can be done."

"Not by writing to Mr. Jones?"

"Suppose you write; that will be the best way."

"I have not the least objection, if you authorise me, though I am a mere summer visitor. But it does seem strange, not one of the residents will take it up."

"It does—very strange. But, oh, I could have told you beforehand that Mr. Brown wouldn't, nor yet Mr. Green."

"You authorise me, then?"

"Oh, yes, I'll authorise you, as far as my authority goes; and I believe you'll find it quite sufficient. These people," with a quiet little laugh, "will never do anything for themselves that they can get another to do for them. It's their maxim. Good-bye, good-bye," shaking her hand with immense cordiality and a look of great relief. "I wish you every success."

She felt provoked at his putting it off on her, but the feeling changed to pity as she met a group of his little children just outside the vicarage gate.

"Poor little motherless souls!" thought she; "their complexions are like lilies and roses, and their skins so soft as to remind one of the Scriptural expression—'and his flesh came again unto him like the flesh of a little child.' I'll answer for it he has had all his own children vaccinated. He would not like *their* faces to look like a split muffin."

Home she went, and wrote a business-like little note to Mr. Jones, telling him of the emergency, and begging him to come over without delay.

Of course, time was lost before this note reached him. It brought back another. He was watching his immediate patients, and could not come before his regular day.

Back wrote Mrs. Monkton—each letter causing a delay of twenty-four hours—to beg, if he could not come himself, he would send his assistant.

Back came another answer, and the murder came out. It was no good for the assistant to come, because he had no lymph. He believed there was none in the island.

"Just as if he could not have written to the Vaccine Institution for some!" exclaimed Mrs. Monkton. "However, if he will not, I will."

So she wrote up to George Street, Fitzroy

Square, and, by return of post, received three quills with the desired matter. Then she wrote a brief line to Mr. Jones:—

DEAR SIR,—I have received the lymph from the Vaccine Institution. If you will kindly send over your assistant, the children shall be ready for him at my house any time you will appoint—the earlier the better.

Miss Hester was in ecstasies. Mr. Allworth rubbed his hands instead of folding them. "I knew you would manage it!" they echoed with glee.

Yes, so she did; but why could not they? Mr. Jones, shamed out of his indifference, said his assistant should come the day but one following, at noon. Notice was given at the post-office, and various parts of the village, that all who wished

might bring their children, or be vaccinated themselves. The village was delighted.

And how many came, think you? Sixty! Not one less. Young men and maidens, big boys, little children, and babies; they filled the kitchen, hall, and passages, waiting for their turn, and a fine squalling there was of scared babies, whom the sisters pacified with lumps of sugar. It was an amusing, pleasurable scene—the mothers so glad and thankful. The young surgeon could not help laughing at the affair; he was greatly tickled at it. When he had finished, and they had all cleared off, the luncheon tray was brought in for him. He chatted over his mutton-chop and glass of wine, and then rode off on his pony.

Thus ended the village panic.

TELL ME, YE GOLDEN STARS.

TELL me, ye golden stars over my head,
 Tell me, ye restless waves hiding the dead,
 Tell me, ye moaning winds through the lone night,
 If the lost palpable are to your sight.
 If ye, O beating stars, like pulses fine,
 Hide in your eyes a love known here as mine;
 If in thy bosom deep, O sounding sea,
 Murmurs a plaintive voice ever of me;
 If on thy breath borne, O wingèd wind,
 Cometh a sigh for him fainting behind.

Eager for answer upward I gaze,
 Over me God's worlds silently blaze;
 On the wild ocean's face turn I mine eyes,
 But the wild ocean-wave nothing replies;
 To the rude winds I turn, waiting to hear,
 Only my throbbing blood startles my ear.
 Silent the wind and stars, silent the sea,
 Yet though no answer be vouchsafed to me,
 All this dumb mystery yet shall depart,
 Death shall make clear to me, love, where thou art.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A WORD UPON BEING OUTSIDE.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

I WAS visiting the other day a young lady, the invalid sister of a North-country clergyman, who is dwelling alone in London, and who has been laid upon a couch of weakness for more than a year. It was Christmas-time, and fires were gleaming in opposite drawing-rooms, and children were being trotted along in cabs to their pleasant little gatherings, and she said to me, with an eye on that outside world of Christmas festivity, "Did you ever write or think upon being outside?" Ah, I understood all the meaning of the word at once. Shut out from the interests and joys of others, looking at the great world without, as having no ability to join in its friendly circles! Now there was nothing morbid in this utterance; no attempt to despise the world, or to underrate it, or to make believe that it was more religious to have nothing to do with it; but there was the quietly pensive feeling: "I have no part in all this; it is God's will that I should be shut out of all this: and I can bear it because it is his will; but there

comes across my mind the feeling that I am outside."

Well, it is a most suggestive subject: I do not know one more so; and the first consideration that meets one is, that to be outside without God would be almost unbearable. To feel that we were severed from others by sickness and solitude, and at the same time severed from Him, would be heart-heaviness indeed. The world outside and God inside, is not so very hard to bear, especially as he seems nearer to us then; and as our meditative thought soars upward, there seems little to tempt the eagle-winged soul to alight or rest on any other object. We get very near to the Redeemer then; the air is still, and the voice of Christ is very clear; the sensibilities of the soul are keen, and the love of Christ is very tenderly felt! Yes, we are alone, yet not alone. Our thoughts, angel-like, go up and down the golden ladder of prayer, and we enter within the veil. Being outside the world, we are yet in no sorry case; for being Christians, solitude shows us truths as night shows us stars.

Let it not be thought though, for a moment, that the world loses its interests for us; from our best and holiest frames of mind we come down again to common interests, and cares, and joys. Being Christians, there is a human as well as a Divine side to our lives; and to treat the world as though we did not care for it, is no sure evidence that we are better than others. It is God's good world that is outside, and we cannot despise that, without despising something that he has made and pronounced very good. It is surely a healthy frame of mind, in every way, which, gazing outside and seeing the drawn curtains, and the forms of little children dipping into the snapdragon dish, feels a longing of the spirit and a wishing to be there. Look, too, next door. See old and young enjoying the merry games, shouting with delight when grandpapa gets wrong, or auntie gets out of breath, and surely it awakens a momentary longing to form part of that gathering of friends. Gathering, indeed! Why, the girls have been looking forward to it for the last fortnight, and are as graceful as they are good! Surely that is not worldliness, so called, but something different enough from that. Worldliness is baseness, graspingness, covetousness, bad tempers, stinging speeches, tricky dealings, hard, grabbing money-getting, sour-facedness, sulkings, snappishness, slander-talking, and taking people in. Oh! but the pride of dress. Well, perhaps people who talk about the pride of dress often have as much of it themselves as anybody. Oh! but the waste of time. Is recreation a waste of time? If so, keep grinding at the mill-wheel of duty day by day, night by night, year by year. Recreation, mirth, joy, these are parts of our mysterious nature; sorrow and suffering do not cast them out. For all things there is a season. Most beautiful and most Christian is that life which can use the world as not abusing it; which can feel the smile of God resting upon it in its pleasures as well as its duties, and which can lift up the heart to God amid the cheerfulness of the social gatherings, as well as in the solitude of the sick room. It is comparatively easy to gain a name for piety. If that be our aim, we have easy work. To abjure many pursuits and pleasures, to be constantly condemning others for their opinions or practices, may with many commend us as pious people, notwithstanding that we work intensely hard at mere money-getting, or are known to possess uncommonly awkward tempers; but it is not so easy to be a sincere disciple of Christ, to feel the constraint of his cross, and to be patient, kind, gentle, forbearing, tender, true, and good.

All these reflections come from the question. Shall we say to the weak one, You ought not to wish to be outside at these cheerful, happy

gatherings; you ought to surrender it all without one thought about it? Well, we cannot say that; so let us talk a little about this outside world—about our neighbours A, and B, and C, about their joys and satisfaction; then let us turn to thoughts about that Gospel which makes us restful and happy, even when the great world is not for us; and then let us commend each other in prayer to the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

Outside! Well, we have now to consider the relation of this subject to multitudes of other people. We pass the hospital. Ah! what scenes are being transacted there—what mysteries at this moment, the last tragedy, perhaps, being acted out! It is visiting-day, and friends are going in—some with little gifts of fruit, and some with tidings of home and friends. Speed on, dear visitors, we are happier now; we can think of those poor sufferers as feeling that the great outside world is not far off them, and is tenderly thinking of them, and providing for them. God save the Queen! Did she not send lots of toys to the little suffering children in the hospital lately; and did we not read of the pleasant and touching spectacle of their eager interest and delight?

Let us walk on. We are passing a prison now. How many hearts there are thinking of the outside world! Some young, and as yet unhardened ones, are there. When the grim warder shuts the gates, how those sullen stone walls seem to frown upon, and make them feel awfully shut out from men! I went once to visit a lad in Newgate gaol, and I shall not easily forget the feeling of having the locks turned in the gates as you went on. Outside—oh! there is freedom—friendship there—but in the cell! I like the prayer on Sunday morning, "That it may please Thee to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives." Of course, people who have a notion that prayer should be chiefly connected with personal spiritual experiences, will not think much of it; but once visit a prison, and then see, if possessing a sensitive and religious heart, whether you will not think of the multitudes who are bearing the just burden of their crimes, but who have human hearts, and who have friends and brothers in the outside world. Of course it is easy to specify the circumstances in which, sometimes through sin, sometimes through sickness, sometimes through circumstances of a peculiar kind, men and women are shut out from the association of their brethren! How terrible must their state of feeling be when they have shut themselves out by personal sin, rather than have been shut out by the inscrutable providence of God.

There is yet another aspect of the subject which claims attention. There are special circles in society. It is the will of God that there should be grades and classes amongst men; difference of culture, difference of position, with various other

difference, keep these circles in existence. If we commenced life with a perfect level to-morrow, then, most assuredly, before the week was out there would be a framework of society recommenced like unto that we have now. There are some people who indulge in a kind of sentimental whine because they are not amongst the circle of A, or the circle of B; envy passes into depreciation, and they manifest by their very temper that they feel being outside very much indeed. Well, it is a noble endeavour that is awakened when any one tries, by skill, energy, adaptation, and perseverance, to rise and gain a footing in the sphere he likes. I say that is a right noble instinct which prompts him to this, and is implanted by God. English society is so constituted that there is no circle into which energy, genius, wisdom, and perseverance, may not ultimately enter. We could cite cases of judges, bishops, authors, and commanders, who have, by their conduct and career, with the gracious help of God, conquered difficulties, and got inside the coveted circle. Success, for the most part, means struggle. The idle and sentimental live often in a world of discontent, and must remain where they dislike to be, very often outside.

There are two special religious applications of this you will expect me to make. The one is to the prodigal's home. I suppose no parable is so touching as the story of the prodigal boy. We feel at once that it brings the great truth vividly before us, that even in his harlot-loves and husk-eatings he is the father's boy still. Oh, that home! What thought is it which swells his breast near to bursting? What picture is it which makes his wandering life so terrible a misery? It is the father's house in the grey distance which he has left so far behind; it is the fare of plenty and the love that still yearns over him in the father's house. "I will arise, and go to my father." Out-

side, how bleak and cold it is! how scant love and pity are there! but *inside*, there is the dear old home, with all its household peace and joy, and a place for him. Perhaps there is no one parable which has had so much to do with the restoration of God's wandering children, as the story of the prodigal child.

The other application of the subject relates to the world to come. Whatever our conception may be of the future sorrows of the ungodly, this fact, at all events, comes before us, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, with striking suggestiveness. The lost are *outside*. "Seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." Of all outsides, that must surely be the saddest which shuts the soul out from the joys of paradise and the fellowship of the Lamb. Happy, indeed, they who enter within the gates into the city!

There are certain minor suggestions concerning these words we should all do well to take to heart. Let us not keep outside our home-cares and sympathies those who are about us; let the servants who minister to our wants have a place in our affections and prayers, and let us never keep without the door of our hearts those who have manifest claims on our sympathy, benevolence, and charity.

There is one remembrance with which I would close. The subject it suggests is so full of infinite condescension that we dare scarcely touch it with human hands, lest we mar the beauty and glory of the fact itself. One of our best pre-Raphaelite painters has depicted the Saviour himself waiting at the door of our hearts. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Who of us, dear reader, can venture to enlarge on the Majesty which stoops so low in mercy as that? What must be the icy coldness and the dread worldliness of that heart which suffers Him, whose face was marred, whose hands were pierced, whose head was bowed, and whose heart was broken for us, to stand *outside*!

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.

HOME.

NA, I'll stick to the sweeties noo. I'm no' so strong as I hae been. I'll be glad to see her bonnie face again; but I'll stick to the sweeties noo."

Such had been honest Jean's answer to David Haldane, when he pressed her to give up her shop and enter upon the position of housekeeper at Delaube, with two stout serving-maids to do her bidding, and to be held in check in their flirtations with a gardener and groom.

"I'm no' so strong as I hae been. I'm no' fit for hard wark, and I couldna see the hizzies that lasses

are noo-a-days in my gate" (way), she had added; "but I'll gang up and see that a' things are richt to begin wi', an' be there to welcome her hame." And with this answer David had been obliged to content himself, for the independent old woman was not to be moved.

He had arranged everything for the reception of his bride, and he had made up, and drawn Margery into, a little plot, a joyful surprise for her return. She was not to know beforehand where her new home was to be; not, if it could be helped, till she had entered within its very doors. And Jean was to be counted on as far as the reception was concerned.

On the departure of Captain Oglivie with his mother, Margery had left the house, and had taken up her abode, for the time, with Mr. Keith and his wife. Workmen had been set to work, not to change, but to rehabilitate the mansion. No one of the three who consulted concerning it approved of modernising it. So it was left with its narrow windows and wainscoted walls, and only the offices were added to and improved, and a new carriage drive made round the easy slope of the hill. Old conversations on personal tastes had enabled David Haldane to make the interior arrangements accord with those of its future mistress. A severe simplicity, adorned with delicate, but never obtrusive, ornament prevailed. Thus, all was in readiness for their return.

It was evening, toward the middle of October, and already dark, when David Haldane and his newly-wedded wife neared home. They were alone inside the coach, and they still considered travelling alone a luxury; so that neither of them had much attention to bestow on outward objects, even if there had been light enough to see them by. One brief week in the bright October weather they had spent among the English lakes, and the time had seemed far too short. Still nothing could compare with this delight of home-coming.

A carriage was waiting for them, where the coach pulled up, and they hurried into it, and were driven on in silence.

"We must be near it now," she whispered, peering out for a moment, but only into indistinctness.

"Near where?" he asked, quite gravely.

"The factory. We are to live there, are we not?"

He parried the question. "You did not like it much when you were there last," he said.

"Oh, but it is different now."

"There is more heat, and noise, and smoke, and din than ever."

"We shall find some quiet corner for ourselves, I dare say," she whispered. "And yet," she added, earnestly, "it seems selfish to think of ourselves only; but I am to help you in your plans for the work-people, especially the girls, and, living among them almost, I shall have a better chance of winning them to more womanly ways."

"Here we are," was the answer.

The carriage could not, even under improved arrangements, draw up to the door. There was still a garden terrace with its stone steps, and above shone the dear old house, lights in every window. In the hall, where the door stood open to receive them, stood Jean at the head of the servants, who were already thanking their stars that her administration was to be so brief.

Old David was there, and Margery, and were not congenial; but they retired early. It was a happy evening, and the morrow was the dawn of a new day at Delaube.

Years have passed away. The population has marvellously increased in Burnside and Strathie. Nowhere in Scotland are the bairns better scholars,

or the men and women better workers. Nowhere—thanks to wise, womanly influence—are more modest and maidenly lasses to be found, though they are independent and saucy enough, too; and nowhere do the people, young and old, go more persistently to the kirks, or find the doing so less irksome, though some thoughtless folk might make it appear to the contrary. The Rev. Dr. Grant is dead, taking dying as easily as he had taken living; and his son Archie fills the pulpit in his stead. He and Mr. Keith are great friends, and the younger man, as is meet, looks up to the older and greater. But the Rev. Archibald Grant is quite a star of the North, and if the Queen had patronised Scotland in these early days, he might have preached to Her Gracious Majesty. His sweet wife, Rose, is a great companion of Mrs. Haldane's, and they work together many a good work of social love and duty. Mrs. Grant loves and respects her daughter-in-law, though she sometimes objects to her proceedings; she has retired, with Sandie, to a newly-built and very pretty little schoolhouse, and Sandie is well content to remain with his mother, and to teach the rudiments. That he will never get beyond the rudiments in learning the ways of God he is now well assured, and with that, too, is content—no, not content, that would never describe any mental mood of his. His attitude is rather that of patience, at rare intervals brightening into hope.

As for Margery, concerning whom I am not quite sure that she is not the heroine of this story, she resisted all attempts to domesticate her. She would live alone at Oglivie Castle, the home of her childhood and her youth, though she filled a mere corner of the great gusty house; but she paid constant visits to Delaube, which were returned with interest; for David Haldane and his wife brought with them, year by year, an increasing number of visitors, to ramble, not unprotected, on the cliffs, and rumble everywhere through the old rooms, waking the sleeping echoes.

A rapidly-aging woman was Margery, with masses of strangely-coloured hair, silver-grey predominating over fiery red; a woman disinclined to the comforts of life, as far as she herself was concerned, who could not be persuaded to sit in an easy chair, or to don a graceful cap, or to relax herself in any way, either in mind or in body;—a harsh woman, but one whose higher qualities touched the sublime; and these loftier parts of her character stood out, to those who knew her then, like the lines of the mountains against the evening sky.

And the close of her life was neither loveless nor lonely. David Haldane and his wife had learnt to love and reverence her, and they taught their children to do the same. She would have had David give up the factory, and tack the name of Oglivie to his own. It was her solitary weakness—her clinging to the doomed race; a weakness closely allied with her strength: but he would not.

"I will neither quit my post nor change my name," he would say. "My work lies down at the mill; and it's higher work, to my thinking, than driving deer

in the forest, or even leading soldiers to the fight, in most causes. The people at the mill are my people, as much as the followers of the feudal lord were his; and I am bound, just as he was, to stand by them, and not deliver them over to the oppressor. When the leaders of industry do this, they will be as great and as venerable as the lords of the land, whose greatness, in this respect, has passed away, though its shadow is over their descendants. As for a man's name, it matters very little what it is; but to change it, somehow, seems to argue a change within. Besides," he would add, with a smile, "I think a Haldane is as good as an Oglivie, any day, you know."

The end drew near to Margery, and no one knew it: no one knew that she felt great spasms of pain—premonitions of dissolution. It was a windy autumn day, tossing the clouds, the waves, the corn-sheaves—earth, and sky, and sea all motion, and change, and unrest. In a room of the castle—a room with a large bay window, looking out on the cliff and the sea—gathered a pretty family group. A fair young wife stood at the window, to watch her husband dismounting from his horse—a wife wise, and sweet, and gracious, beyond as well as in her home—"a perfect woman nobly planned," and free in all her movements to fulfil that plan. Around her played "the children"—David and baby Margaret; and at a little distance sat Margery, watching the group

from her straight-backed chair, and knitting as for very life.

"That boy grows liker to his father every day," she said, in her old, abrupt voice.

His mother turned and glanced at him, her eyes yet smiling, from giving back his father's smile.

"He is wonderfully like him," she answered, laying a white hand on the head of David the third.

"But I am like Aunt Margery," said a small, clear voice; and a small, clear face, with a halo of bright red hair, hid itself in the knitter's lap, with an impulsiveness which sent the ball of worsted rolling over the floor. The boy ran and picked it up, to restore it to its owner, to whom he presented it, with a grace which told of a noble and gentle heart.

But she did not take it. One withered hand lay on little Margery's golden head; the other had dropped the knitting.

"Mother!" cried the boy, in a tone quite new to her ear, in its pity and terror. It was his first vision of the tragedy of life.

David Haldane entered the room, to find his wife clasping the lifeless woman, in whose lap the child's head still lay; and he led away the little ones, weeping at they scarce knew what, that his wife might weep upon his bosom for the loss of Margery Oglivie; at whose death a great inheritance passed to her eldest son.

THE END.

NATURE'S PARABLES.

NOT only is it by the preacher's voice
Our souls are taught the way
To gain the land, where citizens rejoice
In realms of endless day;

Sermons and sacramental signs there are
Around us and above,
Whose mystic teachings, spreading wide and far,
Proclaim God's power and love.

Say, while thou lookest on some garden fair,
Shall the lost Eden be
Strange to thine inmost thoughts, or past compare
The land which thou wouldst see?

A golden corn-field opens to thy gaze,
And reapers toiling there:
Think of the harvest in the latter days—
The rest from sin and care.

Thou watchest long beside the broad sea-shore:
Think of the port for thee,
Where hurricane and tempest shall be o'er—
Where there is no more sea.

So when at close of day, the sun beneath
The western hills sinks down,
Think of the end, and that fair, beauteous wreath
Which all the good shall crown.

WM. CHATTERTON DIX.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.

RAYMOND SYLVESTER had not spoken for more than an hour. He was standing leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, and looking into the fire. That stately lady in the chair opposite, whose pale, proud features seem as if chiselled in marble, and whose white hands, shaded with lace ruffles, lie folded on her lap, is his mother. A short time ago,

the lady's husband, the elder Raymond Sylvester, had died, and the Raymond whom we have just introduced to the reader, entered into possession of the estate.

The bare, bleak house, standing treeless and unsheltered on the bare, bleak common, is Raymond's. It is not a possession that any one would particularly covet. Outside, its very grandeur is gaunt and poverty-stricken. Inside, there are vast rooms with worm-eaten furniture and threadbare curtains.



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"A golden cornfield opens to thy gaze,
And reapers toiling there."—p. 456.

Poverty stares at you through the gaps that time has made, and that means have been wanting to replenish. The estate is cumbered with mortgages and payments of every kind. Its very life-blood is slowly draining away. And its owners know it, and the little world of Newbury knows it: but the hour of doom lingers: it has not yet come!

Raymond Sylvester is perhaps thinking whether it may not be possible to avert it. For he has a clear intellect, a resolute will, and youth withal on his side. At any rate, whatever his musings may be, the silence has been so profound, that when his mother breaks it, he starts. Yet she only asks the simplest question possible—

"You will remember to meet the train, Raymond?"

"Yes, mother, I should scarce be likely to forget it, and an only sister coming back after a year's absence."

Yet he did not smile, or look glad. The shadow of his musing rested like a cloud upon him. And perhaps that shadow made him say, a minute after, with a quick glance at his mother—

"She is a daughter of the house. She must bear what we bear."

He set his lips together, as he spoke, with a peculiar expression, denoting more sternness than is usual in so young a man. It was an expression often found on the countenance of Raymond Sylvester.

"Of course she must bear it, and she will!"

His mother made the remark. She had a clear, ringing voice—a voice that had something pitiless and unflinching about it.

And who ever knew Lady Sylvester to flinch from anything?

She is a grand woman, though all that is youthful about her has long passed away. A bleak, hard life like hers is apt to make the face wintry and bleak, like its own destiny. Yet her face has marvellously stood the wear and tear she must have had. Her figure is upright as when she had scarce seen sixteen summers, and was the belle of the whole county; her black hair is streaked with grey, but it is soft, glossy, and abundant; the fire of her dark eye is unquenched, and burns as bright as ever. Misfortune may steal a march upon her, and will do; and poverty may circumvent her, and will do; and the home may get barer, and the hangings more threadbare, and the very ground crumble from under her—but I think she will defy all these things, and never succumb, except as Cæsar did, when he sank down at the base of Pompey's pillar.

Her son is like her, every whit. He has the unquenchable light in his eye; he has the proud features, the unflinching voice, without an atom of relenting; he has the indomitable pride, that has been the curse of his race, and that has brought them into all this woe; he is a Sylvester to his heart's core.

His carriage is at the door, with its flaming lights, its crest, and its men in livery—(the Sylvesters never stir abroad without a world of pomp and ceremony)—

and Raymond steps across the hall to set out on his journey.

He was stopped by one of the servants—an old servant, who had known Raymond ever since he was no higher than the table.

"If you please, sir"—he spoke timidly, and as if he knew that what he had to say would be distasteful—"some one is waiting to speak to you."

"Some one!—who?" asked Raymond, sternly.

His manner was habitually stern to every one.

"John Humphreys, sir."

"I cannot see him; I am going out."

"But, Mr. Raymond; don't be angry, sir," said the old man, in a deprecatory tone, "but he isn't willing to go away without speech of you. He says he has come on very urgent business."

Raymond frowned. The mouth looked so set and so iron in its expression, you would wonder, for the moment, how Raymond could ever have been thought handsome.

"Where is he—this man?" he asked, haughtily.

"In your study, sir. I took him in. I knew he would not go quietly away. I thought it best, sir."

A crimson flush suffused Raymond's countenance. Then the flush faded, and his features assumed their cold, chilling expression.

He did not make any comment, or, indeed, say another word. He walked on to the study and opened the door. Then he found himself face to face with John Humphreys.

"Now then," said Raymond Sylvester, seating himself in the chair by the fire, without, however, giving the slightest hint to John to be seated likewise, "what is your errand?"

Humphreys had been on foot all day, and, before he replied, he took a chair, and, planting it exactly opposite Raymond, sat down. Raymond bit his lip, and said nothing. These two men never met without some kind of passage-at-arms.

"You must know, sir, what I'm come about," said Humphreys, quietly.

He had a pleasant manly voice, and there was a great deal of firmness in it, too.

His mother used to boast that her John could hold his own with anybody.

"Anything fresh, pray?" said Raymond, haughtily.

There was a slight working of the features, as if he did not feel quite at his ease.

"No, sir, the old matter is not settled yet," replied John.

Raymond's face worked again. His restless fingers were inserted, as though by an involuntary movement, into a desk that stood on the table before him.

"If the thing I want is in that desk, sir, perhaps you would bring it out," said John Humphreys.

Raymond withdrew his fingers, as if he had been stung. His face flushed violently.

"You know what I mean, sir," continued John, in a plain, straightforward manner, that was characteristic of him. "Your father owed my father money."

Raymond started, as though the speech grated on his ear beyond endurance.

John's father mentioned in the same breath with the Sylvesters!

"Your father owed my father money," continued John. "It was honest money, too, sir, and hardly earned. Now, what I've come about is just this: my father being dead, Mr. Raymond, I've come into his belongings, and this debt along with 'em."

"If that is your business," replied Raymond, coldly, "it is easily settled, as far as I am concerned. You must apply to myself."

"So I have, sir, over and over again, but he's put me off one way or another. It's his trade, I suppose. Now, Mr. Raymond, I've just made up my mind not to be put off any longer; and I've come to tell you so, face to face, sir. That's my way!"

Raymond's cheek flushed, and there was the slight quiver about the resolute mouth. He knew this man had the mastery over him. He might shake him off once perhaps, and perhaps twice, but the end would come as surely as he sat in that chair, and was Raymond Sylvester.

He knew all about the matter, too, which was more than he chose to confess. There were times when the head of the proud Sylvester race had stooped to borrow of a tradesman; and there was an ugly thing called a bond lurking very near at hand; Raymond was aware of this, and he flinched. He loathed the thought of what his father had been driven to do, yet he was following, step by step, in his father's track. He would not abate a jot or tittle of the pomp and glory of the Sylvesters; not before the world he would not. Behind the scenes, there was coming quick upon them—ruin!

He raised his proud head, and looked the other man in the face. He had never been more like his mother. The proud flashing eyes, the stern cold features, the iron mouth, all were there. The other man met his look quietly, but without any symptom of giving way.

His face was kindly, honest, and genial; you liked it more and more. But in resolution, it was a match for Raymond's.

"I cannot hear anything further from you to-night," said Raymond, in a tone as though the strain upon his forbearance were hardly to be endured; "I am in haste. The carriage is waiting for me at the door."

He rose as he said it.

The word carriage jarred on John's ear.

"Ah, go your ways, sir! go your ways! ride, while them as you and yours have beggared have to walk on their bare feet—ay, and beg their bread!"

"If you are insolent I will have you turned out," said Raymond, in a tone of such extreme haughtiness that John was, for the moment, silenced.

In that moment he forgot that Raymond was, after a fashion, his prisoner; he let him glide out, and pass into the hall. A few minutes after, the carriage of the Sylvesters was making its way through the iron gates that stood open to afford it egress.

Then John started up as from a dream, and knew that his prisoner had escaped—for that time at least.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD LOVE.

RAYMOND SYLVESTER leaned back on the soft cushions of the carriage. He was not of a luxurious temperament—far from it. His compact frame and eager, restless eye tell a different tale to that. He could have gone through any amount of hardship to attain a wished-for object; he could endure to the last extremity. But he had been born in the purple: it was threadbare and dilapidated, but, while a rag remained, he would wrap it reverentially about him. The carriage, the pair of handsome horses, the soft cushions, were parts and parcels of his status as a Sylvester.

The town to which he was going was no more than a mile off. He would be an hour too soon for the train, but he had business of his own, that would take him the best part of that hour. When the carriage reached a certain street, he pulled the check-string, then giving orders to the coachman, he alighted and dismissed the carriage.

Raymond now stood in the street alone.

It was an old-fashioned street, with gabled houses, whose projecting fronts nearly touched each other. From one of the houses you could almost have shaken hands with your opposite neighbour. Raymond walked down the street, and stopped before the door of a house. It was a moonlight night, but with clouds hurrying over the moon, and gusts of wind that swept by him and made a kind of moaning as they hurried down the street, only to come sweeping back again directly.

Raymond stood a moment before he rang the bell and raised the ponderous old-fashioned knocker. In that moment, he had reeled a little as though seized by a sudden illness, and he had laid hold of the old carved work of the porch to support himself. But he was well again directly, and he had rung and knocked.

The servant who opened the door admitted him as a thing of course. She did not speak, no more did Raymond. A delicate perfume, like that of rose-leaves, struck on the senses the moment the house was entered. There was a marble slab by the wall, and a vase upon it, which was filled with withered rose-leaves. The staircase was wide, with a richly-carved balustrade, and your eye rested on pictures, and here and there upon a statue of great rarity and beauty. Raymond looked at none of them; perhaps he had seen them so often that he did not need. He went up the staircase by himself; it was evident he knew where to go. He turned into a little room furnished with elegance, and even luxury. No one was there, but the fire blazed brightly and the lamp was burning. He planted himself on the hearthrug, his arms folded, and looked round.

Some one had been there just lately. There was a chair at the table, and there was some delicate piece

of work lying about Raymond's eye fell upon it. It was something made of lace, exquisite and fragile. He took it up, and kissed it, and laid it down again.

His face had softened wonderfully the last few minutes. It was attractive now, beyond measure. The eye had all its beauty unalloyed by sternness. The mouth was tender. A tremulous light flickered over the proud features. If he had spoken, his voice would have been irresistibly sweet and alluring. But he did not speak, at least not till all this was gone.

For it passed like a dream!

There was a light step in the passage, so light it could scarcely be heard. Except by Raymond: he went forward to meet it.

I do not know whether she was handsome, critics never determined that; for it was a face that baffled them. The forehead was beautiful in its smooth serenity, and so were the clear brown eyes, and so were the ripples of shining hair, as luxuriant as could be. But the features were not regular, and if regularity was an absolute condition of beauty, Josephine Graham had it not. And some said her figure was not good; and others that nature had intended her for a beauty, and just missed the mark. And there were more opinions still, that it is not worth our while to mention: for no one ever had any kind of companionship, or friendship, or even casual intercourse with Josephine Graham, who did not think her the loveliest creature on earth. Raymond had thought so these six years, and had been telling her so likewise.

He went to meet her with extended hands. He was her lover, as you have, no doubt, found out. And more was the pity for it!

"Dearest Josephine!"

He could not help saying it, though he was come to do that which he could scarcely bear to think of. He had argued the point on all sides, and convinced his judgment, if not his conscience.

Her face brightened when she saw him. She was in deep and newly-made mourning. Her black dress made her look pale, and perhaps the confinement and fatigue of the sick chamber had helped to fade her cheek. It flushed now rosy and beautiful as ever.

"I am so glad to see you, Raymond!"

She had a clear, firm voice. The expression of her face denoted energy and a cheerful resolve to do what was right. She was in a perilous position too. The only relative she had in the world was dead, and she was left quite portionless. She had scarce enough to keep herself from actual necessity.

But there was her lover of six years; there was Raymond.

"I cannot leave my aunt; she has only me in the world."

Josephine had said this to Raymond, at the beginning of their engagement.

"When she is gone, my sweet one, then come to me."

This had been the burden of Raymond's song ever since. He had been a faithful lover, and a devoted one as well. Every day he had been seen in the street with its ancient gables: but he did not know then, what was current in the town by now—that the aunt of Josephine Graham had left her money to a stranger, and that Josephine was almost penniless.

"What poverty again! always poverty!"

He had said it in his desperate indignation, pacing up and down his room all night. He loved Josephine—loved her still, deeply and fervently—but he had thought she would be rich. What could he do? He had to build up the fortunes of the Sylvesters. With him, they would stand or fall. He could not work—Heaven forbid! no Sylvester ever had worked—and could he starve?

Why was he an inheritor of that gaunt ragged splendour? Why had not his glories come to him untarnished? Why could not the foundation-stone of the edifice have stood his time? Then he might have married her—this woman of his choice, of his affections, who had clung to him so long and so tenderly. What was to become of her? There is the abyss, down, down ever so deep! One step will send her into it; but she thinks that he is by her side. She does not mind, because of him—Raymond her lover!

Yet she had been going through an ordeal of her own, poor girl.

"I will tell him how poor I am," she had thought; "I will say, I can bring him nothing." She smiled as she thought it—such a glad, hopeful smile it was, too! "I know what he will say: he will say, 'I am rich enough for both!' And so he is, being one of the grand Sylvesters, and—"

The train of thought broke off in one of those rosy blushes that set Josephine's detractors at defiance; and a hundred tender little suggestions hovered about her. "It would be sweet to tell Raymond he was free; it would be just feeling of the link, and seeing how strong it was, and how indissoluble!"

When he had drawn his chair into its usual place, when his eyes were upon her in all their fascination, and he had been saying a few tender nothings, for he had not yet approached the dread thing yonder, then she began her tale.

She told him her exact position—a friendless girl and penniless. It would have been better had she held her peace, but she could not. "If he wished to be free——" her voice trembled, tears were in her eyes; the mere thought struck her to the heart.

She paused, for she was in haste that he should speak. There was an alternative, that she had put from her as a myth. She wanted, all at once, to be assured, to be comforted, to be taken to his arms; for he had been bound to her so long. He was all she had in the world!

When he was silent, a chill dread fell upon her. It was an awful moment for Josephine Graham!

"Josephine!"

There was all his old tenderness in the tone. He

came close to her, and took her hand. "Josephine, there are periods in a man's history when Fate is very cruel to him, when nothing seems to satisfy her but the uttermost farthing!"

She trembled a little, and would have withdrawn her hand, but he held it fast.

Then he told her. He said that upon him had the woes of his race been entailed. He was poor. He had no means of subduing his fortune as some men had; the Sylvesters had been above that necessity from generations downwards. He did not know what their fate would be, it seemed to him as if he and his were being whirled onwards, towards an abyss from which there would be no escape.

And much more he said, and Josephine sat and listened.

She listened; her face pale, her very lips were white. She knew to what all this tended, and there was a womanly indignation stirring in her breast. He was going to forsake her. She read that, in plain characters. He to whom she had clung so tenderly, had loved so fondly. Yes! he would leave her because she was less richly dowered with this world's wealth than he had thought for. Well, then, be it so, and the proud tears welled from her eyes; for she was no feeble character, no love-sick girl this Josephine Graham!

For a few moments there was a sharp wrestling with her heart's anguish, ere she could command herself to speak; when she did speak she had found time to pity him. Had she seen within, I think she would have wept over him: for he was the victim of his race's pride and arrogance. This woman, so good, so beautiful, would have made the happiness of his life. All the better part of his nature clung to her. He loved her as he would never love again: yet was about to do violence to the common principles of honour and uprightness. He was going to cast a blight over her life, and his own. And for what? That the greatness of the Sylvesters might be sustained by the sacrifice of another victim!

She had withdrawn from him. She stood at a little distance, as though foreshadowing the weary space that had been put between them.

But she was quite calm and self-possessed, far more than he was.

For all the old passionate fondness welled up in the man's heart. He rose up wildly, unlike the calm, dignified Raymond Sylvester. He would have caught her to his heart but she would not. Oh, no! the time for that was over now, quite over!

She put him away, still calmly, but with an air of decision that made him feel as though his fate were in her hands, and not hers in his. And he felt, too, how incomparably she was his superior. As she stood, her clear, honest eye fixed upon him, he seemed, to

himself, the veriest knave and coward that ever lived. He began to wonder whether he might not tear up the old rotten moorings, and plunge boldly, and at once, into the arena open to every man. Why should he not?—why keep up the tottering ruins of a system that must fall, and that speedily?

Let him work as other men have done, and earn a competence; and let him keep true to Josephine, and be blessed!

Ah, Raymond! it is too late for that. There is a sensitive chord in a woman's heart, and you have touched it. You have this night passed the Rubicon!

She told him that he was free. She gave him back his freedom without a sigh. There is a kind of fortitude in some women, that will not suffer, in these cases, either a sigh or a tear—not until the sufferer finds herself alone.

She said, then, that he was free; and she took a bracelet from her arm and a ring from her finger, and she gave them back to him. He would not take them; but she laid them before him with the same resolute air. She would not tamper with him, a single moment, or use any of her woman's weapons to drive him back to his allegiance. No! the world lay before her, bleak, and chill, and desolate; but be it so. She had scarce thought of that; and when she came to think, there was a better Guide than he was, and a more sure Protector close at hand, even a Divine one; and Josephine would lean on Him, as she had done from her earliest years; for Josephine was a Christian woman, and had a Christian's consolations.

She knew that the sooner this interview came to an end the better. In spite of her calmness, she felt stunned, and like one who has received a deadly wound, but will not falter while he is by who gave it. She wished to be alone, and she attempted to bid him farewell. She had almost broken down in the endeavour.

He had nearly broken down as well. But he was a Sylvester, and he was only doing what his race required of him. He must not bring a portionless bride to the decaying home: that would be adding beggary to ruin. He had been deceived into thinking that Josephine was an heiress, and it was well that the mistake was found out in time. On him lay all the burden; his single arm must avert the overhanging doom. The step was inevitable: his family's needs required that he should be a victim! As he thought so, he raised his head to look once more on Josephine; but she had moved softly away. She was gone!

As he went down the stairs, the fragrance of the withered rose-leaves fell upon his senses. It was like the memory of a precious thing departed!

(To be continued.)

THE FATHER'S HOUSE.



HE world is all our Father's house,
With fair things furnished well,
Wherein the children of his love
With gladsome hearts might dwell.

And all His good and precious things
He to our keeping gave
For liberal use, that each might live
A son, and not a slave.

And day by day, and year by year,
His purpose to fulfil,
Fresh tokens of his love are sent
Alike to good and ill.

Our absent Father, in his love,
On us commandments laid
(Not grievous), and in all His house
But what would hurt forbade.

And chiefly to each other's care
He gave His children all,

That each might claim a watchful love,
But most the weak and small.

Alas! the children have forgot
Their Father's love and law,
And tokens of His presence see
No more with filial awe.

Their Father's precious things they put
To uses mean and vile:
Many are naked, sick, and poor,
And others feast the while.

Gifts of His bounteous love they take,
Nor share them as He willed;
Yea, many hunger in the house
With every blessing filled!

The strong despise the weak and small—
The law of love they spurn—
How would the Father find His house,
If now He should return?

ISA CRAIG.

"YOUNG GUY FAWKES."



FRED WILMORE was born on the 5th of November. What a lucky fellow! most boys will say. And so thought Fred, for every anniversary of his birthday there was a regular jollification in the town; and a large Guy, suspended from a gibbet, his pockets stuffed with squibs and crackers, was burned over an enormous bonfire, consisting of tar-barrels, waste, and straw, on the green in the centre of the town. Then there was no end of shouting, hurrahing, and letting off of fireworks in every direction, and spending the halfpence—which the boys had collected by carrying about an effigy of the Pope, or of Guy Fawkes; it might be whichever people chose to call it—they paid their half-pennies and they had their choice. It was generally tied to an old chair, and consisted of a ragged coat and trousers, stuffed with straw; with a mask, an old battered hat, a box of lucifers, and a pipe in its mouth.

Fred's birthday was always celebrated, by his family with all due joviality; his father, who was a grocer, giving a supper to his shopmen and apprentices, after partaking of which, they drank the health of "young Guy Fawkes," in steaming glasses of hot punch.

As the young gentleman grew older, a display of fireworks in the garden was added; and he was allowed to invite his schoolfellows to tea on the occasion. Mrs. Wilmore made a large plum-cake, and lots of oranges, almonds, and raisins, figs, and other good things were liberally distributed among the children assembled. So it is no wonder if Fred

Wilmore's birthday was looked forward to and long remembered as a most glorious day.

Every succeeding year added to the splendour of Fred's very popular festival. But the return of his twelfth birthday was to excel all that had preceded it, for Jim Stevens, the new apprentice, had been three months before on trial to a maker of fireworks, and he had acquired, in that short space of time, much of the art and mystery of fires—red, blue, and green, of steel sparks, golden rains, blue lights, and bangs; and he and Fred, and Bill the second son, had for some weeks been employed with cartridge-paper, rosin, paste, charcoal, and gunpowder, making wonderful things in a shed at the bottom of the garden. However, Fred, although strictly forbidden, could not resist the temptation of taking in a squib or two, and letting them off out of the bedroom window now and then; but as neither obedience nor truthfulness was in the list of his virtues, he stoutly denied any knowledge of the matter when the sulphurous smell of the room the next morning, or the report of the previous night, had led to a suspicion of what he had been about.

"It only wants a week to the fifth," said he one night to Bill, when he was preparing to light a squib at the candle; "won't it be jolly? We've got lots of rockets, and Jim's going to show us how to make a Jack-in-the-box with a mine, and he's to make a Chinese tree with a bang. Won't it be jolly, I say?"

"But father said we were not to have a mine, because the fire flies about so when it's let off, you know."

"Stuff and nonsense! that's all bosh! he won't know anything about it till it goes off."

"I wish you wouldn't have it, nor yet let off squibs out of the bedroom window," said Bill; "it's so dangerous."

"Don't you be a sneak, like Tom Heartwell, or else I'll serve you out, as I mean to do him—a cowardly fellow, afraid to let off a cracker last year."

"But his father forbade him; he disapproves of fireworks, you know."

Yes, an old canting humbug! And he's trying to prevent them having a bonfire on the green this year. I hate him, and all of them! I'm glad father wouldn't lend him our horse the other day when he wanted it. Father said it was *lame*; wasn't that a good 'un? Why, the horse was no more lame than I am. I dare say they'll all be on their knees, and old Heartwell will be droning out a prayer, when we are in the height of our fun next Wednesday."

It was very true that Mr. Heartwell, whose garden adjoined that of Mr. Wilmore, did not approve of the popular mode of celebrating "Guy Fawkes Day," as it is called. Though a staunch Protestant, and viewing the cowardly attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament as it deserved, he did not consider that promoting a scene of drunkenness and revelry, or letting off combustibles to endanger life and property, was a proper way of remembering it. And being possessed of some influence in the town, he had prevailed on the authorities to prevent the usual display.

Nothing could be more auspicious than the weather when the day arrived—crisp, frosty, but clear; the paths sparkled with rime, and the trees looked feathery in the hoar-frost.

About twenty boys, some accompanied by their sisters, met in Mrs. Wilmore's parlour, where tea, with muffins and crumpets, plum-cake, and other popular *et-cæteras*, was served to them. All was chatter and animation.

"How nasty it is of old Heartwell to prevent them having a bonfire on the green this year," said Ben Bluster, whose father kept a beer-shop. "My father says he'd knock him down for two farthings."

"Serve him right, a cantankerous old villain," growled Mr. Wilmore.

"Never mind, father," said Fred, "we've got a famous lot of staves and waste to burn to-night; we'll light the old chap to bed, won't we, father?"

All laughed at this sally; but many a true word is spoken in jest. When the tea was ended, the young people played at games till seven o'clock, when the fireworks were to begin. In the meanwhile, Jim Stevens had been busy building up the bonfire, and suspending over it a Guy, in the regular orthodox style, with his pockets stuffed with fireworks. He had fastened the Catherine-wheels to a fence, with calking-pins given him by Sally, the maid-of-all-work, stuck the rocket sticks into the ground, arranged the Roman-candle battery, and made everything complete; and now they all sallied into the garden.

Just at this juncture Mr. Heartwell desired to speak

with Mr. Wilmore over the garden wall, which was low.

"I would advise you not to have that bonfire lighted," said he; "for the wind is rising, and it blows towards your house: it might carry sparks on to the roof, and do much mischief."

Now this was disinterested advice, as Mr. Heartwell's dwelling-house was separated by a large garden from Mr. Wilmore's. But Mr. Wilmore had no mind to be advised by anybody, especially not by such a canting hypocrite, as he called Mr. Heartwell; so he answered that he knew what he was about, and wanted no advice of anybody.

Seeing it was useless to remonstrate, Mr. Heartwell left him. So the bonfire was lighted, and blazed away merrily, to the boys' intense satisfaction, and they shouted—

"Holloa, boys! holloa, boys!
Make the bells ring;
Holloa, boys! holloa, boys!
God save the Queen!"

Then there was popping of squibs and crackers; and though the wind was certainly getting up, no mischief had happened yet, and they laughed at the "old croaker" Heartwell's predictions; whose son Tom was not invited. "He'd be frightened to let off a squib," said Fred, who was valiantly assisting Jim, in firing a Chinese tree.

"But I say, Jim, here's the Jack-in-the-box; where shall we put that?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," said Jim; "out of the guv'nor's sight, any how."

"I'll fasten it to that pear-tree in the corner."

"Isn't it rayther too near the house?" returned Jim.

"You shut up; it'll do no harm."

Fred always persisted in contradiction: so do many boys: but it is a bad habit.

Well, the rockets, and the Catherine-wheels, and all the rest were let off, greatly to the praise and triumph of Jim Stevens and of Fred, and to the delight of the boys within the garden, and of those without, who were mounted on the top of the wall, and joined their shouts with the rest, when Guy blew up with a tremendous and repeated banging, from the fireworks with which his pockets were stuffed.

"Now, Jim," said Fred, "I shall let off the Jack-in-the-box."

"Don't!" replied Jim, "it's too nigh the house."

"No, it isn't; there's plenty of distance." So saying, Fred ran off with a match, and applied it to the slow paper; but whether Jim's skill did not extend so far as a Jack-in-the-box, or from some other cause, it is impossible to say; but instead of going off properly, it exploded all at once, sending a stream of blue fire, several feet in length, towards the house, and scattering sparks and squibs in all directions. Some of them entered the parlour window, which had been left open, and ignited a quantity of loose papers which lay on a table; the flames communicated quickly to the window-curtains, and to some household linen, which Mrs. Wilmore had

brought down to repair, and in an incredibly short time the whole room was in a blaze. Mr. Wilmore, Jim, and the shopmen ran for buckets of water; but very little could be obtained, as the frost was hard, and it was frozen in the pipes. All was consternation, where so much merriment had just before prevailed.

It happened, as Fred had predicted, that Mr. Heartwell and his family, were engaged in family worship, and he had prayed earnestly for the preservation of his neighbour from all danger. He was just concluding, when the whole family was startled by a loud explosion, and a noise of children screaming at the back. Going into the garden, they found all the children in a state of great terror, trying to get over the wall, which the bigger boys had already climbed. By means of a step-ladder, the rest were assisted over and taken into Mrs. Heartwell's parlour. Mr. Heartwell and his son Tom, a tall boy of fourteen, went out to see what could be done. But as the flames had now got possession of all the lower part of the premises, the parish engine being useless for want of water, Mr. Heartwell busied himself in getting out chests of tea, and other valuable goods, the fire not having yet caught the shop. In the meanwhile Mrs. Heartwell was trying to persuade Mrs. Wilmore to go into her house; but the latter stood in a trance of horror, gazing at the burning pile. She was roused, however, by Sally who came screaming, "Oh, missus! the baby—the baby!"

"Where is it?" cried many voices at once.

"Up there!" said Sally, pointing to a second-floor window.

A ladder was brought, but who would venture to ascend? Men looked at each other and at the seething furnace below, and were silent.

"Oh! save my baby—save my baby!" shrieked the distracted mother. But no one answered the appeal.

Its father and Mr. Heartwell were on the other side of the house, and heard her not. But Tom Heartwell did, and made his way to the ladder, which he ascended till he reached the window. It was fastened. In a moment he dashed his hand through the glass, undid the fastening, opened the window, and stood within the room. It was filled with smoke, and in the darkness he was groping his way towards the bed, when a jet of flame shooting through the floor, showed him at once the extreme peril of the situation, and the child quietly sleeping in its cot.

What an age it seemed to the agonised mothers, after the resolute boy disappeared, before he again came to the window, and with the infant fastened to him with a small sheet from the cot, began to descend the ladder! In breathless silence stood the awe-struck crowd; but when he placed the babe in its mother's arms, a shout long and loud rent the air, and there was a contention who should shake hands with brave Tom Heartwell. Mrs. Wilmore

could only utter, "God reward you, brave boy!" His mother's tearful eyes spoke volumes of love and thankfulness to God.

As the roof had now fallen in, and the premises were completely gutted, Mr. Heartwell took poor Wilmore home with him, where Mrs. Wilmore and the children already were. They were made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit.

Mr. Heartwell's kindness did not end here. He lent Mr. Wilmore a sum of money, by means of which, and with the stock which was saved, he was enabled to take another house and shop, and begin business again, though in a smaller way.

Time brought former prosperity, and more than former happiness. Mr. Wilmore became in many respects a changed man. He often, in after years, used to say, that the conduct of the Heartwell family on that eventful night had convinced him of the value of true religion; and that it is good both for this world and for that which is to come. M. W.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC ON PAGE 448.

Initials: "Go in peace."—Luke vii. 50. *Finals:* "Sin no more."—John viii. 11.

1. G allowS	Esth. v. 14; vii. 10.
2. O mri I	1 Kings xvi. 30.
3. I nN	Luke x. 34.
4. N aiN	Luke vii. 11.
5. P haraoh-NechO	Jer. xlv. 2.
6. E lohiM	Gen. ii. 4.
7. A bednegO	Dan. i. 12.
8. C omforteR	John xiv. 16.
9. E vE	Gen. iii. 6.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Whence was Saul's body stolen by friends at night?
 2. Where against Israel did Bashan fight?
 3. The name the Amorites to Hermon gave.
 4. The land where Jephthah fled, his life to save.
 5. A town which Baasha began to build.
 6. The land where Israel's ships with gold were filled.
 7. What tribe the first of all was captive brought?
 8. Whose son with Shallum in Samaria fought?
 9. Who among David's thirty had command?
 10. Whose son brought succour unto David's band?
 11. A town whence David brought the shields of gold.
 12. Who first among the singers was enrolled?
 13. The month in which God's house was sanctified.
 14. What giant's brother Israel defied?
 15. Who the doorkeeper of the ark was made?
 16. One who came not to Adonijah's aid.
 17. Whose son a warning Nehemiah brought,
- Which the courageous prophet set at nought?

Though many foes encompass round,
Yet lean thou on the Lord;
Press onward firmly to the goal,
For great is thy reward.

THE BIVVER

— Saturday, April 11, 1868. —



(Drawn by GEORGE THOMAS.)

“‘You have had your answer,’ I said.”—p. 467.

AUNT PHOEBE'S STORY.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

JESSIE BEEVOR stood leaning against the dresser in her aunt's cottage, with a very decided frown on her fair, pretty face, a face that seemed as if a smile would fit it better; a cheerful, happy countenance, with sunny hair, a broad, low forehead, and sweet brown eyes. There was a singular likeness between the petulant girl of eighteen, and the delicate woman of forty,

who while she went on washing up her teacups, stole a look every now and then at Jessie, only it seemed that Phoebe Hawtreys beauty must have always had more of refinement in it. Strangers who caught a glimpse of the remarkable face, bending over her flowers at the window, asked who lived in the little corner cottage in West Acre Lane, and looked surprised to hear it was only Phoebe, the carpenter's daughter. The carpenter was dead, and his wife too. His eldest daughter had married Ned Beever, the blacksmith of Shireburn, and Phoebe, the youngest, had just enough to live on by herself in the corner cottage with the honeysuckle over the porch. She did clear-starching for those of the neighbouring gentry not rich enough to keep a laundry, to gain a little surplus to help her poorer neighbours with, rather than from need.

"What ails ye, child?" she said, when the silence had lasted a little longer.

"You know"—the rosy cheeks flushed scarlet, and the bright eyes filled full of hot angry tears—"Aunt Phoebe, I thought I'd get comfort from you; I saw mother telling you all about it last night; it's shameful! she says Paul has six strings to his bow!" She burst out crying.

"Jessie"—the girl looked up and wiped her eyes—"it's because ye want to go to Anster Fair with Paul Lewin, isn't it?"

Jessie nodded—she was still sobbing.

"Do you want to go to the fair with Paul, lass, because ye love him, or that ye're proud of being seen with such a tall, fine young fellow?"

"I don't know," said Jessie.

"Would ye be content to bide at home if Paul might stay along with ye?"

"I should think not, indeed!" with a toss of the fair head.

Phoebe sighed.

"Don't!" said Jessie, petulantly: "Aunt, I'd never have come down if I'd not thought you'd have taken my part. I don't care much for Paul. Oh, aunt, I've heard you were always to be seen everywhere, why should I be buried out of sight? Mother says she wants me to get married; I shan't find a husband in the forge, and I don't want to be an old maid;" and then conscience-stricken Jessie looked at the sweet patient face, and the frown left her own.

"I beg your pardon, aunt dear;" and she held up her mouth to be kissed.

"Jessie, I've a mind to tell ye a story," said Phoebe, smiling, "would ye care to hear how it came about that I never married?"

"Mother says no one was good enough for you, because you were so pretty."

"It wasn't that, though I was vain enough, lass, at one time. Sit ye down, child, the story won't be over just in a minute." She drew her hand

slowly over her face, and rested her chin in its palm.

"I was about your age, Jessie. I might have had the love of a good man. I'll call him Thomas, he's left the village, but I've no right to make the sorrow I gave him public. He hadn't spoken to me, but I knew what he meant. I thought myself far too good for him, but I liked to be joked about him. You know where grandfather used to live?"

Jessie nodded.

"Well, I was standing at the top of that broken flight of steps that leads into the lane under the big yew-trees: it was grandfather that shaped the trees round like an arch, they used to go straight across from side to side. Well, as I stood idling my time I saw some one coming up the lane; a tall, handsome young fellow with a bright sun-burnt face, there was something in his look that made me sure he was a sailor. He stopped and asked me to be so kind as to tell him the way to Bramley.

"I'd never seen any one so handsome, Jessie. No one ever spoke to me in such a worshipping way before. It seemed just like one of the stories I'd read, against mother's will, in a penny newspaper that I'd found round a parcel. I told him the way, and then he went on, though I stood watching him. He looked back often.

"I had been vain enough before, What I grew to be after this, Jessie, I should not tell you if I could. As it is, I'm talking of myself more than is good for me."

Phoebe sighed.

"One evening I'd been drinking tea with your mother. She'd not long been married, and she was anxious to see me as happy as she was herself. She'd asked Thomas to drink tea with us. My head was full of the handsome sailor, and I was cold and capricious all the evening."

"I must go now," I said to your mother; and I put on my bonnet. Thomas had gone with your father, to look at something in the yard. At the corner where the lane turns from the road, I found Thomas waiting. I tried to pass; but he stopped me.

"Phoebe, you must let me walk home with you this evening."

"It was still broad daylight, and he could see how unwilling I looked. He walked beside me, without speaking. His voice had sounded so firm and determined, that I had felt a little afraid of him.

"Presently he began again. 'Phoebe, you know quite well what I have to say; you have known it a long time. Maybe I ought to have spoken sooner; but I felt uncertain, I feel so still. Will you be my wife?'

"For an instant I felt a soft pity for Thomas; he saw this, no doubt, in my face. We were in the

lane quite alone, and he took my hand and drew it under his arm.

"This brought my pride back; I pulled my hand away.

"'You behave very strangely,' I said, in a scornful tone; 'I must love the person I marry, and I never could love you.'

"I walked up the lane fast, but he overtook me.

"'I was blundering,' he said, humbly; 'I ought to have asked leave to win you; I do ask it now, Phœbe.'

"There was such a sad earnestness in his voice; but before I could answer, I heard speaking close by. I looked up. Looking over the hedge I saw my father and the stranger who had asked the way to Bramley.

"I seemed to grow mad with impatience.

"'You have had your answer,' I said; 'I never say no when I mean yes.'

"I did not look at him; I was at the foot of the steps, full of shy, fluttering vanity.

"'This is my daughter Phœbe, Mr. Stacey,' said father.

"Mr. Stacey never said a word about having seen me before; he'd come from London to look for country lodgings. Mother said there were none to be had in Shireburn; however, he'd got the soft side of father, and he found him a lodging at Pratt's that same evening.

"By the time I'd been an hour with Charles Stacey, I knew I liked Thomas best, and yet I fought against the feeling, it pleased my vanity more to be with one than with the other. Thomas never offered to take me anywhere, but Mr. Stacey was always finding out some amusement for me. Mother interfered as much as she could, but I would not listen. At last some of the gossips spoke to father. He came into the garden one day quite angered.

"'Phœbe,' he said, 'go indoors; I've a word to say to Mr. Stacey.'

"I loved Stacey now, Jessie, with all the heart I had to love any one, and he was always talking about his love for me; but he had not asked me to marry him, and I sat in the kitchen trembling, for I thought father was going to be rude, and that perhaps I should never see Stacey again.

"To my surprise they both came in smiling.

"Father took hold of my hand. 'There she is, my lad,' he said, 'and when you come home from next voyage, she shall be yours altogether, if she likes.'

"Stacey kissed me, and so did father, and then I ran away to my room and cried. I was happy, but it seemed to me that my consent was taken too much for granted.

"At supper I said this to father. Stacey had gone away early.

"Father pushed up his glasses, and looked first at me, then at mother.

"'From what I hear,' he said, 'you've been wrong-headed and wilful, Phœbe. Your name has got coupled with Stacey's. You know best whether you wish to marry him; but he shall marry you, or I'll know the reason why.'

"I thought father unkind; but I wanted to be Charles's wife, so I did not take this scolding to heart. When I met Stacey the next afternoon, I thought him grave and quiet.

"'So you could not trust me,' he said; 'my love would be just as true, Phœbe, without a promise.'

"'I said nothing to father, Charles, and you've made me no promise.'

"'That's true,' he said; and then we walked on. But that was a very silent walk, Jessie—it was up Oak Lane, where the road has been hollowed out, and the great tree-roots hang in all manner of twisted shapes on each side. I remember the rabbits came out of their holes, and scrambled across the path in front of us.

"I came home less happy than usual. However, the next few days were as bright as ever; Charles had to join his ship at the week's end, and so we made the most of them. Mother seemed to have grown fond of him now, and she never tried to keep me at home.

"He went, and I fretted till I grew ill—ill and thin and weak. You've been wondering what had become of Thomas all this while. I suppose I tell things as they seemed to me at the time, and Thomas kept out of sight, so I never thought about him. Mother pitied me, but after a bit she got tired of my idle ways. I'd stop up late looking at the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of things in her; and then lie a-bed o' mornings till my head ached.

"'Phœbe,' she said one day, 'when you were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to me; but I've lived to doubt that.'

"Her voice had a sad touch in it that set my heart quivering; I put my arms round her. 'I'll do better,' I said; 'you'll see I will, mother.'

"Well, I did; I fought as hard as I could; but my love grew every day; it seemed as if I cared only for what put me in mind of Stacey. I'd got one letter from him, and I used to read that over till I knew it by heart, and then still I read it to see the writing.

"Sometimes I saw Thomas, but he never spoke to me.

"The year passed over. One day—a bright summer day like this, Jessie—I mind now how the white roses were all in their beauty; mother and I had brought our needlework, and were sitting in the doorway, and father sat on the garden bench spelling a newspaper he'd got from the 'Fox'—it was some days old, and he read us out bits of news I'd heard already.

"'Hallo, Phœbe,' he called out, 'here's news.'

"I was looking over his shoulder in an instant. He pointed out the place with his finger, but the lines all danced about; it was a minute or so before I read that the *Niger*—that was Stacey's ship—was safe at Portsmouth.

"My heart on a sudden fell like lead, Jessie, from the joy which had lifted it up. Stacey must have been home a good week, and he had neither come to Shireburn nor written to me.

"But father seemed not to have heeded this; he gave me a kiss, and said he supposed he must have a new coat for the wedding; and then he took up the paper and was going back to the 'Fox' with it.

"'Just let me look once more,' I said.

"Father stroked my hair as I stooped down to read.

"'Goldilocks,' said he. When I was little, Jessie, I got the name from the flower you mind in the fir-wood.

"Somehow, I shrank into myself; it seemed as if the glory and pride of my hair and of my good looks was taken away.

"I suppose I looked strange standing so still there—under the yew-trees—just where father left me. Ah, yes, and I was thinking too, just where Stacey had left me on that sunshiny morning a year ago.

"'What is it, child?' mother said.

"'I'm dazed like, it's come so sudden;' and I made an excuse to go indoors.

"A week passed on, and no word from Stacey. And what made his silence harder to bear was the village talk, Jessie. Father had gone to the village that day full of his news; and I was questioned and wished joy, till I hardly knew how to keep a calm face in answer; my heart felt as if it must break. It seemed to me he might be dead, left behind in the great sea, and I should never—never have the love I had so longed for.

"Mother got anxious too; I knew it by the tender, pitiful way she spoke; but she was timid, was mother, and she shrank from open speaking.

"When the week's end came, I had got desperate. Mother and I were in the kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps; the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't make two flutings alike. I scorched it badly at last, and I set down the gauffering-iron, and burst out crying. Then mother spoke in a sudden, new way to me, a way which took me back, lass, to times when I used to bring her home cowslip posies from the meadows.

"'Leave work, Jessie darling; come and sit ye down by mother, and tell what ails ye.' And there I was sitting on my little stool at her knee hiding my face in her lap. She let me sob on, and then she whispered—

"'Ye want to know the rights o' this, lass, and so do I; I'm thinking of going to London.'

"I left off sobbing in wonder. Mother, who had never been farther than Guildford in her life!—mother, who rarely ventured to set up an opinion of her own against father or me.

"'Yes, dear; one is going up to-morrow as 'ull take charge o' yer mother, Phœbe, and bring her back safe; one who's always been true to me and mine, lass.'

"I did not care to guess: I was too much interested.

"'I'll make all right with father,' she whispered. It seemed to me she kissed the words into my cheek. 'I know where to go. I'll not come home, lass, without news.' I put my arms close round her; I seemed to have twice the mother I had had before.

"She was off before six next-morning. She wouldn't let me go even to the turn of the lane with her.

"The two days that came after were so long, Jessie; I worked harder than I'd done in life before, so as to make them go—but they wouldn't—till I was so weary I was fain to sit down on the top of the steps, and watch the gold light change into crimson, while the sun set behind the oak-trees up yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire, as if the sun himself was shining blood-red through their leaves, and then the crimson grew duller and duller. It had changed to grey when I saw mother coming up the lane. She was out of breath with walking, and I couldn't get a word out. I took her bundle and followed her up the steps.

"Father was in the village, and I sat mother in his chair, and pulled off her bonnet and shawl, and fetched her cap and apron, and got her a cup of tea.

"Her face spoke she had no good news, and I daredn't ask.

"'Phœbe, I've nought to tell ye;' she was half-crying with vexation. 'I've broke my word to ye, darling, but it warn't fault of mine.'

"And then I heard how she'd seen Stacey's cousin, Mrs. Green, a well-to-do person she said. Stacey had come home in the *Niger*, but he'd only stayed two days in London, and had gone back to Portsmouth. Mother stopped here, and looked at me. But the sudden joy of hearing that he was alive and in England swept away my fears.

"'Did you hear how he looked, mother dear?'

"I'd poured out a cup of tea for her; instead of answering me, she turned away and drank it. I wanted to see her face, and I thought she'd never raise it from her teacup.

"'Look here, Phœbe'—she didn't look at me, she began to play with her teaspoon; 'don't be angry,

but I'm doubting if Stacey's all we thought him. One went to London with me, lass, who'll bring us news from Portsmouth to-morrow.'

"A sudden new light came to me.

"Mother, if you've sent Thomas to spy out Stacey's actions, he'll bring ye false news; I'll not believe a word.'

"It was wicked and ungrateful, too, after mother's great kindness. Ah, my lass, if you could know how every sharp word you've given your mother 'ull stick when she's gone from you, maybe ye'd not be so ready with 'em.

"I hardly spoke to mother these two days; it seemed to me she'd done a wrong to Stacey.

"What right had we to judge him? No doubt he had business at Portsmouth, and was waiting to end it, so as not to leave me again; and suppose he should find Thomas out, it would seem as if I had set a spy to watch him. I was mad with anger.

"Next evening came, but not Thomas. The morning after, I'd gone down to Pratt's shop for mother; as I passed our window, coming in, I heard voices. Father was always in the workshop at that time o' day. I went cold and hot, Jessie, something told me my fate was come on me.

"I walked into the kitchen boldly, but I knew my cheeks were white, and my head swam round and round.

"Thomas and I looked at each other, but he only spoke to mother.

"I'll go, Mrs. Hawtrey. You'll tell her best alone.'

"Jessie, it was as if the Evil One got loose in me. I flamed up scarlet. I could have struck Thomas.

"You mean fellow!" I said, 'to bring a false tale here of an honest man than yourself, and then not to have courage to stand by it.'

"Thomas looked at me, deep down into my eyes, till I could not bear the firm, strong gaze of him. I'd often thought him manful and sturdy, but I'd never feared him as his look made me fear him now, and yet he spoke tenderer than mother even.

"My poor girl, I'll tell you the tale if you wish. It's your sorrow, Phoebe, I can't face.'

"Tell away," I said, as hard as a stone.

"Did he think I would show my sorrow before him?

"I grew cold while I listened. My lover—my Charles, as I called him—was married a fortnight past to a girl he'd promised himself to before he ever saw me; and worse than that, there was

more than one that claimed him—girls he'd made believe he loved.

"Something in the quiet, pitiful way he told it stamped it into my heart for truth, but I struggled still.

"I'll not believe you. Mother, don't believe this false tale; who's to prove it?"

"Thomas looked at my mother. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Go your ways, my lad," she said, softly. 'She'll thank you some day.'

"She did not mean me to hear; but my ears were always quick, lass. I ran after Thomas.

"Don't think it," I said, in my passion. 'Once I thought you a good man, though I did not love you; now I know you for the coward you are, and I despise you.'

"He went away. When I went back in the kitchen, I saw mother held a letter in her hand.

"Take it to yourself, my poor lamb, and read it.' And then it seemed as if the kitchen went round with me, as I stood in it alone with Stacey's letter."

Phoebe paused and pulled an old letter out of her pocket. "Last night, Jessie, your mother told me about you and Paul, and I promised her that if it was only for vanity and not for love you were so set on being with him, I'd tell you my sorrow from beginning to end. I keep this letter to correct myself with, lass. By God's blessing, it may serve your turn too." She put it into the girl's hands, and Jessie read:—

DEAR PHOEBE, — The bearer of this says you won't believe I'm married unless I send you word myself. I follow his wishes in writing this, though I believe you are far too sensible to care. As you yourself said, there never was a promise betwixt us, and I knew you felt that our little flirtation was only meant to last for our mutual amusement. But I hope you will consider me, and allow me to sign myself, your sincere friend,

CHARLES STACEY.

Jessie's tears dropped fast as she gave her aunt the letter.

"Didn't Thomas come back?" she said, presently.

Phoebe shook her head; there was a half-sob in her voice as she answered—

"Never again, child. He went next day from Shireburn. I've heard he's been over twice, but each time I've been away. I'd like to ask his pardon, Jessie, but it may be we two shall never meet again."

She spoke solemnly, and the girl felt abashed.

She went up to her aunt and kissed her. "I'll do better," she whispered. "Mother had warned me about Paul, and still I didn't mind; but I will mind her now, Aunt Phoebe."

THE SEARCH FOR DR. LIVINGSTONE.—I.

BY H. W. BATES, ASSISTANT-SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



Our newest maps of the continent of Africa, a few degrees south of the equator, may be seen the representation of a large lake, extending parallel to the eastern coast, and about 360 miles distant from it. This is Lake Nyassa, discovered in 1859 by Dr. Livingstone, and known previously to that time only from the vaguest native rumours as the "Lake of the Maravi." It is a vast inland sea of sweet water, about 240 miles in length, from north to south, and from 20 to 60 miles in width. Its waters are of enormous depth, in some places nearly unfathomable, and have the deep-blue colour of the ocean. The shores are bold, and the country around is mountainous and richly clothed with tropical vegetation. At short distances are found picturesque bays and snug harbours, fringed with sandy beaches. It abounds in fish, and the banks, at the time of Dr. Livingstone's first visit, swarmed with negro population.

It is to this interior water, scarcely yet won from the domain of fable, that a brave little party, in a steel boat, hurriedly constructed in one of our dockyards, has just paid a flying visit, in search of tidings of our greatest African explorer, reported as having been cruelly massacred on its shores. We have been so much accustomed to long delays, fevers, and difficulties of travel in Central Africa, that the return of the Search Expedition in so short a time—about seven months since it left England—and, moreover, successful in its mission, has taken us all by surprise.

Before giving a narrative of the proceedings of the expedition, which we are able to do from authentic sources, it will be necessary to explain the previous movements of Livingstone, and the position of the localities which have become so interesting in connection with the fate of our great traveller and philanthropist.

When Dr. Livingstone left England, in August, 1865, to prepare in Bombay for his third great expedition into the interior of Africa, his object was more purely geographical than had been the case in his previous explorations, although his ulterior aim, as expressed in one of his letters, was still, as before, the amelioration of the condition of the negro tribes. He had quitted the Zambesi, on the withdrawal of the Government expedition, early in 1864, disappointed in his hopes of laying open a portion of that fine region to the blessings of lawful commerce and Christian civilisation, and returned to England with the fixed purpose of remaining only so long as required to arrange the means for again visiting Africa to carry out his

cherished objects. The Council of the Geographical Society were at that time desirous of ascertaining the true extent of the great lakes of the African interior, so imperfectly made known by Burton, Speke, Livingstone himself, and Baker; and to find Livingstone disengaged was an opportunity not to be lost. An arrangement was soon made, into which the Government so far entered as to restore to Livingstone his title of consul; and thus our great African traveller departed on his new mission of exploration. His instructions, as stated by Sir Roderick Murchison, were to enter tropical Africa from the eastern coast, and examine the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, so as to ascertain the true watershed, or division of the waters, of Central Africa. If Livingstone, after completing this arduous geographical task—an object great and difficult enough in itself for one journey—found the road open towards the north, the hope was expressed that he might pass from Tanganyika to Baker's Lake, Albert Nyanza, and so descend *viâ* the Nile to the Mediterranean.

The expedition, as we have stated, was organised in Bombay, in the winter of 1865-6, and in February it was on its way to the African coast—first to Zanzibar, where the Sultan gave the frankest assistance in carrying out its objects, and next to the mouth of the Rovuma River, a stream visited by Livingstone in his former expedition, which enters the Indian Ocean nearly in a line with the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone was the only white man of the party. The most trustworthy of his followers were seven or eight young Christian Africans, who had been educated at the Sharanpoor Mission, near Bombay, under the Rev. Mr. Price. Besides these, the Bombay Government lent a small detachment of sepoy marines, with their havildar or corporal; and a gang of nine porters were obtained from Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, the head man of whom, named Moosa, had been with Livingstone for about two years in the previous Zambesi expedition. For beasts of burthen, besides camels, a small number of buffaloes were taken, the Doctor believing it probable that these animals might not be subject to the attacks of the tsetse-fly, which were so fatal to the native oxen. In taking animals to carry his baggage, Livingstone wished to be as independent as possible of the native porters, whose caprices and exactions are the cause of three-fourths of the delays and annoyances of an African traveller.

An Arab *dhow* landed the party, in the month

of April, at Mikindany, a snug bay about twenty miles to the north of the Rovuma River. At this place, as well as most others on the thinly-peopled eastern coast, between Zanzibar and Mozambique, several Arab slave-traders have their establishments, and wield an influence over the corrupted semi-dependent negro tribes for some distance towards the interior, the country forming a portion of the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In spite of the discouraging reports of these Arabs, Livingstone pushed his way by land towards the Rovuma, and afterwards, on reaching the river, travelled along its northern bank, through dense forests, where a way had to be cleared by the tomahawks of the *Makonde* negroes hired by the Doctor for the purpose. The route lay over table-land, which rises to a height of 400 to 600 feet on both sides of the Rovuma.

After several days' toilsome march, the party arrived at Ngomano, or, as the word signifies, "the confluence;" being the point where the Rovuma bifurcates, one branch, the *Loendi*, coming from the south-west, and the other, the Rovuma proper, from the north-west. At this place, under the protection of a friendly and intelligent negro chief named Matumora, Livingstone remained some time, and wrote a letter home, dated May 18th, 1866.

This letter is the last direct news the civilised world has received from our great English traveller, for he soon after penetrated deeper into the vast unknown interior, and little more than native hearsay accounts have come to hand. It is well known, however, that he reached in safety a place called Mataka, eleven days' journey from the junction of the Rovuma, and that he there dismissed his sepoy attendants (eleven in number), except the havildar, who remained faithful to his chief, and wrote a second despatch home; but this document never reached its destination, and it is supposed that it was intentionally withheld or destroyed by the Arab trader who had charge of it. The sepoys, who had proved a useless encumbrance to Livingstone, arrived safely at Zanzibar, giving a loose account of the places they had visited, and in course of time they were sent home to Bombay. The cargo animals of the expedition had by this time all died, and Livingstone continued forward, accompanied by his eight or nine faithful civilised Africans and his body of Johanna porters. From Mataka he may be said to have entered the portals of the unknown, mysterious African interior, and—they closed behind him.

The next news we had of Livingstone, seven months afterwards, was that he had been murdered, with four of his faithful African body-guard, by a marauding band of Mazite Zulus—a remorseless, warlike section of Caffres, who have migrated into this region—at a place situated

about forty miles to the north-west of Lake Nyassa. This unwelcome intelligence was brought to the consul at Zanzibar, in December, 1866, by the eight Johanna porters and their head-man Moosa; and so circumstantial was the description of the massacre by Moosa, that no doubt was left on the minds of Dr. Seward, the acting consul, and Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul, who himself had been with Livingstone in 1859 and 1861 on Lake Nyassa, that the story was true. The despatch of Dr. Seward to Lord Stanley was worded as follows:—

Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

MY LORD,—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch from Ngomano, informed your lordship that he stood "on the threshold of the unexplored." Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, "It is best to say little of the future."

My lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has "crossed the threshold of the unexplored"—he has confronted the future, and will never return.

He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says, in his despatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had "swept away the food from above and in the ground." With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loendi and Rovuma rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached Mapunda, on its western shores, and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when a band of implacable Mazite savages stopped the way. They were armed with shield, broad-bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear. The Mazite instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat, they came on with a rush, with war-cries and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment. Livingstone fired, and two Zulus were shot dead; his boys fired too, but their fire was harmless; he was in the act of reloading when three Mazite leapt upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance—there could be none—and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mazite. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They were traversing a flat country broken by small hills and abundantly wooded. Indeed, the scene of the tragedy would appear to have been an open forest-glade. Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with these, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazite were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there between the trees. He had just gained the party, and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell. Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna

men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed off into the deeper forest. However, at sunset, they in great fear left their forest refuge and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveller lay. Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay scattered some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright, he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its suddenness, for David Livingstone was "ever ready." They found him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mazite had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit; the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours made known to us, and which, now baptised with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as "Lake Livingstone."

The Johanna men made the best of their way back to Mapunda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on the way. At Mapunda they witnessed the death of the havildar of sepoy, and were deprived of their weapons by the chief. Here they joined an Arab slave caravan, re-crossed the Nyassa, and made for Quiloa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

It will be gratifying to the many and true friends of Dr. Livingstone to learn that, when on his sad end being known, the British flag was lowered at this consulate, the French, American, and Hanseatic flags were at once flown half-mast high, the consuls paying a spontaneous tribute to his memory—an example shortly followed by all the foreign vessels in the harbour. The Sultan's flag was also lowered.

G. EDWIN SEWARD.

Such was the story related by the Johanna men to our consul and vice-consul, and a more flagrant example of African unveracity could not be cited. Except the names of the places and the order of their position on the line of march, the whole narrative has been now proved, by the Search Expedition to be an audacious falsehood. Not only is the story of the massacre a pure invention, but Moosa appears to have misled Dr. Kirk with regard to the locality of it, or in reality, the place where he deserted his master; for instead of being near the north end of Lake Nyassa, it turns out to have been near the south end, or 300 miles in a contrary direction. When the despatches of the consul and vice-consul, who held out no hope that the story might be untrue arrived in England, in March, 1867, it is known that there were some persons high in authority, who entirely disbelieved the account; but they saw no reason to doubt that the line of march was substantially correct, and thought that Livingstone, after the desertion of his porters, continued journeying towards the southern end of Tanganyika Lake, having settled the position of the northern end of Nyassa, according to his instructions. But we must now proceed to the narrative of Mr. Young's Search Expedition, which has cleared up much that was

before uncertain, although Livingstone's whereabouts at the present time still remains a mystery.

The principal disbeliever in the Johanna men's story—and the disbelievers formed a small minority—was, fortunately, Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, who was in the position of being able to influence the Government to equip an expedition to Lake Nyassa, and set at rest all doubts on the matter. As Livingstone was supposed to have marched nearly due west from the mouth of the Rovuma to the northern end of the lake, it was at first thought that a small party, lightly equipped, might reach the spot by land, following Livingstone's own track; but we English are a seafaring nation and lovers of water, and it being known that there was water communication, by way of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, all the way to the head of Lake Nyassa, to within a few miles of the scene of the reported massacre, it was resolved to send a small party in a boat along that route. A worthy leader of such an enterprise was soon found in Mr. E. D. Young, a superior warrant-officer in the English navy, who had been with Livingstone two years on the former Zambesi expedition—was acquainted with the natives on the rivers, and, moreover, loved dearly his noble-hearted chief. He knew well, also, the Johanna man Moosa, and had his reasons for believing his story to be entirely false. Mr. Young, when sent for, willingly accepted the post offered to him, and, being limited in forming his party to three persons out of some eighty persons who volunteered their services, chose Mr. Henry Faulkner, a young gentleman who had had experience in tropical climates, as his second in command; Mr. Reid, an intelligent shipwright of Glasgow, who had also formerly been with Livingstone, as mechanic; and Mr. Buckley, a seaman, whose duty it would be to direct the negro crew. The naval authorities ordered a steel boat to be built, of the dimensions proposed by Mr. Young, and so rapidly were the preparations pushed forward, that the expedition was able to leave England by the Cape mail steamer on the 11th of June last.

The boat was built in the navy-yard at Chatham, and formed of a large number of separate pieces for facility of land carriage, none of which was to weigh more than fifty pounds. It had two masts and sails, and was large enough to accommodate twenty-five persons, with their arms, luggage, and a quantity of goods wherewith to pay the wages of the negro crews and to purchase provisions. It was built in sections, to enable it to be carried by land past the cataracts of the river Shiré, which interrupt for a distance of more than fifty miles the navigation of that fine river, and so present an insurmountable obstacle to direct communication by water with Lake Nyassa. It is necessary to



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"At last a maid with a wand of flame
Passed by the greenwood tree"—p. 476.

explain here that the Shiré issues as a broad, navigable stream from the southern end of Lake Nyassa, and, after a course from north to south of about 280 miles, enters the great Zambesi, not far from its mouth in the Indian Ocean. Mr. Young with his companions, his boat, and his luggage, were to be landed by an English man-of-war in the desolate mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Zambesi, and were then to make their way as best they could to the head of Lake Nyassa—a distance, by river and lake, of no less than 660 miles. The climate was known to be dangerous to Europeans,

for Mr. Young himself had assisted at the burial of many a noble fellow—members of Livingstone's former expedition, or of the Universities' Mission, on the shores of the streams. War and mistrust, famine and pestilence, chiefly caused by the slave-hunting incursions of half-caste Portuguese and Arabs, created perennial disorder in the regions to be traversed; but the brave little search party heeded none of these dangers, and their leader especially kept his one object steadily in view, confident of success.

(To be continued.)

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

HOME DISCIPLINE.



HERE are critical periods in every one's lifetime, when things assume a new aspect, and the character and habits become permanently changed. Communities, too, undergo observable changes. These are not now brought about by the parade of military greatness, or the decrees of legislation, but by the spread of sound knowledge, the cultivation of social virtue, and the growth of religious principles. It is admitted on all hands that the present is a critical period, like the turn of the tide, in the development of our national character. The marvellous prosperity of the last few years—checked just now only for a short time, as we trust—has immensely multiplied our social advantages and given a new impulse to men's minds; while national education, every day becoming more urgent and appreciated, is placing agencies of power within the reach of all; and the wider dissemination of legislative privilege cannot fail to stimulate the aspirations of the people.

It is seriously questioned, however, whether the religion of the age is keeping pace with its social progress. I am aware that it is not easy to form a sound conclusion upon a subject so sacred and interior; but signs are not wanting which betray a spirit of widespread alienation from the public observances of religion, while sentiments and practices gain ready acceptance which are hostile to the truth and spirit of the Bible.

To what quarter, then, can we look for the deeper growth of Scripture knowledge, and the pervading influence of personal religion? Not to the erection of new churches and chapels merely, from which multitudes of all ranks either absent themselves altogether, or avowedly disparage public religious instruction as unequal to the demands of the age. National education, too, however widely extended or religiously administered, can but indirectly influence the grown-up population; nor can we expect

that religious literature will ever become aggressive enough to control the ever-active agencies of evil, and mould the national character after the mind of Christ.

Our best hopes are in promoting religion in the home. If its blessings can be introduced into the home circle, and the atmosphere of our households made fragrant with its refreshing truths and virtues; if the duties of the Fifth Commandment, to which reference was made in the former paper, be carried out, and the harmonies of a Christian household known and appreciated, then we might cherish the hopes of a bright future, where social virtue would keep pace with national prosperity, and "truth and justice, religion and piety, would be established among us for all generations."

But how is religion to be introduced into the home, and when can it be brought in with the best hope of success? To this there can be only one answer: It must begin at the beginning. If the "honourable estate" which originates the home be "taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly," and not "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," as the Church wisely prescribes for an event so permanent and sacred, no one can be surprised if the seeds of thoughtlessness and folly should yield a harvest of wretched disappointment, which must be embittered every year by fresh aggravations.

It is said that marriage is a lottery, and that no one can tell beforehand what the one party or the other may turn out. It matters not whether this sentiment owes its origin to the unhappy victims of inconsiderate passion, or to cynical celibates who purposely disparage the "vow and covenant" of "holy wedlock," and stand contemptuously aloof from its sacred obligations; the contrary is, in most cases, the undeniable truth, that marriage is no lottery, but a step deliberately taken, of which the consequences "for better or for worse" may be reasonably foreseen. What people turn out to

be when surrounded with the responsibilities of married life, is only the fuller development of what they were before they entered upon it. The marriage state possesses no mysterious power to transform the character of either party. The smiles and sunshine of bridal seasons create no permanent element in which future years are to be spent. A man's habits and sentiments, which have already fixed themselves and made him what he is, will inevitably reappear in his new home, and give their colouring to its condition and prospects. Experience lends its sanction to the maxim, that they who stand highest in the esteem and endearments of their own family are best fitted to enter upon the sacred duties of married life. The habits of home life may be regarded as a tolerably safe and easy test of character. It would keep many a young woman from entering upon a perilous career for which no amount of future regret can make amends, to remember that he is likely to prove the best husband who secured a high position for himself in the affectionate esteem of his father's house; and in making his selection of a companion for life, if in that great event he shall possess the wise discernment to choose one whose sterling virtues already adorn her home and augment its happiness, he is not likely to be disappointed if he transfer personal accomplishments like these to flourish in a still happier and more congenial soil.

That home is unquestionably formed under the brightest auspices in which both parents are religious. There may possibly be some religion, where the husband feels no sympathy, and only "minds earthly things." Religion may find entrance into a home where even the wife makes no effort to promote it, but seeks rather to imbue her household with adverse influences. Still, there can be no healthy religious growth in any home unless both parents daily contribute to its diligent cultivation. It is a tender plant—not the indigenous growth of this sinful, ungenial world—and can only be preserved in any heart by "giving all diligence," and "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord." No mere form without the reality is of any value. A hasty observer may be deceived by the plausible appearances of home religion, just as an inexperienced touch may mistake the precise character of the pulse; but the finger of a skilful practitioner will easily ascertain the true state of things: conditions which another would overlook, are clear indications to him of the presence of disease with which he must skilfully grapple. It is not difficult to discover the religion of parents by the condition of their household; where it is healthy and vigorous, it will show itself in the equal, regular, steady pulsations throughout the family; whereas any defect or irregularity in their religious life, will be

indicated by intermittent, feverish feebleness in the religious conduct of children and servants.

The father, obviously, occupies the position of greatest responsibility for good or for evil. His character will, to a great extent, mould or mar the character of the household. No other example can take such hold, no other power can make itself so strongly and observably felt. It is supremely important, therefore, that the religious element in him should be genuine and real. Anything assumed, or merely exhibited occasionally in seasons of excitement, but not dwelling abidingly in the heart, has no influence upon the home circle, nor can it permanently continue. A man's religion is seen at home just as it is, and is set down at its true value. He may deceive others, and even himself; but he cannot succeed in deceiving his own household. Nor is any discovery so baneful and discouraging to young and ardent minds, as the insincerity of their father's religion. On the other hand, if it be genuine and sincere, and every day's observation adds to their conviction that it is genuine, though by no means perfect, it is appreciated with an ever-increasing thankfulness, while it is welcome and refreshing as the "healthful dew" to their spiritual growth, and yields strength and encouragement to them who "daily endeavour themselves to follow the example" of a father so endearingly honoured and cheerfully obeyed.

Side by side with the religious influence of the father, and in some respects still stronger, is the personal religion of the mother. It may be less demonstrative in its operation, but more continuous. The father's presence is much withdrawn from the home circle, and his energies are necessarily spent upon other things. This inevitable lack of service is supplied by the mother, to whom her loved and loving household is the scene of daily and ever-recurring anxieties. For some years, combining the duties of parent and teacher, the sharer of their little sorrows, and the source of numberless daily enjoyments, she is ever among them, the first at their bedside, at the break of day, to hear the morning hymn, and prompt the glad thanksgiving to their "Father in heaven," and their last companion in the evening, teaching them to pray for forgiving mercy and preserving care.

A home begun in this way is formed after a model so wise and holy, and united by endearments so firm and sacred, "binding the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of children to the parents," while parents and children are alike united in bonds of holy relationship to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the One Family in Him, may look forward with assured confidence that the chequered and uncertain future can bring no real harm to them.

Such parents may gather their children around a dying bed, in the confident persuasion of their safety and abiding welfare. They have sought, by godly example, by Scripture teaching, and all other appliances of Christian agency, to plant the seeds of saving knowledge in their hearts, and watered them by prayer *with* and *for* their children, and when they must leave them to pursue life's journey alone, they can commit them to the guardian care

of their heavenly Father, in the assurance that He will keep them from the evils of the world, and enable them to "lead the rest of their life according to this beginning," that "steadfast in faith, joyful in hope, and rooted in charity," they may withstand the assaults of coming temptation, and "so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally they may come to His everlasting kingdom."

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.



DREAMED a dream of a summer's day,
Under the greenwood tree,—
O lady mine, I pray divine
My vision unto me.
The stream flowed rippling at my feet,
The wind moved in the trees;
I saw many a bird, but no voice I heard
Of stream, or bird, or breeze.

A wizard came and touched mine ear,
Under the greenwood tree;
Then all around I heard the sound
Of wondrous melody.
Linnet and lark, and babbling wave,
And the sportive summer breeze
Shaking out song, as he moved along,
From the rustling leaves of trees.

Then I poured my soul in a flood of song,
Under the greenwood tree;
I could not fain but sing the strain,
In my spirit's ecstasy.
But that mystic chant no language spoke—
'Twas like speechless song of birds;
Nor shaped my tongue the sounds it flung:
'Twas music without words.

At last a maid with a wand of flame
Passed by the greenwood tree,
And she touched my heart till I felt the smart
That pierced it painfully;
Then my song broke out in sweet sad words,
To speak them I may not dare—
Ah! lady tell, what meant that spell
Or who was the maiden fair?

J. F. WALLER.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

ALICE.



AM very glad to see you again; very glad, indeed!"

"Thank you, Miss Alice, I am sure the old place will be all the better, to my way of thinking, now you are come

back."

She was standing on the platform. Her hands were in her sable muff, and a tippet of sable fell almost to her feet. She wore a hat with a long black feather, and her veil was thrown back, and the wind was blowing in her face. She was like the Sylvesters. She had the same cast of features as they had. She had the clear complexion, the full, dark eye of her race; and her eye had all the fire that theirs had.

But there was something different about her, too. She was speaking to the old coachman, who, as he boasted, had lived in the family eight-and-forty years. Not a single Sylvester had ever unbent to him save Miss Alice. The old man thought his young mistress was a very model of perfection: and perhaps he was not the only one who thought so.

"She seems to know that, after all, we are flesh and blood," he would say. "New, my lady and the

rest of 'em haven't happened to find that out yet. Maybe they will some of these days."

Alice Sylvester had found it out, and I will just, in a few words, tell the reader how. Some years ago Alice heard a sermon. No matter where, or under what circumstances. I wish simply to relate that she heard it.

Her heart had been very proud and lifted up when the sermon began. She sat there, among the great ones, in her sweeping silks and jewels—the Sylvesters could always afford these—in the flush of youth and beauty, with an imperious smile upon her face, Alice had sat and listened.

It was a sermon on humility; not a barren discourse, full of trite sayings, and the old well-known assertions. He who preached had no need to take up with these; he had something better to say. He told his hearers of One who had alone been humble. None other had; for humility does not grow on earth. That One had been Divine. And he brought out a simple history, grand in its simplicity, and very touching; and he told it. It was the history of Christ!

Then the imperious smile faded; then the proud knees bowed; then the heart softened: things that take place not unfrequently when the preacher is true to his great mission, and displays it, and it only, to

the eyes of a sin-stricken world. From that hour Alice Sylvester became humble!

We do not dwell on this episode in her life, momentous as it was: the subject is too solemn. But we mention it, to show of what source came her humility, and of what mettle it was made.

She was young still—very young; all the freshness and gladness of youth was upon her. We cannot help but wonder what her fate will be!

She was standing on the platform, speaking to the old man, whose eyes were gladdened by the sight of her, when a figure came hurriedly up. She sprang forward eagerly, "Raymond, dearest Raymond!"

"Alice!" and he stooped down to kiss her; "come here, child," drawing her away. "How is it that I find my sister in conversation with a servant?" He spoke coldly, and as if he were displeased: and he spoke with an air of authority, too.

Alice laughed softly. "Are we so proud yet, Raymond?" said she, looking up at him.

"Not proud, Alice; but we should know our true position."

They had gone into the waiting-room, which was empty, but where a great fire was blazing. Alice threw her muff on the table, and stood by the fire, her hands clasped. "What is our position, Raymond—better, or worse, than it used to be?"

A touch of sarcasm was in her eye as she said it. You could see by the curve of the mouth she was as resolute as he was.

"You will soon answer that question for yourself, Alice."

He spoke in the old, bitter tone she knew so well. She knew it all, this girl of eighteen—the shifts, the evasions, the ceaseless dodging with evils, that gathered thick and threatening on every hand. The putting from them, steadily, God's law of labour; the splendid poverty, the tottering fabric accepted instead, and clung to. Yes! Alice knew it all. She had gone from it; she was now come back to it—to nothing else! Her hands tightened in their clasp as she stood a moment, her eyes cast down. Then she took up her muff, and said, in a quick, sharp tone, "Come, Raymond, I am longing to see my mother."

"Why, that is Alice Sylvester's voice! Now, who would have thought it? And Mr. Raymond as well. I beg pardon—Mr. Sylvester, now," and here was a slight sigh of condolence. "How delighted I am; how do you both do?"

And a voluminous lady, dressed with great splendour in satins and ermine, came rustling in.

"How do you both do? Alice come home, I suppose. Well, of course, I ought to have known. And I did know, but really my poor head forgets everything. I'm in such a whirl, you know, dear," addressing Alice, who had drawn back with the nearest approach she could make to the Sylvester hauteur. "The house is fuller than full!"

"There is every excuse, I am sure," said Alice, with a freezing smile, and moving slowly towards the door.

"Stay, Alice; you are in too great a hurry. We can, perhaps, be of some service to Mrs. Brooklyn,"

said Raymond, who had displayed far more attention and forbearance than his sister.

"No service, thank you; my servants are here. I came to meet dear old Sir Hugh. He sent me word he should reach Newbury by the nine train. Shockingly late for an unprotected widow to be out," and Mrs. Brooklyn gave a little sigh; "but dear Sir Hugh is such a terrible invalid, and so devotedly fond of me, and will be in such raptures to be met, and I have had such millions of things to do in the town, that really I thought—— But there; Alice wants to see her mamma, so you had better go."

"I have not seen mamma for a year," said Alice, quietly.

"Then pray go. I do not want anybody; I shall make myself quite comfortable;" and she settled herself, with all her ermines and velvets, in the most capacious chair she could find. "I am dying with impatience to see you go!"

"If that is the case, the sooner I am gone the better," said Alice, with a little of the Sylvester ring in her voice. And go she did, before Raymond; for Raymond, inscrutable as it seemed, lingered some minutes.

"Raymond, how can you endure to be civil to that odious woman?" cried Alice, impatiently, when he had taken his seat beside her.

"Because I am a gentleman, and because she is a lady," replied Raymond, shortly.

"A lady! Now, Raymond, you are more acute than I am; I had not discovered that fact."

"At all events, she is a woman of fortune and of position; and one of our best neighbours, Alice. As such you must accept her, please."

"One can't account for antipathies, I suppose, any more than sympathies," said Alice; "but that woman always makes me shudder."

Raymond did not answer. One of the fastenings of the window required his immediate attention.

"She is so pretentious, and so——"

"Now, Alice, where is your charity?"

"Left behind, I suppose," said she, with a short laugh. "At all events, we had better change the subject. You have not told me half I want to know about mamma."

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything—how she is, how she looks," cried Alice, impulsively. "You must feel how earnestly I have wished to be with her again."

"That was very good of you, dear Alice. Mamma is just the same as usual."

"And quite settled and happy?"

She turned and looked at him as she spoke. Yes, there was a striking likeness between the brother and the sister; nothing could be more so.

"Settled and happy," repeated Raymond, as if mechanically.

"Yes; those old troubles, are they gone? I thought they might have been by this time."

Raymond shook his head.

"But better, Raymond, surely better? Time must have done something."

She spoke eagerly; her beautiful face was flushed. "Time does *nothing*, Alice. What can he do in a case like ours?"

"Why not, Raymond? why not?"

"Because"—and he spoke slowly and with bitterness—"there are certain things, Alice, that never stop. Their nature is to *progress*. Decay is one; ruin is one; and the doom of the Sylvesters is another!"

She gave a little shudder. A blank, dreary look came into the face that had been so bright and so hopeful. She did not answer; she drew her wrappers round her, and shrank into a corner. He did not speak either, and the carriage rolled on in silence.

As they neared the great house, standing bleak on the common, another carriage whirled past them. It did not go so fast, but that a face, surmounted by nodding plumes, showed itself at the window—a face all radiant with smiles of recognition. Alice did not move from her corner. Raymond bowed with stately politeness. It was Mrs. Brooklyn, of Brooklyn Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING BEFORE THE WIND.

"AND I don't care who hears me say it; and you know it yourself at the bottom of your heart; you're just fit to hold up your head with anybody!"

"I don't dispute it, mother, seeing I'm nigh on six feet two," replied John Humphreys, composedly.

"Then why don't you set more store by yourself, John?" replied the old woman, who did not in the least understand the sarcasm.

"I don't think I'm amiss for that either, mother."

"Yes, you are, John. You're *that* humble, you'd let people tread on you, if it wasn't for me!"

His mother was a very little woman, and John was half a giant. He just glanced at her as she made this remark, and shrugged his shoulders.

"John, I will have my say, and then I've done. I'm not one of those who go nagging on for ever. What I do maintain is, that a lad like you might have the pick of the village if he liked, instead of which——"

"And so I have had the pick of the village, mother."

"Instead of which—oh, bless my life! how head-long young people are now-a-days!" cried Mrs. Humphreys, lifting up her hands—"instead of which, you've just gone and married the first girl that offered."

"Rachel did *not* offer; and I'm *not* married," said John, laughing.

"No, you are not; that's the only good thing about it!"

John bit his lip. "Mother," said he, the crimson flush getting deeper, "we need not go over the ground again. I love Rachel. I have loved her for this ten years. There is not such a girl to be found in the whole county, I don't care where you look for her. She is God-fearing; she is thrifty; she is industrious. She has been the best of daughters, the

best of sisters, and I could stake my life she'll make the best of wives. And my wife she *shall* be, God willing, before another month is over!"

"Humph!" replied the old woman. "It's all very fine; you've fallen in love, and there's no arguing with you. But what I look at is, here's Rachel without a penny."

"So much the better, mother. She is a treasure!"

"No; it is not so much the better," cried the old woman, irritably; "it's so much the *worse*; when there's Selina Fowler, at the 'White Lion,' with a hundred——"

"Mother, I cannot bear it," said John, stamping his foot; "if you mention that girl's name again I shall fairly take to my heels!"

"She is not a girl," replied the old woman, disdainfully; "she is a young lady, who wears a silk gown of an afternoon, and has her hair in a—what d'ye call it?—as big as anybody's and sits in the parlour and plays on the piano, and knows French—she does, John; you needn't look as if you didn't believe it."

"I do believe it, mother: and I believe, too, that she's much too fine a lady for plain John Humphreys, who does not know one tune from another, and can't speak a word beyond his mother tongue, Heaven bless it! But hark! there's some one at the door."

He got up, and stepped into the little brick passage. There was a sound of the front door being unbolted, and a few minutes after John came in again.

"Mother, I've got a gentleman on business in the parlour, so please don't wait supper."

"Yes, I shall wait supper; and what is he come about?" said the old woman, rather peevishly.

But John had gone back to the parlour.

There was no fire, and the little barely-furnished room looked very cold and dismal. A candle stood on the table that threw a feeble light around. But John liked to transact business privately, and without the interference of his mother: for his mother, good soul, had a heart better than her head, and she teased him now and then past endurance.

His visitor, a burly man with a compact frame, and a keen eye that peered at you from under bushy eyebrows, had taken his seat on one side of the table. John sat down on the other.

"Well, Mr. Humphreys, I think this business of ours would be all the better for settling," began the burly man.

"So it would, Mr. Isaacs, no doubt," replied John. "And I've been thinking——"

"You need not tell me what you've been thinking, because, you see, thinking has gone on long enough," interrupted the burly man. "Now I'm for acting—I am."

"What do you propose?" asked John, quietly.

"Well, that you was off, or on, I'm not particular which, Mr. Humphreys. I've got another customer for my farm."

"Indeed!" said John with some anxiety.

"Yes, a good un too, as is ready with his money."

John was silent. So was the burly man for a few minutes.

"Who is he?" asked John, at length.

"That's neither here nor there. I tell you he's mad after the farm; he's got his lawyer, and they'd have clapped me up there and then, if they could."

"Would they?" said John, absently. He felt, as he afterwards confessed, "a bit bothered."

"Yes, indeed, they would. Them's the chaps to do business. But I've held off till to-morrow morning. I'd hard work to do it; but I thought of you."

"I am sure I'm obliged to you," replied John, still slowly, and speaking like a man who wishes to gain time; "but it seems, for all that, as if I were not ready to give you an answer."

"Then you give it up," said the other, rising.

"Oh, no I don't! Sit down, Mr. Isaacs. I would not give it up on any account."

"You'd be silly if you did. It's the nicest, snuggest, best bit of land you'd ever have the chance of meeting with in your life, John Humphreys."

"I know it," said John, laconically.

"Why don't you buy it then? The old man left you a tidy bit of money. Everybody knows that."

"Yes, he did; but, you see, somehow, that money hasn't come to hand as it should," said John, in a dubious tone.

"Why hasn't it?"

"You see," said John, glancing round and lowering his voice, "there's part of it I can't, for the life of me, get in."

"Not get in—from where?"

"It's been borrowed," returned John, cautiously.

"And have you got a proper bond?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"Well, then, nothing is easier. Any effects?"

"I should think there are," said John, indignantly.

"Easier still. Put the people in the court; they'd pay fast enough."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said John, dubiously; "they are not quite so easy to manage as you think."

"You are sure the bond is legal?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And effects?"

"Oh, yes! I told you so."

"Well, then, perhaps you could sell your bond?"

John shook his head.

"Oh, very well. I don't profess to understand your private affairs, Mr. Humphreys. At any rate, I see one thing plainly. You give up the farm;" and he laid hold of his hat, which stood on the table beside him.

"Pray don't be in a hurry!" exclaimed John. "I am really most anxious to have the farm, if I only knew how."

"How! nothing is more simple. Get your money."

"I could not do that, immediately," replied John, unlocking a desk.

"Very well; borrow, and let your bond be security."

"That is my bond," said John, producing it as if in sheer desperation.

The burly man pounced upon it as a hawk might upon a sparrow.

"Sylvester! Why, you never mean to tell me——"

"I do," cried John, impatiently. "The old man borrowed of my father."

"Ah! they are on their last legs; and when the building's coming down they are glad of who will to prop it up. Still, the bond's safe enough," and he turned it over and over, and held it so near the candle, John almost fancied it smoked. "Safe as a church!"

"You think so?"

"Oh, yes, there's a deal to be got through yet; and even if the crash came, I think there would be no risk of losing it all. Have you dunned them well?"

"As well as I know how," said John, laughing.

"Well, now you have made a clean breast of it, I know what I'm about. I should not mind lending you a few hundreds myself on that bond."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"I am sure you are very good," said John, his spirits rising.

"Yes. I know your heart's set on the farm—and you are a neighbour, and one likes to oblige one's friends. Besides, there's a tidy house on the farm that will suit you under present circumstances," said the burly man, trying to be jocose.

John's honest cheek crimsoned a little. He knew the burly man was alluding to his intended marriage with Rachel.

"And the other customer is a stranger; and, between ourselves, I would quite as soon he didn't have it," said Mr. Isaacs, nodding his head confidentially.

"Then perhaps you would wait?" said John, eagerly, and catching at a straw.

"No! I won't! I won't wait any longer. I want to get the concern off my hands. I'll sell it to one or other of you before to-morrow's out."

John sighed as if in despair.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll accommodate you if you're inclined to take the offer. Come, it's a capital offer; I shan't make it again."

John had a fit of serious perplexity. What was he to do? The farm was just what he wanted—it would set him up in fact, as Mr. Isaacs observed; and if he accepted the offer of accommodation, it would be only a temporary matter. The mere working of the farm would pay the debt, for the land was excellent, and in capital order. Besides, he would get the money from the Sylvesters, even if he proceeded to extremities. And as Mr. Isaacs said, the bond was safe as a church.

There was an old saying which rang in John's ears, "He who goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing;" but John did not think the saying applied to him—and perhaps it did not. He was young, energetic, industrious; and this chance let slip, he might wait a long time before another presented itself.

At any rate, the two men did not part without, as Mr. Isaacs observed, business having been done in a satisfactory manner.

The farm belonged to John Humphreys; and as for the Sylvesters, he had made up his mind to proceed to extremities!

(To be continued.)

THE PUNISHMENT.



MISS TUPPER was going away to India. She had been teacher in the Hilldown school for many years, and when it was known she would soon leave, the grief of her pupils was very great; for, from the eldest to the youngest, they all loved her dearly.

It had been proposed by the girls of the upper school, to club together and buy a keepsake for her. Each brought her money, and handed it over to the eldest scholar. When the children of the lower school heard of this good idea, they contributed, and the eldest among them was chosen to act as manager.

Monday was the day fixed for the presentation of the upper school, Tuesday for the lower. On Wednesday they were all to meet at Miss Tupper's house for the last time before her leaving.

Monday passed off grandly; and Miss Tupper smiled kindly through her tears, when she read the pretty letter of gratitude and good wishes which accompanied the handsome inkstand.

The little girls were busy in their room, preparing for the next day. There came the question, who should present their gift? a few said the youngest; but the greater number were for the eldest, Martha Ryder, the manager. She readily undertook the charge.

There was only one other matter to settle, and that was, what would be said when the present should be handed to Miss Tupper.

They disputed over it some time, when Martha said, "I am getting quite cross at the silly things you are talking about. Why can't you leave it to me?"

Now that would not do, for each little girl thought she had a right to help in the speech-making. Their voices were getting louder and louder; the smiles had faded, leaving only a cloud on the before happy faces.

"Please stop talking," said quiet little Ellen Ryle. "I am sure it is not right to get angry over good Miss Tupper's present; she would rather not have one, if we quarrel over it."

But the talking went on till it was time to leave; they tried to make it up, but Martha would not, and went away grumbling. They all declared they had never seen her so cross before.

On Tuesday Miss Tupper was invited into the schoolroom. She took the chair she saw intended for her, the children drew their forms up and closed about her.

They sat quite still, waiting for the sound of the bell from the next room, a sign for them all to rise, and Martha to enter with the pretty workbasket, which formed their offering of love and respect. They sat still a long time, when Ellen Ryle timidly rose, opened the door and looked in. There was no Martha, and the basket was gone! Inquiries were soon made; Martha had been seen by the elder girls leaving the room, apparently very quietly; but as soon as she was a little distance away, she ran as fast as possible. They said she had nothing in her hands.

The children cried sadly when Ellen came back, they were obliged to tell their kind friend all about what they were going to do, and also of the disagreement.

Miss Tupper took them all home to her house; she talked kindly to them, and at last they seemed to have almost forgotten their trouble, and joined in the games she arranged for them; and when eight o'clock came, the time for separating, they wondered very much how they could have been so happy after their great disappointment.

"Good-bye, dear children," said Miss Tupper; "you will come to-morrow with the other girls, and I hope we shall see Martha, and know what has caused this mistake."

After tea on Wednesday, Miss Tupper gave her scholars an interesting account of the workers she was going to join in India; and showed them pictures of the house she would live in, and the school. Games of different kinds were kept up till near leave-taking, then each girl was presented with a book, as a keepsake, and also two ornaments for their schoolrooms.

Teacher and pupils were just going to say good-bye for the last time, when a woman hastily entered, and asked to see Miss Tupper.

"Please, ma'am, will you come with me? my little girl is raving as if she would go mad. She says this is the last time she can see you; she begged me to bring you back at once."

Miss Tupper followed Mrs. Ryder—for she it was—into Martha's room. There lay the poor girl, in the greatest distress. She said she could not let her teacher leave without owning her fault, and asking whether she could be forgiven. She told how she had hidden the present, and run away to the fields to think over the disappointment the girls would have, and how well it would serve them right; but when she saw them coming home, talking so happily of the pleasant evening they had spent at Miss Tupper's house, she felt much more jealous and angry, because she had no satisfaction. They had *not* felt as she meant they should, and it seemed to her as if she had been the sufferer. She could not sleep all night, the bitter feeling of revenge was getting stronger and stronger. "They *shall* feel it," she said.

Next day her head burned; she felt sick, and was obliged to go to bed. While lying there, she thought how to-morrow Miss Tupper would be gone, and hot tears ran down her cheeks, the bad feelings grew weaker and weaker; but her trouble was increasing with the knowledge of her wrong-doing.

That evening, Miss Tupper did all she could to soothe her; and in the morning the girls called and gave their free forgiveness. Poor Martha did not feel herself on a happy equality with them for some time; but those who have truly forgiven, gradually forget, and in the course of time, no one remembered the affair but Martha herself; and she thanked God for the lesson.

M. E. W.

THE GUY R

— Saturday, April 18, 1868. —



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"The golden coin began to pour over the edge of his turban."—p. 432.

THE GOLDEN MELON.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE, AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP'S WALLET," ETC.

ON the great square of Cairo lay Zenoab the porter, resting his head upon his basket. He had been rudely awakened from slumber.

"What a delicious dream!" he murmured to himself.

"Come, friend Zenoab!" shouted a loud voice in his ear. "It is time. Get up, man; to work."

"I have had a dream fit for a sultan," answered the drowsy porter. "Let me alone, Aminash."

"Will thy dream fill thy pocket, drone?" demanded his companion. "Get up! Come with me to the bazaar."

"I have no heart to work. If my dream had only been true! I thought I was an emir."

"Take thy basket, and come with me: a rich merchant from Damascus will fill it for thee, so long as thou canst stand or carry—that will be better than dreaming."

"Leave me alone," replied Zenoab, curling himself up on the stones. "Oh, for the end of my dream!"

"Sleep then, lazy dog!" cried the angry Aminash, as he turned away; "I will find a better comrade."

Zenoab took no heed of these parting words, but buried his face in his hands. He pondered over his vision of greatness and wealth. Presently, as he lay deeply occupied in thought, a light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep, rich voice bade him rise up.

"Load thy basket with these water-melons," said the voice.

Zenoab reluctantly obeyed, and saw before him a broad-shouldered man, with a swarthy visage and a white beard. He was attired in a superb fashion. For a moment the disturbed sleeper hesitated, but only for a moment; then he knelt upon the ground, and filled his basket with the fruit which lay close at his hand. The dark man motioned the porter to follow him. Zenoab, awed by his looks, obeyed without a word, and was soon tracing the footsteps of his new master through the narrow streets of the city. Never had he carried a burden with such ease. He tripped lightly under the load; for full as his basket was of large, ripe fruit, he scarcely felt its weight.

"If all water-melons were like these," soliloquised Zenoab, "I should never grow tired. It is the heavy burdens that kill me, and make me so fond of sleeping."

Presently his new master stopped before a gate, through which they were admitted by the porter who watched within, into a stone courtyard.

"Empty thy basket on the ground," said the dark man, in a deep, solemn voice; "choose one for thyself, and depart."

This was not the reward for which Zenoab had laboured; but the voice of the speaker struck upon his heart with an authority which seemed beyond dispute. He placed the melons on the stones without a word, made his choice, and with a salaam departed.

Placing the melon in the hollow of his arm, Zenoab grasped his basket with the other hand, and made by the nearest way for home. Soon, however, a strange phenomenon attracted his

attention. The melon was growing heavier as he walked! At first he doubted whether this effect was not produced by the weariness of his arm; but so rapidly and so intolerably did the weight of the melon increase, that he was soon forced to abandon this idea.

"Great is Allah!" exclaimed the astonished melon-bearer. "Is this the fruit of God or of the Evil One?"

Unable any longer to support the weight, he let the melon fall to the ground. It struck the earth with a splitting sound, and parting into two, there poured from it a heap of golden coin!

Zenoab stood for a while gazing at the treasure in speechless amazement; then dropping cautiously upon one knee, he stretched forth his hand and touched it with his fingers. It was real solid gold! Once assured of this fact, he burst into the most extravagant exclamations of joy. He chuckled, he crowed, and finally, sitting upon the ground, began to count the rich prize into his turban. His hand trembled as he did so; the unexpected sight of so much wealth bewildered him, and he feared lest he should suddenly find it a delusion.

Grasping his turban with both hands, he again started forward, leaving his basket behind him. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but held his direct course homewards. Again the same miracle seemed about to repeat itself. He felt his turban rapidly increasing in weight, so that it threatened soon to bear him to the earth.

The eyes of Zenoab glistened as he thought of the treasure which was growing in his hands, and he looked eagerly about for some place in which to unburden himself. He felt that it was impossible he could reach his own poor habitation.

He had chosen an unfrequented road, and now saw before him a mansion, which had been despoiled by the officers of the state, and left tenantless. Its solitary situation and shattered appearance made it a timely retreat in his extremity. Here he could deposit his strangely-acquired riches, for the present at least, and it might possibly afford him a hiding-place in the future. He thrust open the door, closed it carefully behind him, and made for the innermost apartments of the house. As he reached the central hall, the weight of his treasure became greater than he could bear. The golden coin began to pour over the edge of his turban; and at length he dropped on one knee upon the ground, scattering his yellow stream before him.

Never before had his eyes been feasted by such a sight. Each coin seemed to smile in his face; the brightness of the gold dazzled him. Careless or forgetful of further precaution, Zenoab threw himself upon the ground, intent upon gathering his

treasure together. The smile of avarice shone in his face; the chuckle of uncontrolled joy sounded in his throat. Pile after pile he laid the coins together as he counted them; pile after pile they increased before his eyes. Every single piece grew into a heap. He was surrounded by a glittering mass. His heart leapt within him; he knew not how to contain himself. A thousand visions of pleasure gleamed through his mind; unlimited power seemed within his grasp. He clasped his hands together in the excess of his delight. The tears of joy rolled down his burning cheeks.

The floor was hidden by the treasure; momentarily it increased in height around him. Now it was at his waist; and still it rose and rose like the flowing tide. Now he was immersed in the flood up to his armpits; and all around him shone a yellow, glistening sea of gold. Zenoab strove to raise himself, but could not move a limb. He laboured with his hands to heap up the metallic stream on either side. In vain! His strength forsook him, and the gold pressed like a stone against his breast.

Then a panic seized upon his heart. A deadly pallor overspread his face; the smile passed from his lips; the chuckle of gladness died in his throat. The golden flood would overwhelm him! he should be drowned beneath its waves! His eyes started from their sockets, and glared with the intensest fear. His throat swelled with the almost vain attempt to breathe; his teeth ground themselves together in agony. Now the gold was at his lips! The hot beads of horror stood upon his forehead; he uttered one piercing shriek of despair, and—awoke!

There was a solemn stillness around, for the night had closed in. Zenoab was lying upon his back with the basket upon his breast, his limbs cramped and chilled by the night air. He rose slowly to his feet; he grasped his basket with one hand, pulled his turban over his face with the other, and slunk sullenly homeward, brooding upon the day he had lost.

Zenoab was heavy indeed at heart; for had he not wasted the hours in dreaming of good fortune, while he had idly neglected the opportunity of securing it?

FOLLOWING CHRIST.



WHEN we think of all that our Lord's sacrifice bought for us, and for a whole benighted world, he and his life seem to tower up into a grandeur and a vastness which forbid any attempt to follow them. The character of Christ is then felt to be a thing by itself—unique, solitary, awful in its superhuman loneliness.

But when we turn to the story of our Lord's incarnation, and honestly ponder it, and then trace from step to step his most human life and deeds, we feel more and more that he to whom we could not climb, has stooped down to us—has taken real flesh and blood, a real man's hopes and fears, loves and wraths, desires and shrinkings. The way to realise, to enjoy, and to be stirred by the doctrine of the incarnation, is not to pore over its great results alone, in which the Godhead had an equal share, but to look at Christ's life and actions, until the Spirit which wrought in him passes into us, and makes us like him.

And when we turn to the Epistles, there are countless verses which show the deep conviction felt by his first followers, that to be like him is not a mere dream, beautiful but never to be fulfilled; nay, but a duty laid upon the youngest, weakest Christian; a duty to be wrought out by labour and watchful effort, but one for which heavenly grace and help are offered, and in which the obedient, faithful disciple shall not fail. "Christ

also suffered for us, leaving you an example that ye should follow his steps." "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk even as he walked." "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church." "We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."

Indeed, if the duty of our Lord on earth had been simply to pay the price of our liberty, merely to suffer in our stead, then we can find no fitness in his presence at the wedding of Cana, or the supper of Levi or Zaccheus. One who came for no end but to agonise, would hardly have come eating and drinking, taking his share in all innocent joys, keenly alive to the beauty of the lily and the redness of morning and evening skies. We cannot but think that in that case his three-and-thirty years might have been cut down to as many days. But our Lord had more to do than we can force into a single doctrine: Jesus of Nazareth died that we might live. True, but he also lived that we might know how to live; that we might see what men, women, and children ought to be, and how the most humble and quiet lives may be consecrated; that we might learn how deep is the lie which calls trades and occupations worldly, and time dozed or dreamed away in seclusion, a religious life.

Have you noticed how carefully our Lord's life is recorded in the best way to be a useful example for us? Nothing is more certain than that two people who watch any one whom they respect will see in him different qualities. Each dwells upon what impresses himself; each lets much slip with which he cannot fully sympathise. So a single Gospel could have been inspired to tell us what Christ did and suffered to redeem us: but no one man, nor two, however their eyes might be sharpened by love and reverence, could have recorded all those little actions, more eloquent than words, which make us know how Jesus felt, and help us to feel whether we are like him or unlike. The stooping down to write upon the ground when a sinful woman shrank from holy eyes, the looking around him, as grieved at the hardness of wicked hearts, the sigh for the deaf and dumb, the tears by the tomb of Lazarus—it needed four observers to catch and preserve these beautiful details, and four have accordingly written each what struck him most.

Rightly to understand this would help us much in studying the Gospels to real profit. Do not fancy you have drained them of the water of life, when their doctrines are all learned and confessed. Read them to discover Christ's motives, and the rules he acted upon,—why he forsook one city and went to another,—healed one man and left others uncured,—kept one in doubt, as if unwilling to be gracious, and offered a blessing to others before they asked it; why he was silent before the high priest, and ready at first to answer Pilate. And when you have understood each fact, ask yourself what lesson it teaches for guidance in the events of daily life. Perplexities are sure to come. Men are sometimes ready to do God's will, yet not quite clear what the will of the Lord is; there are times when we fear that anger may be unchristian, and yet over-gentleness may give encouragement to sin; or, when the surrender of a point may nourish injustice and rudeness, and yet to stand upon our rights may seem to clash with the letter of a command. Then, the best guide we can have, the best commentary upon Christ's words and precepts are his own deeds, rightly and clearly digested, carefully weighed, and prayerfully, reverently applied as examples for the matter in hand.

Christ took a part in life which was plainly meant by the wisdom of God to fit him for an example to us all. Few people see how strange it is, that classes which differ widely from each other should be able to take the same Man for a perfect and sufficient guide.

The duty of all children is very much alike; it is marked for them—it consists in obedience and in learning: and little as we know of Christ's child-

hood, we know that he increased in wisdom and was subject to his parents. But how vastly do things change, when we turn to men of riper years! Look at the greatest, and those who have blessed their fellows most. One is a good pattern for the soldier, another for the statesman, a third for the student or the clergyman. But the soldier cannot imitate the politician, nor the man of science, nor the divine; for each has a department of his own, and their rules of action must not be confounded. Yet all people, and all occupations, find in the carpenter's Son a perfect example, an all-satisfying leader. He wrought cures, but no man thinks of him chiefly as a physician; his work was to glorify God and be witness to the truth, yet we find very little in him that can be called peculiar to the clergyman. His calmness before the priestly mob is such as any soldier might envy, and he gave his life for the sheep; yet already he had shown the civic duty of self-preservation, by walking no more in Jewry, because they sought to kill him. He, and he alone, joined the fire, the zeal, the burning indignation of a reformer, to the gentle, tender lovingkindness of a woman. Indeed, he is the sole character in history whom men can thoroughly venerate, while women can safely take him for a model.

Again, Christ had within his human character the cure for most opposite and contrasted evils of the mind. Some men are ready enough to approve deeds of charity, and are benevolent and humane, who nevertheless can see little or no importance in things which bear no fruit in time, loving only the virtues which the world calls practical. Christ rebukes them, both by saying, "Consider the lilies, the fowls," and also by such deep, unearthly doctrine as, "I and the Father are one," and, "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven." In these he tells us that true religion has not only a world of toil and conquest, but also a world of sentiment, feeling, meditation—a world of thought. Others are tempted chiefly to dream away their time in reverie and introspection, and so forget their active duties: to them Christ's example speaks, trumpet-tongued, of going about doing good, and of finishing the Father's work. Some men are by nature soft, ready to yield up to the first assault everything they are set to guard, unwilling to reprove sin, except in tones which seem like uncertainty—which are seldom likely to impress the criminal: they read of Christ being angry, and of Christ upbraiding cities. Others—and how much more numerous are they!—are too ready to assert what is called their dignity, and to stand up for their right, far less because it is right, than because it is theirs: and they read that "when Christ was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not."

Thus every man finds what he wants given in our Lord; and to know him is the remedy for all the errors, the foibles, and the sins of the fallen race of Adam. And so Christ is doing, not one work, but two, in every soul which he has redeemed. He is interceding for all shortcomings before the throne, and covering all sins with blood; and also he is delivering from the sin itself by the power, the attraction, of that holy character, which is stamped more and more deeply, day by day, on every regenerated heart. You cannot be forgiven without looking to him; you cannot see him, and not love him; you cannot love him, and not long and pray to be made like him; you cannot pray for that grand blessing, and be sent unheard away.

All this ought to stir us up to more industry and holy watchfulness in searching the character of Christ. "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of your profession." There are ten thousand beauties in his life which we have not explored, which no man, perhaps, has ever yet explored. But each new grace we learn and acquire, is an instrument by which more may be obtained; for "unto him that hath shall be given." Just as the man of capital finds it easier than the poor man does to gain yet more wealth—just as he who has recovered some little energy after illness, finds it easier now to regain his perfect soundness—just as no after-learning is half so tiresome as the first rules of any science, so, if we be diligent and trustful, our early glimpses of the mind of Christ may lead us on and on, until we can search by the Spirit the deep things of God.

The Christian's blessed privilege is never to rest, never to think he has no more worlds to conquer. His spirit-stirring rule is that of Paul: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

What other calling bestows its richest prizes upon all who merit them? One man of science stumbles on a discovery, and is famous; but scores of his equals live and die unnoticed. One soldier strikes a fortunate blow, and nations ring with applause; yet ten thousand others that same day were shot down to nameless and promiscuous graves. But the Christian—the unlearned, unnoticed, poor, mean Christian—no man can take his crown without his leave; not man nor devil can tear one leaf out of that book of life and immortal glory wherein his name is written; not all the force of hell can prevent him from becoming nobler, holier, and more blessed for every day that breaks, until, as Christ was, so is he in this world.

It is a dangerous sign, then, if we are not gaining—if, perhaps, we are losing ground. A follower of Christ more querulous, discontented, morose, unhappy—more grasping, sensuous, earthly—more cold and unsympathetic, more tremulous, fearful, unbelieving, and unprayerful to-day than twelve months ago!

Believe it not. Those are not the regions into which the shining footsteps of Jesus lead any soul of man. All who draw near to him, find in him a gentle power, a winning influence, a silent, ceaseless attraction, by which he renews souls, and leads them in the paths of righteousness. They become like him; and although his life was externally so painful and so sad, they find a sweetness in his bitter cup, far beyond all the gross and satiating luxuries of earth. Love is never so tender and so true as when it is a recognised emblem of Christ's love to us. Self-indulgence is never half so blissful, as that self-denial which resembles Christ's, while it comforts his brethren or advances his cause. And let none gainsay this final assertion: life at its happiest knows no such rapturous hour as that in which the likeness of servant and Master is complete, and one for whom Christ laid down his life, consents in turn to lay down his life for the brethren.

THE GUARDS' INSTITUTE.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

IF the reader has ever passed along the Vauxhall Bridge Road, he may have observed two large buildings at the end of Francis Street, and felt a passing desire to know what they were. The one which is free from all attempts at architectural ornament, and resembles a deserted manufactory, is the Model Lodging-house for the married men of the Guards, one of the most useful institutions

connected with the army in London. The idea of such an institution originated with Albert the Good, and it will remain for generations to come a standing proof of the interest he felt in the welfare of the British soldier. There are two classes of married men in the army: the Model Lodging-house is intended for the benefit of those who are married with leave. Eight men of every company are allowed to marry, and are

entitled to certain privileges, such as rations and lodging-money. When a man wishes to marry, he has his name inserted in the list of intending Benedicts, which is kept at the orderly-room, and waits till a vacancy occurs. Sometimes—often, we fear—he becomes impatient, and marries without leave, thus entailing much suffering on himself and his wife. Such marriages are never recognised in the regiment, though the officers often alleviate the sufferings of those who are the victims of this system.

There are obvious reasons why these unauthorised marriages should not be recognised or encouraged in the army, but much has been done of late years to improve the condition and add to the comfort of soldiers in the Guards who have married with leave. The great difficulty has been to provide them with suitable lodgings, which cannot be procured for the government allowance of fourpence a-day. In London and at Windsor, the married soldier often pays double this amount for the privilege of living in a wretched room which an artisan would scorn to occupy. Most of the married sergeants are provided with quarters in barracks, and have no ground of complaint; but until within a very recent period, married privates had to provide themselves with lodgings wherever they could find them. They were thus often driven to localities occupied by the most vicious part of the population, and their families were exposed to the vitiating influences of such a neighbourhood.

To obviate this evil, the Prince Consort proposed the erection of model lodging-houses for married soldiers, and the idea was warmly embraced by Sydney Herbert, who was then Secretary of State for War. The building in the Vauxhall Road was the first Model Lodging-house erected under their auspices. It provides accommodation for seventy married soldiers, who are selected in equal proportions from the different battalions of the Coldstreams, Grenadiers, and Scots Fusilier Guards. Each married couple enjoy almost as much privacy as if they occupied a private house; they have two rooms, with a separate entrance from the gallery which runs along each storey; they have all the comforts of a home. The strictest discipline is maintained, without interfering with the lawful enjoyments of the different inmates, who are on their best behaviour, because any misconduct would lead to the forfeiture of a privilege which is appreciated and valued by all. It is proposed to increase the number of these useful institutions until accommodation has been provided for all soldiers married with leave. The want of funds has hitherto prevented this idea from being carried into effect.

Attached to the Model Lodging-house is a school for the education of the children who are

too young to attend the regimental school in barracks. The Guards' Industrial School is carried on in a separate building; it was opened a few years ago, and is supported by voluntary subscriptions. It is intended for the industrial training of girls from ten to fifteen years of age, so as to fit them for being useful servants when they leave the institution. All these girls are the daughters of married soldiers in the Guards, and the education they receive has a practical bearing on the duties of the position they are destined to occupy in future life. The number is limited, owing to the want of funds; and the admission of a girl to the advantages of this institution is intended to be a reward of good conduct on the part of the parents.

The Guards' Institute is opposite to the Model Lodging-house, and is a far more pretentious building than its plain neighbour. It is in the Veneto-Italian style, and consists of a basement and three storeys. On ascending a flight of steps, we find ourselves in the entrance-hall on the ground floor. On the right is a coffee-room for the privates; on the left, a billiard-room and coffee-room for the non-commissioned officers. The whole of the second floor is occupied by the lecture and concert room, which is 100 feet in length and 50 feet in breadth; the height from the floor to the open roof, which is constructed of varnished deal in a highly ornamented style, is 28 feet. It is a noble room, and no one can survey its ample dimensions and chaste ornamentation, without a feeling of admiration.

This building is intended to afford the soldier every lawful enjoyment he may require, and thus lessen the temptation of frequenting those haunts of dissipation so ruinous to his soul and his body. The soldier is eminently a social being, but the barrack-room is little adapted for the expression of his social tendencies, and he has long felt the want of some place, where he could enjoy the society of a comrade, free from the restraints of military discipline and the polluting influences of an ordinary tap-room. A chaplain can speak from sad experience of the temptations to which soldiers are exposed in a city so vast and with a population so numerous as London, of the wretchedness, the disease and the premature death that ensue from yielding to those temptations. While he believes that nothing but the living power of God's grace in the heart can enable a young soldier or civilian altogether to overcome those temptations, he hails with satisfaction every attempt to diminish or weaken them by providing healthy recreation and innocent amusement.

Drunkenness, the soldier's besetting sin, is effectually excluded, for no spirits are allowed to be sold. Every other kind of refreshment is provided, of excellent quality and at a reasonable rate.

There are reading-rooms, supplied with useful publications and different kinds of games; there is a library, and all presents of suitable books will be thankfully received; there are billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys; everything, in short, which a soldier's club should possess. It is open from ten a.m. till twelve o'clock at night, except on Sundays, when it is closed during the hours of service, and none of the usual games are allowed.

This Institution owes its existence to the generous interest which the officers of the Guards feel in the welfare of their men. "The worse man the better soldier" has ceased to be an axiom in military circles: on the contrary, it is believed that the best men will always be the best soldiers; and this belief is expressed in the efforts that are being daily made for the religious and social improvement of the defenders of our country. Hitherto our soldiers have been looked upon as the pariahs of social life; and the way to make men bad is to treat them as if they were bad. Little good can be expected from Nazareth, if it is believed that no good can come from Nazareth. When the soldier finds that others respect him, he will begin to respect himself. Here in this Institute he is treated with a degree of confidence which must elevate him in his own esteem, and is not likely to be abused. The internal management and discipline are placed in his own hands and under his own control; he is treated as a responsible being, and he feels his responsibility.

A series of lectures has been delivered during the winter, in the large concert-room on the second storey, which has been crowded by large and attentive audiences of non-commissioned officers and privates. There is a lecture every Saturday at six o'clock p.m., which occupies an hour; then follows a concert, in which the men themselves are the performers. The officers usually lecture on some professional subject, illustrated with diagrams, and adapted to the intelligence of a popular audience.

The benefits of this Institute are not confined to the brigade of Guards; they are extended to all soldiers who may be stationed in London. The terms of admission are very reasonable, the rates of subscription, which are paid in advance on the first of every month, are as follows:—sergeants,

sixpence; corporals, fivepence; privates, fourpence. The Institute is not expected to be self-supporting at first; but it may gradually become so, when soldiers have been weaned from their usual haunts, and taught to appreciate its advantages. It would be unreasonable to expect that an immediate change will be effected in the habits of all: there is, and always will be, a certain class who mistake licence for liberty, and profligacy for enjoyment. While these may keep aloof, it is certain that it will supply a want which has long been felt among the better class of soldiers in the metropolis, and afford a place of refuge to the young recruit when he might otherwise be enticed, in his loneliness, to form less innocent associations.

An effort has also been made in this Institute to redeem the soldier from those habits of idleness, which are more the result of necessity than of choice. A room is set apart for those men who were artisans before they entered the army, and they are supplied with the necessary tools for pursuing their several callings. Young soldiers also, who wish to learn a trade, are provided with the necessary means of instruction, as is done in the French army. It is to be hoped that many soldiers will thus become better citizens when they leave the army, than they were before they entered it; and we believe that this is often the case.

The Guards' Institute has cost £16,000; the Government gave £3,000; the officers subscribed £4,000; one gallant gentleman—whose name we must not divulge—gave £1,000. No better proof could be given of the interest which the officers take in the welfare of the men, or of the sacrifices they willingly make in their behalf. Such acts of generosity strengthen the attachment which ought to subsist among all ranks in the army, and bind our soldiers together by a feeling of Christian sympathy and mutual respect. The soldier is in a moral, and a religious sense, a different being from what he once was; his spiritual and his temporal wants are carefully attended to: everything is done to increase his comfort and add to his respectability. Such efforts are not made in vain; many reckless, profligate lads become reformed men in the army, and like good soldiers of Jesus Christ, are prepared to endure all hardness for his sake.

ENTERING INTO LIFE.

DRAW back the curtain, Amy, let in the light on my pillow;
How it streams through the boughs of the drooping, tremulous willow!
What a glorious morning! Afar how it floods the sea;
Thank God for his blessed sunshine!—how gracious he is to me!

He giveth me all good things, not one hath His hand withholden;
He touches these last, last hours of my life, and makes them golden,
Writing in letters of gold, the closing lines of the tale,
Gilding each step of the way that leads me "within the veil."

For I shall leave you happy. The hand that you clasp to-morrow	Mine is the better lot—but, Amy, why are you sighing?
Hath been severed from yours for years of parting and sorrow.	God will bless you in living, as He will bless me in dying.
Waiting, watching, and hoping, your life seemed wearing away,	What has the world for me?—you have known my story, dear;
But now, thank God! I shall live to look on your wedding-day.	Have we not shared our sorrows for many a weary year?
All the old dull patience, the look that is born of waiting,	How I clung to him, sister—ay, and trusted him blindly!
How it shaded your face! But now the cloud is abating:	Bore with his unjust words, and ever answered him kindly;
Younger by many years you look when you smile or speak,	Last, I fought with my love, and slew it in bitter pain:
And the girlish bloom comes back with the roundness to your cheek.	For love, believe me, Amy, must either slay or be slain.
Two new lives will begin to-morrow (the hours are flying)—	Then the heavenly love filled up the place of the human;
Yours the new life of living, and mine the new life of dying;	Many an aching void in the poor weak heart of woman
Each will go to her place (our paths are diverging wide)—	Has been satisfied thus; and into these wounds of mine
Yours will be with your husband, and mine at the Saviour's side.	Jesus, the Blessed Healer, hath poured His oil and wine.
Yours is the human love—the passionate, feverish anguish;	This was years ago;—but the spirit of retrospection
Mine is the love of God which never can change or languish:	Shows in this morning's light the grave of my first affection;
Yours are the orange-blossoms, that fade ere the sun goes down;	Covered over by flowers, the place looks calm and fair,
Mine are the victor's palm and the glorious golden crown!	And I have reared the Cross for a holy headstone there.
Yours are the worldly cares, the ceaseless coming and going;	Yes, I am very happy. Look, Amy, the glittering ocean
Mine the unbroken rest, with no more ebbing and flowing:	Flashes the sunshine back from its myriad waves in motion;
Yours is a home of earth, with its firelight's fitful glow;	Think of the glassy sea, that is bound by no earthly shore,
Mine are the "many mansions" Christ entered long ago	And think of the glad new life that is mine for evermore.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



JOSEPHINE was in her room. The fire had burnt low, and the cold, frosty air had begun to creep in, and the curtains were not drawn. She did not ring to have her fire replenished, though she was shivering. She took up a shawl that lay upon the bed, and wrapping herself in it, sat down before the dying embers. She sat in a crouching attitude; her head bent down, her arms folded, as if to keep her shawl more tightly round her. She was deadly cold. Her face had a blank, stunned expression. Sometimes she shivered violently, and her teeth chattered.

When she had sat thus half an hour, she started up. A step was on the stairs. Whether she thought he had come back, I know not; but she stepped out, wrapped up as she was, and went to the room where he had been. He was not there: he never would be there again. It was the servant she had heard, bringing up the tea.

The girl glanced round the room, evidently expecting to see Raymond. She had brought up the tray, set for two. There was Josephine's cup, and Raymond's.

"Mr. Sylvester is gone, then?" said the girl.

"Yes, he is gone," replied Josephine, calmly.

She put her hand to her head by a quick movement; but she did not go back to her room. It was better



W. THOMAS. S.

(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"Draw back the curtain, Amy, let in the light on my pillow."—p. 487.

here than there—it was warmer: for the sensation of deadly cold that came creeping over her was scarcely to be borne. Her head was hot enough—her temples throbbed painfully; but elsewhere no amount of artificial heat could warm her.

She stood by the fire a few minutes, looking blankly at Raymond's empty chair. Once a foot-step stopping a moment in the street, caused her to put on that look of distressing expectation. But the step went on again: it was not Raymond's.

All this time, she had not shed a single tear. Josephine's tears never lay very near; and if they had, this burning pain would have dried them up. A flood of tears is a healing balm to such a grief as hers was. But she could not weep: else it had been better for her.

In a short time, the servant came back again.

"If you please, Miss Graham, Rachel has come."

Josephine started; her thoughts were far away from Rachel.

"She wishes to see you very particular," continued the girl, as she stood at the door.

"Let her come up. I will see her," replied Josephine.

Rachel was the mistress of an infant-school in the town. She was an orphan, and Josephine had been mainly instrumental in getting her the situation. Indeed, she was an especial favourite with Josephine.

Rachel, then, was coming: and in a few minutes there appeared a tidy, compact, pleasing-looking woman, in a close bonnet, almost like that of a Quakeress, and a comfortable woollen shawl pinned neatly across;—a woman with a quick eye, and a cheerful voice, and a general air of "faculty," about her—that was Rachel.

"If you are not engaged to night, Miss Graham, and I might speak with you a few minutes," she began.

"I am not engaged. Sit down, Rachel. It is a long way for you to come," said Josephine, in a dull, strange voice.

"Oh, no, I don't think it long," replied Rachel, cheerily. "When the heart is light, ma'am, the way always seem short."

"Yes, when the heart is light," repeated Josephine.

Rachel looked at her, and then at the tea things on the table.

"I see you are expecting company, Miss Graham, so I won't hinder you long. I came to speak about giving up the place, you were so kind as to get for me. I am sure I shall always be very grateful to you."

"You need not speak of that, Rachel; I was glad to do what I could."

"I am afraid you are not well, to-night, ma'am," said Rachel, in a tone of concern.

"I have a headache, that is all."

"And there is nothing worse than that, ma'am. However, I will not detain you long. I wanted to tell you, as you kindly take such an interest in me, that—that I am going to be married."

"To John Humphreys, of course?"

"Well, yes, ma'am;" and Rachel blushed a little.

"I am sure I wish you happiness," said Josephine, kindly.

"Thank you, ma'am, I am sure of that, as far as one can be, in this world. John has been courting me now, near on ten years, and we are both getting on in life. He says he is not willing to go on in this way any longer, and he's taken a farm, and means to get settled."

Josephine did not answer; she had drawn her chair close to the fire.

"I've offered him, many times, to be free," continued Rachel, with a little air of proud affection, "because I'm a poor girl, and have nothing but what I work for; and his mother never took to me, and kept saying he might have done better. But John"—and her honest eyes suffused with tears—"O! he soon set my heart at rest on that score! You are a grand lady, ma'am, and I am just poor Rachel Hunt; but you know—don't you, ma'am?—how sweet it is to have those you love, faithful and true!"

Josephine did not speak for a moment; then she said, in a voice that sounded cold and hard, after the full, warm tones of Rachel's, "And what are you going to do about the school?"

Rachel dried her eyes quickly. She thought she had gone too far, in daring to institute a comparison between herself and Miss Graham. She made haste to come down from her elevation. "I should be glad to give it up as soon as I could; and I have a friend who could take it, if the ladies and gentlemen on the committee were willing. There is a meeting on Wednesday, and I thought if you would kindly speak to Mr. Sylvester—"

Her eye fell on the second cup and saucer; it evidently ran in her head, that Mr. Sylvester was coming.

Josephine saw the glance; she was deadly pale, and then the hot flush came into her cheeks. Her eyes had a strange heavy look, quite unnatural to her.

"I am sure you are not well, ma'am. Perhaps when Mr. Sylvester comes—"

"He is not coming!"

There was a sharp edge to her voice; the words were wrung from her with a kind of wail. When she had said them, she turned away her face.

Rachel was a shrewd woman, and had had some deep experiences of human life. She read, as in a book, what had happened. In the light of her new knowledge, or, rather, suspicion, she could understand the meaning of the flushed cheek, the heavy eye, the abstracted manner, the unnatural voice. It was well known that Josephine's aunt had made a second will, which disinherited her niece; that the large property, which should have been Josephine's, had been kept from her, in a heartless and capricious manner; and that from an heiress, Josephine would, as the world said, become a beggar. But what was Raymond doing—her lover of seven years, or more?

"John would have clung to me all the closer,"

thought Rachel; and then she looked again at Josephine.

It was clear to her that Raymond had proved faithless. Her heart was full of pity. It might not be so, but one thing was apparent to her: Josephine was ill, and too much absorbed and preoccupied to attend to her. She would not intrude her own affairs, just then; she would go away, and seek the advice she wanted somewhere else—not of Raymond Sylvester; she had begun already to shudder at his very name.

As she went along the hall, loud bursts of laughter came up the kitchen steps; the servants were holding a carousal of their own. It was high life below stairs. Their late mistress had a large, overgrown establishment, that, during her long illness, had got full of abuses. Josephine, in vain, attempted to redress them, and it had been one of her daily trials. Now, the establishment was on the eve of being broken up, and its abuses had become rampant. Rachel paused. The utter desolation of Miss Graham's position occurred to her. Miss Graham was an orphan; she had no relative in the world now her aunt was dead. What was to become of her, should she be ill?—and ill she would be, Rachel saw that plainly. Yes!—again those bursts of laughter; those symptoms of careless hilarity. Rachel knew how it was; she knew the servants of the household—not one would show any pity or kindness to Miss Graham!

"They say she aint got a penny to bless herself with!" said an unfeeling voice, which jarred on Rachel's ear. She had thought what to do before, now she made up her mind; she would not leave Miss Graham in the hands of servants.

She stepped quickly back; she took off her close-fitting bonnet and shawl, and left them down-stairs. Then you saw her to more advantage. You saw the well-shaped head, with the smooth hair neatly braided; the pleasant sensible face, and compact figure, and you thought that John Humphreys had made a wise choice; that he was right, and his mother wrong.

She went back to the room, where she had left Miss Graham. She found her there still. Oh! how glad Rachel was that she had come back. Josephine was sitting in the same attitude, but she had grown more listless; her hands hung down, her heavy head, with its dull languid eyes, seemed scarce able to support itself. There are instances in life when our principles of common humanity are at stake, and this was one. Rachel went up to her; tears were in her kind eyes. Her tread was noiseless, like that of one well used to the sick chamber. The tone of her voice was full of respectful sympathy.

"Dear Miss Graham, I shall stay with you to-night."

She spoke decidedly, and she put her cool hand on poor Josephine's burning forehead.

Josephine looked up to her. Josephine had never been proud, and if she had, here was a crisis, when all earthly things had failed her, and she was thrown entirely on the tender mercies of another.

Happy for her that other was Rachel!

"I know I am very ill, Rachel," she said, in a strange drowsy voice; "what am I to do?"

"Nothing, dear Miss Graham. I shall take you to your room, come!"

Josephine rose. She could hardly stand. The room whirled round; strange shapes and strange noises beset her; she felt slipping down some precipice into an unknown depth below. Consciousness was going from her, and she struggled hard to hold it. When she knew her struggles would be in vain, she said to Rachel, in a tone as though the words were forced from her, and each word cost her an untold agony—

"Rachel, promise me one thing: whatever may happen to me, do not send for Mr. Sylvester!"

CHAPTER VI.

HAROLD BLAKE.

"HERE'S Newbury! cheer up, my little man! there's an end of your troubles now!"

"I don't know that there is an end, Harold; it seems to me there is only a beginning," replied a peevish voice.

"You must not think that, Charley; look at the best side of things, that's my motto," replied Harold, cheerfully.

He was some years older than Charley, and had the most sensible, honest face you ever met with. He was powerfully made, for a young man, had broad shoulders, and a famous chest, and was finely built, and in the fulness of health and physical energy. Not so his brother Charley. There was something pathetic in the way in which the white-faced, emaciated boy nestled nearer, and nearer, to his stalwart brother, as if for protection from this rough world. For father and mother were both dead. This event had not happened long, as you might guess from the deep mourning-band that circled the hat of each.

"It's never the best for me," continued Charley, in the same peevish voice; "I, that am always ill, and have been used to such care. Why, the jolting of the train has half killed me, to say nothing of the cold."

Harold turned quickly to his brother, to see if the railway rug and all the other wrappers were as well arranged as they could be. Nothing more could be done in this respect, thanks to his care. He himself had no wrappers, nothing but his great-coat. "And enough, too," he had said, gaily; "seeing that I am as hard as nails!"

"Charley, those lights are Newbury," said he, pointing from the window; "we shall be all right, when we get there."

"And where shall we go to, Harold? we don't know a soul. Nothing can be more desolate than our position."

"Oh, yes, it could! Don't take that idea into your head, Charley, it's quite a wrong one. I might have been delicate, like you, instead of being a kind of modern Hercules, ready to play at football with Fortune, and drive her about, just where I like."

"But you will have to work, Harold, like a common man," said Charley, resting his pale cheek against his brother's shoulder.

"And all the better for me. *Work!* I should think I *shall* work!"

The energy of his tone amounted almost to fierceness. A minute after, he had put his arm round his brother.

"Never trouble your head about me, Charley; if everybody was as well able to take care of themselves as I am, the world would be better off than it is. And I'll take care of you, too, my little man, or I'll know the reason why."

A shrill whistle, and the train came slowly to a halt in the station-yard at Newbury. As soon as was practicable, Harold sprang out on to the platform.

"You stay there a minute, Charley, while I look for the luggage."

Away Harold strode, and was lost in the crowd in no time. Charley's white face peered mournfully from the window; it was a ghostly face, seen in that uncertain light. A porter came up to him.

"Going on, sir?" and his hand was on the door.

"Oh, no!" almost shrieked Charley; "I am going to get out. I am waiting till my brother has got the luggage right."

"The train only stops a few minutes; you had best get out, sir."

He spoke to him respectfully, for Charley was dressed like a gentleman, and was in a first-class carriage.

"I cannot get out, I am lame," cried Charley, in a tone of distress. "I wish Harold would come."

"Let me help you, sir;" and the man set down a box he was carrying.

"Oh, no! please don't touch me;" and Charley shrank back in terror. "No one can lift me but Harold! Oh! what am I to do, if Harold does not come?"

"Here's Harold, safe enough!" said a well-known, cheery voice. "What a little fidget you are, Charley! Now, then, come to me." There was a softness and tenderness in his tone, as he said it, that was almost motherly. "I've got a cab, and all things are right as a trivet! There, my poor little lad, there!" and he took him in his athletic arms, wrappers and all, and carried him across the platform, with no more effort than if he had been an infant. Yet Charley was a lad of eighteen, too.

The porter stood looking after him; indeed, he followed to see the end. Another porter was in attendance, so there was no need for his services. But he saw Charley put into the cab, and Harold get in after him, and then he walked slowly back.

"Whoever that young man is, he is a capital fellow!" said the porter to himself: and the porter was not far from wrong, either.

"I am so tired, Harold," said Charley, when the cab moved on; "my bones ache, and my head aches. I think the journey has about killed me."

"Oh, no! you will be better soon, Charley. I have found a first-rate inn, the man said, and every com-

fort; we'll have such a fire, and such a tea, Charley! I don't know how you feel, I am as hungry as a hunter!"

"I can't bear the thought of going to an inn," said Charley, in a complaining voice; "we have never been used——" And the voice broke down with a little quiver.

"Never mind, Charley, what we have been used to; it will never do to be always thinking of that. We must think of things that will nerve us up, and make us brave."

"I can't help thinking, Harold; of course it is the worst for me. My poor mother used to——"

"Charley, dear," and he turned quickly round, "please don't speak of—of her just now," and his own voice faltered; "you see, I have a tolerable load on my broad shoulders, and I can bear it, but not if we go back to that, Charley;" and for a moment the fine manly face, full as it was of courage and energy, was turned away, and a tear—yea, many tears—trickled down it.

But he recovered, very soon, and the tears were gone ere Charley had time to see them. Besides, Charley was, as usual, too much absorbed in his own griefs, to take much notice of the griefs of others.

"Here we are," said Harold, as the cab stopped; "and a very comfortable-looking place it is, too. Now, I'll just go and speak to the landlady, and then fetch you in."

"Don't be long, Harold, and I dare say the fire will have to be lighted," said Charley, shivering.

Harold was gone before he finished speaking; but in an incredibly short time Harold was come back again.

"Is there a fire, Harold?"

"Will be, in the twinkling of an eye, dear. Now, then."

"I thought how it would be," grumbled Charley, as his brother was carrying him up-stairs; "our miseries and discomforts were sure to begin the moment we got here. What a wretched room, and how dreadfully cold!" added he, the grumbling tone getting more vehement as Harold laid him down on the sofa. "I never can bear this!"

"You won't have to bear it many minutes, dear. There, let me wrap you up well, and then I'll take the fire in hand myself. It's a capital grate, and a hod full of coal. Coal is cheap in these parts, I find."

And Harold applied himself with great zeal to making what he called a first-rate fire. All the time he was doing it he was trying—but, alas! not with the same success—to raise his brother's spirits.

"Tea is coming up directly—I told the landlady to make it strong; and there's a splendid ham, and cold chicken, and a loaf and butter. On my word we shall fare like princes, Charley."

"I don't think I can eat anything," moaned Charley, in a dismal voice.

"Oh, yes, you can; when you see it, your appetite will come in a trice. There's a fire for you! Now I'm going to wheel the sofa up, and then I'll draw the curtains as snug as snug. Don't I understand the art of making ourselves comfortable?"

"Comfortable—in an inn!" grumbled Charley, from the sofa.

A knock at the door, and a rather slatternly servant came in, bearing a tray with the tea things upon it. She had a cloth under her arm, which she spread over the table; and having completed these few arrangements, she departed for the rest of the good cheer ordered by Harold.

While she was gone Charley began again.

"Harold, what are we come to now? Did you see how dirty she was? Her apron——"

"Never mind her apron, dear. Come, the tea is capital, and smoking hot; and here's the ham and the chicken, first-rate!"

"I am sure I can't touch a morsel, it's so very miserable!" said Charley, beginning to cry.

"Oh, yes, you will! Here is the tea, with your three lumps in, and what fault can you find with this ham? Why, Charley, we are quite in luck!" and he cut all the most delicate slices he could find in the chicken to set before his brother.

Charley did not take any notice at first; he cried a little, and then sat with a face of the most utter discontent and misery. But he was really hungry, say what he might, and the ham and chicken looked very tempting. Soon he began to pick a bit with the end of his fork, and this led to his drawing his plate a little nearer, and beginning steadily to eat—not, however, that his face relaxed, or that he said a cheerful word of any kind: all the cheerfulness must come from Harold.

Harold, however he had boasted of his appetite, did not seem to enjoy his meal half so much as Charley. In fact, it was to keep up appearances that he prevailed on himself to touch a morsel. His mind was too much preoccupied. The whole burden of life was on him. He must have been very tired, though he did not say so; the amount of fatigue he had gone through, the last few days, was enough to tax a frame powerful even as his own. But he made no complaint. Harold never did. In fact, his day's work was not over yet.

When the slatternly maid had removed the tea things, Harold said, "Now, Charley, I am going to tuck you up on the sofa, and you are to have a nice sleep until I come back.

"Are you going to leave me, Harold?"

"For an hour or so I am, just to look round the town."

"That's like you, Harold! So inconsiderate! Of course I am to be left in this strange inn by myself."

The word inconsiderate jarred on Harold's ear. A look of annoyance showed itself a moment, but it quickly disappeared, and he said, gently, "The woman of the house will look after you, dear, and I am forced to go; we must find some lodgings."

"Oh, yes, of course there are the lodgings," replied Charley, somewhat pacified. "Be sure you have nice lodgings, Harold; I can't live in little rooms, and there must be a cheerful look-out. I am so much indoors, you know; and I shall want a bath-chair, and a boy to draw me, Harold; I can't live without going out."

Harold could not answer. He put on his hat and went down-stairs. He said a few words to the landlady about Charley; and he spoke so cheerily, and went out so briskly, that the woman observed to her husband, "If he aint got a light heart, I wonder who has!"

A light heart! Oh, good woman, never was any one so deceived as you are, touching that matter. Harold's was an aching heart—a heart full of anxiety, and had been this long time.

"Everything depends on me," he thought, as he strode along the streets. "I don't care for myself a jot; I could do anyhow. But there's the lad!"

Again he strode away: he was not striding at random, he had a definite errand, and was going to a definite locality. The landlady had told him of some lodgings, and he was anxious to obtain them. The expense of the inn could not be encountered, more than that one night.

The lodgings were not all he could wish, far from it, and he went a weary round, seeking in vain for a better home to which he might take Charley. Better homes there were, and plenty of them, but they would not suit his purse, and he retraced his steps.

"No," thought he, and a vein of bitterness ran in his thoughts, "I have seen enough of *that*. Small as our means are, we will keep within them: I would, if I had to starve."

He engaged the rooms, and turned his steps towards the inn. He was very tired now; his face looked haggard, and his eyes heavy. But weary and footsore as he was, he tried to call up a smile, as he went back to Charley.

Charley was asleep on the sofa, the candle had burnt low, and the embers in the grate threw a flickering and uncertain light on the pallid, worn face of the sick boy. Harold stood and looked, and the tears rose to his eyes unbidden, and, for the moment, unchecked. There lay the knot of all his difficulties. This it was which would give to poverty her most bitter sting, which would make the least privation deadly. This sick, helpless brother, whom he must shelter from every blast, and not let the very winds blow upon too roughly. He loved him with a devotion that was heroic. He had been the darling son of the dear mother who was gone, he had been his father's idol; nothing was spared that could be lavished on Charley. He had never known any atmosphere, but the calm, loving one of home. And now! Harold's strong frame gave a kind of shudder. Now! out on the bleak world with only Harold.

Only Harold! Well, that was not so bad, by any means, as it might be. There is a sufficiency about Harold, a power of reducing circumstances to his control, that is encouraging. In the struggle that is coming, it is not unlikely he may come off victorious.

While we think so, Charley wakes, with a wild, wondering expression that is very touching.

"Harold! Harold! Where are we? I have been dreaming of my mother!"

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN AND THE "DEATH-WATCH."

NURSE, it's really very strange, I can't make it out; there's a watch going near my bed at night, but I can't find it anywhere. Cary has looked under the bedstead, and into the two old-fashioned watch-pockets; and I have pushed my biggest pin into the bolster everywhere: but I can't find anything. It's so odd."

Such was the speech of little Lilly Fraser to her nurse, Mrs. Stubbes, who replied, "Watch! Lilly dear! what do you mean? Watch, child!—what was it like? When did you hear it? Oh! but, Lilly, I remember now, Mr. Fraser won't like me to talk about such things. Dear me—dear me! I'm so sorry!"

"What's the matter, nurse?" said Lilly; "papa likes you to tell me all that's good, and you know I was eight years old last Friday, and Aunt Jane said girls of that age could learn so much. And oh, nurse! it was on Friday night I first heard that strange watch ticking. Cary said that Grandpapa Williams had perhaps given me a pretty little watch for a birthday present, and, to surprise me, had got you to sew it up in the bolster to puzzle us."

"Friday night was it, Miss Lilly, you heard that dreadful tick?" said Mrs. Stubbes, in a tone and with a look which puzzled poor Lilly, who exclaimed,

"Nurse dear, what makes you look so frightened? Do you think it's a watch somebody has stolen and hidden in our bed; and perhaps the police will come and take me and Cary away to prison? Oh! nurse, you must come and find the watch; I wish I'd never heard it. But it would keep ticking, and then it would stop all of a sudden, and begin again like a watch all in a flurry, or, as Cary said, like a baby-watch that hadn't learnt its lesson right."

"Oh, Lilly, Lilly! I wish you had never said a word about that awful ticking. Ah! I know what it means; but I mustn't tell: your papa would be so angry."

This mystery on the part of the nurse, of course, excited Lilly's curiosity, and at this moment Cary, a younger sister, ran in, crying out with a childish glee, "Oh, Lilly, I've told papa about the watch we hear at night, and he did laugh so; I can't make it out. But he really says he can find the watch, and then it shall be yours, Lilly, for you heard it first on your birthday; but you'll let me look at it sometimes, won't you?"

Cary stopped, partly because she had no more to say, and partly because of nurse's serious and Lilly's puzzled look. Lilly's turn now came.

"Cary dear, it's very strange; nurse says it isn't a watch, it's some dreadful thing."

This was quite enough for the excitable Cary, who, rushing to nurse, caught hold of her dress, crying out, "Oh, do tell us what it is. I'll never sleep there again, that I won't. Oh, nurse, what is it?"

Mrs. Stubbes now felt she had gone too far in her

silly chatter: too late she tried to hush the fears her stupidity had raised.

"Well, then; but don't be afraid," began the nurse, with a solemn look. "That ticking you heard is the death-watch."

"Dear me!" broke in Cary, "does Death carry a watch with him? But why does he come to our nice little room?"

"Hush, Cary!" said nurse! "don't ask such questions. It's not a watch at all, but something that comes to a house when somebody is about to die."

"Oh, I wish we had never heard it. Is any one about to die, nurse?—and why did papa laugh?" interrupted Lilly, clinging to nurse; Cary getting very pale.

"Oh, Lilly, your papa is very clever, and he does not believe in such things; but I do. Three times have I heard it, and something bad always came." Such was the answer of the silly woman, who had been often cautioned by Mr. Fraser against telling superstitious tales to the children.

Both the little girls now cried out, "Do tell us what happened, nurse, after you heard the ticking."

"Well, my dears," answered Mrs. Stubbes, "I wish you hadn't asked me anything about the ticking; but I suppose you must be told now. It was on a first of May, about eleven o'clock at night, many years ago, when I was a little girl, that my ears first heard the sound, and before Christmas, that very year, my poor grandfather died. He were eighty-three year old, Miss Lilly—that he were."

"Well, but, nurse," broke in Lilly, "wouldn't so old a man have died if there had been no ticking at all?"

"Ah, miss, that's a hard question, I shouldn't like to answer," was the sage reply of the woman, who went on by adding: "and the second time was a hot night in July, when I was employed to wait on poor dear Dr. Trundle, who kept his bed seven years and a half from the rheumatics. Well, he died about four months after the ticking. His sister, Miss Trundle was obstinate like, and she would have it that I had only heard the doctor's big watch a-ticking: but I know better. Then the last time I heard it was just before Simon Soundy, the parish clerk, tumbled into the mill-pool of a dark night, and was drowned. So that ticking arn't to be laughed at. But you mustn't be frightened; perhaps the sound won't come again. Besides, I'll let you have the kitten in your room to-night; the ticking doesn't come when a kitten's near."

Night came: the little girls kissed, and were kissed, keeping with great difficulty from telling papa about the "watch." The little things really liked Mrs. Stubbes, and did not wish to draw a scolding upon her. To bed they were snugly put, and nurse was quite full of pleasant stories, being now really desirous of quieting the children's fears. Tioby had quite a luxurious bed made up on an arm-

chair, and nurse left, bidding them "go to sleep, and not wake till the morning."

About an hour had passed; Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were just finishing their evening game at chess, the gentleman having for the third time cried, "Check, my dear," and was beholding with quiet satisfaction the approaching mate. Louisa, "our eldest," aged sixteen, was fixing the last strip of beadwork to a most elaborate lamp-stand, intended for a charitable bazaar next week. Fred, rejoicing in the age of fourteen, had just triumphantly extracted the value of x from a strangely confused mass of letters and figures, to which he had reduced what his tutor called a problem in simple equations. All this, we say, was being done, when the whole party were startled by a scream, from the landing-place near the children's bedroom. This was followed by a scream, number two, from a stronger voice. Nor were words wanting to the concert: "Papa!" and "Mamma!" were clearly heard amidst the din, the whole being strangely varied by a shrill and squealing outcry from some enraged creature.

The mother had but just time to open the door, when in dashed Cary, screaming out a double mystery: "The watch! the watch has come! Oh, my foot! my foot!"

Lilly followed in full cry, "Oh, papa! it won't go away; and Tibby's killed!—oh, papa!"

Nurse rushing in, added to the perplexity by exclaiming, "Oh, sir! I told them not to be frightened—I did indeed."

Cary was soon safe in Louisa's lap, and Lilly found a harbour in mamma's arms. Then the whole story was soon told; Lilly being the chief orator, Cary the prompter, and nurse giving animation to the whole by repeated ejaculations of "Oh, dear! who'd have thought it?"

Perhaps we had better let Lilly tell her own story. "Oh, papa! that ticking you so laughed at came again to-night. Cary and I both heard it go 'tick—tick—tick!'"

"Yes, just like this," broke in Cary, and tapped her little finger three times on the table in imitation of the sound.

"Oh, yes," replied Lilly, "and then it stopped a bit, then went on again. We caught up kitty and put her on our bed; but the 'tick' did not mind Tibby one bit, and went on louder. Then Cary screamed, and I screamed—we couldn't help it, and we tried to run out of the room; and Cary trod on Tibby's tail in the dark, and then Tibby scratched her foot so, and that made Cary cry the more, of course; and I fell down upon kitty, and she did cry out so, and then we got the door open. Oh, papa! that ticking frightens us all: do stop it."

Lilly's story explained the outcries which had so startled the family, and even accounted for the sounds of anger sent forth by the insulted kitten.

Mr. Fraser saw at a glance that nurse had been telling the children one of those superstitious fibs in which ignorance ever delights. However, it was no time for scolding, and he determined to explain the

whole matter at once. Beckoning to Lilly, he said, "Come here, and I'll tell you all about that ticking. You shall laugh about it yourself to-morrow."

"And you'll tell nurse, too, won't you, papa?" added Cary, who saw Mrs. Stubbes standing by the door, with a look made up of fear, anger, and sulkiness.

"Oh, yes," replied the father, "nurse must try to understand the difference between a goblin and a harmless insect."

"Insect—insect! why, surely no little creature, with wings all covered with scarlet and gold, made such a ticking," cried Cary, with uplifted hands.

"Oh, certainly not, little romantic," answered Mr. Fraser; "not a word did I say about gold and scarlet; but, I tell little Miss Cary that the ticking which so frightened some people was made by a small insect. It is a sort of second cousin to a beetle, for it belongs to that family."

At this point Lilly must needs interrupt. "Oh, papa, is the creature like those horrid blackbeetles in the kitchen?"

"Lilly must remember that some beetles are most beautiful insects, and this ticking beetle is nothing like those black ones that so worry cook."

Papa having thus far satisfied Lilly, proceeded by saying, "This insect has a sort of a horn on the head, and raising himself on his hind-legs, he brings his hard head down with all its might against some bit of timber in the wall, and this stroke sounds something like the ticking of a watch."

"But why," cried Cary, "is the creature so fond of knocking its head against things?"

"Quite right, Cary, to ask that question," said Mr. Fraser; "you shall hear. It is the gentleman-beetle which makes the noise, and it is a call to some female not far off. So you see the ticking is really the beetle's mode of making love."

At this the whole party laughed merrily, Lilly exclaiming with vehemence. "What silly children we were, to be frightened by a poor little beetle calling his wife! Oh, I do hope it will tick again."

Fred now put in his query: "I wonder if we could catch one; I should like to see it."

"Oh, yes—yes! can we catch one, papa?" cried both Lilly and Cary in the same breath.

"That might, perhaps, be managed; if we called in Sam Cox to cut open the old wainscot of your bedroom to-morrow, we might find the beetle in some dark corner; but then you'll not hear the sound again."

The morning came; Lilly and Cary could scarcely take breakfast—so great was their excitement; and Fred was constantly wondering "how the death-watch would feel when fairly caught and put into spirits of wine, to preserve him."

Sam Cox at last arrived, with hammers, saws, and chisels. It seems Sam had often seen what he called "the queer little insect," and became a great man in the eyes of the children by the freedom with which he described the creature. Even nurse began to be perplexed. Sam's opinion that "the ticking creature mightn't be found after all, they get into such very

queer holes," heightened, if possible, the curiosity of the children, and gave a little comfort to Mrs. Stubbes.

However, Cox began his cutting and boring very quietly at the part whence the "ticking" had come, and soon a long piece of wainscot was removed, and all the inside most carefully scanned.

"Lots of old holes in this timber; impossible to say which is the beetle's drawing-room," said Cox, who now began to tap the timber smartly with his hammer in various parts; holding in the other hand a basin with a piece of paper over the bottom, on which the beetle was to be tumbled, if caught. Nothing was seen for some time except two or three huge spiders, which darted off as if they feared hanging for fly-murder.

"I've got him at last," said Cox, holding out the basin before Mr. Fraser's face; "he was just running from that hole to get away," cried the carpenter, pointing to a beam full of worm-holes. Sixteen eyes were turned upon a tiny, stone-coloured insect in the basin. How quietly it lay there? Had Cox killed it in his hurry? Was that little frightened insect really the creature which could scare grown-up people out of their senses? Yes, there it was in the bottom of the basin, lying motionless.

"Them beetles be rare clever! He's a shamming dead; but I'll touch him. Now see!" So said the carpenter, who gave the insect a sudden push with the end of a chisel. The creature resented this rudeness, by indignantly darting half way up the side of the paper. At this nurse gave a faintish scream, which was, however, almost drowned in the shouts of the children, and the hurrah of Fred, who evidently thought the beetle had performed a praiseworthy feat.

"Now look closely at it, all of you," said Mr. Fraser; "it's not often this singular insect is seen. Nurse, you come close and watch the little harmless beetle, that has frightened a stout woman like you."

The basin was put upon the table, and the insect being again perfectly quiet, Mr. Fraser, holding a large magnifying-glass over the creature, went on with his description.

"See the sort of helmet on the insect's head, and that bone-like knob on the forehead; that's what it beats the ground with, and so produces the 'ticking.'"

At this point Mr. Fraser held up his finger. All looked, and he went on:

"I want great silence in the room. You see the insect is standing on a sheet of note-paper. I saw it move a moment ago; I'm almost certain it struck the paper with its head and gave a tick. There, there! listen all."

Sure enough, the little creature was seen to move its body up and down with wonderful rapidity, and amidst the deep stillness was heard the successive tick—tick—tick—tick. Nurse, in amazement, gazed at the insect through the magnifying-glass. Lilly and Cary kept their eyes fixed on the startled face

of Mrs. Stubbes, and their ears open to the strange sounds. The ticks stopped, but all were silent, and in about a minute came seven or eight more "tickings," when the insect ceased, as if in despair of getting an answer from some absent friend.

"Now look at the beetle, and listen," said papa. "I'll imitate the beat by tapping the head of this pin against the table. Sometimes these beetles will answer such taps, thinking they come from a companion."

Hereupon he tried his skill at imitating the beats of the death-watch. Perhaps the imitation was badly done, or perhaps its perfection puzzled even the beetle; no sound came in return. "Tick—tick—tick," said Mr. Fraser's pin. Four times was it tried, but in two or three seconds after he had ceased the last series of taps, there came from the paper in the basin a rapid run of "tickings." Papa held up the pin to show he was not tapping; there was no mistake—the beetle had answered its human questioner. Three times did Mr. Fraser tap with the pin, and twice did the insect answer by ticks as vigorous as ever. Even Cox was surprised.

"I never," said that learned carpenter, "seed one do so much ticking afore. He's a merry one, sir."

The death-watch had for ever lost its terrors in that family; it had actually become a pet.

"Oh, papa," said Cary, "do give that clever beetle some crumbs of bread, or find out what it likes to eat; we must keep it alive till Cousin Susan comes up from the country next week."

Mr. Fraser promised to do his best.

The beetle was repeatedly visited in its prison, the tickings were often heard, and Cary hoped, to the horror of nurse, that "papa would find a nice family of little ticking beetles in the box, that would be so nice!"

Did Cousin Susan see the beetle? did she hear it perform in good style? Alas! no; the provoking beetle died the fifth day after its capture, to the sorrow of all save Mrs. Stubbes. Her superstition about the death-watch had been rudely shaken, and it was some consolation to the poor woman when she remarked to herself, "They may say what they likes, but them tickings foretells a death, for the creature itself died—ah!"

It was voted by all that the beetle should be preserved in a phial filled with spirits of wine. This was done, and to this day "the ticking beetle," or, as the learned call it, *Anobium tessellatum*, may be seen on a shelf in Mr. Fraser's study. Even nurse has been known to bring in "friends from the country," to see the dead death-watch. The sum of the whole matter was, that Lilly and Cary never listened again to superstitious stories about animals: even nurse has begun to doubt. Tibby was caressed for a whole week in compensation for the bruising of his tail; Sam Cox got half a day's pleasant work; the whole family enjoyed the excitement of hunting and capturing the death-watch, and Mr. Fraser has added one specimen to his natural history collection.

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, April 25, 1868. —



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"I saw the pale face which had been with me in my dreams."—p. 498.

OVER THE HORN.

IT was a festival-day at Lutzenhausen. All the little town had turned out in its gayest attire; the children decked with the brightest-coloured ribbons and such flowers as the barren neighbourhood provided; the matrons arrayed in handsome robes, which had been heirlooms in their families from generation to generation; the young men, their more sober garb relieved by a gaudy

necktie, and even the old men adorned with more cheerful apparel than ordinary, Lutzenhausen afforded a pretty sight to the visitor on that day. The little town with its picturesque-fashioned houses, partly nestled under the shadows of the great mountains, which rose out of sight into the clouds, and partly, and as though timidly, stretching away from the projecting sides of the mountains towards the bright, green, healthy plain on which the whole population were now enjoying their holiday.

Upon such a scene of beauty and happiness there appeared a weary and anxious-looking young man. He was travelling to Aschaffenhach, and was desirous of a guide to conduct him over the Lutzenhorn. We did not see many visitors at Lutzenhausen; it lay out of the usual route of tourists, and its beauties were unknown, except by the few who set aside the popular guides, and struck out a line of travel for themselves; and accordingly we had no regular guides in our neighbourhood. Indeed, I was the only young man who had ever undertaken such an office, and I was much chagrined when the stranger requested me, to whom he had been directed, to accompany him over the Horn. That festival-day had been fixed for my betrothal to Lisette, the beauty who eclipsed the many pretty maidens of our quiet abode. I answered that I could not go to-day, but would go to-morrow.

No, he replied, to-morrow would not do. His mother lay ill—dying, he believed, at Aschaffenhach, and he must make all haste to be in time, at least to receive her blessing and to close her eyes.

Lisette was standing by as he spoke, and I saw the tears start into her eyes as she heard the young man's mournful words.

"Josef," she said to me, "our betrothal is to be performed immediately, and cannot take more than a few minutes. Couldn't you then go with this young man across the mountain? there is no danger, or I would not urge you to go, and you know you are so clever," she added, with a winning smile.

Her tears and her words only served to make me angry. Why should she plead the young man's cause, and send me away on the day of our betrothal? Had she taken a fancy to the youth's sad face? So I determined that nothing should induce me to go, and replied with considerable warmth, that I had no intention of leaving Lutzenhausen that day for all the women in Christendom.

The traveller did not seem to notice my ill-humour, but merely asked me to point out the safest and quickest route for him to take. This I did, but with ill grace enough.

Our betrothal was a melancholy affair. Lisette was low-spirited, and I had by no means recovered

my temper, and besides this, I was irritated by the uneasy feeling which reproached me for my unkindness, my cruelty to the young stranger.

Two or three weeks had passed away, and with it much of the uneasiness which I felt on the stranger's behalf. At intervals, however, the sense of guilt stole over me. One morning when I was experiencing this depressing sensation, a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived, and wished me to become their escort over the Lutzenhorn, as far as Aschaffenhach. A strange, wild, and fearful thrill of pleasure shot through me at the prospect, and I eagerly agreed to go.

We started, and rapidly passing over the intervening plain, began the ascent. The party with which I went were in high spirits, they had never visited such beauties before, and the mountain scenery was quite a novelty to them. Often and often they paused in the ascent to take a survey of the landscape spread below—a gentle decline to the table-land we had left, but steep and rugged precipices on either hand, leading down to yawning chasms filled with blocks of ice, which sparkled in the sunshine. At length I was compelled to remonstrate at the frequent delays, and to point out that we had a long distance to travel before night-fall. After two or three hours' perseverance we reached the summit. Lutzenhausen was lost to view. We seemed to have risen above all that is earthly, for all around us there appeared nothing but snowy peaks and clouds, scarcely distinguishable from the mountains. There was nothing to interest the company in this strange massing of clouds and snow, so we speedily began to descend. After we had proceeded about half a mile, a bird flew across our path, and settled on a rock some hundred yards below our feet. From the uneven motion of the bird's flight, it was clear that it was wounded and exhausted. One of the young ladies of the company expressed her wish to have the poor thing. To reach the rock beneath us was an easy matter for one accustomed to the mountains as I was, and I quickly descended; but as I put out my hand to capture the fluttering creature, I uttered a sharp cry, for there, a few yards below my feet, I saw, half covered by the snow, the pale face which had been with me in my dreams and wakeful reveries since the festival-day. With an effort I controlled my agitation, for I remembered the party who were looking down upon me from the footpath. I signalled to them for one of them to come and help me. A young man joined me, and together we raised the frozen and bruised body: with difficulty we conveyed it to the footpath. The task I think would have been impossible, but I felt a supernatural strength within me.

We laid the young man's lifeless form upon one of the mules, and with saddened steps continued our progress.

The sun was just about setting when we reached the few cottages which formed the suburbs of Aschaffenhach. As we approached these I noticed a neatly-attired but sickly-faced old woman sitting before her door. She was watching the sunset. The sun was resting on the summits of the snowy slopes which spread before her face, and looked like a golden shield on the arm of a warrior clad in silver mail. The old woman turned her head when she heard our approaching footsteps; with the quickness of her sex she perceived the motionless form we bore, and with the curiosity of her sex she was quickly at my side, pouring forth her inquiries. They suddenly ceased, a deathlike paleness suffused itself over her countenance, she flung her arms aloft, and with a piercing shriek fell upon the dead body.

We disengaged her grasp, and carried her into the cottage, and, after her, we brought in the body of her son. Nothing could equal the kindness of the ladies of our party, and while they sought to restore the unhappy mother, the gentlemen removed the corpse to a room up-stairs. I ran into the town for a physician. After calling at house after house, I discovered a medical man and brought him to the cottage. For form's sake, he saw the body up-stairs. He judged, from my description of the place and position in which I found him, that the young man must have been overtaken by the darkness, and have missed his footing and fell. A wound on his forehead showed that he had struck against some stone in his fall, probably the rock on which the bird rested. Under the advice of the physician, and the care of the young ladies, the poor mother soon recovered her consciousness, but only to show unmistakable symptoms of a dangerous illness. The doctor judged that there was but little hope for a woman at her age. His judgment was soon verified; within twenty-four hours the poor woman had ceased to breathe. The party I had escorted left it to me to see to the burial of the mother and son, and the gentleman who appeared to have the direction of the party, pressed me to accept money to defray the expenses. This I declined; I felt that I alone must bear all the cost.

I provided a decent funeral; I followed them to the grave; I stood by till the last shovelful of earth was laid on and patted down, and then I turned away. But where should I go? I felt the curse of Cain; I was a murderer—a double murderer. Should I deliver myself up to justice? I discussed the point. Undoubtedly, a guide refusing to escort a person over the mountains was punishable, and would be held responsible for all the misfortunes which followed his refusal. I might be acquitted, as I was not a regularly-authorised guide; but my moral guilt was the same.

While musing thus with myself, I had been

unconsciously making my way through the town of Aschaffenhach, and on the road towards the Lutzenhorn. It was about midday, and the sun was brightly shining. Everything around looked joyous and innocent. It seemed to me as though all the world was happy and pure except myself.

As I pursued the path towards Lutzenhausen, with an indefinite idea of either surrendering myself as a criminal, or taking leave of my home for ever, I heard a cry as of some one lost among the hills. I stopped and listened. The cry was repeated. There could be no doubt that there was a traveller in my neighbourhood who had gone astray. I shouted in answer to the cry. My hallo was returned. I rushed on in the direction of the shout, and at length perceived the head and shoulders of a man some yards from the beaten track. I quickly discovered that he had slipped into a pit, which had been covered with a thin coating of ice, and was now suspended at the mouth of a cavern of unknown depth. I made my way down to him, flung a rope towards him, and bade him bind it round his body. He vainly endeavoured to do this with one hand. He could not use both hands without losing his support, and being precipitated into the yawning cavern. There was only one thing to be done; it was risking my own life, but it gave me exquisite pleasure to know that I was doing so. I approached him, treading softly on the creaking and slippery ice. My carefulness was not for my own safety; of that I was reckless. I leaned forward and seized him by the hands, and drew him from the hole. The ice burst and starred under the strain, but remained firm till we raised our feet in the last step and placed them on the hard pathway; then it shivered, and went roaring in huge sheets into the valley below, and revealed numberless gaping pitfalls.

The stranger was loud in his protestations of gratitude, but I paid them little heed, and only replied that if he were going on to Lutzenhausen, he had better make haste and walk with me.

We pursued our course very rapidly, and we had just gained the highest point of the mountain, when my companion broke silence, and said—

"I think I have seen you before."

I replied that I didn't think it likely, as I seldom went from my own town.

"Yes," said he, "but, if I mistake not, I have seen you in your own town. You live at Lutzenhausen, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said he, "didn't you refuse to conduct a young man over this Lutzenhorn some three weeks ago?"

I gave no answer, but I sat down on a stone just at hand. I felt giddy and sick. What business had this fellow whose life I had saved, to bring

my guilt to remembrance? Was he an officer of justice?

"What's the matter with you?" he said; "are you ill?"

"No, not ill," I said.

"You are the man I meant, are you not? I'm desperately warm with the pace we have been walking at," he continued, unrolling the muffler which half concealed his face.

As his face became revealed from under the folds of the muffler, I grew fascinated; but when his whole visage came into view, I thought I saw a ghost.

"The curse of Cain!" I screamed, "the curse of Cain! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

He tried to pacify me, and at length I understood that it was no ghost that stood before me, but the same young man whom I refused to guide over the horn on the day of the festival. He was not killed by a fall and buried in the snow, but had safely reached his mother's cottage, had

seen her peacefully expire, and was now returning home. Who the young man was whom we had found in the snow I could not tell, nor could my companion; indeed, I hardly cared to inquire; I only felt a deep, inexpressible gratitude to God for his goodness. I had suffered punishment, a well-deserved punishment, for my cruelty; but I had learnt a lesson which I have never forgotten. God grant I never may!

I remember nothing of our further journey. My companion chatted away, and I listened mechanically: my mind was reposing in grateful trust on my Maker's love.

I have little more to tell. I was soon married to my Lisette. Lutzerhausen has risen to greater importance since then. Visitors have learnt its beauties, and we have now a pretty little hotel, which is well stocked with company during the summer months. I have a share in the management of this hotel; but the chief management is in the hands of my sister's husband, whose life I risked, and whose life I saved. W. B. C.

SEEING CHRIST.



HERE is a kind of palsy of the mind, which prevents almost every man from having any real or vivid conception of what is very far off in space, or remote in time, or unlike anything he is accustomed to. The tendency of the imagination is to run in grooves, and whatever lies on one side of them is virtually outside its reach. There are names familiar to us all that are really nothing but names to us. Which of us, reading about Julius Cæsar, makes for himself any mental picture of that bald-headed man with the eagle's beak, who swooped upon the four quarters of the world? Which of us, not having seen the Alps, paints for himself any image of those awful gorges or soaring peaks, of the eternal snows that are sometimes ghastlier than the face of death, and sometimes purer in hue than the rose's bloom? Which of us, reading of the fearful tempests which swept a few months since over the Eastern and the Western Indies, realised them as vividly as he would some little storm that levelled a tree in his own garden, or stripped a few slates off his own roof?

The fact is, our imagination is asleep, and requires to be roused by something close to itself, whether that thing be great or small. Cæsar is far more real, once we have been in a ruin that he built, or have handled a medal that he struck. A letter from a near friend would make the hurricane more real to us than the best description of the ablest newspaper correspondent.

Now this same drowsiness is one of the great

dangers of the soul. Eternity and God are so far out of the beaten tracks of most men's experience, that when they hear the words, no definite ideas are put before the mind, any more than if a wind went past.

Few people deliberately defy God; few people choose to serve the devil rather than Christ; few people say plainly to themselves, "I will stake heaven or hell upon the chance of a calm and thoughtful death-bed, in which to find peace with my Maker." Representations like these are pulpit rhetoric, perfectly fair as endeavours to show men what they are virtually, though unconsciously about, yet very dangerous if they make men fancy that such open and desperate wickedness is their chief peril. The true peril is that our easy, quiet, matter-of-fact life should seem to us the only one. Drifting down the stream of years (which is so fluent, yielding, and translucent), how many thousands forget that there is underneath it a firm and solid substance, in which our anchor ought to be fastened for eternity!

Therefore, much of God's Book is taken up with efforts, not to instruct, but to startle and arouse the mind out of its torpor. The tremendous imagery of Isaiah does not give the intellect any new convictions of the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the All-wise; but it does force in the old conviction upon sluggish and dormant sensibilities. For the same reason we are continually reminded of our own personal concern in Bible truths, in the fall, in redemption, and in judgment.

And it is partly, no doubt, on this account, to

help us in bringing close to ourselves the story of Christ, that we are reminded of the truth that "every eye shall see him." Who does not know that? Yet who does not acknowledge, by a slight mental start, perhaps by a mental shiver, that it is well to have the knowledge driven home?

Jesus Christ has not passed off the stage of this world for ever. The day is coming when human eyes, in the flesh, shall see the pierced hands and feet, and the visage that was marred so sadly. No stone so ponderous, no grave so deep, as to prevent us from looking up at that great revelation. Of course, it will be night in some places, and men will be sleeping as they slept last night, all unconscious of the thief below. In others it will be broad daylight, and men will be going about their tasks or their amusements—cheating or helping, blessing or cursing one another, exactly as men have done to-day. Dawn and twilight will be calling some to their tasks, and sending others to repose—when all shall hear at once the voice of the archangel and the trump of God! "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

Think what it will be like to stand, each in turn, full in front of that gracious Friend, or of that frowning Judge, and hear the sentence that has no limit nor any appeal!

There are hard and grinding men, who have no better idea of this world than that it is a place for making money; men in whom all that is godlike and pure has so utterly dried up, that if they met Jesus in the streets without his crown they would certainly see no reason to look at him again—"no beauty that they should desire him;" men who are possibly not dishonest, but honest only because honesty, upon the whole, *pays*—because it is "the best policy;" men who never put a guinea on a collecting-plate, but only in subscription lists, which get printed—and who like an Established Church simply because its endowments save them a good deal of money; men who count their workmen, not as so many souls, but so many hands, and grind them down to the lowest penny at which skill and industry will stay with them; men to whom the glory of art and the beauty of nature appeal as vainly as the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord.

They shall have to look into the pure, intolerable eyes of Him who thought life more than meat, the body more than raiment; who held a mountain lily to be a grander sight than the costly robes of Solomon, and a sparrow sinking to the ground not unworthy of the eyes of God. How shall degraded, grasping selfishness, in which soul and spirit have become the dull drudges of a broad grasping hand and cunning plotting brain, submit to the gaze of Him who, having given all else, at last gave

himself to die, who lived on earth only to dispense blessing, and now liveth to intercede for sinners!

What is thought good policy now, will change its aspect then. In that same hour will all their thoughts perish. Yet such eyes shall have to see Him. So shall they also that pierced Him; and they that crucify Him afresh in the person of his weakest child. The scoffer and the persecutor, after asking where is the promise of his coming, shall be woefully well able to answer themselves; and having staked all upon one deadly cast, shall see too plainly that Christ was a reality, and they have lost the game. His gentleness was a matter of pity and of scorn once, but there will be no such emotion then. Men who never cried for mercy, will then cry to anything rather than to him—to the rocks and the hills, rather than that meek and lowly One, who stretched out his hands so long in vain to their stiffnecked rebellion.

It is an awful thought, that licentious and profligate men shall see Christ. I know nothing so hateful and repulsive—no, not in disease—as the change that sin of this kind works upon faces that were once fair. Degraded, bloated, animal, the show of their faces doth testify against them; and we cannot doubt that this change is but a sickly and faint reflection of that sadder, darker, more hateful change, that bedims the spirit like an eclipse, that tarnishes it like rust, that eats it away like leprosy. And this appalling change is open to the gaze of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold them, in whose ear their very prayers are an abomination.

Ah! what sadder sight is anywhere than the sight of a young man, who ought to be full of gracious and generous impulses—of the wild freshness of morning, of the dew of youth, going steadily and surely down in the scale of being, becoming selfish, hateful, demoralised, cynical before his time? It is enough to make one shudder, and I think the malignity of Satan has wrought no other change so vile.

And these poor creatures will have to look at Christ! at "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Of course, they shall not see him in any deep or worthy sense; for all they who (purged by grace from mortal defilement) can bear to see him as he is, shall by that very vision be made like him. Only the pure in heart can see God, or look upon "the King in his beauty." Yet their eyes shall see him, frowning and terrible; and it is not from devils or hell, but from the crowning horror of the anger that rests upon the face of him that sits upon the throne, that Nature, in her dying agonies will be invoked to save them—the wrath of the Lamb!

The idle and the frivolous shall see Him. They who tell you that, if they do no good, they do no harm; they who insist upon it that they have no

influence, and never ask why have they none; these shall not have then to do with people only a step above themselves in earnestness; their Judge will be one who marvelled that his parents suspected him, at twelve years old, of other occupation than the Father's business,—who held it better than meat and drink to finish that work; and who gave the world fair notice that he would not hear of any man hiding one single talent in a napkin.

The self-deceived will be brought into contact with a test that allows no more deception. Some there are who think they never saw Christ in want of anything—meat, or drink, or clothes, or solace. When they see him, they shall perceive a close resemblance, a brotherly likeness, to some poor wretch whom they neglected, in hunger, thirst, nakedness, or shame and solitude. Christ is, in very deed, passed by, at least as often as he is rejected; and wounded by inhumanity and want of sympathy as deeply as by ungodliness and want of faith. But how bitter a thing to look into his face expecting welcome, and receive only repulse, and the words of denial, "Ye did it not to me!"

So will it be with others who went further still, and did exactly what these left undone. Men may not only serve the body but the soul of their brother, and yet neglect their own. Some have worked miracles in Christ's name, and cast out devils, and he has eaten and drunk in their streets, to whose confident and familiar address he will return a chilling denial before the Father and the angels.

Leaders in family prayer, friends of the mission and the ragged-school, teachers in Sunday-schools and visitors of districts—is it of you that such a warning has been spoken? It will be a terrible thing to see Christ upon the throne, to all who have not seen and loved him on the cross or before the mercy seat.

There are drooping and discouraged souls whom the Lord loveth, that will be almost as much surprised that day. Many a one has real trust in Christ, and yet goes under a cloud lest he is not trusting him enough. Bunyan's picture of Mr. Ready-to-halt, or poor Little-faith, getting on

toward heaven, but robbed of his money by Mis-trust, and forced to beg his tearful way, might have been drawn to-day as well as in the time of the Puritans. Many people will not believe that they are going to heaven until they see their Master, and understand how sadly we all under-rate his love, and grace, and charity.

Loving souls, the very intensity of whose affection makes them feel how far their love is beneath His deserving, their labour unworthy of his acceptance,—physically nervous and despondent souls, in whom the morbid body has power to becloud the spirit, as the vapours of the earth obscure the shining of the sun—they have a glad surprise before them, when his face beams an eternal welcome to his most timid children, and his pierced hand wipes away for ever the furrow of tears that were too frequent and too hot.

The persecuted and down-trodden, who in the battle of life staggered under the fury of Satan's buffeting, whose path was over thorns and briars—they shall see Him for whom they longed and watched, and the peace of God, which guarded (kept) their hearts and minds, shall spread over the whole worn nature and exhausted frame, and they shall sing, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

All His people shall see Him that day, and feel that if there were no other heaven, that beatific vision would be enough for their eternity—all their salvation and all their desire.

We shall see Him. If it be in anguish, the bitterness of that sorrow will turn all our past joys to gall and wormwood, and poison the very fountains of a life which will yet remain with us for ever, but over which sun and stars shall for ever have gone down. If it be in joy, all troubles will be forgotten in that rapture; and all tears we ever shed, all prayers that ascended up with groaning, all losses that rent the fibres of the heart, will but swell the flood of that great tide of happiness, sparkling and free, and fathomless, that comes up and up in the hearts of the redeemed for evermore.

MISSING LETTERS.

IN THE POCKET.—THE ADMIRAL'S LETTER.—THE LOOKING-GLASS.—THE WILL.



WHAT gentleman or lady, living at ease, or with "nothing else to do," will write a history of missing letters? Fun, rage, comedy, tragedy, and even farce would, in turns, be exhibited as the results of wrong deliveries or non-deliveries. Even that awful and mysterious being—the philosopher—would receive some fresh illustrations of

the strange tricks played by memory and imagination in "the department of letters." With what a serene and ineffable satisfaction would "the gentlemen of the Post-office" peruse such a record of the blunders committed by that suspicious and loud-tongued Leviathan—the public! We deeply grieve over our present inability to undertake so impressive a history, but hope that the four cases

hereafter described may stimulate others to enter upon the work.

Are any of our readers philosophers? There can be but one answer to such an inquiry, and we, therefore, ask them to ponder the following question:—Have they ever had a most vivid impression that something has been done *by themselves*, only a few hours before, which it afterwards turns out *has not been done at all*? Such readers, recollecting their amazement on discovering the delusion, will be specially prepared to consider the first and second of the following cases. Others may have their interest deepened by reflecting that similar mistakes may be made by themselves.

Our first instance may be entitled

IN THE POCKET.

Mr. O., the postmaster of a town in the North of England, was informed by a gentleman, Mr. F., that a most important letter, recently posted by himself, had not been delivered. The postmaster, of course, held the ancient creed of all genuine officials, that the public is always in the wrong. With this time-honoured belief influencing his views, he began to note down the complainant's answers to various questions. Mr. O. soon began, in spite of his prejudices, to suspect that, this time at least, the office had really been caught tripping. The gentleman before him was clerk to a large firm in the town, a business man, and a strict observer of all commercial rules. When had the letter been posted? The date was given with exactness, as, indeed, it well might be, only two days having passed since Mr. F. had posted it himself.

It now remained for the Post-office to trace out the irregular course which the document appeared to have taken. One question more was put: "How did Mr. F. know the letter had not been received?"

That was soon answered by the business-like clerk. He had received information that very morning from the person to whom the missing letter had been addressed. Like a steady matter-of-fact man, he had brought his friend's note with him; "You shall see it," said the clear-headed Mr. F., and instantly pulled the epistle from his pocket.

What in the name of common sense is this? In bringing out his correspondent's communication, Mr. F. had actually drawn, from the same pocket, the very letter respecting which he had made such anxious inquiries, and which he had solemnly declared had been posted by himself two evenings before! There was the provoking letter in the hand of the astonished clerk, properly directed and stamped, but unposted.

The postmaster looked with the calmness of pity on another instance of human weakness. But how looked our clerk? What unuttered

speculations of impish agency at work perplexed his heart? We do not feel justified in dragging forth to public gaze the private thoughts or confidential communications of Mr. F. It was a day of triumph at the Post-office. The story ran through all the departments, and duly appeared in a report of the Postmaster-General. The public was doubtless expected to form for itself the following practical rule: "Before complaining about a missing letter, feel in your pockets."

THE ADMIRAL'S LETTER.

"Very odd, and very shameful; the world's becoming a pack of thieves!" muttered a gallant old admiral, as he entered the post-office in high dudgeon. He angrily inquired about the non-delivery of a letter containing a money-order. *He had posted the letter himself*; that "I can swear," was the emphatic declaration; and he boldly added, "I will swear it, if needs be, before five hundred magistrates!"

The offer was large and liberal, but the Post-office, not seeing what additional validity the presence of the "five hundred" would confer, did not procure the attendance of these respectable gentlemen.

It was soon ascertained that the money-order had not been cashed; the thief had not, therefore, increased his fortune by the crime. The admiral insisted that the letter had been stolen by the Post-office servants; though his grumbling at length softened down into, "It's too bad, too bad altogether."

Neither letter nor money-order could be traced; but as payment of the original order had been stopped, a duplicate was granted, and the admiral's wrath slowly sunk into a fitful kind of slumber. It was, however, pretty clear that he looked suspiciously at every postman who passed, as if saying, "One of those very fellows may have grinned over the contents of an admiral's letter." No punishment less than the nine-tailed cat would suffice for such a crime. Such was the state of the old gentleman's feelings as he folded up the fresh order, and opened his purse to place the document safely among his bank-notes.

It is very difficult, indeed, for degenerate mortals of the nineteenth century to imagine the feelings of that fascinating lady, Miss Pandora, when she discovered the contents of her wonderful casket; perhaps it is not easier to depict the looks of the admiral when he opened his purse. There, snugly lying in loving proximity to a bank-note, was the very order about which he had raised such a storm. He would have deposed on oath "before five hundred" that he had done three things—written the letter, enclosed the order, and posted both. Yet the whole was a delusion! He had not even *written the letter*, to the posting of which he had so vehemently deposed.

When the admiral had recovered from his amazement, he hastened to the post-office. The gentleman in attendance expected another torrent of, "It's too bad, too bad altogether," but received, instead, a shower of apologies, ending with, "It is the most extraordinary thing, sir, that ever happened in my life." The whole story was then told to the astonished official.

Philosophers, physicians, and barristers may well ponder over so singular a case of mental delusion, happening to a sane man, and to a public officer, who had filled difficult and responsible stations. Both the above cases show the mischief which may sometimes arise from relying solely on the testimony of one witness, however honest.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Our third and fourth cases illustrate no mental irregularities, but are simply examples of the annoying results of what are called "accidents." In truth, these "accidents" have much to answer for; at one time filling pages of history with mourning and woe; at another, perplexing a family, and turning a house topsy-turvy.

An excited lady called at the post-office in the town of P., and informed the postmaster, in the curtest and sharpest words, that she had posted a letter containing a Bank of England note at his office, directed to a person residing at No. —, in R. Street, Clerkenwell, London, and that the said letter had never been delivered. The lady's anger had risen with every sentence, until, at the close, it had reached the point marked on the emotional thermometer as "fever-heat, feminine." In fact, she boldly charged the officials with "robbery." The postmaster's calmness only irritated her the more, and his proper inquiry, "What was the value of the note?" was met by ironical laughter, and by the spiteful remark, that he could not possibly need such information. Had Job been the postmaster at P. on that day, it may well be gravely doubted whether even his patriarchal mind could have quietly borne such an imputation. The P. postmaster stood the tempest with reasonable coolness, and even heroically ventured to reason with the indignant dame, but to little purpose; she had made up her mind to the uncomfortable conclusion, that "all were robbers."

The Post-office put into action all its means of detection, but with no results; letter and bank-note were untraceable. Nearly nine months passed, and the irritating incident was taking its place among forgotten things, when the whole affair was revived.

Readers will oblige us by entering the house in R. Street, Clerkenwell, to which the unlucky letter had been directed. We see at a glance what is going on: a work abhorred by men—whether bachelors or husbands—but the highest delight

of many women. A general "clean out" is in full operation, and the scrubbing-brush and broom everywhere triumphant. One wall over the fireplace cannot be properly cleaned, unless a large looking-glass is removed. There was, as Mrs. Picket, the charwoman, remarked, "a nice lot o' dust" behind the glass, of course; but there was something more exciting. When the mirror was removed, a letter, grimy with dust and cobwebs, fell upon the mantelpiece. Being taken up by the mistress of the house, she at once recognised it as the letter which ought to have been received by her nine months before. It was instantly opened, and there, sure enough, was the bank-note carefully folded up inside the letter.

The cleaning was suspended, children, servants, charwoman, and "missus" formed a grand deliberative council on the discovery. Mrs. Picket's emotions were summed up in the exclamation, "Lor, now! who'd a-thought o' that bank-note a-bein' there, an' I'd been in this very spot so often?" The general feeling was expressed in the question, "How could it have come there?" No answer was given to this; but "missus" suddenly turned to Betty the housemaid, exclaiming, "Why, Betty, this letter must have come here when my aunt, Mrs. Morrison, was staying in the house, and we were all at Margate—all but you; don't you recollect anything about it?"

Betty was, to use her own striking epithet, "flabbergasted" at this query; but she was equal to the emergency, and began to "turn over the thing in her mind." The result of her turning over may be seen in her remark:

"Well, ma'am, it's very odd, but I does recollect now a letter was stuck just there by Mrs. Morrison"—(Betty illustrated the point by putting her dusty finger on the wall)—"just there, ma'am; but I thought it was Mrs. Morrison's, and when I heard you, ma'am, a-making sich a stir about a letter, I didn't dream—lor! how should I?—that it could be that letter. You may depend on it, ma'am, that it slipped down atween the wall and the glass, and there it must ha' been ever since that rumpus with the Post-office. Well, who'd a thought of sich a thing?"

Betty was right in her guess, as was soon ascertained from Mrs. Morrison, who had stuck the letter over the mantel, between the looking-glass and the wall, where she naturally supposed it must be seen by the niece on her return.

The sender of the bank-note being immediately informed of the strange discovery, wrote a full account to the post-office at P., with many apologies for the charges so angrily made.

Thus was the mystery cleared up, after nine months; but it is plain that as many years might have elapsed without a discovery, had the looking-glass remained unmoved.



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"But I must worship from afar
The marble brow, the blushing cheek."—p. 506.

THE WILL.

"Are you really sure, Roberts, that you posted that will?" was the question put by Mr. David Elton, the head-partner in a solicitors' firm, to his clerk.

"As sure as I'm alive, sir; I remember reading the address to the Probate-office at E. just before posting the packet," was the answer.

"It's really most mysterious," said Mr. Elton; "the people at the Probate-office are ready to swear they never received it; the Post-office can discover no trace of it. It's terribly annoying, for there's no copy of the will. What are we to do?"

Every imaginable step was taken to recover the document, but in vain. The Post-office was as perplexed as the solicitor. An experienced official was employed to investigate the matter; but not the least clue could be obtained. It was, as one remarked, "an aggravating affair." The legatees were enraged, the executors paralysed, the attorneys perplexed, and the Post-office confounded. While the exasperation was at its height, the attorneys boldly declared the Post-office agents must have stolen the will, and the Post-office replied by expressing their firm belief that the clerk had never posted the packet.

At the end of five months the will came to the light, in a manner which made every one concerned in the matter look rather foolish, as a child *might* have suggested the solution. A house in F. Street had for above five months bore the announcement, "To Let." Every day the mansion seemed as if imploring all respectable passers-by to take pity upon its desolate condition. At length a tenant was found, and the house seemed to grow young again under renovating processes; cupboards were flung open, rooms swept, and a frightful panic produced among the patriarchal spiders which had evidently regarded the place as their fee-simple. A large letter-box, fixed in the front door was opened, and a long envelope

carefully fastened became visible. The workman rubbed off a thick layer of black dust, and then read the direction to the Probate-office of the town. When carried there, it was found to contain the long-lost will. The question, "How did it get into that letter-box?" was soon answered.

It appeared that the house in F. Street had been formerly used by the Probate-office, which, however, had been removed to another street, about a week before Mr. Elton's clerk posted the will. This removal was perfectly well known to the ordinary postman of the district; but he was off duty on the morning for the delivery of the packet. The supernumerary employed in his stead, being ignorant of the change, and the old letter-box having been left open, the unsuspecting postman dropped the will into the box. When the hue and cry was raised, the man declared that he duly posted the letter at the Probate-office. It is, however, very singular that the probability of such a mistake should never have occurred to the people at the Probate-office, or to the Post-office authorities, who must have been aware of the employment of a supernumerary on the morning specified.

"All's well that ends well," and each of the above cases was ultimately explained without serious damage to any party. But many similar incidents must have happened without ever receiving a solution. In each of the above four cases, the explanation seems simple enough. The first two are the most perplexing, disclosing some strange disturbance of the memory; but the latter two represent a numerous class of "accidents," and are more connected with our every-day life. All, however, force one conclusion upon us—that on each side of life's routine pathway lie a thousand hidden pitfalls and concealed traps. We may name them "lapses," and call them "accidents," but there they lie in grim shadow nevertheless.

FROM AFAR.



WERT thou but the moon that gilds

My lowly cot on summer eves,

And I the happy stream that sings

Beneath the forest leaves:

O joy, to gaze upon thy face—

Thy face that all my thoughts beguile;

O bliss, to hold within my heart

The beauty of thy smile.

Or were I but the lightsome breeze

That wantons through the groves of May,

And thou the rose beside my door

That scents the op'ning day:

O happy lot, to pause and woo,

To breathe love's music in thine ear;

O dream, to kiss from beaming eyes

The bright and hallowed tear.

Ah! Mary, could I rise to thee,

Or were a lowlier station thine,

The simple flower within the glade,

I might have called thee mine;—

I might have clasped thee to my breast,

Hung raptured on thy faintest breath;

I might have known the thrill divine

That only dies with death.

But I must worship from afar

The marble brow, the blushing cheek—

Must hide beneath the light of smiles

The love I may not speak.

Yet, Mary, in the years to come

Perchance 'twill soothe my dark despair,

Amid the ruins love hath made,

To find thine image there.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASTER AND THE MEN.



MR. MAPLESON—or rather Josiah Mapleson, Esq., as all his letters were directed—was the owner of a silk-mill near to the town of Newbury. The mill had been a profitable concern, and was so still, in spite of the times being rather unsettled. Mr. Mapleson had made a good fortune out of it, and was thinking of retiring. But though he had thought about it a long time, he had not taken a single step in that direction. People said he was wedded to the business, and so perhaps he was. At all events, he was wedded to nothing else. He lived a solitary life down at the least fashionable end of Newbury, and had neither wife nor child to solace his declining years. He was a hard man, though strictly a just one; and he was a hard master, his men said, and the bond between the employer and employed was not altogether of the friendly nature it should be. The morning after Harold Blake's arrival in Newbury, Mr. Mapleson was in his office in Tower Street. He was sitting at his desk, to which he had just given a hard rap, as he uttered the words—

"I have more than half a mind to send you both to prison!"

The speech was hurled defiantly at two men who stood opposite the desk. They were working men, and not very easy ones to deal with, it should seem.

"And what might that be for, sir?" asked the elder of the men. He had a long, thin face, with a pair of hungry, rather wolfish-looking eyes. He held his cap, between his hands, with a kind of clutch that tightened as Mr. Mapleson spoke.

"What for!—for insubordination, Richard Fanan; and for cheating your master out of his time."

The thin man laughed a hollow laugh.

"Them must be precious sharp as would cheat you out of anything, Mr. Mapleson," said he.

"So they must; and I mean they should," replied Mr. Mapleson, shortly.

He was a wiry man, with a keen eye like a hawk. Nothing ever went by him, as his men used to say, "He'd stop to pick up a pin!"

"Now then," said Mr. Mapleson, "I have no time to waste in arguing the matter. I threatened what I'd do, and I'll do it. When I engaged you, it was by the day, and I'll pay by the day. If you choose to go off drinking from Monday till Wednesday, you can't expect me to pay for *that*."

"We wasn't drinking, sir; we're teetotals."

"Do you expect me to believe you, Richard Fanan?"

"You can do as you please about that, sir. It don't alter the fact," said Richard, sullenly.

"At any rate, I won't employ either of you any

longer; and I won't pay for work you have not done. Here's the money due to you."

"I won't take it, sir, unless you pay the week," said Richard.

"Nor I," said the other man. "What Richard says, I'll stick by."

"Very well. There the money lies, and will lie, for five minutes; after that, it goes into my cash-box, and not a glint of it will either of you see again."

"I don't care, sir; if you choose to cheat us poor men out of our wages, you must," said Richard who seemed to be spokesman. "And if you turn us adrift, in the dead winter, when we've wives and children to keep, I suppose you must. But mark my words, sir—there's a day of reckoning coming, and happen, sooner than you expect!"

"Days of reckoning are of little consequence to me, my man. My accounts are clear enough. I wish yours might be the same."

"Thank ye, sir," said Fanan.

"And now the five minutes have gone. Will you take the money, or not?"

"We will not, sir." Both men spoke at once this time.

Mr. Mapleson took up the little heap of gold and silver, and swept it into his desk. Then he said—

"As there is nothing further to say, or to do, I wish you good morning."

"Good day to you, sir; and may you never repent this morning's work," said Fanan: "it runs strangely in my head that you will."

Mr. Mapleson laughed. It was a cutting, derisive laugh, and with it ringing in their ears, the men went out of the office.

"Precious rascals, both of them, and a good ridance," said Mr. Mapleson to himself. "That fellow Fanan will get into prison some day, if he does not mind. Well, what is the matter now?" This was to a young subordinate who opened the door.

"Nothing is the matter, sir; only a gentleman wishes to see you."

Mr. Mapleson took the card offered to him, and read it—"Mr. Harold Blake. Ah, I knew his father well—an old friend of mine. Show the gentleman in, Wilson."

A minute after, in walked Harold. Mr. Mapleson rose, and shook hands with great cordiality.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Blake—an unexpected pleasure."

Harold returned the shake of the hand heartily.

"I believe I am speaking to an old friend of my father?" said he.

"Yes, you are: we were at school together. Bless you! I knew him as intimately as if he had been my brother. I lost sight of him, in after life, and——"

Mr. Mapleson glanced dubiously at Harold's mourning apparel.

Harold was silent a moment; so was Mr. Mapleson. "My father is dead," said Harold, at length, in a firm voice.

"Dear me! I am sorry to hear it, on my word I am," said Mr. Mapleson, in a tone of real feeling.

Both were again silent.

"And your mother?" asked Mr. Mapleson, fearfully.

"She is dead, too."

It was hard work to keep firm this time, and Harold's face showed it.

"I am sure I am very sorry," repeated Mr. Mapleson. "Poor fellow, are you quite alone then?"

"No, I have Charley."

"Charley! who is he?"

My poor crippled brother; he had a hurt when he was a child, and he has never been able to walk."

"Dear me! and you two are alone in the world. Well, it is very sad! Are you come here on a visit?"

"No; I am come in search of employment."

"Employment! why, are you serious?" and Mr. Mapleson's face expressed the utmost astonishment.

"Yes, employment; that Charley and I may live."

"But, my dear fellow, what has become of your patrimony? Surely your father, who was a flourishing merchant when I heard of him last—surely he left you enough to prevent that necessity?"

Harold was silent. A few vivid memories rose up before him that moment—a home full of luxury and extravagance, a wasteful, pretentious establishment, such as could not be kept up, without a fortune to back it; Harold remembered this, and was silent.

"Well, well," said Mr. Mapleson, good-naturedly, "of course, reverses are incident to the lot of the best of us. I am afraid your father found it so, and I am sorry. But was there nothing left?"

Harold shook his head. He had not told Mr. Mapleson that a fortune did come to him, but that he forebore to touch it. With it he had satisfied every one of his father's creditors—yea, every single one!

"Ah, it is a sad case, at your age too, when young men like naturally to enjoy themselves. And what are you intending to do?"

"To work!"

No pen can give the least idea of the word, as it issued from the lips of Harold Blake.

Mr. Mapleson had risen, and was standing with his hands in his pockets, keenly surveying Harold. He liked both his looks and his sentiments amazingly.

"And now, Mr. Blake, just tell me what made you come to me?"

"Because you were my father's friend, and because I hoped you would employ me," replied Harold.

"You are quite in earnest then?"

"I should think I am!"

Harold had a quick, impetuous way of speaking. Besides, poor Charley's face seemed to rise up, that minute, before him.

Mr. Mapleson had not seen Charley; but an idea had occurred to him. Harold was a comparative stranger to him; but Mr. Mapleson was a shrewd

judge of character, and he did not think it likely he could be deceived in that clear, open face, and frank manner. And he had known Harold's father, when they two were just at Harold's age. He wanted a man, as he said to himself, about the grounds, a man young, vigorous, energetic, and not afraid to work. It was scarce a position for a gentleman; but still it was worth mentioning.

"I am glad you did come to me, Mr. Blake. I am in want of an overseer, to pay the men and look after them sharply. I want some one who will do his duty by me, and not stir up insubordination."

"Insubordination!" said Harold, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; the men have had their minds poisoned by a fellow, whom I have turned off this very morning. They are in a rather unsettled state, and it may be ugly work dealing with them some of these days. Are you firm, Harold Blake?"

"I think so," replied Harold, smiling.

"You look firm; there is a line about your mouth that I like the curve of. Are you practical?"

"I hope so," replied Harold, smiling again.

"And not afraid of work?"

"No!"

The *no* came out with a volume of sound that delighted Mr. Mapleson.

"Very well, you shall come and try; I am without an overseer at all, now. By-the-way, Harold Blake, you ought to get into a profession; if you are only the overseer in a silk-mill, the élite of Newbury will take no notice of you."

Harold laughed. "I shall not trouble about that," he said.

"But really, a profession would be the right thing. Don't you think so?"

"Mr. Mapleson," said Harold, calmly, "I will do what Providence puts into my hands first of all, and let alone the profession."

"That's right. Why, you seem to me to be right all ways, Harold Blake!"

Harold smiled. Then he began to ask a few questions about the opening just made for him. It was rather an arduous employment, and certainly not what he had been used to. He would have to be on the premises early and late, and the remuneration was not very liberal. But Harold could not afford to be fastidious, or to waste time. Besides, this engagement, if faithfully executed, might lead to another. At all events, he would do his best.

"And be sure you hold hard, Harold Blake!" said Mr. Mapleson; "be sure you hold hard!"

For the rest, Harold's new friend was very kind to him, and even invited him to dinner; but this Harold declined. Indeed, all along he was puzzled to know how he could leave Charley the whole (or nearly so) of the day. It seemed very sad, the straits they had come into, these two orphans, alone in the world.

"Except that every man may make his own fortune, or else mend it," thought Harold, as he strode home; "and that's what, with God's help, I mean to do!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SYLVESTERS AT HOME.

THE Sylvesters dined at eight o'clock precisely. There were but three of them, to sit down in the vast dining-room that would have accommodated fifty with ease, and had done, in the days that were past. All round the room hung family portraits, looking grim and ghostly, in their ancient lustreless frames. The threadbare curtains were closely drawn, and the chandelier lighted over head. Nothing was cheerful in the gloomy room, save the gas.

The cloth was laid, and there was a fraction of the old family plate, with the crest of the Sylvesters engraved upon it, making a show as usual. And there was the butler, with the snowy napkin on his arm, waiting for the family to come to table. They came almost directly; the door was thrown open by another attendant, and in they walked. Lady Sylvester leaned on Raymond's arm, and Alice walked beside. The three were wonderfully alike—the mother and her children.

Dinner passed over slowly and pompously. Conversation was kept up on indifferent topics; but there was something laboured about it. When it was ended, and the proper time had come, the ladies rose and retired, leaving Raymond ostensibly at his wine.

He had drunk several glasses, though he was an abstemious man. There seemed a feverish restlessness about him. He had been preoccupied, and almost inattentive. The relief seemed unbounded when he found himself alone.

He pushed the wine from him with an impatient gesture. He stretched his arms on the table, and leaned his head upon them. He uttered a stifled groan. In the silence it seemed to be echoed back from every corner; from the ghostly pictures on the walls, from the drear nothingness around him!

For he was thinking of Josephine! He had never ceased to think of her since they parted. Josephine! his heart clung to her! his very life seemed bound up with hers! He could not bear this agony: it would sap his very being!

He would go back to her. And he rose, his face illumined with hope. He would tell her how he suffered! He would bind up the broken threads. He would gather her to his heart again. He would go forth and toil for her. He would fling aside his pride, his prejudice. He would be a new man, and live another life. All for Josephine!

But there were the Sylvesters; grim and ghostly they glare at him from the walls. Who is to support the fabric, if he lets it slip? On him all things depend! A portionless bride! The wind, as it moans round the old house, seems to repeat the words in a mocking cadence—A portionless bride! Poverty on the heels of poverty!

No; it cannot be. The sacrifice has been required of him, and he has made it; he will not go back, or flinch, though he die for it: it is the way with the Sylvesters. Raymond had been a hero had his cause been just.

He sat down again, haggard, white, and trembling. Josephine lies on her bed of unconsciousness. When she wakes to reason and reality, her suffering will not be like this.

He has not told his mother, or his sister either; but it is time he did. The Sylvesters have no secrets from each other. They are bound with a threefold cord. Their mutual love, and the clanship which subsists between them, is the best feature in their character.

He means to tell his mother, this very night. He cannot bear his grief alone. It is for their sakes—he means to say. And he will show no weakness, or irresolution. These are attributes that do not belong to his race.

With this resolve he rises. He has had enough of solitude, and the bitter wrestling with his own thoughts. He tosses off another glass of wine, and steps briskly out.

The drawing-room is smaller, and far less dreary than the apartment he has left. By the fire sits his august mother, in her robe of crape, and lace ruffler. Alice is on a low stool at her mother's feet. Her mother's hand rests lovingly on her head.

Mother and daughter are rejoicing in their reunion.

When Raymond entered, Alice looked up at him. Her face was full of calm happiness. She was at home again. She had by her the two beings dearest to her on earth: and she did not seem to care for aught else.

Raymond stood by the fire looking at her, or rather at them.

"It is for their sakes," he thought; "for theirs only!"

He did not introduce the subject at once. Indeed, at one time he thought he should never introduce it at all. It is astonishing how hard he found it to mention the once dear and familiar name of Josephine!

The first few days of Alice's return were intended to be exceptional ones. She had been staying abroad with a relative—at a home where the grinding cares, that harassed the Sylvesters, were unknown. And just in the flush of happiness, at reunion with her mother and her brother, it was thought the skeleton in the house might be forgotten. But it was scarce possible to be unconscious long of its existence.

"Tell me everything, dear mother," Alice had been saying. "You and Raymond look sadly careworn and anxious. Do not keep any secret back from me, mother."

"There is nothing new to tell, Alice. It is the old, old story," replied Lady Sylvester, with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"But, mother, I am come back so full of energy and of resource! I do not mean tamely to sit down, and suffer in miserable ease."

Her face flushed as she said it, and the resolute will of the Sylvesters rose dominant in every feature.

"Silly child! what can you do?"

"Mother, I can work!"

Lady Sylvester laughed. The words sounded chimerical as the philosopher's stone.

"Raymond will marry soon, mother; and then we two will not live in this splendid poverty. We will give it up—and be honest and independent."

"Alice, you talk very wildly." It was Raymond who spoke. "And you never were a true Sylvester, or you would not hint at giving up your birthright."

"My birthright! Ah, Raymond, God never gives us such a one as this is!" said Alice, mournfully.

"Mother," continued Raymond, "and Alice too, I have something to tell you. You may have guessed it. It relates to these ruined fortunes of ours. I had better name it, and then let the subject rest in silence."

His voice died sadly away. It had a sharp, bitter tone in it. He was standing opposite his mother; but he turned his face from her as he spoke.

"What is it, Raymond?" said Lady Sylvester, anxiously.

Her whole heart was bound up in her children.

"Mother, you have heard of—of Josephine?"

Here his voice softened into tenderness.

Lady Sylvester paused a moment. When she spoke, it was to say coldly, and without sympathy, "I have heard that she is left portionless; that her aunt's will was an unjust one. Do you mean this, Raymond?"

"I do, mother."

"Have you seen her since?" It was Alice who spoke, warmly and impulsively.

There was a working of the proud, handsome features; then he said, "Yes, I have."

"Oh, that is right; I am glad you have seen her!" and she came and put her arm in that of her brother: it was a gesture that expressed sympathy. "I am glad you have seen her," repeated she.

Raymond was looking at his mother, not at Alice. Lady Sylvester had not spoken. She was sitting in her most erect and dignified attitude.

No love had ever been lost between Lady Sylvester and Josephine Graham.

"She is not thorough-bred. The Grahams are a mixed kind of race," had said Lady Sylvester.

"Shall I ever persuade that proud, cold woman into loving me?" had mused Josephine.

So, when Lady Sylvester heard that Josephine was portionless, she held her peace.

It was a chilling, blank silence, telling more than words would have done.

Alice's face was full of sympathy and interest. But, then, Alice was in many respects, as her brother said, no true Sylvester; and Alice had always loved Josephine.

She was planning how, on the morrow, she would go to her, and throw her arms round her, and say, "Never mind, Josephine—my sister Josephine, you are coming to us!"

She wondered Raymond did not speak. She was oppressed by the cold, blank silence that had set in. She did not like the two rigid faces that were on either side of her. Still, it had never occurred to her

that Josephine would be sacrificed. There was "honour bright," she thought, amongst her kith and kin, even in their ruin.

Lady Sylvester was the first to break the silence.

"It is sad news, Raymond—this that we have heard," said she, in a cold, measured tone.

"For Josephine, mother?" interrupted Alice, eagerly, and as if thrusting some idea from her. "Very sad for Josephine."

"You must excuse a mother's partiality, Alice," said Lady Sylvester, still coldly: "I was thinking of Raymond."

Alice turned to her brother. Some word, she thought, should have sped from his lips hurriedly, and with eagerness. That word should have been like a bulwark to defend Josephine. But it came not.

Then she withdrew her arm, and went a few paces from him. It was a gesture as significant as the other. It said plainly as words could speak, "You are not what I thought you were, Raymond!"

Lady Sylvester spoke again. "We live in disastrous times, my children. Our house has fallen to decay. We can scarce guess what our future will be. They who are falling want a prop, Raymond. A portionless bride is no happy prospect for a Sylvester."

Raymond was silent. An eager look from Alice—a look of passionate entreaty; but it fell to the ground, Raymond saw it not.

"You have pledged your word, my son, to this—this marriage," continued Lady Sylvester; "and you cannot draw back—no, you cannot."

She added the words with an evident reluctance. Alice would have burst out vehemently; but she was checked by her brother. Raymond was about to reply.

"Mother, of two evils, I have tried to choose the least. My love for Josephine"—here his voice trembled—"has not blinded me to the fact of my true position"—here his voice became calm, collected, and strong. "If I marry under these altered circumstances, I see but one alternative. You will be deprived of the support which, as a son of this ruined house, I should be able to afford you. You would, in fact, be lost to me, and I to you. Our interests would be divided, and not one single advantage would result to you from the step I had taken. Mother, I have thought of these things, again and again." He paused, and pressed his hand to his forehead.

Alice was at his side again. She thought, now, it was a passing cloud—the result of their sad and harassing position. She could have staked her life on his fidelity to Josephine.

"Well, Raymond?" said his mother, anxiously. His mother's thoughts were running in quite another groove.

"Mother," and he gave a slight shudder, "I have done it for your sake, and for the sake of Alice. I have given up Josephine!"

He brought out the words slowly and deliberately. His voice had a grating sound. Alice withdrew again, and stood some paces from him. Her face

was pale and stern. Her heart had given one bound, and then seemed to die within her.

"What! given up Josephine?"

She did not pity him now. No, let him suffer what he might. He sat down, and hid his face in his hands. He was fairly overcome, and trembled from head to foot. She had never seen him so before, and perhaps, never would again. But indignation had driven out every feeling of compassion.

Lady Sylvester rose, and crossed over to where Raymond sat. She stooped down and kissed him. She was his mother, and would take him to her arms, let him have done what he might. In this case, it seemed as if he had but returned to his allegiance.

"Mother, do not kiss him! He is a traitor!"

She said it in a tone so sharp and shrill, that they both started. It was scarcely like the sweet, musical voice of Alice Sylvester.

"He should but have loved her all the more: he should have brought her to us; we would have cherished her. Union would have been strength."

Lady Sylvester threw a glance of displeasure at her daughter.

"We do not want those who need cherishing, Alice. Heaven knows there is little enough for ourselves! Look round on the bare walls, and convince yourself of this. The Sylvesters need building up, and strengthening; and union is strength; but not union with poverty. Raymond has been wise, and loyal to his house;" and she stooped again, and kissed him.

"But," and Alice came near, too, in her eagerness, and her garments touched him as he sat—"but does no one think of Josephine, and of her *fate*—abandoned, friendless, alone?"

He bowed lower. She was glad to see it. Dishonour, she thought, threatened to tarnish the crest of the Sylvesters. She hoped he would relent; that the secret agony he felt would compel him to return to Josephine.

But she was mistaken. When he raised his head, she could see in every feature, the indomitable will that would hold suffering at bay. She knew, then, that there would be no relenting; that he had rent himself away from Josephine for ever!

It was terrible to think so. Alice was young, and her heart tender. She could not harden herself as they did; she could not be so merciless. Heaven help her, coming of such a race!

She went to her room; it was cold and fireless, and the stormy wind tore away in the old chimney. She wrapped herself in her shawl, and paced up and down—an impulsive, generous, loving creature, condemned to witness a scene of cruelty and wrong—condemned to see a heart, young and loving as her own, go down a wreck! And through the storm-wind outside, and the still louder storm within, there seemed to echo the ceaseless question—

"Josephine! what of Josephine?"

(To be continued.)

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERING.



GROUP of schoolboys stood waiting for a companion to make his appearance, discussing in glowing language the beauty of some blackberry-hedges which they had planned to visit on their way to school, and grumbling at the delay caused by the non-appearance of their friend.

"Oh! here he is," at length exclaimed one, as a boy about fourteen rushed out of a neighbouring house.

"Now, Harry, be sure you go straight off to Carr's at once," they heard his father say, as he closed the door after him; and then they saw that Harry held a note in his hand.

"I say, old fellow, it's too bad to keep us waiting all this time," exclaimed two or three, as he joined them.

"I wish you hadn't waited," said Harry, petulantly, "for I've got to go round to Carr's, the farriers, with this note."

"Oh, you can't go this morning, Martin; Carr's place is quite the other way, and if we don't get them blackberries this morning, they'll all be spoiled. I don't suppose that note is so particular—is it?"

"It's for Carr to send and fetch two of the horses that have cast their shoes. One of them belongs to

the stage-coach, you know, and so it will be wanted in the afternoon," answered Harry.

"Oh, well, you can run down with that in the dinner-hour, just as well as going all that way now; so stuff it in your pocket, and let's go on, or the birds will have eaten the ripest blackberries."

"But father told me to be sure and take this note," debated Harry, as they came to the point where the two roads met—one leading to the famous blackberry-bushes, and the other round to the village where the blacksmith's forge was situated.

Harry stood here for a minute or two, balancing the note in his hand, and pondering whether he should go on to the blacksmith's, or postpone it until the dinner-hour came round. The school was some distance from home, but not far from the village; and as he always took his dinner, it would be easy to run down then and deliver the note, he thought, and he might enjoy the fun of getting the blackberries with his companions. He did not mean to be disobedient, but he had got into the habit of putting off doing things at the time he was desired to do them, and had hitherto escaped detection, so that the fault was one he thought little of now.

"Come, Martin, don't stand there like a stuck pig," shouted one of his companions; "either come on with us at once, or say you don't mean to come,

and trot off with that bothering note. Bother the horses casting their shoes just now!" he added.

Harry decided to go with them, and thrusting the note into his pocket, turned up the lane.

The blackberries were very abundant, and just ripe, so that they had quite a feast at the expense of a few scratches. But the food, delicious as that was, was not enjoyed half so much as the fun—the eager scrambling up the dewy banks, and reaching, stretching, balancing their bodies to reach the highest branches, where the ripest fruit grew. Harry joined in the laughing, and seemed the merriest of them all, but in truth, he was far from feeling as gay and light-hearted as he seemed. The note that he had in his pocket weighed heavily upon his spirits, and he wished now that he had not come after the blackberries; but it was too late now. The clock struck nine before they thought it could be half-past eight, and then they were still some distance from school. They scampered off at once, but prayers were over before they got there, and they were ordered to remain half-an-hour after the others had left, as a punishment. It was past one o'clock before Harry reached the blacksmith's, to deliver his note, and then he heard to his consternation that the man had gone out.

"He waited about till a little agone twelve, to see if any jobs comed in," said his wife, "and when they didn't he went off to his brother, t'other side o' Farnley."

"Could I fetch him back," said Harry? "for two of the horses have cast their shoes, and they *must* be done before the coach comes up this afternoon."

"Ah, you're Mr. Martin's lad then. But why didn't you bring the note afore? I doubt whether you'll catch the old man, for he's a stout walker, is my John."

"Oh, I'll run and overtake him," said Harry; and scarcely heeding the woman's directions, delivered in her slow country speech, he burst away and took the road towards Farnley. A dread fear had come over him, how or why, he could not tell, but he felt he must fly on to find the man, and get the horses shod before the coach came by.

A mile, two miles, nearly three miles he ran, scarcely pausing to take breath, the haunting fear growing upon him each moment and urging him onward. At last he was obliged to sit down upon the grass and rest, for he was well-nigh exhausted. But not many minutes did he stay, only long enough to shed a few bitter tears, and wish that he had taken the note at the time he was sent, and then he hurried on, not pausing again until he had reached the place he was in search of. But, alas! Carr was not there, he had gone on to the next village; and, glancing at the clock, Harry saw that it was just three, and therefore too late to get the horse shod before half-past. As he retraced his steps, he tried to reason himself out of the terrible fear that had taken such hold upon him. His father had several other horses, he thought, that could be used instead of the shoeless one, and he tried to whistle and think no more about

it, as he sauntered leisurely through the green lane, wondering what his father and schoolmaster would say to this escapade.

At the end of the lane rose a long, steep hill; and as Harry began slowly to ascend it, the mysterious fear again reasserted its power over him. But he had not gone far when, to his infinite relief, he heard the sound of wheels; and the next moment, the lumbering, heavy-laden stage-coach loomed in sight. They must have changed horses by this time, he knew; and as it came nearer, he saw that a young white one had taken the place of the other.

"Oh, they'll gain by that," he said, half aloud—all his fears vanishing in a moment; "at least half an hour will be saved as 'Tops' is leader;" and he stood still to watch the approach of the vehicle.

It certainly did come down the hill at a rapid rate, and he could see that the coachman had hard work to hold in the restive "Tops." The passengers, too, seemed somewhat anxious; and, looking more narrowly at these, he descried his father among those outside. But before he could begin to wonder what business could take his father in that direction, the coach gave a violent lurch; and the next minute—oh! horror of horrors—it lay upon its side in the road.

What happened next, Harry did not know; but he found himself in the ditch, supporting his father's head; while the guard stood by and told the doctor, who had been fetched, the cause of the accident—having a fresh horse, unused to the work, which, being restive, had at length urged on the others, and overturned the coach. How Harry sickened as he heard it, and looked down at the pale, unconscious face of his father. How heavy, how bitter his punishment was, as he sat there in the ditch thinking that all this mischief had been caused through his fault!

But he was roused from his bitter self-upbraidings by the men coming to carry his father to a cottage close by, where the doctor would set his leg, which it had been discovered, was broken. Harry followed at a little distance, anxious, yet fearing to enter, lest his father should be dead. On his way, he heard that several others had been slightly injured, but none so seriously as his father. This was a little relief to his mind, but who can picture his misery, when he heard soon afterwards that he was not expected to live?

For many weeks Mr. Martin hovered between life and death; but at length, to the surprise of all, he began to recover; and then, for the first time, he heard of the blackberry gathering which had been the cause of the accident. But there was no need to talk to Harry about it now; he had suffered too deeply ever to forget it; ah! and had profited by this severe lesson. Mr. Martin had often had serious misgivings before; for Harry, though merry and light-hearted, was gradually growing selfish, caring only for his own pleasure or convenience; but now this was all changed, his son was becoming a thoughtful, generous boy; and as years rolled on, he thanked God for that "blackberry gathering."

THE BUIVER

— Saturday, May 2, 1868. —



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

ST. PATRICK.—DEAN SWIFT.

PERHAPS we shall rank as "heretics," if we hint a doubt whether St. Patrick did really preach to the pagan Irish on the very site where this cathedral now stands. Shall we also dare to suggest that, perhaps, he did not baptise his converts at the well formerly seen near the base of the church-tower? Some persons declare that St. Patrick could not have foreseen the kind of

neighbourhood which would grow up round his cathedral. A church may have "Vanity Fair" very near its walls, but a cathedral in Rag Fair may seem, to "respectable people," as ill-placed as a palace in Puddle Dock. Strangers may be pardoned for regretting that a pile upon which £150,000 have just been expended should be surrounded by "slop-shops;" others, however, may think that a position among the poor is the very place for a missionary cathedral.

An ancient church *may* have stood on the site of the present from the time of St. Patrick, but "the college of priests" which afterwards became a cathedral was erected outside the city walls by John Comyn, the first Anglo-Norman Archbishop of Dublin, about the year 1190, and was dedicated to St. Patrick on March 17th in the next year.

The Danes had, however, previously established a bishopric of their own, dependent on Canterbury, in the monastic church of the Holy Trinity. The diocese was raised to an archbishopric in the year 1152, and the old monastic church became the cathedral of Christ Church at the Reformation. It was here that the English liturgy was first read on Easter Sunday, 1550.

Thus, from the exclusiveness of the old Danish colony on the one hand, and the liberality of Archbishop Comyn, we have two churches ranking as cathedrals in the same city. A statute of 1834 has decreed the reduction of the two deans to one, by enacting that at the death of the Dean of Christ Church the Dean of St. Patrick should become Dean of Christ Church; and thus the two deaneries have become one.

The appearance of St. Patrick's Cathedral is not remarkable for beauty or grandeur. It wants that richness of sculptured tracery, and diversity of light and shade, which so often convert a mass of grey stone into a poem. The tower presents none of those marvels of cunning work which photographers travel long distances to copy, and over which artists ponder with lingering joy. We need scarcely remind our readers that the whole pile has been lately restored, at the vast outlay of about £150,000. This was not the result of a great national subscription, nor was it the grant of some rich corporation, nor the fruit of a vote snatched after a hot debate in Parliament, but the liberal donation of a citizen of Dublin. Time was, and that not long ago, when the roof of the nave was left in a half-ruinous state for twenty-five years; being, during all that period, upheld by scaffolding. Mr. (now Sir) B. L. Guinness having expended about £150,000 in the restoration of the pile, and in clearing away many surrounding nuisances, had the satisfaction of seeing the renovated cathedral re-opened, on Friday, the 24th of February, 1865. It had been originally supposed that the whole work might be accomplished for £80,000;

but no subsequent extension of the cost was allowed to suspend the due completion of the whole plan. There has been a thorough conscientiousness in both work and materials, from the Tullamore limestone which replaced the decayed Caen stone, to the renewed stalls and banners of the knights of St. Patrick.

Have we nothing to say about St. Patrick, from whom the cathedral was named? Yes, much more than our space will allow us to express; but we dare not omit all notice of so renowned a saint. St. Patrick was probably born in *Scotland*, about the year 372, and came to Ireland as a missionary in 432, having, however, been preceded by other Christian teachers, either from the ancient British or Gallic Church.

St. Patrick is generally supposed to be buried at Downpatrick, near the cathedral. But this does not pass unchallenged. The once magnificent Abbey of Glastonbury not only claimed Joseph of Arimathea as her founder, and the famous Dunstan for her pupil and abbot, but also the grave of St. Patrick. Let not Downpatrick fear, antiquaries assure us that the Patrick buried at Glastonbury is not the serpent-vanquisher of Ireland, but his *tutor*, who bore the same name, and is known as "Patrick, senior." We trust this explanation will be perfectly satisfactory to our friends at Glastonbury, Downpatrick, and Dublin.

Perhaps to some minds St. Patrick's Cathedral is more suggestive of the witty and political Dean Swift, than of the old Celtic missionary. As the visitor gazes alternately on the black and white marble tablets, the former the monument of the dean, the latter of "Stella," he will recall some passages from the strange life of this most singular of deans. A cathedral dignitary who has left eighteen volumes for the enlightenment of the world, and of whom many lives have been written, ought now to be well understood. But Dean Swift is a mystery still.

A simple outline of his life is soon given, but a satisfactory estimate of his character is a more difficult work. Jonathan Swift was born in the house No. 7, Hoey's Court, Castle Street, Dublin, on the 30th of November, 1667, seven months after the death of his father, the steward of the King's Inns. Young Swift obtained his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1685, with some difficulty, his recklessness and insubordination having involved him in difficulties with the university authorities. Four years after, we find him acting as secretary to the retired statesmen, Sir William Temple, at whose residence, Moor Park, near Farnham, Surrey, he not only often met, William III., but became first the tutor and then the lover of Esther Johnson, better known as "Stella" (the star). Swift's age was double that of Stella, but he was clever and she was pretty, and the prospect

was not without a certain brightness. Swift took orders in 1694, but soon gave up the living of Kilroot, and returned to Sir William Temple, with whom he lived until the death of the literary politician, in 1698. Stella's lover had a legacy from Sir William Temple, and received from Lord Berkeley the rectory of Agher, with the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, worth together about £230, and the prebend of Dunbavin, conferred in 1700, gave him an income of £400 a-year. Of course, now he married Stella? Swift was not in such a hurry; the lady was but nineteen, and she of course could wait. Besides, there was "another lady" in the case, a Miss Jane Waryng, to whom Swift had offered marriage. The maiden at first said "no," then changed her mind and hinted "yes." Of course the gentleman did not retaliate by a negative, but drew up such a picture of a perfect wife that the damsel was fairly frightened off. This did not clear the way for Stella's wedding; but matters were arranged in a singular way, not exactly Irish or English. Stella now nineteen, and having a small fortune, took up her abode in Ireland, near Swift's vicarage of Laracor. A Mrs. Dingley had accompanied the young lady from England, and the practice was for both ladies to live in the vicarage house, during the master's frequent absences in England, and to return to their own lodgings on his return.

Stella's lover was becoming a great man, the pet political writer of the Whigs, and the associate of such men as Addison, Pope, Steele and Lord Somers. Visions of a bishopric began to rise before the Vicar of Laracor. In 1704 the "Tale of a Tub" startled some and enraged others. The keen satire delighted the clubs and the wits, but justly vexed the grave and the sincere. The Church-of-England man objected to his portrait in "Martin," the Presbyterian deemed "Jack" a libel on himself, and the Roman Catholic resented the character of "Peter" as an unpardonable insult. Some thoughtful men even suggested their suspicions that the anonymous writer must be an infidel; and this has been more than hinted by Thackeray.

Perhaps, after all, the mitre might have come to Stella's lover, but for the vengeful feeling of one insulted woman. The Duchess of Somerset had red hair. Swift, in one of his wild freaks of satire, ridiculed the delicate tints of the lady's locks, calling them "*carrots*." The duchess was a pet of Queen Anne, and her supplications aided in stopping Swift's advance to a bishopric. Lord Oxford implored Swift to accept the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The irritated satirist sullenly assented, and the Vicar of Laracor became a dean in the year 1713.

The year 1723 was remarkable for the sudden elevation of the dean to the topmost height of

popularity in Ireland. An order had been given to coin Irish farthings and halfpence to the amount of £108,000. The right of coining being allotted to a Mr. William Wood, the Irish Parliament denounced the scheme. One man now raised a tempest. Letters, signed "W. B. Drapier," were suddenly published, as if from a "draper," written with so much fire and well-directed invective, that all Ireland was lashed into fury, and none would use the abhorred coinage. When W. B. Drapier was found to be the dean, none dared prosecute, and he became for a time the greatest man in Ireland. The "Drapier's Head" was seen everywhere; the inns exhibited it on their signboards, gentlemen on medals, and ladies on their pocket-handkerchiefs.

In 1726 the dean published the famous "Gulliver's Travels," one of the finest pieces of English composition and vigorous, trenchant sarcasm that our literature contains.

The death of Stella, in the fifty-third year of her age, suspended for a while Swift's political warfare. The retrospect was dark. At the age of sixteen the pretty, dark-eyed girl had regarded him as her future husband. He rose into fame and obtained affluence; but Stella's life ended with every hope unaccountably disappointed. Swift's habit of disguising his emotions by a mask of irony renders it impossible to estimate his feelings towards Stella. A lock of her hair was enclosed by him in paper, and he wrote on the packet, "Only a woman's hair." Was this the perfection of irony, to hide the agony of love?

The closing years of Swift's life cannot be called happy. His old literary and political friends died one after another, deafness cut off the once brilliant talker from society, and strange fits of giddiness gradually affected his mind. Often in the morning did he pray that he might not outlive the day; and he would take leave of friends, saying, "I hope I shall never see you again."

At length the end came—on Saturday, the 19th of October, 1745. The great Jacobite rebellion was at that hour shaking the land, but neither sound nor sight of the political storm reached him who a few years before would have joined with exulting cry in the tumult of the fight. His death re-kindled the old enthusiasm of his countrymen. The body lay in a sort of state in the hall of his house, and multitudes flocked to gaze for the last time on that stern, still countenance, and to touch the snow-white locks. His nurse, Mrs. Barnard, was forced to keep a close watch, lest the visitors should appropriate every lock of the deceased dean's hair as keepsakes. He was buried, October 22nd, according to his own directions, three days after death, on the south side of the great aisle of St. Patrick's.

What estimate does the reader form of Swift?

Most women will thoroughly hate him for his conduct to Stella; the politician will hint his suspicions, and the Christian will probably doubt whether the restoration of a weekly communion at St. Patrick's, was quite a set-off for a life passed in ridiculing men and deceiving women. The moralist will gladly remember the private charities of the dean; but he cannot overlook that domineering insolence which insulted all to whom he was opposed.

Then on what does the fame of Swift stand? On intellect: a keen, vehement, proud, and defiant mind stands before us in Dean Swift. We may call him a mocker, if we please; but the mockery is of no common order. Sarcasm and irony are combined, and the bitter sneer is mingled with provoking laughter. Then mark his style: no cloud of words, no poetic elevation, but that clear, decisive speech used by one too keenly intent on the idea to think of fine writing. Each word is a good fit to each thought; no loose verbiage, like draggling robes, stops the rapid progress of the ideas. The verdict of Addison, that Swift "was the greatest genius of his age," will not be ques-

tioned even by those who hate him as a man and despise him as a dean. "Would you have liked to live with him?" is the test proposed by Thackeray. Probably most will answer, "No;" but they will also recall the names of other world-famous men who were most pleasing when seen from a cautious distance.

Nevertheless, with all his faults, and with all his puzzling peculiarities, Dean Swift's name is "writ large" on the literary roll, and no educated man can enter St. Patrick's without being reminded of the strange cleric who preached a tame morality from the pulpit, and poured out his invectives from the press.

Dean Swift shows us the national mind and heart distracted by political jealousies and religious bigotry. May we hope that the late noble and munificent restoration of St. Patrick's is a type of the country's restoration to order, justice, and happiness? Then the bells of this ancient Irish church shall remind us of the lines—

"Ring out the thousand years of war,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

W. D

A WORD UPON RESERVED BLESSINGS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

WHAT is a very touching question which the defrauded Esau asks of his father Isaac: "Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?" There is no reader of that history but must have felt a tender pity for Esau, and a contempt for Jacob's mean dodgery and deceit. But superficial judgments are often wrong, and we need to read further on in the history to discover that Jacob's jugglery did not deprive Esau of ultimate good. "It shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck"—a most remarkable sentence, a fact in history which elucidates the dealings of Providence. Trial and sorrow came indeed to Esau, yet only *meanwhile*. So far as God's judgment is concerned—behold how wise it is. Who could wish a nobler victory than that of Esau? When Jacob lifted up his eyes, and saw in the grey distance Esau coming with his four hundred men, what a rush came over Jacob's heart—what a tremor filled his conscience—how seven times he bowed himself to the ground—how he brought the drove of cattle as an offering to his injured brother Esau, who ran to meet him, fell on his neck, kissed him, and wept, saying, "I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast unto thy-

self"—a right noble victory this! a victory well won; a blessing reserved, but very real and precious!

Those who study the philosophy of religious history, see that running through all there is the self-punishing power of sin and the self-rewarding power of virtue—a law so uniform and excellent, that it works itself out in all circumstances and conditions of life, giving grace and beauty to the history of the faithful, and clothing with conscious shame the character of the truckler with truth. Man has chiefly to fear himself. No Jacob can ultimately harm him, the deceit of another will not damn his soul. The words, "When thou shalt have the dominion," remind us that truth cannot ever be kept beneath the feet of tyranny, and that there is a beautiful equity in all the ways and dealings of God. We may not always be able to trace the mysterious path of the providence of God, but it is always wise. Our vision is limited, we only know in part; but what we see, however limited, helps us to believe in the general purpose of the Great Ruler of all. This is not the place to enter into the philosophical discussion of certain modern schools of thought, but we cannot help feeling the force of what one of England's greatest thinkers says on this subject: "Language has no meaning for the words just, merciful, benevolent,

save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to apply the words. If, in affirming them of God, we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all." From our own justice-point, then, we cannot conceive of injustice in God, we cannot think of him as making Esau's whole future miserable through the trickery of another. "All his works are done in truth;" "just and right is he;" and one of the ways in which this is historically manifest is included in the suggestive question, "Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?"

Reserved blessings! This, then, is the theme of this brief paper. We see human history full of events and circumstances which awaken our wonder and surprise; but we do not see, as our Father in heaven does, the end from the beginning; and no mystery in life must make us play at dice with principles in theology, or discredit the precious fact that God is not only Love, but Wisdom and Justice, too.

Christian faith should ever rest on the outworking of the Divine purpose. I say rest—"rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Nothing so weakens and distracts us as the bemoaning our present condition. Perhaps we have not what we wish; perhaps we have lost what we loved. We, too, Esau-like in love or inheritance, have been deceived by others. Perhaps, with all our faults and sins, no conscious error of our own has mingled with this special trial. Amid the many frailties incidental to our character, we may not be able to link our personality with this weary, heavy anxiety, or grief. Well, God's purposes will ripen fast, and they must be good. To see these Hebrews enjoying the restful, fruitful land of Canaan, going up to their temple, with its glorious services, with exceeding joy, you could scarcely think that but a few years ago their fathers were wearing the gyves and fetters of slavery, and that now they are about becoming the most notable people on the face of the earth. Blessings in reserve, you see! The good land which the Lord had promised to their fathers. To see that aged Joseph, so restful, and honoured, and calm, you would scarcely think that it could be *he* whose youth had in it so much of wrong, the cruelty of the brothers, and the confinement of the prison-house. To see the enthroned David, wearing the insignia of royalty in Jerusalem, you can scarcely connect him with the harp-playing shepherd-boy amid the lonely hills of Judea, who was afterwards so persecuted in the court of Saul, now not only a monarch, but monarch over such a people, and the inspired writer of our Psalms. No, and the same may be said of Moses

and Daniel. We must never "judge the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for his grace." Nothing is too hard for him. Amid clouds, and rain, and storm, he has blessings in reserve.

Christian faith will further remember that all blessings are bestowments; they are not the natural inheritance of any of us. Sin has forfeited them all. We have no right to argue they ought to come, or to say with impatience, When will they come? It is in this sense that many of our ideas of right run wild. Show me your supposed title to any blessing; I can show you a thousand flaws in any such title you may have to the gifts of God. Energy, endurance, enterprise, zeal, sinew, spirit, strength, what are all these, when Esau and Jacob are both born in sin, subject to the curse, and without any claim at all, save as they plead the infinite mercy of God in Christ? To resolve Providence into the sustaining of natural rights, is the most serious trifling, as it altogether ignores the great fact, that we are debtors in everything to the favour of God. Life itself, so precious and so pleasant, is but a gift; its duties and relationships, involving schemes and enterprises so full of interest, is but a scene of merciful probation. With those who ignore this, we can have no argument, because it lies at the foundation of all just views of life. Whilst admitting this most fully, we need not, however, think for a moment that God has altered his nature, that he will prosper eventually tyranny or wrong, or allow the deceit of Jacob to work his weal. No! we shall find him in all things "a just God and a Saviour."

Christian faith sees that blessings are not always what they seem. The true test of the bread is in the eating! Jacob's mind for a long time had not been easy, and there is nothing so utterly unbearable as the continually fretting and chafing of thought which comes from loss of self-respect.

In the prospect of meeting Esau, Jacob says, "I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face." Oh! how those deceits had rankled in his mind, disturbing his duties by day, and his dreams by night. If he had injured Esau, how much more had he injured himself! He had certainly prospered *outwardly*—he had passed over Jordan and become two bands; but for all that, there had gone with him everywhere the memory of deceit, treachery, and wrong. How we might have envied him on that fair morning, when he went in unto Isaac to gain the blessing; but we learn that the gain of outward prosperity is not the all in all for which man should seek. If true biographies were common, we should read beneath so called lives of successful men, many stories of humiliation, forgetfulness of their own kith and kin, the remembrances which pained them in after years, of illicit bargains, unjust competitions, and unlawful

alliances. Men cannot wash or wear these out; the mark abides in the linen of character. You, dear reader, have perhaps, often envied those who would willingly have exchanged their palace for your cottage. You have often sighed for the golden apple which another has been devouring; you have not seen the bitter ashes which have met the teeth of the eager eater. True, indeed, it is, that curses so called are not always what they seem, nor are blessings either. We must look beyond the present moment of life to the after outworking of habit and character, to see what blessing means. Solomon's youth was beautiful; his age—alas! alas! David's youth was a scene of trial; his age—oh, how glorious! The motto for life should be—Wait. Let blessings be understood better than they sometimes are. "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right." "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death." "Let not thine heart envy sinners: but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

Christian faith believes that the reserved blessing may be hidden in the present loss.

How many a beautiful flower is hidden in a prickly seed! How many a time have we all had reason to remember the words, "Be not desirous of his dainties: for they are deceitful meat;" that is, the penalty is hidden in the luxury. So, too, on the other side, has not the light affliction worked out a weight of glory even on earth? Yes, the grain ripens best because it was dropped into a soil that had been well ploughed and harrowed. The Arabs have a solemn and suggestive proverb: "The blessings of the evil geni are curses;" whilst, on the other hand, we have ours: "Sorrows are often angels in disguise." We cannot, I know, always be in the mood to feel that there is a blessing reserved in some seasons of trial. In the celebrated "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller" there occurs this sentence: "I have little faith in the paternal love which I need, so ruthless or so negligent seems the government of the earth." Such darkness often for a season oppresses human spirits. We cannot expect to see love's inscription written on the cross just when we are bearing it. We must wait for clearer light, assured that God is light, and that in him is no darkness at all. The boon will come when, softened by tribulation, made meeker by endurance, and with a faith tested in the furnace, our very character will show in itself the reward of trial even here. Reserved blessings! What blessings can equal

the rich rewards *within* us—the joy unspeakable and full of glory of the Christian life!

Christian faith revels and rejoices in the reserved inheritance of the saints. Reserved! "I go to prepare a place for you," said Christ. If we can use analogy in such a high matter as the future life, we may surely remember how often we have found in the little futures of this earthly life, scenes that have surpassed our best expectations. We little knew what hidden beauties existed in some of the scenes of Nature. We little knew that there were such sweet joys in the coming friendship, and such sensations of surprise and joy in the enclosures of human thought we had not reached. We are constantly finding what seemed the hard, half-dreaded future melt into the glad and pleasant present time. If life were indeed to be what we think it in our darker days, it would be a valley of Baca indeed; but we find that new turns in the road take us out of the valley, and new hills take us above the mists. The reserved blessings of this life are, to my mind, something very wonderful: blessings to a family springing from one least thought of in childhood—the flower springing up in the most untended path; and out of the eater coming forth meat. Let such analogies teach us that there is a reserve adapted to all the faculties of our immortal nature. There will be blessings *ever* in reserve; we shall enter upon a life full of restful happiness, and full of continued enterprise and discovery. We know how in this world we are ever finding some fresh surprise; how, to our eager hearts, there is always something to live for. There is not weariness enough even in fourscore years of life to make us wish to quit this world. We love it still, and assuredly the same Lord who made and redeemed us, and has prepared a place for us, will have reserved joys in store throughout the measureless enduring of eternity.

Permit me, dear reader, in closing this brief paper, to suggest when night comes with its weeping, that the horizon is yet reddening with a morning of joy, and that for all the faithful there is a heaven of reserved blessedness in store, whose beauty "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." The fact that our very constitution is evidently made for something ever in the future, not only suggests our immortality, but inasmuch as all life is provided for as its seasons and eras come, we feel confident that the same Lord over all will adapt the future world to our ever-growing knowledge and our ever-deepening bliss.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER I.



FOREMOST place amongst the many great and remarkable enterprises that have been undertaken by England, in our own times, must be assigned by common consent to the exploration of Palestine. It is, indeed, extraordinary that this should be a work that still remains to be accomplished: but, at the same time, it must be regarded as a subject for the most cordial congratulation, that this all-important work should have been kept in store until it would be certain to be taken in hand in the right spirit, and conducted with becoming care, reverence, and energy. At length the time for this exploration has come; and the right men have appeared, both to direct it and to carry it practically into effect.

It was in the year 1864 that an English lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, "whose very name," as the Dean of Westminster has happily said, "is identified with acts of munificence," entertained the truly philanthropic purpose of providing for the inhabitants of the Jerusalem of to-day a suitable supply of pure water. After a careful consideration of this proposal, it was determined, by the advice of persons of the greatest experience and the highest authority, that in order to obtain the desired water-supply and to secure its permanence, it would be necessary, as a preliminary procedure, that a complete and accurate survey of Jerusalem should be made. In order to accomplish this object the sum of £500 was contributed by Miss Burdett Coutts. The work was entrusted, under the authority of the Secretary of State for War, to Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, and that able officer, acting under the general orders of Colonel Sir Henry James, the director of the Ordnance Survey, and well seconded by Lieutenant Anderson of the same corps, with a working party consisting of one sergeant, two corporals, and two sappers, all of the Royal Engineers, left England for Palestine on the 12th of September, 1864. The expedition reached Jerusalem on the 3rd of October following. Their work having been accomplished with the most gratifying success, the two officers with their men embarked again at Jaffa on the 16th of June, 1865; and on the 10th of the next month, without any casualty, and also without having suffered much from sickness, they all returned to England.

Thus has been accomplished a survey of the Holy City and its immediate neighbourhood, with all the accuracy and detail of the Ordnance Survey of our own country. And a plan, admirably engraved from drawings executed on a scale suf-

ficiently large to convey clearly even the minutest details, has been published, with various illustrative sketches; and accompanied also with a collection of photographs, all of them equally interesting and valuable, that were taken, while the survey was in progress, by Sergeant McDonald, who, as Sir Henry James has put it on record, "is both a very good surveyor and a very good photographer."

It must be added that, during his eight months' stay in Palestine, Captain Wilson was also able to complete a second important survey, in order to determine accurately the difference of level between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. The cost of this work—of which I propose in a succeeding chapter to give a careful description with illustrations—was provided for by the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society, who felt the value of a suggestion that had been made to them, that they should not neglect to avail themselves of the presence of a party of English Ordnance Surveyors in Palestine. And, further, in compliance with the desire of the Syrian Improvement Committee, and at their cost, and in consequence of the great discrepancy between the levels given by different civil engineers, Captain Wilson's party determined the true levels from the Pools of Solomon to Jerusalem, and carefully investigated the ancient as well as the modern system for supplying the city with water from those vast reservoirs.

The extreme scientific interest inseparable from such a survey of Jerusalem as this—the first and only work of the kind that ever had been contemplated since the days of those ancient masters of surveying, the Romans—would naturally and necessarily suggest a grand effort for the equally searching, minute, accurate, and systematic investigation of the entire country. Nor would such a suggestion be restricted to the most perfect survey that would be possible of the whole region that may be entitled "Palestine." With a survey would be associated a thorough exploration. Not the present face of the country only, but also whatever relics of past ages may yet linger beneath (in many instances, probably, deep beneath) the existing surface, at once protected from injury or destruction, and obscured from sight by a covering of accumulated earth or shattered ruins, invite the researches of explorers; and all must be included, without a single exception, in the magnificent enterprise of the "Exploration of Palestine." The survey of Jerusalem, accomplished by a small party of surveyors in the space of eight months, and supported by the private liberality of a single

individual, has shown what may be done, on a comparatively small scale, by ability and earnestness combined with tact, temper, and opportunity, without arousing the opposition of the authorities or inhabitants; and the results of this survey give every possible encouragement to those who may assume the more arduous duties and the graver responsibilities of a comprehensive and, it is to be hoped, an exhaustive exploration.

Thus, in the first instance suggested by the munificent project of an Englishwoman, and the suggestion confirmed by the success of what may be regarded as a truly splendid experiment, an association has been formed in England for the exploration of Palestine.

This society lost no time in giving conclusive proof that it was thoroughly in earnest. Even before the return of Captain Wilson's party in October, 1865, the society had completed its organisation, and had prepared and issued, as its claim for sympathy and support, a plan of its intended operations. And as early as December in the same year, Captain Wilson, again in company with Lieutenant Anderson, was sent out by the society, with the view of making such a general survey of the whole of Palestine as would enable the managing committee to fix on particular spots for future more searching investigation; and also to collect in all quarters whatever special information would be consistent with the general aim of the society, and would throw light upon any points particularly specified for inquiry, investigation, and research in the society's first programme.

This expedition, the first sent out by the new society, was constantly and actively employed in various parts of Palestine from December, 1865, to May, 1866. It did good service, both in what was actually accomplished by it, and also in preparing the way for future more extensive operations, and in contributing to their success.

The original plan or programme of the Exploration Society set forth, that it had been resolved to raise a fund which should be applied to the purposes of investigating the Holy Land, by employing competent persons to examine the following points:—

1. *Archæology.*—Jerusalem alone would furnish an ample, rich, varied, and truly important field in this department. What is above ground, the recent Ordnance Survey has described, recorded, and made known; but of what might be lying beneath the present surface scarcely anything had been discovered before the formation of the Exploration Society. And yet in deep and multifarious interest, and in profound and heart-stirring associations, what place is there on the surface of the whole earth that can compare with the long-buried Jerusalem of the past? The real extent

and true character of the Temple enclosure; the sepulchre of the Saviour; the tombs of the kings on Mount Zion; the course and ancient aspect of the Tyropeon valley; the spring and conduit of Hezekiah, and the whole of the ancient system of aqueducts; the sites of the fortress of Antonia, and of the towers Hippicus and Psephinus; the palace of Herod; the ancient walls of the city; Ophel; the Pool of Bethesda; and many other familiar names, all have to be sought for by excavation; and it is not too much to anticipate that every foot in depth of the "sixty feet of rubbish" on which the modern city stands, will yield precious information relating to some one or other of them.

Then, again, beyond the Holy City, the country from north to south—"from Dan to Beersheba"—abounds in sites and remains that promise abundantly to repay examination. Foremost among these are the site of Capernaum, Nazareth, and the various sites and remains that are near the Lake of Genesareth, Mount Gerizim—possibly the "Moriah" of Abraham's sacrifice, certainly the holy place of the Samaritans, containing the "twelve stones" which they allege to have been brought up by the Israelites from the bed of the Jordan at the time when they first crossed over its channel. Samaria, with the traditional tombs of John the Baptist and others, and with the extensive remains of Herod's edifices; also, deeply buried, possibly, relics of much earlier historic ages: Jezreel, the capital of Ahab and Jezebel; the valley of Shechem, the earliest settlement of Jacob in the promised land, with his well and the tomb of Joseph; Hebron, the most venerable of the monumental sanctuaries of Palestine; the Roman cities and ports along the sea-coast: Cæsarea of St. Paul and Herod; Antipatris; the mounds and other remains of Jiljilieh, probably the Gilgal so famous in the sacred annals, which in the days of Elijah and Elisha contained the great college of the prophets; the fortress and palace of Herod at Jebel Fureidis; Bethshean, one of the most ancient cities of Palestine, with remarkable remains of Roman, and probably also of much earlier date; the mounds in Jericho; the tombs, probably including that of Joshua, at Tibneh; the numerous remains in the valley of the Jordan; the great Assyrian mound near Damascus; and the great series of unexplored mounds and ruins, with the numerous important sites that lie to the east of the Jordan—every one worthy of careful examination, and all of them certain to contribute to the grand store of Scriptural knowledge and illustration to be obtained—and, be it remembered, to be obtained *only*—by the thorough exploration of Palestine.

2. *Manners and Customs.*—It has been well said, that the outward form and complexion of the events described in the narratives of the Sacred



“Two women grinding at a mill.”—See “THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE,” p. 522.

(From a photograph taken on the spot.)

Scriptures, and much of the significance of their records, must remain more or less obscure so long as we are without an accurate knowledge, as well of the manners, dress, usages, and modes of life of the inhabitants of the Holy Land, as of the face of the landscape, the climate of the country, and its natural productions. Even to a casual traveller in Palestine the Bible becomes in its form, and, therefore, to some (possibly even to a very great) extent in its substance, a new book; or, at any rate, a light, unseen before, springs up amidst the congenial scenery and the familiar associations (different in so many material respects from those of the Western world) of its own land, which illuminates, with a brilliancy peculiar to itself, every page of the sacred volume. The exact accuracy and the graphic fidelity with which minute incidents are introduced, casually, perhaps, or by way of incidental illustration, then are for the first time fully appreciated, and their true value understood, and the incidents themselves then at once grow up into dignity and importance, when every detail is seen to be unconsciously reflected in the existing life of the present inhabitants of the land. Many an allusion, or comparison, also, which previously had little, if any, significance, or had lain unnoticed, starts into prominence, and bears an unexpected—and a more valuable because unexpected—testimony, throwing a bright light over a whole passage.

Now, it is not to be expected, for many reasons, that the modes of life and the manners of the ancient Israelites will be revealed to us by any discovery of their works of art, whether for monumental or other purposes, in the same fulness that those of the Assyrians and Egyptians have been. Still, information and illustration of much value cannot fail to be obtained on these most interesting points through the work of exploration. Such, and so tenacious, however, is the unchangeableness of the East, that in very many circumstances of every-day life—those little things, more especially, which are so richly stored with characteristic illustration—the modes of life and manners of the present inhabitants of Palestine, if not identical with those of the ancients, are very closely assimilated to them. For example, the explorers last sent by the society to carry on their noble work in Palestine, had their attention accidentally attracted to a group, which very happily confirmed the judicious determination of the committee to include manners and customs within the range of their exploration. It was a common, a most common incident of daily life that they saw—*two women, seated on the ground, grinding at a mill, preparing the supply needed for the day*, as had been the custom with their race through unnumbered generations. They could see in their work nothing beyond their habitual process of

providing for a constantly recurring demand—one of the simplest of their domestic employments; but the strangers from the West were able to discern in that busy group precisely one of those most expressive illustrations of the “Book,” which they had come to seek in the “land” and amongst its inhabitants. Immediately they remembered the words—“Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left” (Matt. xxiv. 41; also Luke xvii. 35); and, here before their eyes, in this present Jerusalem, this same occupation was still of daily recurrence; and still, as of old, it showed the closest and most intimate external alliance and companionship between those who were engaged in it. All who heard the Divine Speaker, upwards of eighteen centuries ago, would understand instinctively the full force of His illustration; they saw, every day of their lives, and very many times repeated, the very same incident—*two women grinding at the mill*; and the sound of the grinding was heard continually in every village throughout the land; and now His words are brought home with fresh and more vivid impressiveness to ourselves, through the existence of exactly the same ancient usage on the very spot where it was daily enacted in the presence of the Saviour and his apostles. The explorers, in the discharge of one of the duties entrusted to them, carefully photographed the group, having added another figure—in himself also sufficiently characteristic of life in Palestine at the present day—to give completeness to their picture. The annexed engraving is a faithful reproduction of this photograph.

It must be kept in remembrance, however, while “two women” may yet be seen thus to “grind at the mill” in Jerusalem and elsewhere in Palestine, that many of the ancient and peculiar customs of the country are gradually, and in some instances rapidly, vanishing before the fast-rising tide of Western manners and European influences, so that at no distant period the exact meaning of many things which correspond with statements and records in the Bible, will have passed away.

3. *Topography*.—Here, as in the other departments to be assigned to the explorers, much yet remains to be accomplished. Of the coast-line of Palestine we have an accurate map founded on our own Admiralty charts. But we still are in want of a survey which, as we advance inland, would give with equal accuracy the principal points throughout the country, and thus would enable the intermediate spots and the smaller places to be filled in with comparative ease and certainty.

4. *Geology*; and 5. *Natural Sciences: Zoology, Botany, Physical Geography, Climate, Meteorology*.—Of the geology we are almost in total ignorance

of every detail: and yet Palestine is geologically one of the most remarkable regions—perhaps, it may be said to be *the* most remarkable region on the surface of the globe. In like manner, our knowledge of the natural sciences in connection with the Holy Land, resembles our knowledge of its archæology and topography in being lamentably imperfect. Had the same intelligence, earnestness, and perseverance been devoted to investigations upon all these points in the Holy Land which have been applied to various other countries, all of them interesting in a high degree in themselves, and yet none of them in any way connected with the Bible or competent to illustrate its pages, but little would have remained for the Exploration Society beyond the completion of a great work: As it is, but little more than the commencement of the great work of exploration has as yet been achieved; so that the society has to send out explorers who will include within their researches, not only the entire range of the archæology and topography of the Holy Land, but also its cedars

and olive-trees, its lilies and roses, its lions and foxes, eagles and ravens.

It will be my plan, in carrying on these notices of the Exploration of Palestine, always to adhere closely to the narratives of the explorers, which have been placed in my hands by the authorities of the Exploration Society expressly for that purpose. My object is to place before the readers of *THE QUIVER* a plain, faithful, and complete account of the great work that has been so well commenced in the Holy Land—a work in which I do not hesitate to assume that every reader of this journal, being also a student and a lover of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is personally interested. As the work proceeds, and as fresh discoveries are made, I am promised the new reports and narratives as from time to time they come from the explorers, with their sketches and photographs; and thus, by a free use of these original materials, aided by the engraver, I can confidently undertake to provide an uninterrupted description of the progress of the exploration.

BEYOND THE BAR.

R EAD a poem yester-eve,
 'Twas written o'er the sea;
 I gazed upon a pictured truth
 Which since hath haunted me.

'Twas written by no mortal hand,
 Nor stayed by painter's grasp,
 But oft of Nature's book will Thought
 Unfix the golden clasp.

And read most wondrous things therein,
 Of all Truth shows sublime—
 The vast, unknown Eternity—
 The grand old school of Time.

I saw where late the tide had swept
 Into a deep, calm bay;
 A few forgotten wavelets now
 'Twixt sandy ridges lay.

Yet mighty rush and solemn roll,
 And snow-white surf afar,
 And one broad stretch of boundless blue
 Spake tide beyond the bar.

And I knew its giant pulsings soon
 Would seek a short-lived rest;
 That it would flow, and ebb again,
 Over the bay's deep breast.

O heart! that yearnest evermore
 For something earth hath not—
 For tides of joy beyond thyself,
 Come, ponder on this spot.

'Tis not alone when all the springs
 Of human hope run dry,

And stars, once mirror'd in thy deep,
 Are hidden in the sky;

Not then alone that longings rise
 For love that cannot change,
 Whose tide, that knoweth ebb nor flow,
 May fill thy widest range:

But when the swell of earthly joy
 Hath reached a noble height,
 And ev'ry good and perfect gift
 Shows beautiful and bright;

When all the gladdest thoughts of time,
 Its themes of olden song,
 Its pleasant hopes and mem'ries dear,
 Upon the spirit throng;

They are but some imprison'd waves
 'Twixt many a ridge of sand,
 To that great Love, whose ocean-burst
 Brings life-pearls to Time's strand.

The bay is bleak without its tide;
 The soul more bleak and chill
 Without that Life, whose waves alone
 Its myriad needs can fill.

And, oh! when pained for present dearth
 And passing needs of life,
 The faithless heart remembers not
 The issue of its strife—

Then, Saviour, let thy love be near,
 Not gazed on from afar;
 And grant us still, from Time's low shore,
 To look beyond the bar.

A. BOND.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEERDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

RACHEL HAS AN IDEA OF COMFORT.

BLESS their hearts! I shall be sorry to leave them, after all!"

It was Rachel who spoke; and Rachel had been standing at the door of the schoolhouse, watching the last little tottler out of sight.

Rachel dearly loved children; and children never failed to love her in return. Scarce an infant, however fractious, but would come to Rachel's arms in a minute. Among the little ones committed to her care, Rachel's tact, and skill, and gentleness shone supreme. She was so bright and cheerful—so patient, so clever. As the committee had said, on the veritable Wednesday, when they had met to choose a successor, "We may have another mistress, not another Rachel."

Rachel, then, was standing at the door of the schoolhouse; but it was too cold to stand there long. A cutting blast came sweeping by, and made her shiver. She went in, and shut the door. The school-room looked bare and deserted; but Rachel did not stay in it. She locked the door, with a key that hung by the wall, put up the shutters, and then, bade it good-bye, for that night at least.

There were two little rooms behind, where Rachel lived—where a fire was burning brightly, and the kettle singing away merrily, and where Rachel was going to have her tea. Nothing could be pleasanter, or more home-like, than Rachel's snug dwelling. There was an air of refinement about it, too. There were books on a shelf, there were pictures, and some other slight adornments, just to prove that Rachel had a few tastes, she had found leisure to cultivate. She moved about her room, with a brisk, cheerful air, characteristic of Rachel. Her tea was made in no time; but before she sat down to it, she opened the door of another room, and, candle in hand, went in. A soft bloom came upon her cheek, as she lifted the lid of a box, and looked into it. Something lay shrouded in tissue-paper, but which speedily turned out to be a bonnet. It was her wedding-bonnet, and she drew it out, and turned it round, and looked at it on all sides, and put it back again. And then, something else had to be looked at. The wedding-gown, that was lurking not far from the bonnet. It was a gown of some soft, warm material; the colour, silver-grey. Then, there was the shawl; but she did not look at that. Perhaps she thought she had seen enough, for she closed the box, shut the drawer, and went away to have her tea. Her tea was all ready in the little metal pot that stood on the hob. It was bitter cold, and she drew the table close to the fire, and sat down.

Her face had its usual serene, happy expression; but she was not quite herself, either. She had fits of musing, as she sat down to her solitary meal. For a

long time, the cup stood before her untasted, and her head rested on her hand, and her eyes were fixed musingly on the glowing cinders in the grate. Then she roused herself, as if ashamed of her waste of time, and drank her tea hastily. She had scarce drunk it, before a knock came at the door. Rachel set down her cup, a bright glow in her cheek. She knew who it was. It could be no one but John Humphreys!

With her candle in her hand, she went across the empty schoolroom to unlock the door. Yes, there he was, standing outside, with the great snow-flakes descending upon him; for it had begun to snow since Rachel had stood to watch the children home.

"Well, Rachel! here I am again!" said the cheery voice of John.

"I see, John! Come in; how cold it is!" replied Rachel, with a little shiver.

"Ah, so it is, to those who mind such things! I don't. Here, let me fasten the door, Rachel."

She gave him the key, and a minute after, he had strode behind her into the little room. Here he planted himself in front of the fire, standing with his back to it.

"I say, Rachel! you know what comfort is; don't you?"

"I hope I do, John."

"Every place, where you are looks nice," continued John, staring round as if he had never seen the room before; though every spot on the carpet, or flower in the paper, was familiar to him.

"Will you have some tea, John?" asked Rachel, smiling.

"No, thank you; I have had my tea."

Rachel got up, and began quietly to put away the tea things. John sat down, and watched her. He was very fond of watching her move about, and would often sit silent, his eyes fixed upon her, for a length of time.

"We need not always be gabbling, Rachel!" he used to say.

When she had put everything away, she swept her hearth, and brightened up the lamp, and drew the curtains closer. Then she brought out her sewing, and sat down to work, looking, as John observed, the very picture of comfort.

"I tell you what, Rachel," he broke out by saying, "we two shall be the happiest couple in England!"

She looked up at him with a smile.

"I hope so, John."

There was no romance about Rachel. She was the most matter-of-fact person that ever lived.

"And when is it to be, Rachel?"

To this question Rachel made no immediate answer. Indeed, it seemed rather to embarrass her.

"Now I've got the farm, it's time we brought things to a conclusion, Rachel. Pray is the bonnet ready?"

"Yes," said Rachel, in rather a hesitating manner.

"And the gown?"

Rachel nodded assent; but she did not look quite comfortable, either.

"That's capital! We'll be asked in church next Sunday."

Rachel laid down her work.

"John, dear," said she, looking at him with her honest eyes, "I am so afraid——"

"Afraid of what, Rachel?"

"Afraid that you have done wrong, by buying that farm—that is, until you had the money to pay for it."

"But I have the money."

"What! has Mr. Sylvester paid you?"

"He will do—there is no doubt of that, because I mean to make him. In the interval, Mr. Isaacs has been good enough to accommodate me."

"That is, he has lent you the money."

"If you like to put it so, he has."

"And you pay him interest for it."

"Till I get my own, I do; but it will not be long first. Don't perplex your dear little mind, Rachel, about things that are not in your province. We men have to manage all the business matters."

"It only troubles me on this wise," replied Rachel, thoughtfully: "I don't understand business, as you say; but I understand this: we shall have to begin the world in debt."

"Oh, this sort of thing is not considered in the light of a debt," returned John, carelessly; "besides, I am going to put the screw on, and get back my money."

"I wonder if they will pay you," said Rachel, anxiously. "I have a bad opinion of those Sylvesters."

"So have I; and so has every one. But I mean to pay them a visit to-morrow. If Mr. Raymond keeps out of my road, I will see his mother. I am determined I will!"

"Oh, John! that proud, stately Lady Sylvester; how shall you get on with her?"

"As easily as possible. I shall just say to her, Madam, or my lady, whichever is proper, I am come for my money, and I shall be obliged if you will give it to me."

"Oh, John!" and Rachel laughed, "she will order you out of the house."

"I don't care! I shan't go. Never do you trouble, Rachel; I am a match for the whole of them!" said John, stoutly.

Rachel looked at him admiringly. She had no doubt he could do all that was in the power of man to accomplish. But she had a little fear at the bottom of her heart, too.

"I have never owed sixpence in my life," thought she, "and now to begin in debt!"

It was an odious word, and it poisoned Rachel's peace. She made a futile effort to persuade her lover to wait until the Sylvester affair was settled. But however confident John professed to feel that it would be settled, he was not disposed to act on the conviction. Indeed, he was resolute to do nothing of the kind. The banns, he said, should be put up the very next Sunday. He did not stay long, after he had pronounced this final decision. He said a few loving

words, and he insisted on having the gown and the bonnet shown to him; and then he went away in excellent spirits, and full of hope for the future.

Poor John!

When he was gone, Rachel sat a few minutes before the fire, in a fit of musing; then, as the clock gave warning, she started. She had almost forgotten, for the moment, what she had to do.

She got up, put on her bonnet and shawl, extinguished the light, and let herself out into the street. It had become a fearful night. The snow was whirled round and round, by the bleak, whistling wind. It was a wind that searched you through and through; but Rachel did not heed it. She hurried on till she reached the narrow street with the projecting houses. Before one of these houses she stopped, and went up a back entrance. She was going to see Miss Graham.

CHAPTER X.

HE CAN SCARCE BE HAPPY!

RACHEL was quite at home in the house; she needed no one to announce her; she stepped up the broad antique staircase, and tapped at the door of Josephine's room.

Things had got worse, rather than better, as far as the disorder and confusion went. Rachel's correct eye and ear had been shocked considerably, in the course of this little episode in her history. All the time that Josephine lay unconscious, riot and extravagance had prevailed below stairs, and there had been no one to check it. The trustee appointed by Josephine's late aunt had refused to act, or rather was incapacitated by ill-health from so doing. The heir himself was absent, and no tidings had been heard from him. There was no doubt that the present state of things would soon terminate, but while it lasted it was grievous in the extreme. But for Rachel's care and nursing, Josephine would have been positively lost.

Josephine was better now; the period of extreme illness had been struggled through; the shock to the constitution, as the doctor called it, had been withstood bravely by youth and natural vigour. She had risen from her bed of sickness, and to some feeble extent, come forth again.

She was sitting in the room she usually occupied, and where Raymond had left her. She had her music, her books, her pictures, about her as usual, and, to a casual observer, there was no change, save in herself. Those who knew better, would see that these things were held by the frail tenure of days, or of hours; that there was but a step between Josephine and the bleak world outside.

She sat pillowed up in her chair. Her face and figure were wasted almost to a shadow. She had leaned back, and her eyes were closed as if she slept. One thin hand rested on a book in her lap: it was her Bible.

Rachel entered softly, but it woke the invalid in a moment. She started up, and her face assumed that wild, wistful look, which had all along been so dis-

trekking. Rachel went up to her. She had laid aside her shawl and bonnet. It was a habit of hers, however short the time she had to stay.

"A bonnet looks comfortless in a sick room," was one of Rachel's maxims.

She came up to Josephine, and spoke gently to her, and began to smoothen the pillows. The wild, wistful look went out of the poor girl's face, but another came almost as painful—a look of patient, passive suffering, and she laid her head back with a sigh.

"You have had a nice sleep," said Rachel, cheerfully; "I am sure you are better."

Josephine looked at her a few moments, without speaking; then she said, with a kind of effort, "Yes, I am better."

"We shall have you quite strong, some of these days," continued Rachel, in the same cheery voice; "why, you begin to look like yourself already!"

"Sit down, Rachel; I want to talk to you. It snows, does it not?"

"It does snow, but that will make it all the warmer by-and-by," replied Rachel.

"I am afraid it is a sad night for you to come through. You take a great deal of trouble about me."

"Don't think that, for a minute, Miss Graham, please," returned Rachel, quickly. "You took twice as much trouble for me, and I have never felt more hearty and brisk in my life, than since I have been nursing you."

"Rachel," said Josephine, after a moment's pause, "just give me that letter, will you?"

The letter lay upon the table, and as Rachel handed it, a thought thrilled through her mind, with vivid interest. Might it be from Mr. Sylvester?

Ah, no, Rachel! no letter will ever come from that quarter again!

Josephine opened the letter, and read it without speaking; not for the first time, or the second, did she read it; for it concerned her nearly.

"I have heard from the solicitor to Mr. Heatherly, the gentleman whom my aunt has made her heir," said Josephine, in a firm voice. "He says he is coming down to take the management of things during his client's absence. I expect he will be here in a day or two."

"So soon as that?" said Rachel, surprised, and a little frightened, for the crisis in Josephine's history was very near at hand.

"Yes, and he politely wishes me to leave. In fact, he has written to tell me so."

Tears of hot indignation sprang to Rachel's eyes; but she did not speak. It was a settled principle with her, not to inflame the wounds that injustice had opened up. Josephine folded up the letter and put it away.

Her calmness and patience made it all the more difficult for Rachel to restrain her feelings.

"I wanted to see you, Rachel, very much indeed. I know I have caused you a great deal of trouble; but will you render me one more piece of service?"

"I should think I will!" replied Rachel, struggling to keep back her emotion.

"I shall go away from here, as soon as I have found a place to shelter in. Will you look out for me Rachel, and choose a small, inexpensive room somewhere, so that I need not feel absolutely homeless?"

"In Newbury?" asked Rachel, quickly.

"In Newbury. I have thought it over, and there are reasons why I should prefer to remain here. I am not equal to a journey, and it would be worse for me to be flung among strangers. Here I am known, and have some friends."

"You have!" said Rachel, fervently.

"So that, on the whole, I shall not leave at present. When I get stronger, I may feel braver;" and a tear fell on the thin hands that were folded in her lap.

Rachel struggled hard again; she could have cried like a child.

"I will do it, certainly, Miss Graham," said she at length; "and I know of a place that will suit you—quite a nice comfortable place, and a good look out too," continued she, regaining her cheerfulness, for it would never, do, as she said afterwards, to give up. "You would be well taken care of there, I am sure."

"Thank you, Rachel; but are the rooms expensive?" asked Josephine, anxiously.

"Oh, no; the woman of the house would be glad to let them for a trifle."

"Then will you engage them, Rachel, at once? I should feel so much happier!"

"I will engage them, this very night," said Rachel, stoutly.

"Thank you. And, Rachel, there is another thing: a little, a very little, of the furniture is mine."

"Of course that will be your own now," said Rachel, joyfully; "and very nice it will be, and make your rooms look beautiful. I will see to all that, Miss Graham."

"You are very good, Rachel; I shall never repay all your kindness."

"Oh, yes you will, if you get well again; and, dear Miss Graham, it is such a fortunate thing that I am going to—to live in that nice house in the fields. It is only a short walk from your new home, and I shall always be at hand, to look after you."

"When do you go, Rachel?"

"In a few weeks; but there will be plenty of time to get you nicely settled first."

"I shall be glad to go away from here," said Josephine, wearily, and leaning back in her chair.

"Now you are getting tired, Miss Graham, and you must not talk any more. I have been very inconsiderate, not to stop you before," said Rachel, in a tone of self-reproach.

"Then you will engage the rooms for me Rachel?"

"Certainly I will; and I will see that they are put to rights, and made as nice as possible. Good night, dear Miss Graham."

"Good night, Rachel, and God bless you!"

"God bless her, and pity her too!" said Rachel, fervently, as she found herself in the street, sobbing with all her might. "If ever there was a sadder lot than another, it is hers, poor thing!"

(To be continued.)

TOMMY AND HIS BROOM.

THE snow had been falling all night, and in the morning London was covered with a white mantle, its ugly roofs and smoke-blackened buildings shining with snow-flakes and fringed with icicles.

Even the squalor and dirt of the little court on which Tommy's eyes looked this wintry morning, were quite hidden by the beauties of the snow, for there was such a grace in the fantastic manner in which the flakes had chosen to drift and arrange themselves, that even deformity was turned into loveliness. But Tommy, as he gazed with delight at the scene before him, by no means regarded it from the ornamental point of view. At eight years old circumstances had made him strictly utilitarian, and to his eyes the snow appeared as a providence, filling his little heart with hope and strong ambition. Not of snowballing, nor of sliding, nor of any similar sports was this ambition born; it had a far more practical source in Tommy's bosom. It was not that he by any means disliked such things, but that life had grown far too grave a matter for them to have room in his mind. No, Tommy had something else to think of! and, hurrying on his small amount of clothing, he roused his mother, who had fallen asleep, after a weary night of watching.

It may be as well to state that the establishment, in which lived our hero, his mother, his sick father, and his two little sisters, was of the very narrowest dimensions, consisting only of a small, very small room, one-third of which might fairly be said to belong to the great family bread-winner, a mangle.

"Mother," said Tommy, creeping gently up to her side, "oh, there is such a beautiful lot of snow!"

But snow to Mrs. Solly was only another vexation added to her life, already too full of troubles; it was bad for the mangling trade, bad for her consumptive husband's cough, and, therefore, bad for her prospects of getting out again to char, since, whilst he remained so ill she could not leave him, and if she could not leave him, who was to feed them all?

"Is there, child?" she answered, with a heavy heart. "Well, we can't help it; but if this hard weather lasts, God knows what will become of us. There isn't a handful of coal for the fire to-day, even."

"Never you mind, mother," said Tommy, in all the vigour of hope, for already the child had learnt the art of consoling and strengthening others; "I'm going to take the broom and sweep some doorsteps, and you see if I don't bring home a pocketful of money. There are so many doorsteps, you know, and they'll all want sweeping, so I shall be sure to get plenty of work."

"But you're not big enough," suggested his mother, dubiously.

"See if I'm not!" cried Tommy, with pride.

"But the broom is so bad, and we haven't a spade, and if we had, you couldn't manage to use it."

This objection sounded a little more forcible, and Tommy, fetching the broom out of the corner, surveyed it with scrutinising eyes.

"It isn't so *very* stumpy," he said, hopefully, for nothing could damp his ardour; "and the people will be sure to lend me a spade."

"But," continued Mrs. Solly, half-willing and half reluctant, "your boots are all in holes, and you'll get your feet so wet. Every one will say it is a shame, and that I ought to have kept you at home."

"They don't know anything about it, or they wouldn't," replied Tommy, resolutely bent on his project. "I like wet feet, and they never hurt me. What are we to do if I don't earn some money?"

This argument being unanswerable, after eating a hearty breakfast off a slice of the last loaf, Tommy departed in high faith and confidence, shouldering his broom bravely.

It was a very stumpy old broom, but Tommy believed in it notwithstanding, and it seemed to him that only to appear on the field was to conquer it. Lustily he shouted as he went up and down the first street that possessed doorways of sufficient importance to require sweeping, "Want your doorway done?" and was very much surprised that no responsive call answered his own. Besides this totally unexpected lack of demand for door-sweepers, Tommy encountered another obstacle quite as unforeseen, and more threatening to his future prospects. The supply was over-abundant, and competition was rife in the market. Little boys and big boys, little girls and great girls, men with spades and shovels and magnificent brooms were shouting, "Want your doorway done?" quite as vigorously as Tommy. A new trade was suddenly born of the snow, and it seemed to the child as if the whole world had embraced it. Why, there were as many sweepers as there were doors to sweep almost! and then most of them had much better tools to work with than his stumpy broom, besides finding strength in union by banding together in twos and threes. Poor Tommy, as he waded perseveringly on, felt himself gradually growing smaller and smaller amongst his many competitors, and by degrees his cheery cry dwindled down to a very flat key indeed. Disappointment in his little heart was rapidly turning to despair, when a happy thought struck him, for he was a boy of resources, and strong of purpose. He would go to those houses from which he was in the habit of fetching mangling, and where he was a known and respected character. Briskly he turned his steps in the direction of the nearest, hope winging his feet.

"Want your doorway done?" he inquired, eagerly, of the servant who answered the bell.

"What will you do it for?" she asked, smiling, for Tommy was a favourite of hers.

"Do it cheap—do it for twopence!"

"Very well; you may do it."

After borrowing a spade, Tommy, delighted at his

success, set himself bravely to work to shovel away the snow. It must be confessed that the spade being as big as himself, he laboured under difficulties. But what matters difficulty to a resolute spirit? Tommy worked away with a will, and was making, in his own eyes, considerable progress, when the door behind him suddenly opened, and a sharp voice said—

"Why, Jane, how could you be so foolish as to set that chit of a child to work? Here, my dear, take this, and go home; your mother ought to know better than to send you out such a morning as this!"

The spade was taken out of one hand, a penny put in the other, and the door closed before Tommy could speak a word.

Then, no longer shouldering his broom, but trailing it behind him, he turned away, crestfallen and ashamed. That most dreary and hopeless of all feelings, disbelief in one's self, was creeping into his heart; and not shouting his trade-question, but silent and subdued, Tommy went upon his way sorrowing. Was he really not fitted for the high career he had chosen? Was he destined to return home, a baffled hero with an empty pocket? In one word, was he to be a bread-winner or not?

You must remember that this was no light question of personal ambition. At eight years old, Tommy had, by painful experience, attained to an acute knowledge of the value of a penny, of the amount of credit obtainable at the general dealer's, and of the necessity of the simple daily prayer his mother had taught him: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Half inclined to return home, half propelled by some undefined feeling that his failure was not complete, until every possible effort had been tried, he went on until he reached another of his clients, and, ringing the bell with timid fingers, asked meekly if he might sweep the steps.

"You sweep the steps!" cried the servant; "why, you're not half as big as your own broom."

Tommy turned away with two big tears in his eyes at this second stroke of fate, and was just shutting the gate behind him, when a sharp tap at the window arrested his steps, and, looking up, he saw the lady of the house beckoning him.

"Well, Tommy," she said, opening the door, "and what is it you want this morning? Is your father any better?"

"No, ma'am; he's a deal worse. If you please, I came to sweep the steps. I'm plenty big enough, I am indeed, ma'am. Mother hasn't any money, and I came out to earn some," he answered, in a mingled voice of protest, indignation, and entreaty, for Tommy, like the rest of the world, felt it very hard to have his powers so undervalued.

"Give him the shovel, Mary, and let him try. He'll do it well enough, I've no doubt, and every one must have a beginning."

So Tommy, his courage and hope again in the ascendant, a second time set to work, and although he found the task much more difficult than he had fancied, for the snow would persist in sticking to the stones, he contrived to do it with the utmost satisfac-

tion to himself. This satisfaction was not without its drawbacks, for his rivals in the profession would not allow him to work in peace, but threw jeering remarks at Tommy as they passed.

"Don't shovel yourself away in the snow, young 'un." "I s'pose you'll have done by this time next winter."

These and such like observations our hero received with all the contempt they deserved, setting them down to jealousy. Two rosy little boys in scarlet frocks were looking on at him admiringly from the window, and every now and then Tommy spared time to look up and smile. He regarded them as mere babies, quite unlearned in the ways of life, which was, indeed, the truth, although their days numbered almost as many as his own. Very proudly, when his work was done, did he take back the shovel, and wait for his wages. Luck, which, after all, generally follows perseverance, and is not so much a thing of chance as we believe, now waited upon our hero. He was taken into the kitchen, dried, warmed, and fed, and had threepence given him for his labour. Never did a threepence look so charming in Tommy's eyes; for had he not earned it by the sweat of his brow? It represented—at least, that and the other penny together—a whole loaf of bread; and would not that be sufficient for the day?

But this was not all. At parting the lady gave him a plate of delicious meat for his father, and half-a-crown. Tommy's heart danced, and his eyes glistened with a gratitude his tongue could not express, and he scampered off as fast as his legs would take him through the snow to carry the joyful tidings to his mother, feeling a conquering hero indeed. How can it be told what that half-crown purchased? Delight for Tommy, coals for the fire, bread for the children, tea and butter for the sick man, and rest in the household for one day at least.

The snow came every day for a fortnight, and found them bread. To be sure, Tommy did not get half-a-crown every day, but he got something much better, a business connection and a strong fund of self-help for future occasions in life. The lady upon whose doorstep he had made his mark, took a kind interest in the boy, and procured him others to sweep, besides bestowing many kind words and many meals upon him.

As this is a true history, it must be confessed that when a thaw set in, and Tommy found his occupation gone, our hero cried. He would have liked a whole year of snow; but, being far too much a man of the world to give way to his weaknesses, he soon brushed away his tears and set bravely to work in another line of business—that of fetching and carrying for his mother's mangle. At present his whole soul is possessed with a secret ambition, and every halfpenny he gets on his own account is stowed safely away in a place known only to himself. He is heard to make many inquiries as to the price of spades and brooms, for Tommy is looking forward to opening next year's campaign with a spade that may do him honour, and a broom of unlimited powers.

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, May 9, 1868. —



(Drawn by JOHN GILBERT.)

"There is nothing ye deserve for your malefices but death,"—p. 533.

"EVIL MAY DAY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

EVIL MAY DAY! How came it by such an evil name?—the sweetest day of all others? I tell you. Be quiet there, Diccon; leave off Nay, an' if ye will hear, I am ready to tell; hitting Hob. Madge, hush the babe asleep. Turn but on one condition only—that ye hold your peace and disturb not your sick mother while the dogs out, boys, or else keep 'em quiet. Not

a word will you get from me till there's peace. Throw another billet on the fire. Now, then, are you all settled? Are you all going to be quiet? Now, then— Here comes Giles; make room for him, Kate. Giles, I'm going to tell a tale; a true one; wherein your father and I were concerned when we were lads. Now, then:

Kate, knowest thou why thou art called Kate? After Queen Katherine: not the present one, but the first; a goodly lady and a godly.

The king, at that time, was lovely in his person, and of sweet conditions. He had not fallen into flesh, as he hath done since. They say he has a machine now, to heave him up-stairs; but I don't believe all that's said—specially of kings and queens. At that time he was scarce an eagle's talon thick,—come, at all events, his waist was as slim as Nell's. Fine broad shoulders, too, you know; a well-opened eye, quick as a hawk's; short, thick, curly hair; a merry mouth, deep chest, and *such* an arm for a bow! A capital archer was King Hal.

He encouraged archery; he loved it: he made us all archers; he said it was the Englishman's proper weapon. You know Harold wasn't beaten till he got an arrow in his eye. William Rufus was slain with an arrow. Farther back still, King Saul's last battle was lost because he was sore wounded of the archers; wherefore one of the first things David did was to make the children of Judah learn the use of the bow: behold, it is written in the book of Jasher.

"Thought I was going to tell you a story?" Why, so I am. I'm coming to the beginning of it as fast as a horse can gallop. I've a notion, though, that I shall stop, perhaps in the most interesting part, if you interrupt me any more. (Kate, your mother wants something.)

On as fine a May morning as ever was—sky blue, grass green, hedges full of flowers and of singing birds—King Harry the Eighth, being young and full of joy, rose right early in the morning, and put on his clothes to go a-maying. And what were his clothes? They were of white satin; ay, and his knights, squires, and gentlemen were in white satin too, with embroidery, and gold chains, and plumage, just as if they were going to a grand wedding. And all the yeomen of the guard were in white sarcenet, with bows of various coloured ribbons round their black velvet caps.

As for the ladies, I cannot tell you how fine they were: they made me blink, like a flash of lightning, or the sun coming suddenly from behind a cloud, they were so dazzling; and whether their eyes or their jewels, or their gold and silver apparel were the brightest, I could not possibly determine.

Every man had his bow and arrows, and every

man went to fetch a sprig of may to set in his cap. From the days of Crecy and Poitiers archery had been on the decline, in spite of compulsory edicts; but now, what all the king's horses and all the king's men had failed to effect, came to pass through the example of the young king himself, who was a capital Bowman. He founded the fraternity of St. George, who were to shoot at all manner of marks and butts, and all manner of fowls, in the city or out of it; and if any archer were so misfortunate as to shoot his comrade, he was not to be sued or apprehended for it, if so be he had called out, "Fire!" before he shot.

Well, on this May Day I am speaking of, we young citizens of every parish had met overnight to join in the celebration of it, had divided ourselves into companies, and repaired to the woods and groves about town, some to Hampstead, some to Highgate, to Greenwich, to Shooter's Hill, and so forth. My division went to Shooter's Hill, where we spent the entire night in cutting down green boughs and branches, to make a goodly bower, and in divers sports and pastimes. What mirth we made, to be sure! We were well victualled too, and had plenty of eating and drinking. My father, who was a stalwart man, in the flower of his age, just as I may be now, was to play Robin Hood, and right well he looked his part, with jerkin and hose of Lincoln green, wide buskins of buff, a bugle at his side, a quiver at his back, a feather in his cap, and a tall bow in his hand. You might have thought him the Earl of Huntingdon himself. At his back were two hundred archers, equipped like himself, and goodly to see, too, though he towered over them from the shoulders and upward.

To him comes the king—and oh!—was it not like King David coming to Araunah, both of them so kingly! You see, morning was just breaking, the sun flaming up from clouds of carnation and gold, the birds singing their hearts out, the air full of gossamer, the grass shining with May-dew (so good for the complexion, Kate!)

Robin Hood—that's my father—and his two hundred men, had drawn up in goodly array, as the king and queen, and lords and ladies came riding by. When King Harry saw Robin Hood, he slackened his pace, and seeing my father step forward, no whit abashed, but with fit deference, ye may depend, the king halted.

"What is it, good man?" quoth he.

Quoth my father—that's Robin Hood—"May it like your grace to see my men shoot?"

"Yea, verily," quoth the king.

Then Robin Hood gave a shrill whistle; and all his archers shot and loosed at once. He whistled again, and they all shot again; he whistled again, and they all shot again; and the whiz of so many arrows let flying at once made a great and strange

noise, that mightily pleased the king. They all belonged to the king's guard.

Next, Robin Hood stepped forth, and said, "May it like your grace, and the queen's grace, to come into the greenwood and see how we archers live?"

"It liketh me well," said the king; and so said the queen, when he asked her if she would adventure herself among so many outlaws. Her answer was pretty, methinks—"If it pleaseth your grace, I am content." She spoke with a somewhat foreign accent. Ye may be sure we lads looked at her with all our eyes. She was little, with auburn hair under a white silken coif, edged with big pearls, and she rode a Spanish jennet. Behind her were eleven ladies, the fairest in the land, all mounted on ambling palfreys.

Then the archers wound their horns, and the whole troop accompanied the king's grace into the wood that lieth under Shooter's Hill. Here we had made an arbour of green boughs, and within it was a table covered with a fair white cloth, and set with flagons and trenchers and dishes; and smoking-hot venison, the outlaws were supposed to have killed, was set before the king.

And the king said, "Verily, this is a sumptuous breakfast!"

Said Robin Hood, "Sir, outlaws have only venison to their breakfast. We give you the best cheer we have."

Said the king, "Right so; I desire no better."

So they ate till they were sufficed, and made very merry; and then forth they fared, on their return to Greenwich, followed by crowds of people greatly solaced at the sight. And a pageant came forth to meet them, of a chariot drawn by five horses, with a fair lady seated on every horse.

Now, when we had seen the last of the king and his goodly equipage, we lads trooped in crowds, with much vociferation and rejoicing, to deck the great May-pole, which was drawn by forty yoke of oxen, each ox having his horns tipped with a nosegay of flowers. Men, women, and children accompanied us, laden with boughs and with flowers: the minstrels and morris-dancers went before; the hobby-horse, dragon, and salvage-men followed after. Ye never knew such frolicking in your life. It was sport!

That is to say, it was sport as long as they all kept their tempers. And why should not they, on May Day, of all the days in the year?

Well, if the Evil One found his way into the fairest May garden that ever was, where Eve herself was May queen, likely enow it was that he should come among us poor sinners. And if the fair ladies in the pageant embodied spring, vegetation, perfume, flower-blossoms, softening showers, and such like, I fear me that envy, hatred, malice, and mischief were among us dis-

embodied, and seeking what evil they could set us on.

For, you see, a great many foreigners had settled down among us, with their wares and their handicrafts and their outlandish gibberish, that we Londoners could not abide; thinking with some reason that it was to our hindrance and impoverishment. Now, when a spite smoulders in the heart, it soon finds a cranny to creep out at. One of the morris-dancers was a French varlet, whose proper name was Dennis, though he chose to call himself Dennee. Being as lissom as the thinnest split whalebone, he cut his capers higher than the rest, and bounded like a shuttlecock. Whenever he came down again, it pleased Tom Fool to hit him a thwack with his lath sword, and cry, "Higher! higher!" which, at length, incensed Dennee, who sharply turned on him with—

"Vat for you say higher, higher? you von great big Tom Fool!"

"It takes a wise man to be a good fool," answers Tom, hitting him again; on which Dennee showed all his teeth, and chattered like a monkey. Moreover, he snatched Tom Fool's sword and shivered it in splinters, on which Tom, without hesitation, gave him a black eye. You should have heard the uproar there was. "Fight it out! a ring, my masters!" but all that was quickly put down by the elder and cooler heads, and what began in anger ended in peals of laughter. Dennee's anger did not end, though—it smouldered, and he cursed and felt for his knife. Howbeit, the festivity of the occasion was too much for him, and soon he was at his shuttlecock leaps again; while Tom Fool was hunting for a new sword.

"Was *this* evil May Day?" No, no; not it. I'm coming to it presently. I've just hinted at the heartburnings that were beginning to show themselves between the Londoners and the foreigners. Maybe there were dozens of such trivial quarrels between the two parties as that between Tom Fool and Dennee; and when one began to tell his fellow what a grudge he owed such and such a Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Dutchman, the other would say, "Ay, ay, I was served just such an ugly trick;" and so fomenting each other's wrath, instead of assuaging it, which was not the right thing, you know, boys.

Well, this feeling grew worse and worse; and I had my share of it, for it seemed to me that Dennee had a mind to be my sister Kate's sweetheart; else why should he always be offering her posies, and sweet things, and bone-carvings? In truth, he had a pretty turn that way; but she would none of his gauds, which ought to have satisfied me; but I was vexed because she would speak well of him.

The year ran its course, and May Day had nearly come round again, when, returning home one

evening, I met Dennee hurrying along as if a mad dog were at his heels, carrying a bag with him. I said, "Whither so fast, Master Dennee?"

He said, "*Alley, alley!* Not you hinder me, I go far, far away."

"What!" said I, "are you going for good?"

"*Wee, wee, wee!* for very good, because you all is so bad. *Bone swore!*"

Well, I thought this strange, though I was not sorry to be quit of him.

Presently Giles, my fellow-apprentice, came up to me, shaking with laughter, and caught hold of my shoulder to steady himself.

"I've sent Dennee off with a flea in his ear," said he. "There's a rumour all over the city that the 'prentices are going to slay all the aliens; so I told him of it, and he's off."

"Belike you've done him a good turn then," said I; "but sure, the report hath no foundation?"

"I know not that," said Giles: "there's many a quarrel to be settled, and we owe them a spite."

"You! are you going to have a hand in it?"

"Why not? Will you join us?"

"No, I think not. I've no quarrel to pick with any, unless Dennee, and he's gone."

"Then, an you will not, mum's the word; but look out for something on May Day."

I mused in my mind what this might portend. However, just before the day came, every alderman received instructions to give orders personally to his ward, that no man should on any pretext whatsoever stir out of his house after nine o' the clock, but keep his doors shut and his family and servants within till nine o'clock the next morning.

As it happened, I was playing at bucklers with my fellow-'prentice in Cheap, when the alderman of our ward, a fussy old citizen, chanced to come by, just after hearing the proclamation, which we lads knew nothing of. Pushing through the knot of bystanders who were cheering us on, he cried aloud—

"Leave off! leave off, I say!"

"Why?" returns Giles, continuing his play.

"Dost defy me, knave? Here, constables, take them both to the Comptor."

"Let them if they dare!" cries Giles in a passion; and I, too, was incensed, and began to bawl—

"'Prentices! 'prentices! clubs! clubs!" on which swarms of lusty young fellows flung themselves over counters and bulkheads, and came trooping and whooping to the rescue, armed with whatever it might chance.

Mr. Alderman turned as red as a turkey-cock, and backed into a shop, through which he was let out by a back way into a bye-street and so escaped.

But not so soon was allayed the uproar he had

excited. Remember, boys, it's easier to upset a skilnet of boiling water than to heal them that are scalded by it. Journeymen and their masters now swelled the throng of 'prentices; serving-men, watermen, and even courtiers. Giles and I, who had been laid hands on, were soon released. At St. Martin's Gate, we were met by good Sir Thomas More, who spread out his hands towards us, and cried—

"I exhort you all, my good people, to go home; for you are in danger of being called in question for this day's uproar."

But he might as well have bid the wind to change. People were now beginning to throw stones from St. Martin's, and one of them hit a sergeant-at-arms, one Nicholas Dennis, who, in a fury, shouted "Down with them!" Meanwhile, others, moved by evil-doers of the baser sort, were forcing the doors and windows of houses, and flinging the goods into the street.

A cry was now raised—"To the Frenchmen in Cornhill!" and a rush was made to that place, where was a French lodging-house. This was broken into and stripped, the terrified Frenchmen fleeing for their lives. The same thing occurred in various other quarters; in short, the doings of that Evil May Day (for the sack and pillage continued till three o'clock on May morning, amid inexpressible clamour and violence) were such that Giles and I slunk home ashamed, and were rather glad to be roughly handled by our master, and locked up in the dark on bread and water.

Meanwhile the lord mayor had seized and sent to prison upwards of three hundred, including women and young boys. Three days after, they were brought forth and tried at Guildhall; and John Lincoln and twelve others were sentenced to hanging. Oh, how our hearts were dismayed! How Giles and I bewailed ourselves in secret for having set this big stone a rolling that was to crush us all! for, on the 22nd of May, after we had remained three weeks in fearful jeopardy, the king came to Westminster Hall, with his grand lords, and the lord mayor and aldermen, and commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Forth they all came, young and old, in lamentable case; dirty, torn, squalid, with pale faces smeared with tears, in their shirts, and with halters round their necks, four hundred men and boys, besides eleven women. Giles and I followed after them, shaking in our shoes, for all we were not in the scrape, because our own consciences condemned us.

Well, when they were all brought before the majesty of the king's presence, the cardinal rose, and with a terrible voice, charged the lord mayor and aldermen with gross negligence in not allaying sooner the outbreak. "And as for you, ye sinful people," said he, with a dreadful look at the

prisoners, "there is nothing ye deserve for your malefices but death."

Then they all fell on their knees, and began wailing and weeping, that it was dreadful to hear and see; and cried they, "Mercy—mercy, gracious lord and king!—mercy!"

Then the Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, and the other great lords joined their supplications to those of the miserable caitiffs, and said to the king, "We beseech your grace, of your abundant mercy, to pardon them all, howbeit hanging would be but too good for them."

Then the king, after a pause, tempering the severity of his aspect, said, "Well, I will. I pardon ye all."

Thereupon, so mad with joy were the prisoners,

that they plucked off their halters, and flung them right up to the roof.

Now, mark what Giles and I did. No sooner did we perceive the king's countenance change, than we slipped into a corner, whipped off everything but our shirts, put something about our necks for halters, and down on our bare knees with the rest! Thus we came in for our share when he cried, "I pardon ye all."

Ah! he was a good and merciful king then. It has been only by little and little that he has changed. He's a warning to you all, boys. He was as good as any of you, then. And for my part, I cannot help remembering the kindness of his youth, especially concerning that Evil May Day.

THE ART OF LIVING HAPPILY.

"He that hath it shall abide satisfied."—Prov. xix. 23.

THERE is an evil under the sun, and it is common among men; a universal disease, an inward complaint that sickens the heart and gnaws away slowly at the life; a kind of evil philosopher's stone which turns all that it touches into dross. It is called Unhappiness.

There was an ancient philosopher who had great riches and power besides his wisdom, and his wisdom was also great. He lived amid gorgeous luxuriance of everything that ingenuity could devise to please and gratify, and interested and amused himself with carrying on great and magnificent works. He had his fill of every earthly good, and his wisdom remained with him. Now, one would be ready to think that if anybody could be happy he must have been the man; but he was not the man. For, when he passed his enjoyments and labours under review, one touch of the stone wrung from him the disconsolate exclamation, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" The sorrow of his exclamation is touching, its bitterness is sublime, and its truth finds an echo in every heart. Who has not felt, in some pause of his career, and looking backwards and forwards, as if all were but "vanity and vexation of spirit," and there were no "profit under the sun?" It is the interpretation of the weary tick-tick, that falls through the years from the great clock-tower of Time. Day after day, year after year, century after century, the heavy pendulum swings backwards and forwards uttering its constant, monotonous, melancholy sound, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities." Every one comes to learn its meaning sooner or later. It early disturbs the dream of youth; and beats with wearisome persistency in the ear of manhood. It is a painful sound. We

cannot, indeed, long listen to it quietly, it would either stupefy or madden the brain. The toils and cares of the world, though in themselves often a burden, are quite as often a blessing, for their noise muffles the sound and prevents us being driven to distraction; they also keep men from taking to questionable modes of attaining the same end: hence the proverb, "The greatest want is the want of a want." Many strive to drown themselves in business or pleasure that they may not hear; and if regular cares do not come in course, a way is soon found out to make them; but it is impossible altogether to succeed in stopping the ears; there is always a confused, unpleasant sound, and at every cessation of their own din the old constant note comes out again distinctly, marching on with unvaried tread to death, judgment, eternity.

Who does not know the dull pain and depression of a headache, and the sharp agony and pang of toothache? Yet the malady of which we have been speaking—the heartache or mindache—is worse than them both; for it is deeper, more constant, and more incurable. This is a sore evil; and it has sometimes gone on to such an extent, and the consequent pain to such a height, that people have even committed self-destruction to get rid of it.

The domain of Nature has been ransacked and turned over and over again by pharmacopologists innumerable; and every now and then medicines of various kinds have made a noise in the world, till repeated experience has proved their worthlessness; patients have tried nostrums of every name and nature, but all in vain, or with very partial success; science and philosophy have lent their aid; but only to be baffled, both as to the

character of the disease and the discovery of a cure.

"In vain, alas! is Nature's aid,
The work exceeds all human pow'r."

And conscious of their inability to grapple with such an evil, men have embodied the results of their philosophy in an aphorism, which carries but cold comfort to the sufferer: "What can't be cured must be endured."

Now, the existence of disease at all is an abnormal state of matters: and if an antidote cannot be found in one quarter, men naturally turn to another. But in this case, humanity is sadly at variance with its usual practice. It persists in seeking where the history and experience of all time past have declared that what it wants is not to be found. Each generation seems to think itself wiser than the last in the matter, and with modern skill and appliance again digs over the old ground, wondering like its predecessors that it cannot find as it proceeds; and when it has gone through the allotted space once, turning and digging it over again; until at length, with a blind persistency and dogged, semi-despair, the work grows into a sort of mania, like that of the Seeker, after the "great carbuncle."

If men had no knowledge or means of knowing anything else, the wonder would not be so great; but with "intimations of immortality" within, and a written revelation of the "way" without, and with no lack of instances of the beneficial effects of the course of treatment therein prescribed, that *any*—not to say the *many*—should still vainly clutch at the shadow while they let the substance go by, is a marvel without precedent, and can only be explained on the theory that their vision is distorted and turned into obliquity by some evil power.

Many times and oft has the experience of some been a living demonstration to others of the truth that

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

And people in general partly believe the testimony, and fully intend to put it to the proof some day. And then they set off on the old track, to seek first those things which are needful for the body—and more if they can get it—forgetting that the great Teacher said, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Is it any wonder then that the "inner man" feels in a miserable way, the result of improper or insufficient nourishment, when it is only supplied with the husks that go to support the outer, and a little of very diluted real food, accompanied with a vague occasional promise that it will get something better by-and-by?

Whatever may have been said to the contrary—and it is not much comparatively—that the

Christian religion believed and acted on must prove a source of joy and happiness, admits of easy demonstration. Leaving altogether out of sight the truth that the man who devotes all his energies to the things of earth and time outrages the higher part of his nature, which in turn takes its revenge upon him by depriving him of the satisfaction which his pursuits might otherwise have afforded; leaving that out of sight, there is a conscience in man—though some, goaded by its accusing voice, have attempted to get quit of the discomfort by denying its existence, with what success is best known to themselves—there is a conscience within that pleads guilty, and guilt awakens fear, making existence, when men take time and think about it, little better than a continual misery, and turning the natural enjoyment of life into gall and worm-wood. Or granting that conscience may be deadened and the inward voice silenced; there still remain, as we have said, the "intimations of immortality," which must at least create doubt if not fear; and the vision of death, which *will* intrude, and thoughts of the uncertainty of the unknown darkness into which we must soon go, and which, for aught that one can tell, may be as the Bible says, must prove a bitter ingredient in the cup of life. Or, to take the lowest ground, the climax of sceptical content and hope, granting that the man congratulates himself on having managed to lay his great enemy, conscience, dead at his feet, and to erase from his being every trace of immortal existence, and reduced himself in every respect—except a little matter of intelligence more or less—to a level with the beasts that perish, there remains the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and that must often be a sore point with him. He may be weary enough of life, yet

"'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant,
'Tis life, deep life, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want;"

not death, from which all life shrinks with terror; nor the grave, with its horror of darkness, and worms, and corruption. He knows that he may die at any moment, that in course of a few years he *must* die—must leave all his business engagements, all his social enjoyments, all his pleasures, all his wealth and fame, if he have any, and become a loathsome carcase, to be buried out of sight and forgotten—left to crumble in rottenness and decay. He cannot always keep such thoughts at arm's-length, and they are enough to poison the strength of any life. What heart can one have for anything, whose goal for all hope and aspiration is the grave! You may as well expect the prisoner in the condemned cell to "laugh and grow fat"—the only difference is, that he is likely to die in a more shocking manner, and a little sooner, though even that is uncertain. Such a sepulchral outlook is ill-fitted to render life happy.

At the best, it may, perhaps, be regarded with stoical indifference; but very few can ever attain to such a negative sort of felicity as that, and he who can be *happy* in it is not in his sober senses.

On the other hand, true religion, not ignoring but confessing all these things to be great disturbers of our peace, and to which we are in bondage, at one grand stroke sweeps them all into oblivion, and sets us free. We are no longer left to mourn our inheritance of a few feet of earth—"this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life." We are no longer left in doubt about the darkness of "the valley and the shadow of death;" "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." We are no longer left in helpless fear concerning the things that conscience speaks of—"being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." To those "who obey not the Gospel" the forebodings of conscience culminate in a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." But to those who shape their lives according to its teaching, the dim vision of immortality that dwells in the spirit of man is opened and expanded into the reality of the "life everlasting," all radiant with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

A living faith and simple trust in the home prepared for us by God, is the only real principle, and it is a powerful one, to counteract "human sadness" and dissatisfaction.

"Oh, happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!"

A full belief in the truth that Christ has opened up a way of escape from condemnation by the sacrifice of himself, that it is the great joy of his great loving heart to bring us to heaven, and introduce us to all its fuller life of glory and delight, must of necessity make the present life happier. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" but hope certain to be realised makes the heart strong and glad; and the hope of the heaven that awaits us is surely enough to fill any heart with joy.

"A hope so great and so divine
May trials well endure."

If one has a plentiful share of this world's good, such a prospect will enable him to enjoy it the more; and if one's lot be hard, such a prospect will enable him to bear it the better. In bereavement, such a prospect will temper the anguish of separation by the forward look to the meeting in heaven. In trouble of every kind, such a prospect will enable us to say, with St. Paul, with more or less courage and patience according to the firmness of our faith: "Our light affliction, which is

but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And in the hour of death such a prospect will rob the grisly monarch of his terrors, for "though our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

All this is not mere theory and transcendental rhapsody; it is fact, and the consciousness of that has enabled many a one to "run with patience the race set before him," and in dissolution to exult as a conqueror, exclaiming with latest breath, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But besides the prospect of heaven, the Christian has the present sympathy, and assistance, and comfort of God, through the Holy Spirit. While in this world, in the flesh, our Lord gave the universal invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And he is the Unchangeable, now and for ever, both able and willing to fulfil his word. Where else can we go with the numberless evils under which we are helpless, but to him? His ear is ever open to the cry of his creatures, his eye sees all their wants, his heart yearns over their trials and temptations, and his ready sympathy "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The closer and more hearty our communion with him, the more we can realise this comfort. But often he leads the blind by a way which they know not; and then the thought that we are in his hand, and therefore safe, ought to be enough. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

There is something inexpressibly grand and glorious in the life which now is, viewed as a state of probation and preparation for that which is to come. Such an aspect and purpose sheds a stream of heavenly glory over man, and his little momentary concerns; and the thousand cares that tug day and night at the skirts of his garments are bathed in the holy light, and become part of the Father's discipline and education, to fit his child for the "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away."

Thus true religion becomes "an anchor of the soul," in this mysterious and tempestuous existence of ours, and the only antidote for the bane of life, the cure for unhappiness. When we know, and are sure, that God is love, and that he makes all things work together for our good, the sting is taken out of earthly woe, its troubles may wound, but they will not poison the system. While the world invites men to satisfy themselves, by swallowing as much of it as they can before they die, Christianity tells them that satisfaction is not

there, that the harder they try to find it, the bitterer will be their disappointment, and points them to a higher source, even God himself. "At his right hand is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

But are all true Christians happy? They are undoubtedly happier than they would be without any hope at all; and the fault is in themselves if they are not largely happy. It must be either from an imperfect apprehension of the whole truth of the Gospel, or a partial application of it to their own case, or a partial endeavour at conformity in the life, that the effect is only partial. We know that the full flood of happiness cannot visit us upon earth: we have neither capacity nor fitness to receive it; but there are foretastes more or less sweet to be found. We cannot expect too much of what Christianity promises; but it is possible under misapprehension to expect in a manner we have no warrant for, or that God sees not to be best for us, and even to expect what is not promised at all. It will not deliver its professors from the effects of their transgressions of natural law; nor from the common "ills that flesh is heir to," though by inculcating the practice of the virtues it does in a measure alleviate some of these. And besides the above-mentioned ills, there is always enough of the "old Adam" within, and temptation without, to disturb and embitter the most pious life. But by-and-by—and this is the comfort—these will all be left behind,

"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

Yet those who love God shall live, and wave their

palm of victory over death and hell, and wear the crown of glory, and reign with Christ for ever and ever.

Meanwhile let them rejoice in the prospect, and work for its fulfilment—and seek by frequent communion with God to have their hearts so opened, that both in their joys and sorrows they may be able to catch his sympathy and apprehend his guidance, and be the better prepared for entering into his rest.

Let them not despise things secular, but hail as auxiliaries every true reform, political, educational, moral, sanitary; every little helps, and some little help much. Yet amid the rabble rout of popular reformations, let not self-amendment be forgotten, but pressed into the foremost rank, and in the highest and truest sense of all. And the constant exercise of virtue and benevolence, and the consolations and hope of true religion, will bring the mind into a condition of sweetness and calm that is a perpetual source of enjoyment—for the calm mind, like still waters, reflects surrounding objects in their justest and truest proportions. A conscience at rest, and a calm mind anchored on the Unchangeable, will be a strong and sweet influence pervading the life, and constituting "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

And while "the world of the ungodly" must go down to the grave sorrowing without hope, let those who have in their hearts the "larger hope" rejoice amid their sorrow; and for the joy set before them endure the cross, despising the shame, "quit themselves like men," and "fight the good fight of faith," till, crowned with victory, they enter into the joy of their Lord. J. H.

THE WARNING.

INTER, that old enchanter, quakes,
Hearing the cuckoo's magic word;
With fear the wrinkled wizard shakes,
For Heaven has sent the warning bird.

The shrouds of snow melt into flowers,
Through the dead leaves the primrose comes;

Between the sunny April showers

The swallows dart, the wild bee hums.

Then from the old king's loosening grasp

Expands a little ruffling wing;

And there flits out that gentle bird—

That rainbow-coloured bird—the Spring.

W. THORNBURY.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LADY SYLVESTER.

ADY SYLVESTER was sitting in her usual place, by the drawing-room fire. It was after dinner; the time when she and Alice were alone. Alice was at the piano, playing soft little airs, more to herself than to her mother. For Lady Sylvester's eyes were closed, as if she were asleep.

She was not asleep; her active brain was busy working out problems that might have puzzled a statesman: but outwardly, all seemed peace and repose. The hands, with their lace ruffles, were calmly folded, as though nothing could be expected of them, just then; and the attitude was one of undisturbed tranquillity—tranquillity, however, that did not last long.

A tap at the door, and in came the butler.



(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Between the sunny April showers
The swallows dart, the wild bee hums."—p. 536.

Lady Sylvester roused herself like one used to sudden surprises. Alice continued to play softly. Her whole soul was in the melody she was bringing forth from the old disused instrument. She did not notice the entrance of the butler.

"If you please, your ladyship," began the man, "I am very sorry, but John Humphreys is here."

"Well?" said Lady Sylvester, haughtily, as though the very existence of such an individual was unknown to her.

"He wishes to see Mr. Sylvester," continued the man, respectfully.

"Mr. Sylvester is not at home."

And the proud head was laid back again on the cushion. The old servant hesitated.

An initiated person might have detected an expression of uneasiness in the piercing eye of Lady Sylvester.

"He refuses to leave the house until he has seen your ladyship."

A sudden and deep silence. Alice's fingers stopped abruptly. The silence did not last many minutes.

"Tell him he must come again, when my son is at home."

This mandate proceeded from the lips of her ladyship. The butler retired, softly and respectfully. Alice rose, and came to her mother.

"Who is John Humphreys?" she asked.

"No one that you need know anything about, Alice."

"But is he," she came nearer, and spoke the words fearfully, "is he a creditor?"

Lady Sylvester had not time to answer. The butler had come back again.

"I am sorry to trouble your ladyship, but the man will not go."

Alice's face looked scared. Lady Sylvester was impassive and self-possessed as ever.

"Tell him I am coming."

He was waiting. At first he was afraid she would not come, and that, as he said afterwards, he should have to proceed to extremities. What those extremities were, he never mentioned, for he had no need to have recourse to them. Lady Sylvester was coming.

He rose, for he had sat down, his hat in his hand. He meant to be quite respectful, and behave as to a lady. He looked towards the door, and quietly bided his time.

When the door opened, and she came in—Lady Sylvester herself—John Humphreys was somewhat confounded. His task—good, simple-minded man—had seemed easy enough, a few minutes ago. The case was different now, in the actual presence of the woman he had demanded to see.

She swept by him, with her trailing robe, and sat down in the chair, where Raymond had once sat. Then she looked him, as he afterwards said, "through and through." By this time, he had recovered a little of his courage, for he had come on an important errand, and was not to be browbeaten by a woman.

She had not spoken, or made the slightest sign of recognition. Now, that he was standing before her, she addressed him for the first time.

"You have wished to see me; what have you to say?"

The sound of her voice struck a kind of chill into John. He paused ere he could reply.

"I am sorry to trouble your ladyship," he began, but she made a sign of impatience.

"Pass by that, if you please, John Humphreys."

"As your ladyship pleases. My errand is a very simple one, and straightforward as the day. I have come to ask for my money."

"And is it usual in these cases to demand it of ladies?" She said it a cutting tone, meant to be ironical.

"No, madam—my lady, I mean," interrupted John, hastily; "not unless, as in the present instance, the gentleman keeps out of the way."

A flush rose to the proud features. The eyes gave a keener flash; but she kept them fixed upon him. She meant that he should quail before them, but he did not.

"If, at any time, our house did you the honour of asking you a favour," said Lady Sylvester, "need you insult it by mistrust? What does your conduct mean, John Humphreys?"

"My lady, I never should have mistrusted," said John, again hastily, "if I had been paid in reasonable time. And my conduct means simply this: I want the money, and I will have it."

"If that is all you have to say," she replied, rising as though the interview were at an end, "I advise you to send in your claim to our solicitor; families, such as ours, do not choose to be troubled with paltry affairs like these." And she drew her shawl round her, as though intending to depart.

"Lady Sylvester," said John, firmly, "I do not mean to apply to your solicitor any more. I am tired of it. I mean to get the money by law."

She did not answer. She was moving towards the door, as grand, John said to Rachel, as any empress.

"I mean to get the money by law," continued he, in the same resolute voice; "so I advise your ladyship to take warning in time. When the first break comes in the walls, depend on it their doom is near!"

She looked back at him with a scornful smile, as though she defied him. John returned look for look, and as he did so, her ladyship passed out.

He had got nothing by his interview—Rachel said he never would; but he had advertised them what he meant to do.

"And now for law," said John Humphreys, as he walked briskly homeward; "now for law!"

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT RICHARD FANAN WAS ABOUT.

It was a little low room, with the furniture broken and battered, and the casement off the hinges, and the window stuffed with straw. It was as wretched a place as you could put your head in; but it was the home of Richard Fanan.

One thing, only, had a ray of cheerfulness about it. A huge fire blazed and crackled on the hearth. By

the fire sat Richard and his colleagues. They were evil-looking men, with the same wolfish physiognomy that he had himself; and the meeting together, in this miserable haunt, was, to say the least of it, suspicious.

"Now, then," said Richard, looking round, "I suppose we are all here?"

"Yes, we are all here," replied the man whom the reader has seen before, in the presence of Mr. Mapleson.

"Now, our way seems to be pretty easy," said Richard. "We've got to act on the principle of *intimidation*. I'll tell you what Mr. Mapleson has done for us! He has screwed down our wages; he has made hard terms with us, as to the days we've worked for him; he's kept back our money, and he's turned us adrift in the dead of the winter. Just give a look at my place here, boys, and then say what sort of a master Josiah Mapleson has been!"

There was an inner room which opened out of the one where the men were sitting. In it, on the bare floor, crouched a wretched woman with an infant in her arms, and three ragged children nestling near to her, as though for warmth. It was Richard Fanan's wife, and if she dare have spoken, she would have proclaimed aloud, "No, Richard, it was not Josiah Mapleson, it was your other master, *drink*, that has brought you to this."

But she did not say it, poor creature! it would have been as much as her life was worth.

"I'll tell you what," said Richard, savagely, "we'll have it out of that fellow some of these days!"

"So we will; and the sooner the better," echoed his friends.

"There are two ways of dealing with him," continued Richard; "he's laid up with the gout, you know, and does not get to the mill. Now he's got a new man—a raw young fellow—it will be very easy work to manage. Bless you, why, he'll bend like a straw!"

"I'm not so sure of that," said Jem Carter, speaking very deliberately. "That young fellow, as you call him, has an old head on his shoulders; and he aint one to be put down either—I knows it!"

"Why, what do you know?" asked Richard, eyeing him contemptuously.

"I know I tried it on with him. I went up to the mill, and thinks I'll bully him into taking me on again; and I tells him it is the safest plan to knock under to us men a little, that he was *one*, and we was *many*, and so on."

"Well, what did he say?" asked Richard, impatiently.

"Say! he said, 'I'll tell you what, my man, if you were five hundred to one against me, and I was in the right, and you in the wrong, I would not give it up.' And he meant it too. You should have seen the look he gave me."

"You are such a coward, Jem Carter. Now, if it had been me——"

"You had better let it be *you* next time," sneered the other, "and see how you get on,"

"I do mean it should be *me*, Jem; I'm not one as

shrinks from my duty," said Richard, with a strange misapplication of the word. "And I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll first pay Mr. Blake a visit when he don't just happen to expect us. And if he can't be brought to reason, why, then, I've another scheme in hand; a bold one, but we'll carry it through, lads! see if we don't!"

"What is it?" asked more voices than one.

Richard gave a suspicious glance round. Then he lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "We'll *fire the mill!*"

It was a desperate proposition; so bold, and so reckless, indeed, that it caused a momentary silence. Richard was carrying his colleagues further than they meant to go.

He saw the effect he had produced, for he was a sharp-witted man enough; but he knew also how to counteract it. Looking round he said—

"Now, them as are cowards had better just get up and go away; we don't want 'em here."

No one stirred. The word *coward* was an epithet which none seemed desirous of earning. Then Richard went on—

"I don't know as we shall need to do the thing, lads. I fancy when we've got that young fellow Blake into our clutches, he'll be glad to buy off at any cost."

A peculiar sound from Jem Carter, intended to express incredulity.

"He *will*, Jem—see if he don't! That mill is a lonely place, and I know he stops till last. He has his room there, and I've seen the light in it after every one has gone. He's looking over accounts maybe. Now, some of these nights we'll just step in upon him, and see what he's about."

"What shall you do, pray?" asked Jem, rather anxiously.

"Do! I shall just say to him, 'Now, Mr. Blake, or whatever your name happens to be, I'm a man of few words, and when I've said 'em, so much the worse for you if you don't do as I say. I want you to give us men back the wages your master cheated us out of; and I want you to promise that you'll take us on again—at our own terms, mind; not at yours. And if you'll do this, we'll go quietly home again, without ruffling a feather.' That's what I mean to say."

"And if he won't do it?"

"Then," and Richard threw an evil glance round, "then he had better look to it, that is all!"

A short silence followed these words; but on the whole the men were quite as desperate and as reckless as Richard. They were all of them out of work, and out at elbows, and they all bore a deadly grudge against Mr. Mapleson. In fact, when they had had a little time to digest the plan propounded, it seemed to have a terrible fascination for them. They were quite ready and willing to undertake the work cut out for them. The only one who secretly hesitated was Jem Carter. He was not quite so hardened as the rest, and he had a considerable amount of misgiving as to what Harold Blake would do. And if Harold Blake stood firm, then the consequences might

be more important than he reckoned for. But Jem did not like to be thought a coward; and whatever his misgivings were, he kept them to himself. He professed himself in readiness to do whatever the leader of this dark little conspiracy desired.

It was then planned that the following night the six men should assemble near the mill, one by one, so as not to attract the least observation. When the workpeople issued forth prior to the mill being closed, the conspirators were to contrive to slip in. As each man was well versed in the inns and outs of the place, this would not be so very difficult. And once safe in the mill, the rest of the work would be easy. They would have to wait till all the stragglers were out of sight and hearing, and then they might begin as soon as they liked.

When all this was settled, the conclave broke up, and Richard Fanan's wife crept timidly back to the fire. Richard did not stay to bear her company, and this, alas! was no unusual thing. He and his associates betook themselves to the "Green Dragon," to make out, as he observed, the rest of the evening!

CHAPTER XIII.

DANGER, AND NO SIGNALS.

"I AM sure it is very wretched, being left all day by myself; you would not like it, Harold."

"I have to do many things I don't like, Charley," replied Harold, gently. "Besides, I am at home now," added he, putting a fresh lump of coal on the fire.

"Yes, at home now; but it's nearly eight o'clock, and I have not seen you since breakfast," said Charley, in a querulous tone. "I can't think why you need stay over hours at that nasty mill!"

"Because, my dear, the master is laid up with gout, that is why," said Harold, quietly.

"Yes; and I am to suffer—when poor mamma always said—"

"Hush, Charley! hush, my little man!" and he came and stroked the fair hair—almost like a girl's—that clustered over Charley's forehead; "we must not go back, dear: forward is our motto."

"Not mine though; I have nothing to look forward to, lying here all day by myself."

"Has not Mrs. Maynard been to sit with you?"

"Yes, a little while. Well, she did sit with me this afternoon; but one does not like to be dependent on one's landlady for society."

"I think Mrs. Maynard is a very good sort of woman, Charley—and is as kind to you as she can be."

"Yes, she is kind; but then she is not enough. I want a change of faces; and I want to get out, and see something of the town. What is there to look at from that window, but chimney tops?"

"You shall get out as soon as the weather changes," said Harold, in the soothing tone he was used to adopt to his querulous brother.

"But what is there for me to ride in? You won't let me have a carriage, and there are no Bath-chairs in this nasty horrid place!"

"I dare say I can borrow you a chair, or perhaps

buy one, when the money comes in, Charley. In the meantime, dear, just try to be a little patient. Perhaps I ought not to say so, either," added Harold, looking at the frail, suffering form on the sofa, "for I am so strong myself, thank Heaven, and have never known an ache or pain in my life. There is no knowing what my patience would have been!" and he laughed cheerfully.

Yet Harold knew in his secret heart the reason of this incessant complaining. Poor Charley had no deep source of consolation to turn to, in his hour of need. His Bible was never read. He had no sweet thoughts of that eternal rest that remains to weary sufferers. He was dependent on the passing moment for comfort or for amusement.

Harold's character was of another stamp. He was well disciplined in the Christian life; and this was the foundation of his courage, his patience, his self-denial. He would fain have guided Charley into the same safe and narrow road. But it is not in man to change the worldly heart, and implant a new and spiritual life. Harold knew this, and he never failed to pray that God, in his own good time, would bring about this happy event.

Nothing could exceed his forbearance with his sick brother. When he came home at night, he devoted himself wholly to Charley; he read to him, he talked to him, he played chess with him—the game in which Charley took a special delight. He never rested from his labours till the weak, crippled form was carried into the adjoining room, and till the eyes were closed in sleep. Then, and not till then, had Harold a few minutes of his own.

He would spend them in reading or in writing. Sometimes he would sit, his head resting on his hand, and indulging in a momentary abstraction. And, at such intervals, he would open a little box, lined with crimson velvet, that lay upon the table. The box contained two portraits—the portrait of Harold's father, and of his mother.

He never looked at them without tears. Sometimes he would be so unmanned, that he would actually weep. He had loved them dearly, spite of their shortcomings. His father had been ill for many months, and Harold had the hope that he, and indeed both these dear ones, had found refuge in God; that they were taken home ere the evil days had come.

He never indulged himself in these musings. He must seek strength, not tamper with the elements of weakness. He must be brave, and fight the battle well! There was only himself to do it. If he fell, what would become of Charley?

He was up betimes the next morning. It was his practice to call in on his employer, as he went to the mill. Mr. Mapleson was confined to his room, and was likely to be for some time; consequently more fell on Harold's shoulders than was usual, or had been anticipated.

"But he does admirably! If I had searched the kingdom through, I could not have found a better overseer," Mr. Mapleson had said to his friends.

Harold was admitted to the sick room, where his employer was sitting in an easy chair, his foot carefully resting on cushions.

"A shame too, Mr. Blake, that I should have the gout," he said, in answer to Harold's inquiries; "I that am the most abstemious man in the world."

"Perhaps you have been too abstemious," said Harold.

"I think not; but you see, Mr. Blake, gout is hereditary in our family, and that's it. The children suffer for the parents."

A true saying in more senses than one; and Harold felt it so. His thoughts, for the moment, wandered, but he called them back.

"All is right, I suppose, as usual?" said Mr. Mapleson, recurring to business.

"Right, as far as I can judge," replied Harold; "and I am as vigilant, I hope, as most men."

"Workpeople pretty quiet?"

"Quite so. I hear no complaints, and things are going on, as far as I can see, in a satisfactory manner."

"You have heard no more of Jem Carter?"

"No," said Harold, with a smile.

"Or of that ruffianly fellow, Richard Fanan?"

"No."

"Ah! that's well. If ever they come on the premises again, they will find us one too many for them. I should think Richard has absconded, or else is in gaol."

"I know nothing about him," replied Harold.

"The less the better!" said Mr. Mapleson.

A short conversation on business matters, a few technicalities in which the reader will take no interest, and Harold took leave of his employer, and started off for the mill. The day was not different from any other day, as far as its duties were concerned. Of its risks Harold knew nothing. He was extremely busy. He had scarce time to run

home and snatch his dinner. Charley was waiting for him, full of complaints as usual. He had nothing to do—nothing to amuse himself with. His eyes ached and he could not read. He wished Harold would stay with him, and not go back to the mill. It was a vain wish, but Harold spent a few moments, he could ill spare, in trying to soothe him. As he went downstairs, he said to the landlady—

"Can you sit with Charley this afternoon, Mrs. Maynard?"

"Indeed, and that I will," said the landlady, good-humouredly; "but it will be for your sake, Mr. Blake, and not for his. He is that fretting, and pining, and worretting, it's enough to wear the life out of you!"

Harold looked grave, and the good woman—with whom he was an especial favourite—began to recant.

"Never trouble yourself, Mr. Blake; I'll see to him, and I'm as good as my word. Poor little gentleman, he may well be fractious, lying there, day after day. But I'll see to him!"

Harold's face cleared up. Mrs. Maynard was a kind of benefactress to Harold.

He stayed at the mill, as usual, till all the workpeople were gone away. Nothing had happened during the afternoon to attract the least attention. When the workpeople were gone, he fastened all the doors, and went to the little room he occupied. At that especial moment, no one of the usual staff was in the mill, but himself. He had some business letters to send off by the post, and he sat down to write them. He was fully occupied in his work; it was a still night, and at this corner of the premises he was quiet, and scarce a sound fell upon his ear.

No warning advertised him of his danger, yet he was not alone. Six men with noiseless steps were stealing along the passage—six desperate men—intent on mischief.

What will become of Harold?

(To be continued.)

JOE'S JACKET POCKETS.

CHAPTER I.

"H-H-H!" says Joe, with a breath that an old tar, or an ancient cabby might have drawn; "ah-h-h! this is what I call jolly, now."

The morning is bright, and the air is clear, but to any half-starved or ill-clad being the intense rawness thereof must be terrible indeed. The hedges and trees are thickly encrusted with frost, and glisten like silver; on the ponds merry boys are sliding and tumbling about in all directions; a lively redbreast has perched himself on one of the silvery sprays, and is piping away with all his might. In short, it is a winter's morning, exceeding fair, and desperately cold. But with that cosy pea-jacket of his, and those comfortable pockets, Joe feels that he can bid defiance to the fiercest of weathers.

Now, while Joey is stamping along the hard ground,

and whistling a rival lay against the robin hard by, we will give you an account of the jacket, and, more important still, the pockets.

You could not look at Joey's shining face and clean white collar, without being sure that he had a kind and careful mother to keep him in trim. It was his mother who gave him that jacket. "Oh," you say, "I see nothing remarkable in that." Well, perhaps not; but I will tell you under what circumstances she gave it him.

Joey's mother is a widow. Her husband was a seaman in Her Majesty's navy, and met his death in one of the actions of the Crimean war. But through some irregularity, which I cannot attempt to explain, the widow had no pension or relief; so Mrs. Meadows (that was her name) had to make her living with her needle. Both Meadows and his wife had seen better times, and had minds and tastes above the class with which they latterly had been obliged to associate; in

proof of which I will ask you to accompany me to Widow Meadows's cottage.

The door opens at once into the room, which serves for "parlour, kitchen, and all," and close to the window sits an anxious but hopeful-looking body, who is stitching away with all her might. To those busy hands you have already traced the whiteness of Joe's collar and the neatness of his clothes. Some one else is standing there, and evidently waiting for something or somebody, but of him we will for the present take no notice.

On looking round, we find the room, small as it is, woefully bare of furniture; but in one corner we discover a goodly-sized bookcase well filled with volumes of most respectable appearance. To this Mrs. Meadows often glances with pride and satisfaction, for it reminds her of her clever husband, who, she thinks, was one of the most talented men the world ever saw; and it is also her ambition to bring up Joe the Second in the steps of his father, and to secure for him in his riper years the same bookcase with its treasury of knowledge. Since her husband's death she has had many a hard tussle with that wolf at the door—poverty. Chairs, and other small articles of furniture, have found their reluctant way to the broker's, hence the bare appearance of the dwelling. But the bookcase she has vowed to keep till the last, albeit it has had two or three narrow escapes, at times when needlework has been cheap or scarce, and the poor mother has been at a loss how to feed and clothe her three little ones. She has but recently gone through one of these pinching times, and from three weeks ago until to-day has not been able to meet her landlord's weekly demands for rent. A fortnight ago he fixed to-day as the furthest limit he would allow her credit for, and threatened that if she failed him then, he would be obliged to seize her furniture. The poor woman was much cast down on hearing this, but knowing that God will help those who help themselves, she made many appeals to her patrons, and obtained an unusual amount of profitable employment. At the end of the first week she found to her great joy that she would be able, with next week's work alone, to pay the rent which was due, and, having in hand a few surplus shillings, and seeing poor Joe shivering in the cold for want of a coat, she bought some cloth, and made him the jacket he now wears, with—at his own especial request—the two capacious pockets I have already mentioned, denying herself many little things of which she stood in great need.

Having obtained the much-desired pockets, Joey's next important business was the furnishing them with all the treasures he could obtain. And furnish them he did, with things in season and out of season. So long as he could fill these wonderful store-houses, which at present he valued far more than the one which his mother is keeping for him, his head might go empty enough. In an incredibly short time they began to puff up and to bulge out with properties of a very miscellaneous description. Into the corner of the one went a peg-top; into the corner of the other a pocket-knife, with a sadly mutilated blade, which had

done its best upon stout hedge-stakes and upon the edges of Joey's desk at the village school. On these solid foundations rested sundry matters, such as a hank of string, a few brass buttons, a stout pop-gun, a mischievous-looking sling, by means of which Joey had broken a window-pane a few weeks ago, and for which his mother of course had to pay; and last, and most important of all, a dozen or two of marbles which he has been accumulating during the last few days. Now I must say that these marbles ought to weigh more heavily in his pocket than they do; for if Joey had been in his play as fair as the weather is this fine winter's morning, most of them would have been lying in other pockets than his. Joey has had some little experience in "taws and alleys," and his cupidity induces him to play with all the young novices he can get hold of. The other day he fell in with little Tom Robins, whose mother had just bought him a bagful of bran new marbles of all kinds and degrees, and proposed "Just one game, Tommy. Dare say I shall lose, though."

Crafty Joe! he had no intention of losing a single marble. Poor Tommy assented, and they soon were a pair of devoted little players, on their knees at "knuckle" and "holey." The little victim's bag gradually shrunk; repeated demands of one, two, and three combined to exhaust the exchequer upon which Tommy that morning had gazed with pride and hope.

Poor Tommy! he was a very small boy, yet not so much of a Lilliputian but he could see that Joe's method of playing was extremely one-sided, and once he ventured to deliver himself of that opinion. But Joey assumed an honest indignation, and was walking off the field with an air of injured innocence, when a tall boy stepped up and said—

"Now, Joe, none of that. I've watched you a good bit, and noticed that you didn't play fair."

"What has that got to do with you?" replied Joey, for he was what boys call "jolly cheeky."

"What has it got to do with me, you young scamp! Just this—I'm not going to see that little 'un cheated."

"How do you know I was cheating? and, what's more, it's no business of yours," said Joe, sullenly, as he edged slowly away.

"I'll teach you to know what business it is of mine," shouted the other, who had now become thoroughly angered, "so just you shell out quietly, or I'll very soon make you."

So saying, little Tommy's advocate made towards the young culprit with a view to hastening the transaction; but Joey took up a large stone from the road saying, "I'll pitch this at your shins if you come after me."

But the tall boy treated this as an empty threat, and made a spring towards Joe; not with any success, however, for down came the heavy stone upon one of his shins, which rendered him quite lame for some time; and so Joe took to his heels without a chance of being captured—for that day.

Joey has carried these ill-gotten treasures some

two or three days, but they weigh heavily in his pocket; he has some remains of a conscience, too, and they lie rather unpleasantly on that. But what troubles him more than all is the prospect of falling in with the tall boy, who is sure, he thinks, to take his revenge. Although he has just exclaimed how jolly the walk is, he is not over bright about it mentally, for the reason I have just given you. The tall boy lives in that direction, and Joey would by no means walk in it, were he not bound on an errand for his mother. For this is the day for the paying of the rent, and the landlord came as punctually as the clock to take the money. He looked considerably mollified as the widow took out two pieces of gold, but said, "I am sorry to say, Mrs. Meadows, I have not enough silver with me to give you the change you require. Can you manage without it?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Meadows, "for this is all I have. But if you would not mind waiting a few minutes, I will send my son to get change for a sovereign."

"Thank you," said the landlord, "that will do. And let me see how sharp your little boy can be about it. I shall soon be in want of an active boy for my city office."

The widow brightened up a good deal on hearing this, and said, "Joey, dear, come here."

"Yes, mother." And the landlord saw a sharp-enough looking boy, with very bright and twinkling eyes.

"Take this sovereign," said his mother, "to Goody Jones, and say that I shall be much obliged to her if she will change this for me, in silver. Be sure to take care of it, for it is very valuable; don't put it in your pocket, but keep it in your hand all the way; and above all, make haste, and stop with none of your playmates."

"Very well, mother," said Joe, and off he went. By this time he is very nearly at Goody Jones's; and we shall soon see how he executes his errand.

CHAPTER II.

JOEY was already within sight of his destination, when he began to see signs of a coming storm; not a storm of snow, or hail, or thunder, or rain, but one which has a much more solemnising effect on the mind of an unthinking boy. The street he had just turned into was clear enough when he entered it, for he saw only another boy there besides himself; but this boy, as soon as he caught sight of Joe, darted into a doorway, from whence speedily issued the tall boy I have already introduced to my reader, and who was evidently anxious to reintroduce himself to the notice of Joey. In a very few minutes the tidings of Joe's arrival spread through the street, and out thronged a small army of boys to see the fun, and, if possible, to have a share in it. Joey saw himself hopelessly surrounded, and though he made a gallant dash for it, it was all of no use; he was being hemmed in closer and closer, and at last he felt himself in the firm grip of his old adversary.

Joey now prepared himself for the worst. He remembered the big stone, and had seen the intense pain the tall boy had suffered when struck by it. So when he received, as a sort of preliminary, a good shaking, he felt extremely frightened. "Oh! do, please let me go this time," he pleaded; "mother's sent me about something very particular—and the landlord's waiting—and I'm to go to Good Jones's for change—and I've got a lot of money to take care of—and——" All of which was very true; but as the tall boy had been waiting about for the captive the last two or three days, he didn't see the force of the appeal, so he said—

"Oh, yes, I've no doubt all the world is impatient to have you safe back again; but all the world will have to wait till I have got out of you all I mean to have."

And Joey trembled again. "But *please* let me off this time, and I'll give you my word I'll——"

"Not a bit of it." Another shake. "And you'll give me your word, will you, my young gentleman? Pretty word, indeed! Hark! you boys," continued the tall boy, turning to a crowd that had gathered close round them, "Master Joseph Meadows, a cheater of little boys, and filcher of marbles, informs me that he will give me his word."

Here all the boys laughed and danced about in triumphant chorus.

"Now, boys, how much should you say his word is worth?"

"Not worth a straw," said one.

"Worth about one hundred thousandth part of a farthing," said another, who had evidently "gone into fractions" at school.

"Not worth a kick," put in a slangy boy.

"Never mind that, though," said the tall boy; "but look you, young shaver; all I've got to say to you is this: in the first place you deserve a thorough licking for pitching that murderous stone at me; what have you to say against it?"

"I'll never do so any more," blubbered Joe, now thoroughly terrified out of his "cheekiness."

"And, in the second place, you ought not only to fork out this boy Tommy's marbles, but give up your own to him too."

"Oh, that aint fair at all!" protested Joe, for a moment forgetting his bodily fears in his alarm for the safety of his property.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the tall boy, derisively, "it seems that our young gentleman has very proper notions of what is right and fair towards himself. Now, as to the licking, I shall pass over that this time——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Joe, considerably relieved.

"But I'm determined not to let you go till you have given back to Tommy Robins here every marble you cheated him out of the other day. Now look sharp, and take them out of those bulging pockets of yours, and I'll let you go."

Joey let drop the sovereign into the pocket where his marbles lay, and, with a very rueful face, proceeded to drag out the heavy bagful of marbles; but

as he did so, he noticed that in their anxiety to inspect the contents of this bag the boys had left a small gap on one side, through which he might possibly make an escape. So, making a sudden dart round, he got off clear, with the bag of marbles in his hand; but they were soon after him, and, overpowered by numbers, he was borne to the ground. In vain he writhed, and kicked, and shouted; he was held firmly down, and Tommy's marbles were restored to their rightful owner, who, poor, little, tender-hearted boy, was in tears at being the cause of such a contest and hubbub, and, had he dared, would have been glad to let the cheat keep his ill-gotten treasures, rather than this stir should be made about it; but the tall boy had taken up the matter, and, very properly, declared he would see the little victim righted.

After a farewell shout of triumph, the boys gradually dispersed, and allowed Joe to go the rest of his way. So on he went, grieving bitterly for the loss of the marbles, until he came to Goody Jones's, when, feeling in his pocket for the sovereign, he could not find it. The pocket was quickly cleared; out came the remnant of the marbles, the popgun, the string, and the pocket-knife, but no sovereign. He then turned his pocket inside out, and then he saw how the sovereign had disappeared. There was a hole in the corner just large enough for it to slip through. The weight of the marbles, and the sharp edges of the pocket-knife, had done this between them.

A new and sorer trouble now fell upon Joe. There was nothing for it now, but to go home and tell his mother of the misfortune. He stayed a few minutes, looking carefully over the scene of his late struggle, but could nowhere find it.

The landlord had become very impatient, and the widow was making many apologies, when Joey stole in, his jacket covered with dust from the road, and his face wearing a most forlorn expression.

"Why, what is the matter, Joey, dear?" asked his mother, with some alarm. "Have you got into any trouble?"

Poor Joe burst into tears. He was suffering for it now, for he was really fond of his mother. The hardest thing of all was to tell her he had lost the money, for he knew that she would be sorely grieved, and with reason, as so much had depended on that little piece of gold.

"Pray speak up at once, Joey," pursued the anxious mother. "What has happened? have you got the change?"

"No, mother, I haven't," said Joey, through his sobs. "I have lost the sovereign."

"Lost the sovereign!" echoed his mother. "Oh! my son, my son, what will become of us?"

But that was a question which Joe could not answer. As soon as the first excitement had subsided, he was minutely questioned about the whole circumstance, and then the poor mother learned what a deceitful as well as careless boy her son had become.

"And now, sir, what will you do?" asked Mrs. Meadows, with some anxiety, of the landlord.

"Do?" replied he, rather sternly, but yet sorrowfully, "I scarcely know *what* to do. I have made it a rule to fix a date, and never to go a day beyond it: I am always punctual in the payment of my debts, and that makes it necessary that others should be punctual with me. I am afraid that for my word's sake, I shall be obliged to send in the brokers; and the only likely thing I see in the place is that bookcase of yours."

"Oh, sir, if you could only spare that," said the widow, with tears in her eyes, "I will let anything else go—the table, the chairs—anything rather than the bookcase."

"Well, well," said the landlord, hurriedly turning away, for he began to be a little moved by the widow's grief, "don't fret about it; I will consider the matter, and let you know to-morrow. Whew! mind yourself, my little man!" suddenly exclaimed he as he stepped out at the door, for at that moment a little boy ran headlong against him, shouting at the top of his voice, "Where's Joey Meadows?"

"What's up now?" asked the landlord, as he turned in again after the little screamer.

"Why," said the little screamer, holding above his head something bright and yellow, "*this* is up. I found it just now."

The bright, yellow something, as my reader has already guessed, was the missing sovereign; but perhaps he has not found out the finder. It was little Tommy Robins.

So as far as that went, all came right again: but Joey never went to the city office. J.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 464.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi. 10.

1. B ethshan	2 Sam. xxxi. 12.
2. E drei	Deut. iii. 1.
3. S henir	Deut. iii. 9.
4. T ob	Judg. xi. 3.
5. R amah	1 Kings xv. 21.
6. O phir	1 Kings ix. 28.
7. N aphtali	2 Kings xv. 29.
8. G adi's	2 Kings xv. 14.
9. I smaiah	1 Chron. xii. 4.
10. N abash's	2 Sam. xvii. 27.
11. T ibhath	1 Chron. xviii. 8.
12. H eman	1 Chron. xv. 17.
13. E thanim	1 Kings viii. 2.
14. L ahmi	1 Chron. xx. 5.
15. O bed-edom	1 Chron. xv. 24.
16. R ei	1 Kings i. 8.
17. D elaiah's	Neh. vi. 10.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A FALSE APOSTLE.

1. A host and kinsman of St. Paul's.
2. One who was struck dead on the spot.
3. The chief herdsman to a king.
4. A priest who was slain for assisting a king.
5. A king of Egypt who carried away the treasures of the Temple and of the king's house.

THE GUYVER

— Saturday, May 16, 1868. —



MR. E. D. YOUNG, LEADER OF THE LIVINGSTONE SEARCH EXPEDITION.

(From a Photograph, by permission of Messrs. Maull and Co., Piccadilly.)

THE SEARCH FOR DR. LIVINGSTONE.—II.

BY H. W. BATES, ASSISTANT-SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. YOUNG'S party had a pleasant passage out to the Cape of Good Hope, and received there a warm welcome and much assistance from the authorities. Recruits were also obtained for the expedition, in the shape of two civilised negroes, natives of the region whither it was proceeding, and who were likely to be useful as interpreters on the Shiré and Lake Nyassa. One of the ships of

war on the station, the *Petrel*, Commander Gordon, conveyed the party from the Cape, to the mouth of the Zambesi, and they made a pleasant and quick voyage—a distance of 1,300 miles in nine days and a half.

At the mouth of the Zambesi, the real work of the expedition began. It must be remembered that there is no town, native or civilised, at any of the navigable mouths of the river: the great stream, after flowing through 1,200 miles of varied country, discharges its waters into the Indian Ocean, in the midst of perfect solitude. A low line of land, some forty miles in length, covered with unwholesome mangrove swamps, and abounding in feline animals, antelopes, and baboons, is seen as a vessel approaches from seaward, and the numerous channels which intersect the loose sandy and muddy soil, are never the same for many years together.

The Portuguese town of Quilimane lies now sixty miles to the north of the present mouth. Mr. Young, who knew the entrance to the river well in 1860, was puzzled when the *Petrel* approached the old spot. The mouth, which was then used, called the "East Luabo," was no longer the same, an impassable sand-bank blocking up its entrance; the vessel had to beat about to find a new passage, which was at length found at the "Kongone" mouth. Here, an island which formerly existed, had been washed away during the last four or five years, and Kongone had become the navigable entrance to the interior waters.

Mr. Reid, with the assistance of the *Petrel's* crew, had by this time succeeded in putting the sections of the steel boat together; when launched, however, it leaked badly, through the ill-fitting joints; this was remedied after the voyage had begun, by filling the seams with putty, and running the boat full speed on a sand-bank, the sand and putty together thus forming a strong cement, and stopping the leaks.

The *Petrel's* boats and officers accompanied the party into the mouth of the river; there a number of negroes were fortunately met with on the banks, some of whom knew Young; they volunteered to man the steel boat and two other ship's boats, lent by the commodore at the Cape and Commander Gordon, to carry stores. No time was lost, and on the same evening the expedition departed, amidst the loud hurrahs of the boats' crews of the *Petrel*.

The *Petrel*, re-embarking its men, steamed away for the Cape, taking Young's request to the commodore, that a vessel might be sent to the Zambesi, on the 1st of December, to fetch him, on his successful return, which he so confidently looked forward to.

The long and dreary channels of the Zambesi delta, with their muddy banks and monotonous scenery—swampy plains covered with tall, rank

grasses, diversified by clumps of trees—being passed, the steel launch and its attendant boats emerged on the broad reaches of the main river, which in some places is five miles broad, but full of shallows. Arrived at Shupanga, the first Portuguese town, they found it deserted. It now appeared that the tribe of *Landeem* Caffres described in Dr. Livingstone's last book, who had formerly been in the receipt of an annual subsidy from the Portuguese Government to induce them to keep quiet, had a few weeks previously revolted, owing to their pay being stopped, and at one fell swoop had driven the Portuguese settlers from all their establishments on the right bank of the river, killing a large number of soldiers and officers. At Sena, where Mr. Young arrived on the 6th of August, the townspeople had removed to the opposite bank, and were living in temporary huts. Mr. Young delivered there his letters of recommendation, and made an arrangement with the principal men, whereby they agreed to send him a large body of negro carriers to transport his boat past the cataracts of the Shiré, in the event of the expedition failing to obtain the required assistance on the spot.

The courageous little party, with a fresh crew, now made their way for the Shiré and Lake Nyassa. The lower part of the river, with its grassy plains abounding in elephants, was rapidly ascended by paddle and sail, and on the 17th of August they arrived at Chibisa, near which is the settlement of the Makololo, the faithful attendants of Dr. Livingstone, whom he left here, nineteen in number, when he left the country in 1863. These Makololo, in virtue of their superior energy and intelligence, had since acted as chiefs of the surrounding negroes, and at the present time have 2,000 or 3,000 subjects. Mr. Young, in undertaking the expedition, had calculated on the aid of these high-spirited Africans, who had great affection for Dr. Livingstone, and might be expected to be deeply moved on hearing that he was reported to be killed. The reception at the Makololo settlement was the turning-point of the expedition. If the memory of their old master was still cherished, and their will was good, they had the means, not only of furnishing negro carriers to transport the steel boat along the forty miles of rugged country past the cataracts, but of ensuring success by accompanying Mr. Young himself to the great lake.

The boats reached the settlement in the evening. As the negro paddlers, tired with their long day's work, slowly propelled the boats, Mr. Young descried a solitary Makololo warrior on the river-bank, eagerly and dubiously watching the approaching strangers, for they had many enemies in the country around. He was ready to give the alarm of war, should they turn out to be a gang

of Portuguese slave-hunters; but his eye at length detecting the Union-jack flying from the mast-head of the steel boat, he jumped up in frantic excitement, and ran along the beach shouting, "Ingleza! Ingleza!" (the English! the English!) Young stood up in the boat, and shouted back the warm greeting, and in a few moments the hill-sides were black with crowds of excited negroes rushing about and proclaiming the news that the English, the friends of the negro, had arrived.

Mr. Young lost no time. On the following day he held a grand *palaver* with the chiefs, and stated his business. He was not mistaken in believing in the fidelity of the Makololo. They agreed to accompany him, and remain until the truth or falsehood of the story of the murder of their beloved master was ascertained. But there was a great difficulty to be overcome. The whole country east of the Upper Shiré was now invaded by those very Mazite Zulus of whom we have lately heard so much as the murderers of Livingstone. In immense numbers they had swept down, from their old haunts north-west of the lake, midway between Nyassa and the sea; had devastated the whole country west of Lake Shirwa, where Bishop Mackenzie had his mission station, and had now appeared on the eastern bank of the Shiré. Wherever they went they had slaughtered old and young, and plundered the villages and plantations of the agricultural negroes; for the Mazite never plant, nor pursue any regular industry; they subsist by plunder, and their strength and daring are such that the negro tribes, with their weak political organisation, are unable to withstand them. The Makololo, in courage and wariness, were a match for the Mazite; but it was a sore trial of their fidelity to ask them to leave their families and negro subjects in this dangerous position. The difficulty was met by their settling to leave five of their number behind, and Mr. Young supplying these defenders of the settlement with muskets and ammunition.

The foot of the cataracts was reached on the 19th of August. The country here is very rugged, almost mountainous, but well wooded, and the scenery of the river, where for about forty miles its bed is choked with colossal boulders, and a succession of magnificent falls occur, is grand in the extreme. The heat of the weather was overpowering, for the torrid sun of Africa poured down its rays, through a cloudless sky, into these deep-sheltered valleys, and nothing but incessant activity kept Mr. Young and his party in health. The steel boat was taken to pieces by Mr. Reid, and the negro carriers—160 in number—commenced the same day to transport the sections, suspended by strong cords to poles resting on the shoulders, up hill and down dale, over the wild country, along the western bank, towards the Upper Shiré.

The two ship's boats, with surplus stores, were left behind at the settlement.

It occupied four days and a half to reach the navigable waters beyond the falls. The boat was then again put together, and the party re-embarked; it now consisted of five Englishmen, four negroes, and fourteen Makololo. The river Shiré here flows for about sixty miles quite free of obstruction. As they travelled onward, the signs of war and disturbance became more and more alarming. The banks were crowded, in many places, with negro fugitives—chiefs and their people—all flying from the remorseless Zulus.

It was here that the first news of Livingstone was heard. It was to the effect that a white traveller, with an escort of armed negroes, about twelve months previously, had crossed the Shiré at Mapunda, near the lake, and had gone towards the west. Some further particulars were gathered, which left no doubt in Mr. Young's mind that the traveller was Livingstone. Moosa had told the consul at Zanzibar that Livingstone had crossed a narrow part of the lake to Kampunda, or Mapunda; and now, to his surprise, Mr. Young finds the crossing-place at the southern instead of the northern end of the lake. The prospects of the Search Expedition were considerably altered by this news, for it began to appear probable that the long and doubtful journey to the northern end of Nyassa would be unnecessary.

The wild alarm that was spread throughout this region by the Mazite, embarrassed the expedition at every step. A white-headed, venerable negro chief, who had been driven from his lands on the shores of Lake Shirwa, asked Mr. Young "when the Mazite would go back?"

"That I cannot tell you," was the natural reply.

The old chief, who looked upon the white strangers as superior beings, endowed with the gift of prophecy, as well as other great qualities, said—

"I cannot believe you. Have you not brought an iron ship from the sea, and carried her over the mountains? You white men know everything, and can do everything."

The Makololo became every day more restive, and Young was afraid that if proof were obtained of Livingstone's having passed in safety, at Mapunda, which the boat was now rapidly approaching, the Makololo would declare their engagement terminated, and insist on returning to their homes. But it was Young's object to trace Livingstone's actual route, and to obtain evidence of his safety beyond the point where the Johanna men deserted. To do this it was necessary to visit many places on the shores of the lake, and he therefore resolved to pass Mapunda without stopping.

On the 6th of September the steel boat emerged

from the tranquil waters of the river into the broad Nyassa, and a grand prospect was opened to the gaze of the brave explorers. To the left extended a range of bold hills terminating in a lofty headland, called formerly by Livingstone Cape Maclear; to the right stretched a line of rocky coast with mountains in the background; before them lay a limitless expanse of water, agitated by a steady breeze blowing from the southward. The sails were spread to the welcome breeze, and the staunch little vessel bounded over the blue waters. The cool exhilarating breeze was welcome, after the sweltering heats of the Shiré valley.

As the day advanced, however, the breeze increased to a gale, although not a cloud obscured the blue, tropical sky. The Makololo, who make but poor sailors, became greatly terrified, and one by one slunk to the bottom of the boat. It was in vain that Young coaxed and threatened; they refused to stir, or help to bale out the water which now and then poured over the side, as the heavy seas were encountered. "If we are to die," they said, "we may as well die now." The violence of the wind and height of the waves kept increasing, and Mr. Young now became anxious. He steered the vessel straight for the land, in the hope of finding some harbour of refuge; but in this part of the eastern coast the shores were rocky and precipitous, and there was no help for it but to run before the gale, at some distance from the shore, to avoid the numerous reefs which lay off it, and on which the surf broke with great fury.

At length a snug little bay was reached. On going ashore, a hut was descried tenanted by a solitary negro. Fortunately, the negro was able to give very definite information about Livingstone. He described to Mr. Young his appearance, the number of his party, his instruments, and especially those with which he took observations for latitude and longitude, saying that "he had a little box containing *white water*, which would not wet the fingers when touched," meaning the mercury of the artificial horizon. Livingstone, it appears, had struck the eastern shore of the lake at this very spot, in marching south-west from the confluence of the Rovuma. The negro said Livingstone wanted to cross the lake to the western side, and had proceeded northward to the Arab slave-trading settlement, in order to obtain a passage in their *dhow*.

Re-embarking, Mr. Young sailed along the coast in search of the Arab trading-post, and found it the next day, pleasantly situated on the shores of a beautiful bay. The Arab in charge was civil and communicative. He confirmed fully the information given by the negro, and said that Livingstone had waited there several days in vain for the return of the *dhow*, which was detained on the opposite side, and that then he had left for the

southward, intending to cross at Mapunda. Several small articles, including a Prayer-book, were given to Mr. Young, as having formerly belonged to Livingstone. The Arab settlement is about sixty miles from the southern end of the lake.

It was now necessary to send people into the interior, by land, in order to ascertain the exact route which Livingstone had taken, and also to learn whether the Johanna had retreated along the same line of march. The Makololo, fearless enough when on land, volunteered to go. The result, after a few days' delay, was thoroughly satisfactory; not only was Livingstone's route accurately fixed, but it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Johanna men had passed that way, after deserting their master.

The search party, with their indomitable leader, now sailed across the lake, here fifty miles broad, for the purpose of reaching, as near as possible, the spot where the treacherous carriers deserted, and reported Livingstone as being killed. Mr. Young first visited a negro village, called Levave. He here found several men who stated they had assisted to carry Livingstone's baggage from one village to another. On careful inquiry, it was found that the places to which these men had accompanied our great traveller lay many days' march beyond the point where the Johanna men had deserted. Moreover, nobody here had heard of the Mazite having been in this part of the country at all. Coasting down the western shore, other villages were visited; similar accounts of Livingstone were received at all of them. At length the boat reached Marenga, a place which Moosa had described to the consul as the last of any note visited before the massacre occurred.

The chief of Marenga received Mr. Young with open arms, and entertained him with great hospitality. He had known Livingstone in 1861, and was, therefore, able to give very reliable information. He said our traveller had spent several days with him, about twelve months previously, and had then proceeded to the north-west; that the Johanna men had returned, without their loads, a few days afterwards, saying they were returning because their engagement with Livingstone had expired. When Young explained to him that our traveller had been reported as killed by the Mazite, within about twenty miles of Marenga, the old chief laughed outright, being greatly tickled at the absurdity of the report. He assured Young that had anything happened to Livingstone even a month's journey from Marenga, he would be sure to have heard of it. This statement is considered by those who know this part of Africa to be strictly true, for Marenga is a chief belonging to the great Babisa tribe, who are the traders and travellers of Central Eastern Africa. The unanimity of all the negroes who

were questioned is considered conclusive in favour of Livingstone's safety, at any rate, in this part of his journey; for had anything sinister happened to him, rival tribes would have been eager to have informed Mr. Young's well-armed party of the guilt of their neighbours, in order that they might revenge themselves cheaply.

From Marenga the boat proceeded to Mapunda, and thus quitted the beautiful but stormy Nyassa. Full confirmation of the previous accounts were received at this village, and especially as far as concerned the Johanna men, who had passed through the place on their retreat to the coast, saying they had left Livingstone, but mentioning nothing about his having been killed.

The descent of the Shiré was accomplished with ease and pleasure. The Makololo found that their settlement had not been visited by the Mazite; in fact, the Mazite had retreated from the banks of the Shiré since the boat party had passed. Mr. Young and his companions frequently landed, and enjoyed much sport in elephant and hippopotamus shooting—a relaxation they had earned a right to by their bold and successful labours in the search

now completed. They reached the mouth of the Zambesi, in good health, on the 11th of November, nineteen days earlier than the leader had calculated upon. On the 1st of December a ship of war, sent by the commodore of the station, arrived, and, recognising the signal hoisted by Mr. Young, sent a boat ashore, and embarked the party—boats and all—for the Cape and England.

Where Livingstone is now, and at what part of the African coast he will emerge from the interior of this mysterious continent, are matters of conjecture. It is sufficient, for the present, to have proved that he was not killed in the country where the Johanna men left him, and no other sinister report has reached us concerning him. On the contrary, news has been received of a white traveller having been seen on the western shores of Tanganyika, and of his having given letters to a native trader for the consul at Zanzibar, which letters have not yet come to hand. We have good reason for hoping that this as yet unknown traveller may be our noble Livingstone, and that he may live to reach England, and enchant us with the story of his most wonderful journey.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME.

NOTWITHSTANDING our many faults, probably there is not a country in the world where the aggregate of social happiness is to be compared with ours: and all this grows out of the virtues of home life. A family is a nation in miniature. A nation is a large family; its social condition depends upon the homes that compose it. Imagine a neighbourhood where home virtues reign in every house, both the parents persons of eminent piety and goodness, and the "children honour their father and their mother," and servants "show all good fidelity," what an air of blessedness would distinguish that place! If the fathers were like Abraham, fearing God themselves, and commanding their children and households after them; and the mothers had Sarah's eminent graces without even her venial frailties; if the sons were young men of exemplary virtue, like Joseph, or Samuel, or Daniel, or Timothy; and the daughters as the sisters at Bethany whom Jesus loved, it is impossible to estimate the degree of pure and exalted happiness which such a community would attain. And why may not we? Home happiness is not one of those accidental privileges which fall into the lap we know not how. It is a thing that can be explained, and sought, and cultivated; it springs

from seeds that must be planted, and watched over; it is susceptible of injuries which can be guarded against; it is liable to evils, which, like hot and poisonous blasts, wither all home happiness to the root. It is immensely important to know what elements are essential to home happiness, and what things tend to cherish, injure, and destroy it.

A family circle, when entire, is a little community, divine in its constitution and hedged about with sacredness, consisting of father, mother, children, and to some family circles, servants are introduced to share its duties and promote its interests and comforts. It is important to remember that the happiness of this circle is not dependent upon its external condition. A poor family may be just as happy as one that has riches at command. It has nothing to do with rank, or wealth, or luxury, or fame. People who possess these things may enjoy the happiness of home, but it is not these appendages that make home happy. Some rejoice to lay down the burden of official greatness, and retire with thankful satisfaction to the peacefulness of home; others are so bewildered by the glitter of the great world as to find the scenes and duties of home life dull and insipid. Be this as it may, these outward things are but the stamp on the gold, they are not the gold itself. A man's genuine value depends on

what he is in himself, not what he seems to be before the world; he is not simply himself there; let me see him, not as clad in the robes of office, nor absorbed in the tumult of business; not as he appears in the brilliant circles of wealth, nor even in the assemblies of worship; but as he is at home by his own fireside—the husband, the father, mingling in the bosom of his own household; there it is you see the genuine character.

Home happiness, then, has to do with personal character. Each member of the household either augments, or diminishes it. The happiness of the whole is the aggregate of the individual happiness. One jarring string spoils the harmony. It grows out of the personal qualities of each. It is not the result of circumstances or social condition, but the manifestation of personal goodness. A home may become a very altered one. Time and years may make sad havoc; and sickness may spread its gloom over the home. Reverses may abridge its comforts, and sorrows still greater may invade their dwelling; but if its members all abide true and genuine and faithful, they may lose other things, but their united happiness survives. Home wears a soberer aspect, but it breathes the same spirit. Their cup of domestic happiness is as full, though it has some ingredients they never tasted before. They have less to love, but they love as truly,—less to give them joy, but more to inspire hope,—less that the world covets, but more that God values, approves, and blesses.

Happiness cannot be real and abiding in any home where there is no religion. The foundation must be laid in the personal faith and faithfulness of the father and mother. They must lead the way. We look with the gravest suspicion upon the future condition of a home where the religious element is wanting. But it must be genuine. There are homes professing godliness where there is not much happiness; and some are said to be happy homes where little or no regard is paid to religious duties. But we are not speaking of the condition of those homes where religion is just something added on, but where it is the life and ruling principle. A family that has only the form of godliness, will only have the show and semblance of happiness. Such persons reap just what they sowed. Nay, a man may be really religious; his sentiments, his experience, and his personal conduct may be those of a religious man, and yet, somehow, he may fail in the religious administration of his household. It may be owing, perhaps, to some defect in discipline, or teaching, or parental influence. Somehow or another, the seeds of irreligious disorder have been sown, and to his intense concern he sees the tares of domestic unhappiness rankly springing up even in his own household. On the other hand, a man of the world who has no religion may be gifted

with such wisdom for the administration of a household—may have such just views of the world, and how to live in it—may rule his children with such discretion as to win their permanent esteem, and his house may become an example of united affection,—parents and children rejoicing in each other's comfort. But, after all, it is a house built upon the sand. It may stand securely in the bright seasons of health and prosperity; but the winds will blow, and the rains descend, and the floods beat vehemently against it; dark days will come when sorrows, temptations, and evils in ten thousand forms will try them to the uttermost,—when changes will break up their home, and those young people who have no faith, and no refuge to flee to, must brave life's ocean for themselves, not knowing how to steer or where to seek for real comfort; and can you wonder if their home happiness fails?

Nothing can ever secure a man's permanent happiness in this life but that which prepares him for the next. If we are to stand firm against the aggressive temptations which come more and more thickly as life goes on; if we are to have true rest and peace of mind, and the consciousness that sin is forgiven, and God is our Father in heaven; if we are to have a comfort that floods of sorrow cannot quench, and a hope that brightens into glory when death gathers gloomily around, then, for all this we must have the foundation laid where the Bible lays it, in that repentance towards God, and that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which ensures our true welfare here in this world, and makes us joint heirs with Christ in the life to come.

But something else is wanted. The happiness of home is a tender plant, which cannot be reared at all except with much anxious culture. May I whisper a word of counsel to the chief ruling powers of the household, that its growth and prosperity depends, in the first place, upon the mutual happiness of parents themselves? When God formed the Jewish nation he embodied all moral duties in two great and comprehensive laws—laws of love—love to God and love to man. When God united the first pair in marriage in Paradise, he comprehended all their duties likewise in two great laws, both again fulfilled in love; the one was to rule in love, the other to obey in love; love binding each to the other, only under different aspects, and so needful that any infringement of either damages the happiness of both. The love of the one is maintained by the love of the other. The one rules, but he rules by love; the other obeys, but she loves to obey. The one bears the heavier burden of life; the other multiplies its comforts. The one loves to spend her every day among home duties, and even home cares; the other loves to aid her duties with his

counsels and sympathise with her anxieties. Both consult together, and labour and pray together too; what concerns the one is an equal care to the other; both travel on together amid the same joys and sorrows, the same interests and hopes, —companions in the same eventful journey, and heirs together of the grace of life.

Parents are the main contributors to the sum of domestic happiness, but children have their part to contribute as well. And if the mutual duties of parents are comprehended in that one great-law of love, the duties of children spring out of the great law of filial obedience. We are all ready to admit in theory that children are to obey their parents in all things; and yet young persons indulge their doubts whether this rule applies practically to themselves. Every day's experience attests the supreme wisdom of this law, and the rich blessings it brings to them who fulfil it. A family is placed under parental government, and wisely so placed. When children come into the world they have everything to learn, and to learn amid deceptions, evils, enemies of all kinds. Their parents have had already many years' experience and observation, seen many failures, and learnt many important lessons. They might explain to their children the results of their experience, and much they are ready to explain; but their details would be little understood, and leave obscure and faint impressions. But there is one thing they can do: they can tell their children in plain, direct terms what to do, and what to shun. They know the perils of life better than you do. They know the rocks that lie, sunk and rugged, beneath the smooth water, and the strong currents of evil against which they had to steer hard; they cannot always tell you why, or detail the process by which the danger comes; but this they can do, they can bid you turn the helm and put about the ship when they see you drifting in those perilous waters. It is very likely that you may not see the danger as they see it; but even if you do not, you will not regret having done as they bid you. Immediate, implicit, unquestioning obedience is just the wisest, as it is the hardest, of all the lessons that can be learnt in early life.

The Scriptures place filial obedience among the strongest safeguards and the most solid blessings of life. A few years ago a large tract in a northern county was desolated amid immense destruction of life and property by the embankment of a reservoir suddenly giving way. It was discovered that there was some slight defect near the foundation by which the water was oozing out, and widened the opening until the earthwork gave way in that terrible inundation. Filial disobedience is just such a beginning. It may commence in little things, and may never amount to any grave in-

fractions; but, when this mischief comes into a family, materials are already there on which graver temptations will operate by-and-by. A successful attack has been made on the sacredness of home government,—a breach is made in the wall, and things will not remain as they are. Surrounded as young people are by the wicked and designing, no one can tell what may one day ensue when the stronghold of filial obedience has already given way. Parents are the protectors and guides which God has wisely appointed to guard the inexperience of early years. Many find out, but, to their lasting regret, when it is too late, the evils of casting off parental rule; whereas I never knew an instance in which young persons sustained any lasting injury by following too confidently the counsels and will of their parents.

There are other matters which tend to the happiness of home; they may seem of minor importance, but can never be disregarded without diminishing, in some serious degree, the comfort of the home circle. In fact, there is no place in which the power of little things is more felt and appreciated than at home; and the happiness of one's every-day life is made up mainly of little things. What interests a mere observer in watching a piece of complicated machinery is the ease and gentle gliding with which each movement is performed. But that perfect ease is the result of wise construction kept in order by continual attention and care. Home is a delicately constructed organisation. It is most important that every member of a household should bestow assiduous personal attention upon its welfare and comfort. It is easy to disturb the harmonious order of home. A little inadvertence may do it,—the indulgence of self-will at the cost of others' comfort,—the neglect of known rules,—the disregard of times, and hours, and home regulations,—the want of due care as to words, or looks, or tempers, slightly wrong at first, but which gain strength in time; these are the little evils which cast a shade over the bright aspect of home happiness,—rub off the bloom and beauty of our every-day enjoyment, which once disturbed is with difficulty recovered. And it is by the assiduous cultivation of these lesser virtues that home is made the scene of a felicity which is the emblem of a heavenly home, and preparation for its everlasting possession.

It has been ascertained that a large proportion of convicts are people who either had no homes or were unhappy there. A young man who makes such an entrance into the world begins life under unspeakable disadvantages. He has no past recollection to appeal to as the source of comfort under trouble, or defence against evil. No image of a loving father rises up to admonish him against dallying with temptation; no mother's smile re-

curs to his mind as he kneeled at her feet in prayer; no gentle sister ministered to his comfort; no meeting together morning and evening around the throne of grace to supplicate God's help or pardon for the day. Oh! that these papers may enrich young persons with such counsels as may protect them against the perils of coming years.

When I think of Abraham, and his household blessed in him; the blessing that Jacob brought on the home of Laban, and Joseph on the house of Potiphar; of Zacharias and Elisabeth; of the mothers of Pascal and Augustine, of Cowper and Baxter, and some of the best and most exemplary characters in our day, in Church and State, we have proof enough that the truth of the proverb holds good still—"He blesseth the habitation of

the just." And if there be one place where home happiness is more important than another, it is in our great cities. Worn and wearied with the toils of business and tumult of the world, who can estimate the blessedness with which a Christian parent enters again upon the calm repose of home! But let us ever remember that if our home happiness is to be permanent and abiding, He whose presence alone secures true blessedness must dwell among us. Open your hearts and houses to Him that He may make his abode with you. And if He be there, He will alleviate your burdens; solace you in sorrow, and help in every trial; that, while you see in the unhappiness around that his "curse is upon the wicked," still do you find, to your ever-increasing thankfulness, that "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

CHILDCOOD'S silvery notes arise,
Seeking through the evening air
Upward passage to the skies—
Hush! it is the evening prayer.
Softly through the clashing noise
Of a world of sin and care,
Penetrates the whispering voice
Of the infant's evening prayer.
Many an angel, flitting by,
Pauseth, as there meets his ear—
So unlike the sounds of earth—
The child of heaven's evening prayer,
And the legions of the prince
Of the power of the air,
Back recoiling, glare and wince,
Dare not stop the evening prayer.
Scathless passing every foe,
From all hindrances secure,

Clear, though lispingly and low,
Rings it through the ether pure,
Till it reaches highest heaven,
And the great Redeemer there—
All its earthliness forgiven—
Take the precious evening prayer.
For his holy name refines it,
Makes it sinless all and fair;
With his own petition joins it,
Pleads this childish evening prayer.
Sleeping till the night is over
On the Everlasting Arm,
Nought of evil hath the power
Jesus' little child to harm.
Eve by eve, as prayer ascendeth,
Morn by morn is heaven more near:
Till the little pilgrim blendeth
Praise in heaven with his prayer.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE MILL.



HE room was not a large one. It was a three-cornered shape, and the fireplace was in the corner. On one side of the fireplace was the desk, at which Harold was seated. There was not much furniture in the room—just a chair or two, and an old-fashioned table with leaves that let up and down; and a hearthrug, very much worn, that lay before the fire, and did duty as a carpet.

Harold was writing by the light of a solitary gas-burner overhead. He was in haste to finish his

letters, that he might get back to Charley. He had thought of something to take home, as a treat for the sick boy. Charley was very fond of oysters, and he should have some for supper. Harold would buy a score or two, and they would have a feast, he and his brother.

He had finished at last, and was putting the stamps on his letters, when he heard a queer, muffled sound, as though some one were advancing stealthily along the passage. The sound puzzled Harold; he thought no one was in the mill but himself. Indeed, he felt sure of this, as the keys were in his pocket. Could it be the wind, or the little waterfall that prattled



(Drawn by GEORGE H. THOMAS,)

W. THOMAS, Sc.

"Many an angel, flitting by,
Pauseth, as there meets his ear—
So unlike the sounds of earth—
The child of heaven's evening prayer."—p. 552.

yonder in the field near the mill? No! he heard the waterfall distinctly, and he heard the other noise as well.

It came creeping on, nearer and nearer. Now, it had reached the door. Harold was constitutionally brave—no one more so: but there are moments in the history of the bravest of us—when we scent danger—and it strikes a kind of chill into us. We are approaching we know not what. And so it was with Harold. His heart gave a curious flutter, as the sound stopped close behind the door.

Then the door began stealthily to be opened. The proceeding was stealthy altogether. There was something mysterious about it, and which gave to it its dangerous aspect. The door was pushed open, and there peered in the ill-omened face of Richard Fanan.

Harold had the letters in his hand. In the momentary surprise he dropped them; but he gathered them up again, still looking towards the door.

Other faces besides Richard's now came into view. Harold's quick eye ran over them in a second. He counted six—six desperate men; and he but one!

He knew that this visit boded no good. How came they there but by craft and subtlety? What was their errand? Ah! he could not answer that question. All he knew was, that he was a solitary man in that lonely place, and they were not friends, but foes.

When he saw them, and measured the extent of his peril, and had fairly solved the mystery, he became cool and collected. He stood facing them, his arms folded, his eye carefully noting every movement. When they had entered, all of them, and stood in a menacing attitude before him, he said, quite in his natural tone, without the slightest tremor, "Well, Richard Fanan, what did you want with me?"

His calm, intrepid manner, the absence of all fear or agitation, took Richard by surprise. He had not calculated on the power of resistance which met him.

"I wanted a word or two with you, Mr. Blake," he replied, after an awkward pause.

"As many as you like, provided you will not detain me long," said Harold, calmly.

"Mr. Blake," began Richard, "you must see, sir, that we are one too many for you. I'd advise you to listen to me, or it may happen to be the worse for you."

"I am listening," said Harold, quietly.

"Then, sir, I've this to say: in the first place, we don't mean to be trifled with. Them as have took the law in their own hands, are apt to be dangerous, Mr. Blake."

Harold inclined his head by way of assent.

"So that it will be best for you to comply with our wishes at once," said Richard, with a menacing glance.

"Perhaps you will inform me what those wishes are," replied Harold.

"I will, sir. You will please pay us the wages that Mr. Mapleson stopped, because we wasn't at the mill

from Monday till Wednesday. You'll do that first, if you please."

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. You've got the cash-box somewhere or other; Mr. Mapleson always kept it here."

"He kept a cash-box here certainly," replied Harold, as self-possessed as if he had been asked to light a cigar; "but it's locked."

"You have the key, sir."

"No, I haven't; Mr. Mapleson has the key."

"We'll break it open then!" cried Richard, getting enraged, and his face dark with passion.

"You had better try," said Harold, coolly.

The box in question was kept in an iron safe, and Harold pointed to it. The men might as well have tried to pull down the heavens.

"Now, Mr. Blake," said Richard, who as usual was the spokesman, "you've baffled us once, and we'll take care you don't do it again. If we can't get the money, we'll get the other thing. You and the master play into each other's hands, sir. What one says, the other sticks by. We are starving men. No one will employ us. We are hunted from place to place. Now, I demand that Mr. Mapleson takes us on again, and gives us work!"

Harold was silent.

"Do you hear, Mr. Blake?" said Richard, in a threatening tone: "we demand that he takes us on again, and gives us work."

"He's afraid," said one of the men who stood close to Richard's elbow.

"No, I am not afraid," said Harold, firmly; "I was only astonished at your proposal—too much astonished, for the moment, to speak."

"Then you'll take us on," said Richard, quickly.

"My good man, I am not the master. How can I take you on?"

"You can bring it before the master, and force him to do it."

"I can bring it before the master," said Harold, in a tone of deliberation; "and it is not unlikely that I may; but as to forcing him to take you back again, that is another matter."

"Do you refuse?" threatened Richard.

And the men advanced a step nearer, so as to hem Harold in. He did not stir. He stood, his arms folded, his eye still, taking in every movement.

"I do refuse," he replied, in a voice as firm and clear as ever.

"Refuse?" echoed Richard.

"Yes; I do refuse," repeated Harold.

"Do you know what will happen to you, Mr. Blake, being in our power, and we six men, and you only one?"

"That I do not know, Richard; I only know, whatever the alternative was, I should act the same."

"May I ask your reason, sir?"

"Because I am in my employer's interest, and nothing would be more disastrous than for him to take back such men as you are."

Richard glared at him fiercely. It was a moment of real danger, and Harold knew it. In the few seconds

of an awful silence that preceded the danger, Harold listened. But there was no sound, save the rippling of the waterfall in the field below. Not a single sound. No one was at hand to succour. All help lay far away!

He knew Richard had a weapon concealed in his bosom. He knew that he himself had none. Well, if it came to that, he would sell his life dearly! If it came to brute force, he must put out all the strength God had given him.

As for succumbing to these men, even for a moment, it never occurred to him.

Something glittered before his eyes; but he was on his guard. The arm that held it was struck up with a vigorous blow. A man lay stunned and senseless on the ground, and the weapon was Harold's. It was the work of a moment, and then he faced the other men, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

The man who had fallen was Richard Fanan.

"Now," said Harold, firmly, and addressing the rest of the men, "it strikes me, my friends, that you have been deluded by the fellow yonder, and that he has led you into a great deal of mischief. You see, this thing I hold in my hand is an ugly kind of weapon. It is a revolver, and I could shoot any of you down in a minute. But I would rather reason with you, and get you out of the trouble that Richard has brought upon you. Will you listen to me a couple of seconds?"

The men had been fairly taken aback by Harold's intrepidity. Like all such men, they were cowards at heart, and they began to see very clearly that the game was going against them. Indeed, to escape was getting the uppermost idea in their minds.

"Now," said Harold, "you men are liable to be clapped into prison for this night's work, and will be, unless you follow my advice. Go quietly home, every one of you, and instead of taking the law into your own hands again, just try to be sober and industrious. You have tried idleness and drink, now see what good honest work will do for you."

The men stared at him a few minutes, as if scarcely understanding what he said; then they stole away, one by one, the way they had come, and Harold saw them no more. As for Richard Fanan, he was given into custody, in the course of the next half hour, and carried off to goal.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN'S THREAT.

LADIES who are desirous of making an INCOME, by Genteel Employment, at their own houses, are requested to apply to the Repository, No. 6, Gower Street Newbury. Liberal Prices, and Constant Employment guaranteed.

This advertisement was in the local paper, issued every week in Newbury.

Alice Sylvester's eye had been riveted upon it with intense interest. She had been reading the paper, from end to end, in an abstracted manner, scarcely caring what the news was about; but when she came to the advertisement she stopped. She read it over

and over again, to herself, of course. Her mother was in the room, so was Raymond; but she would never have thought of reading it to them. Alice had an inner world of hopes, fears, and desires, into which they had never entered, and which they never dreamed of.

Employment—work—labour. The words sounded sweet in the ears of Alice—Sylvester though she was. Why should she not work? Why should she not, in the fulness of her youth, and health, and vigour, do something to repair the evils that had come upon them? She knew their debts were shameful! She had seen, only the other day, as she passed the head of the staircase, a wan, half-starved woman in the hall. She knew the woman was a sempstress, and she heard her say, that the grand ladies had brought her to ruin; that she had worked night and day for them, and they did not pay her. The agony of that moment was vivid in Alice's memory. In vain she had wept and prayed, in deep humiliation before God, for these the sins of her house. In vain, and reckless of the consequences, she had taken a bracelet from her arm, and, unperceived by any one, slipped it into the woman's hand. In vain, as far as her own suffering went, the sight of that woman's face she would never, never forget. Why should she not work?

"There," said Raymond, rising from the desk where he had been writing, and sweeping away Alice's train of thought as though it had been a cobweb—"there, so much for Mrs. Brooklyn, of Brooklyn Hall!"

"Have you written to her?" asked his mother.

"Yes, and said we will go."

"Raymond, how very distressing of you!" cried Alice, in a tone of annoyance; "I would so much rather have declined."

"But you are a minor, Alice, and must do what your lawful and natural guardians bid you," replied Raymond, playfully, and fastening down the envelope.

"Oh, mother! pray do not let us go," exclaimed Alice. "Considering the circumstances we are placed in——"

"It is imperative we should show ourselves in public," said Raymond, quickly.

"And considering that dear papa has only been——"

"My mother is not going," again interrupted Raymond, quickly; "only yourself and myself, Alice."

"That is bad enough, Raymond! In fact, nothing can be worse than Mrs. Brooklyn's grand gatherings, as she calls them. What with her lords, and ladies, and earls, and marquises, it is positively overwhelming."

"Mrs. Brooklyn moves in the best society," said Lady Sylvester, gravely.

"Which Alice abhors, and always did," added Raymond.

"I think we have no business with any society at all," replied Alice; "we ought rather to hide ourselves in obscurity." The remembrance of the wretched-looking sempstress, in the hall, gave a bitterness to her voice as she said it.

"You are quite wrong, Alice, and the most recreant

kind of Sylvester that ever lived," cried Raymond, half playfully, half reproachfully. "If the world once suspects us, we are undone. Our policy is to keep it blindfold."

"But it *does* suspect us, it is *not* blindfold," returned Alice, again thinking of the woman who had worked night and day. "People are reminded daily of us, and how we have lived, and what we have done. Our very name will be a bye-word!"

"How are they reminded of us, Alice?" asked her mother.

"By what we owe them, mother," replied Alice, bitterly. And then, as her feelings were getting the mastery, she rose and quitted the room.

There was a silence when she was gone. Raymond came and stood by the fire, and looked thoughtfully and sorrowfully into it. The cloud never cleared away from this domestic circle: it hung suspended, night and day.

"Raymond," said Lady Sylvester, at length, "I did not mention it before Alice, poor girl, but a new disaster has happened to us. This letter came for you while you were out, and, as I guessed at its contents, I read it. John Humphreys threatens to put an execution in the house."

"The impudent rascal!" exclaimed Raymond, white and trembling.

"He does, to recover a sum of money lent by old Humphreys to my late dear husband; and if the payment is not made forthwith, we may expect the consequences."

"But he must be stopped! He shall not! he dare not!" cried Raymond, passionately.

Lady Sylvester sat erect in her chair. Her attitude was that of one who bids defiance to the world.

"I must see our solicitor, and at once. He must quash the proceeding—quash it altogether!" continued Raymond, vehemently.

"But how, Raymond, unless we pay this man? Is there anything for us to lay hands on, and get rid of him, once and for ever?"

"There is nothing but what we absolutely need to live upon, from day to day," replied Raymond, "and every inch of ground is mortgaged to its full value. What with interest, and compound interest, dear mother, the vessel is near to foundering!" added he with a melancholy smile.

"I see, Raymond, I see!" said his mother, sadly.

"I have done what I could," added Raymond, in a tone of despair; "I have sacrificed all; I have stuck by the old fabric till the last, and now—now this fellow will shiver it to ruins!"

"But you must do something, Raymond! You had better see Mr. Carlton at once; to-night if you could."

"He is gone to London, mother; I saw him starting off this afternoon. We can do nothing till to-morrow."

"Will he be home to-morrow?"

"Yes, and I will go to him. Not that it is of the least use. He can no more stop the leak than we can."

"But he might suggest something, Raymond.

Think, my son!—think of the alternative, an execution in the house! Why, it would be death to us!" And she rose up, and began to walk hurriedly about.

"Mother, dear mother!"—he went to her, and put his arm round her—"be composed, mother. If you fail, all fails."

"I shall not fail," and she turned her proud handsome face towards him. "I will stand my ground, while there is an inch for me stand upon!"

"That is right, mother, and so will I."

And the family retired to rest as usual, though in two instances, at least, the pillow was thickly strewn with thorns.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOSEPHINE ON THE WORLD.

RACHEL, though the most active little body in Newbury, found at this time quite enough to do. She had taken the rooms for Miss Graham, and very pretty rooms they were. Rachel had always an eye to cheerfulness and comfort. She liked the sunny side of things, and the house she had chosen, as Miss Graham's new home, was on the sunny side of the street. It was a street that ran quite out of Newbury into the country, and green fields could be seen in the distance, and walks had in the fresh country air in which Rachel herself so much delighted; for Rachel had been born and brought up in the country, and it was only one of the chances and reverses of life that had cast her into the midst of Newbury.

When the rooms were taken, Rachel's next business was to make them as pleasant as she could. All Josephine's possessions were conveyed there as speedily as possible, and with these materials Rachel effected quite a metamorphosis.

The pictures, some of them from Josephine's own pencil and brush, were hung round the room, to the banishment of certain family portraits which had stared at you, in vulgar complacency, from either side the fireplace. The mantelpiece was cleared of shepherds and shepherdesses in white china, and made to look quite another thing, with the few ornaments in more correct taste that were furnished from Josephine's store.

The little sofa was surprised into looking pretty, and even handsome, by the worked cushions and the anti-macassars that were placed upon it, and that abundantly concealed its defects. Then, when Josephine's chair stood by the fire, and a few books and other matters were dispersed about the room, the effect was so satisfactory, that Rachel stood a minute to contemplate it, her face beaming with delight. Then, having put a fresh supply of coals on the fire, to make it look cheerful at the right moment, and being quite sure nothing remained to be done, she put on her bonnet, and started off to fetch Josephine.

Josephine had all her clothes packed up, and the boxes stood corded in the hall. She herself was ready dressed, and sat waiting in the room up-stairs till Rachel should come for her.

She was still very weak and ill. Her face looked more wan and pallid than ever in her mourning bonnet, with the crape veil thrown back; and it was a critical moment, perhaps the most so, of any that had yet befallen her.

She was going from the home that had sheltered her so long, to a vexed, uncertain future. The ground had been rent from under her. She knew not whither these stormy waves would not toss her. Hers was a frail barque to be out on such a treacherous sea!

She was anxious to be gone. It was sad to sit here alone, amid this wreck and tribulation. The house was all in confusion. It was being put in order for the new arrival, and no one thought of Josephine.

Presently, the brisk step of Rachel was heard on the stairs—Rachel, the one true friend this deserted woman had in the world.

"And now, Miss Graham, all is ready, and the cab is at the door," said Rachel, cheerfully; "and here is the sun come out to shine upon you. Why, you must not give up!" for Josephine, almost for the first time, was weeping bitterly.

"Come, you will be better when you get away from here," said Rachel, her eyes brimming over; "and they are such pleasant rooms! Come, dear Miss Graham!"

Josephine rose, trembling, and her knees tottering. She was very feeble, and this trying moment was almost more than she could bear.

She had to lean on Rachel; and the two women went for the last time down the antique staircase.

The cab was standing at the door, and Josephine's packages had all been put in. Rachel assisted her to enter, and then was about to get outside, but Josephine stopped her.

"You must come with me, Rachel," whispered she, holding her tightly by the hand.

Rachel got in, and sat by her side. Josephine kept hold of her hand. At this time of utter need and wretchedness, there was no one on earth but Rachel to cling to! Neither of the women spoke. Josephine was still weeping, and Rachel held her peace: even she scarce knew what to say.

At length the cab stopped, and Rachel sprang out, as brisk as ever.

"Here we are, Miss Graham! I shall just take you in, and then I will see to the boxes. Never do you trouble about anything." And she hurried her into the little parlour. "Just sit down and rest, and I'll be back in a moment."

Back Rachel hurried; and in less time than could be believed the cab was rattling down the street again.

Rachel had not much more time to spare. The school opened at two, and she had not yet given up her duties; but she made the most of the half hour left to her. She had the boxes carried up-stairs, and then went back to Josephine.

Josephine was better now. She had put aside her bonnet, and the wrappers with which Rachel had muffled her up, to keep her from the cold; and she

had taken a survey of all that Rachel had done for her.

When Rachel entered, Josephine spoke cheerfully, and like herself.

"How good you have been, Rachel! and what a nice home you have chosen for me!"

"I am so glad you like it," replied Rachel, in a tone of delight; "it is the pleasantest situation in all Newbury, to my way of thinking. Why, you will feel quite in the country here!"

This was the ultimatum of Rachel's ideas of bliss.

"And, dear Miss Graham," said Rachel, blushing a little, "if you look out of your bedroom window, you will see a red house in the distance. It is not more than two or three fields off; and that is where I am going to live."

"I am sure, Rachel, you deserve to be very happy."

"Happy!—oh, yes, I am sure to be happy;" and then she checked herself: she did not think it kind to parade her own happiness before Josephine.

While she had been speaking, she had wrapped up Josephine's shawl, and put the mufflers on one side. Then she said, "I am afraid I must run away. But you will be very comfortable, I am sure. Mrs. Green is the name of the woman of the house, and she will come and see what you want. Good-bye, dear Miss Graham."

"Are you obliged to go, Rachel?" asked Josephine, a sudden sense of dreariness coming over her.

"Yes, because of the school. But I shall look in again when the children are gone. This is the last month of the school," added Rachel, again blushing a little.

"Are you to be married so soon as that, Rachel?"

"John says so," replied Rachel, looking down: for John had been driving matters on at a fine rate!

When Rachel was gone, Josephine drew her chair to the fire, and sat down. She would have steadily to face her destiny, and to take counsel of herself what she would have to do. The temporary seclusion, occasioned by her illness, had passed; she had left her refuge behind her; there was no returning to it—no looking forward to that dearer home she had been led to expect would be hers. She was like a shipwrecked mariner, who had escaped only with his life!

Well, God had spared her life. She had been raised from the bed of sickness, and she must take up the thread, vexed and tangled as it was! She must go forward. What was she to do? She had a little money left of the allowance made her by her aunt. That allowance had stopped altogether, now; and when her purse was empty, how was it to be filled? That was a serious question to be answered.

"I must maintain myself—it is no disgrace," thought Josephine. "I must put my shoulder to the wheel, and work."

But how? Ah, there was the matter! She took up a paper that lay upon the table, and her eye ran over its contents, as if searching for something. Very soon it stopped—she had found what she wanted. It

was the advertisement which had looked so tempting to the eyes of Alice Sylvester.

Josephine was no Sylvester; there were no barriers to fence her in; no grim ancestors to glare at her from their ancient frames. She need not sit in disgraceful ease, till the foundations broke up beneath her. No! Josephine might work, and receive the reward of labour; for in all labour there is profit.

What should she do? She understood the terms of the advertisement better than Alice did. She

would work, and gladly. But for the immediate necessity of the case? Had she any little elegances, wrought by her own hands in happier times, and intended for a far different purpose, that she might sell?

"You must not be morbid, Josephine," said she to herself; "neither must you be proud. Neither must you hedge yourself about with restrictions. You have your bread to gain—yes, your very bread."

(To be continued.)

OLD SAWS IN NEW SETTINGS.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

"Nothing venture, nothing win."



MONSIEUR BONHOMME sat in his counting-house, reading the letters he had received by the morning's post. Though the hands of the clock over his desk said that it wanted a quarter to nine, he had been working there more than an hour, and previously to that had taken his first breakfast, and made a lengthened tour of his garden, watering the flowers of which he was so proud, and spudding up the weeds he so loathed and hated in the fulness of his horticultural heart.

Besides being an early riser, he possessed an orderly and methodical mind, and whether it was his ledger and business books to be balanced, or his dinner-table to be arranged, or the weekly account with his washerwoman to be settled, everything in which he had an interest was conducted with the strictest regularity and accuracy.

Pierre Bonhomme was getting an old man. He and his father before him, had, between the two of them, lived and traded in the old house in the corner of the Place de la Bourse better than a hundred years, and the letters in which the name or style of the firm—"Bonhomme et Fils"—was painted over the tumble-down gate that led into the yard, were sadly illegible. Indeed, they might just as well have been obliterated altogether; first, because no one who did not possess lynx eyes could distinguish the characters; and secondly, because there was no "Fils" now: that is to say, Pierre's son was not in the business—in fact, he was very considerably above it—and though but a youngster of seventeen, prided himself on being one of the best-dressed and most fashionable dandies about Paris. It had been a great trouble to Papa Bonhomme, that his spoiled boy had shirked the business-collar he had sought to put around his neck. From the time when he had dandled his little Léon in his long clothes, the great idea of his life had been that the young gentleman should perpetuate the commercial glories of the honoured and well-known firm of "Bonhomme et Fils;" but he was doomed to disappointment, and found himself compelled to surrender all his cherished hopes.

I am sorry to have to record it of Master Léon, that he was far from being what he ought to have been; he had acquired a habit of spending money without thinking how hard it was to earn it: for Pierre Bonhomme had always kept his son's purse liberally supplied when at school in England. In tastes and ideas, he was exceedingly precocious, and when scarcely sixteen, had induced his father to allow him to leave school and come home; ostensibly to learn the routine of his business, but in reality to be a gentleman at ease.

With all his method and order, Pierre Bonhomme could refuse his son nothing, and so at the time of my story, we find Léon leading a wild and extravagant existence, and his father silently mourning the destruction of the castles in the air that in early days he had loved to build.

Next to his son, there was no person so dear to Pierre Bonhomme as Jacques Poucet, the orphan son of his dead sister, who, though but just sixteen, had made himself invaluable in his uncle's counting-house, by his anxiety to work hard, and learn the routine of business. Let it not be supposed that he was a sneak, or a schemer who was trying to advantage himself at the expense of his cousin. He possessed—what we would there were a little more of in this world—gratitude, and remembered affectionately how, when his mother died, a thoughtful hand had been stretched out to him, and rescued him from beggary. What little he had, he owed it all to his uncle Pierre, and he sought to the best of his power to pay fitting interest on the debt, by assiduity and attention to his duties. When Léon left school, and came to try what business life was like, Jacques did everything he could to give him an agreeable impression, and to engage his sympathy and confidence. But Léon—who for no reason at all had long entertained a prejudice against him—chilled him by the coldness with which he met all his advances, and treated him with as little courtesy as if he had been the humblest menial. And yet Jacques yearned from his heart to gain the affections of the son of his benefactor, but all in vain. Do what he would, be he ever so thoughtful, Léon stubbornly held aloof from him,

and treated him with just the same contempt and hauteur, as he did the old housekeeper and the porter.

But I am forgetting, in this preliminary ramble, Monsieur Bonhomme in his counting-house reading his letters. There was a large number of them, and it took him some little time to make himself acquainted with their contents. When he got to the last, and was reading it, he seemed somewhat put out.

"Ah! this is too bad," he grumbled to himself. "Just as I was thinking of taking a day's holiday, comes this tiresome note, requiring me to proceed on important business to Marseilles."

And then he sighed a sigh such as only a hard-worked man who has been robbed of a chance of relaxation can breathe.

"I must go at once," he continued, folding up the unwelcome letter hastily, and looking at his watch; "I shall be just in time to catch the day express."

At that moment, a man came bustling in at the door.

"My dear Bonhomme," said the stranger, plumping down a small paper parcel upon the desk, "here are the four thousand francs due on our last account. I think you will find it all right; and as I can't wait any longer, good morning."

And with that, the unceremonious visitor disappeared as quickly as he had come.

"This is rather awkward," said Pierre, still talking to himself; "he couldn't have paid it at a more inconvenient time. I always take money to the bank myself, but if I want to catch the train, I mustn't think of doing that to-day. And then none of the clerks are here, and Jacques hasn't come in from his morning's walk."

Almost at the same moment, Léon appeared at the door. There was a strange look about him, which I may as well at once say was due to his having been playing cards the previous night, and losing more than he was able to pay. I say than he was able to pay because, foolishly indulgent though he was, his father had refused to make him any further allowance. He had scarcely entered the counting-house, when Jacques, fresh and with a heightened colour from his smart walk up to the Bois de Boulogne and back again, came briskly in. Monsieur Bonhomme, who had saluted his son most affectionately, turned at once to Jacques, telling him of his purposed journey to Marseilles, and desiring him, as soon as he had had his breakfast, to go over to the bank and pay in the four thousand francs, which, for the present, he put inside his desk without locking it.

Léon had at first turned away, disgusted at Jacques preventing the interview he had contemplated having alone with his father; but when he heard the four thousand francs mentioned, there was a dangerous expression in his eye that boded no good. With a hasty good-bye, Monsieur Bonhomme hurried to his sleeping-room, packed a few things in his carpet-bag, and in ten minutes was on his way to the railway station. Jacques made some civil remark to his

cousin, but receiving no response, took himself off to his breakfast.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when, having discharged several pressing duties, Jacques suddenly remembered the four thousand francs in his uncle's desk, and that he was to pay them into the bank. He was quite angry with himself for his forgetfulness, and determined to make up for it at once. What was his horror to find that the four thousand francs were gone!

Quicker than it takes to write, the thought flashed through his mind that his cousin was the thief. Why, he knew not, save that he had heard of Léon's extravagances, and knew that Monsieur Bonhomme had refused to pander to them further. It was a trying moment for Jacques; he knew that suspicion was like enough to fall on him, but he only gave a passing thought to that. The first and only thing that was uppermost in his mind was to bring back Léon, wherever he had gone, and with him, if possible, the four thousand francs intact. But where to find him? Whither had he gone? He might be in Paris, or flying away somewhere for safety. Looking out of the window, Jacques saw Prosper, the porter, standing at the yard gate.

"Have you seen Monsieur Léon?" he inquired, hurriedly of him.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the old man, "not half an hour ago; and just before he left he asked me to get the time-table of the Northern Railway. Why, how pale you look, Monsieur Jacques," he added, gazing at Jacques' care-stricken face; "is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, Prosper, nothing," replied Jacques, withdrawing his head to the inside. "The Northern Railway," he muttered to himself.

And then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, he rushed away up-stairs to his own little room, and unlocking his desk, put what few savings he had stored away in it into his pocket. He informed no one of his purpose, but slipping out unperceived, hailed a carriage, and jumping into it, ordered the driver to convey him with all speed to the terminus of the Northern Railway. He had not paused to reflect; had he done so, he might have shrunk from the task he had imposed upon himself. But his thoughts were fixed on one who had been both father and mother to him, and whose heart would break if he were to find out that his son was a thief.

Through the whole of that day Jacques watched at the railway station, till, as evening came on, the officials about the place began to regard him as a suspicious person, who was loitering there for no good purpose. He was very tired and hungry, but he remained faithful to the duty he had assumed, and hoped against hope that his cousin would put in an appearance at last. The hour had arrived at which the night mail-train for Calais was on the point of starting. There did not, however, seem to be many people likely to travel by it, and as the last warning bell rang, Jacques turned on his heel to go home. Léon was not going to take flight in that direction, he felt assured. As he was passing out through the

station gates, his attention was attracted by a cab driving hurriedly in, the horse being urged along at the top of his speed. He would not throw away this last chance, so retracing his steps, he made for the ticket-office once more. As he entered it, he was just in time to see a figure that he was satisfied was no other than that of his cousin, disappearing swiftly through the inner door on to the platform. He could not hesitate, so presenting himself at the little window where tickets were dispensed, he took one for Calais, and rushing on to the platform, regardless of the remonstrances of a surly official, who tried to stop him, opened the door of one of the carriages in the train, that had already begun to move, and scrambled in as best he could. In five minutes more the steam-horse was whirling him along through the outskirts of Paris, shrieking and screeching as if in astonishment at his temerity.

When the excitement of the moment was passed, and he could look about him, Jacques found that the carriage he was in had no other occupant but himself, and that he was to be alone for the next fifty miles. For he knew that the night mail only stopped three times on the journey between Paris and Calais. It has already been seen that Jacques was naturally very impulsive, and every minute's delay that kept him from his cousin's side seemed full of danger to the success of his enterprise. He looked out of the carriage window. It was a dark, gloomy night, and some heavy rain-drops fell upon his face, while the rushing of the wind almost took his breath away. But to wait till fifty miles had been traversed, and then run the risk of not seeing Léon at all, or if seeing him, to have to do so in company—Jacques scouted the idea, and was determined to make a daring effort, if possible, to avoid all these difficulties. Again he did not pause to reflect, but, opening the door, stepped out on to the long wooden step that ran along its full length, and closed it after him. Then he remained still for a moment, for the guard, whose van was next behind, had just looked out. But it was only to take a glance at a train which came whizzing past on its way towards Paris, and then he disappeared.

Jacques was not slow to proceed with the daring enterprise he had resolved to undertake, but made his way along the wooden steps from carriage to carriage, glancing in at the windows as he passed unseen by the occupants, and thus till he had reached nearly to the second guard's van, which came next to the engine. Could he have been mistaken, after all, in the identity of the figure he had supposed to be that of his cousin? As he paused with sinking heart to put this question to himself, he happened to look in through the window of a first-class carriage, and there, all by himself, sleeping in the corner seat on the further side, was Léon, and by his side a little black travelling-bag, which was fastened round his shoulder by a strap. Gently turning the handle of the door, Jacques opened it, and gliding softly in, shut it after him. He had

played a bold game, but it seemed likely that he would win now. Léon was moving restlessly in his sleep, while his breathing was forced and heavy; every now and then he murmured something between his teeth, which were clenched together, but the words were inaudible.

"If he has but the money about him, and I can secure it without waking him," said Jacques to himself, "there is nothing to fear."

Stealthily he crept to Léon's side. The bag was resting on the arm of the seat in which Léon was sitting. Jacques tried to open it, but at first he could not. Then he remembered how he had once heard Léon tell his father about a particular spring that was attached to it, and after a search that seemed to him to last hours instead of seconds, he lighted on it, and pressing it with his finger, the bag flew open. Almost at the same moment, Léon moved as if about to wake, and Jacques started back; but his alarm soon passed when he saw his cousin seemingly sink into a sounder sleep than before; and then looking into the bag, Jacques saw a packet lying at the bottom of it, which in an instant more he held in his hand. It was made up of the four thousand francs in bank-notes that had been paid to M. Bonhomme that morning. Having satisfied himself that they were all right in number, he put them into his pocket-book, and carefully closing the bag, ensconced himself in a seat, and prepared for the time when his cousin should awake.

There is no need to linger over what remains to be told. Neither Léon nor Jacques went as far as Calais that night. Indeed, when the mail-train reached its first stopping-place, they got out together, and journeyed on no further. If the reader had been there, he would have seen that the elder of the two lads was as a child in the hands of the younger, and seemed willing to let him do as he would with him. Monsieur Bonhomme, on his return from Marseilles, was agreeably surprised to find his son installed in the counting-house, at the desk by Jacques's side, working away with a will that gladdened his heart, and re-inspired him with a hope that the glories of the old house of Bonhomme et Fils would yet be perpetuated. He never knew of Léon what we do. And Jacques toiled pleasantly on as before, more than ever a son to M. Bonhomme, and a dear and loved brother to Léon. Perhaps one day, my children, I may tell you how Léon repaid the debt of gratitude he owed to Jacques.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 544.

"Judas."—John xviii. 2.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. J ason | { Acts xvii. 5—9.
Rom. xvi. 21. |
| 2. U zzah | 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7. |
| 3. D oeg | 1 Sam. xxi. 7. |
| 4. A himelech | 1 Sam. xxii. 16—18. |
| 5. S hishak | 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26. |

THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 23, 1868.



(Drawn by B. ERADLEY.)

"The young lady turned her attention to a little fat spaniel."—p. 562.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

PART I.

"**T**HEN you are really determined to go to this party, Dora; though you know it will be, in defiance of my wishes, and that I shall

not accompany you?" So spoke Edward Holmes to his young wife, as they sat at breakfast one morning.

The reply was characteristic.

"Certainly I mean to go, Edward—why not? Your wishes, as you call them, are just nothing more than absurd crotchets, and I don't see why my enjoyment should be made the sacrifice."

"Your enjoyment, Dora!" repeated the husband, with bitter, sorrowful emphasis, rising from his seat at table, and crushing down the heel of his boot into the thick mossy hearthrug, as he stood with his elbow leaning on the low marble mantelshef. "Well, perhaps I have made a mistake, as many other husbands have, doubtless, done in their time, believing that a wife should find her best enjoyment at home."

"How truly generous on your part," retorted pretty Dora, with a scornful curl of her full red lips, and a rebellious flash of her dark eyes, "to expect me to find all my enjoyment in prosing away the long evenings in this dull old house, just because I have a husband more than ten years my senior, who dislikes society, and cannot shake off the morose disposition that must have belonged to his bachelor days. Truly generous, upon my word; but remember, it will not keep me from the party, for I mean to go—either with or without your consent—as I don't think it right to encourage your unreasonable prejudices. Here, Tiny, Tiny!"

And, apparently with no concern about the effect of her irritating speech, the young lady turned her attention to a little fat spaniel which had lain coiled at her feet like a ball of tawny-looking wool. She gathered it in her arms, and taking a dainty corner of muffin from a plate on the breakfast-tray, occupied herself with trying to tempt its pampered appetite; while her husband stood and watched her movements with a look of pained surprise, and a moody contraction of his broad brow; his handsome mouth compressed, and gradually setting into lines of sternness that would not readily relax.

There was a burning flush on the sallow face, which wore "the pale cast of thought," and told its own story of hard mental work, and years of resolute, hand-to-hand struggle with the world, before he won the professional success and high social position which he had been so proud to share with the light wayward creature who was now stabbing him so ruthlessly with her sarcastic tone and manner—it might be all unconscious of the mischief she was doing.

Her words were still fretting his sensitive soul, leaving an unpleasant impression which, a few hours ago, he would not have believed could be produced by anything from the lips of his young wife. Yet so it was: they carried with them a sting which had cut deeply into the proud heart, which it was her misfortune not to understand. He gave his answer slowly and coldly; there was apparently no heat or passion in his tone, and his

calmness might have misled a stranger. The fire burned more intensely for its forcible repression.

"Very well, Dora; I have heard your decision, and at the same time you have treated me to some of your opinions, which I must confess are quite new to me. But since you desire it so much, go to the party by all means; I shall not again urge my wishes as a restraining influence, for it is very far from my intention to make you a victim to my unreasonable prejudices."

Dora did not reply; she seemed still engrossed with her spaniel, stroking its silky ears through her fingers, and calling it pet names in the light, girlish way which was usually so attractive to her studious husband. At that moment he was too deeply hurt and angry to notice her manner, except to find in it new proof of her indifference about his feelings.

But for all her affected unconcern, a vague sense of uneasiness crept over the wilful young wife, and her heart fluttered as she stole a side-glance at him from under her dropped eyelashes. She did not understand him in that mood: it was something entirely beyond her management. If there had been a storm of recriminating words, or a violent outburst of temper, she could have dealt with it; anything better than that frozen sternness which seemed to be already putting such distance between them.

They had just turned the first year of their wedded life, which had flitted by like a happy dream. True, there had been occasional breaks in the harmony, little clashings of temper, which, to a thoughtful observer, perhaps might have foreboded ill for the future. But their contests had generally ended in playfulness, and the tiny clouds were only like momentary shadowings of the sunshine on a summer meadow; they went so quickly that the sky seemed all the brighter for their passing. But that morning witnessed their first real quarrel, the first break in the chain of love and union which had bound them together. Yet, even then, a little mutual forbearance would have closed the breach. Much misery would have been spared to both by a better understanding of each other's weaknesses. A few kind words from the young wife would have disarmed her husband's anger, and perhaps won from him a graceful concession to her wishes. It is one of the secrets of woman's power to "stoop to conquer;" for her true strength lies in her weakness. It is only by gentleness that she can ever hope to mould the sterner, stronger nature, or gain any lasting hold over the proud heart that will resist any amount of harsh force, but may be led with a silken thread when guided by a loving hand. Pretty, wayward Dora, the petted wife of a year, should have remembered that, when she let her

husband leave her without his accustomed kiss. It was sowing the first seed of disunion, and it might be her lot to reap in tears the bitter harvest that it would bring.

* * * * *

Few couples had taken on themselves the responsibilities of wedded life, with fairer prospects of happiness than Edward Holmes and his beautiful wife. He was, as she said, more than ten years her senior; thus he had passed the impressionable age when boyish romance and sentiment may take the place of deeper feelings. There could be no measuring the wealth of love which he had lavished on his girl-wife. Even she did not know the true value of the jewel she had won, or she would never have dared to trifle with it, as she did in those unhappy days when the shadow of estrangement was growing between them.

Edward Holmes was a rising barrister, who had struggled with difficulties, and, in the face of adverse circumstances, manfully fought his way to the front ranks of his profession.

Dora was the orphan daughter of one of those hard-worked, ill-paid curates, in the poorer parishes of London, who die doing their Master's work, and drop silently into undistinguished graves; a band of noble, nameless heroes, who will only be known in the day when "He maketh up his jewels." The young girl was left destitute by her father's death, and would have been thrown on the world, but for the kindness of a widowed sister of her mother's, who enjoyed a small independence by the will of her late husband. Having no children of her own, she took the portionless orphan to her home, and kept her until she married.

No wonder that Dora clung to Aunt Charlotte, and looked up to her as a mother, depending on her in every difficulty. Edward Holmes had always professed strong regard for his wife's aunt. Experience was about to prove that she deserved it, and also confirm her claim to his highest esteem.

It was about a month after the memorable morning of their first quarrel. Against the advice of Aunt Charlotte, and in open defiance of her husband, Dora had fluttered away to the forbidden party—a gay assemblage of people whose acquaintance her fastidious husband did not wish her to cultivate. While she was shining there, as one of the stars of the evening, and delighting in the homage that was paid to her as the beautiful wife of a popular barrister, he remained at home, morosely locked in his study—as usual,

supposed to be busy with his books and papers; but, in reality, sitting moodily over the fire, dejected and discontented with everything about him. With his dark brows knitted into a forbidding frown, he sat listening and watching the fingers of the time-piece, which seemed to his morbid fancy to move so sluggishly.

On the following morning their quarrel was renewed with more violence on both sides. Every day had widened the breach between them; but that morning all the smothered fire of the past month burst into flame. The husband was irritated by her manner, when she cut short some of his angry words by running to the piano and dashing off a spirited waltz.

The sound of that gay, defiant music stung him beyond all self-control. He remembered bending over her chair, with his hand grasping her slender, white wrist, forcing her to listen to bitter words which troubled him afterwards to recall, and sent the young wife to her room in a wild passion of sobs and tears.

Before another hour, she had formed and matured a certain rash plan, and proceeded to act upon it at once.

This was to leave her husband, resign her wifely duties, and go back to her old home with Aunt Charlotte never doubting that she would be received, and the story of her wrongs listened to with the deepest sympathy and compassion.

The greater part of the day was spent in collecting her little miscellaneous possessions, and packing her boxes. She made a parcel of her jewels, and left it on her husband's study table, only retaining for herself the few which she had not received from him.

Then she wrote a few hasty lines to account for her disappearance, the note being hurriedly folded in an envelope addressed to "Edward Holmes, Esq.," and enclosing her wedding-ring, which she had taken off in her excitement. She did all with eager trembling hands, and burning cheeks on which the tears were scarcely dry; hurrying on in her reckless, impetuous way, without pausing once to consider or question her own heart. Before night she was gone.

Almost at the same time that her husband was returning to find his pretty house deserted by its mistress—with the bewildered servants whispering among themselves, and looking perplexedly at each other—a cab was rapidly whirling away the truant to the railway station, from which she would take train to the village where Aunt Charlotte lived, a few miles from London.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON SOME PLEASURES AND PAINS OF MIDDLE AGE.



O the question—what constitutes middle age? very different answers would probably be made, according as the speakers were looking *forward* or *back* to it. The former, as is always found, putting the commencement of it comparatively early; the latter putting it late. And, perhaps, we may say that it differs in different individuals; the personal character or peculiar circumstances of one causing him to feel and appear middle aged earlier than another. Yet, on the average, it will probably be allowed, that from about thirty-five to fifty people may be called middle aged. Holme Lee calls it “the silver age,” from the silver threads then first seen among the hair; and has written a pretty (if rather plaintive) volume of essays on that period of life. These essays have the air all through of making the best of a disagreeable necessity. May it not be possible to show that middle age is as much better than youth as the flower is better than the bud?

Now, it would be useless to deny that middle age, as it has its peculiar pleasures, has, too, its proper pains (what time of life or what position is without these?); but what is wished to be shown is, that to a tolerably well-ordered mind the pleasures may, and do, outweigh the pains. Let us look at some of the pains first, and then the after consideration of the pleasures will be doubly sweet, and take the taste of what went before out of the mental mouth.

One unmistakable pang which comes to us in middle life, comes to us on hearing of the deaths of our contemporaries. In youth we lost but few of our own standing; and I imagine it is the deaths of those of *our own age* that affect us most sensibly: and so we begin to recognise death as the rule instead of the exception, as it seemed in youth, when we “felt our life in every limb.”

Is it not a pain, too, to have outgrown the illusions of youth?—

“When all the world was young, lad,
And every goose a swan.”

Looking back, it seems almost impossible to realise that our present work-a-day selves can be the same persons who looked at the world with such different eyes long ago, who believed so intensely in the god-like virtues of very ordinary persons indeed—as they have since proved—clothed by our own imaginations, if not exactly in the “purple light of love”—which would be a very unsatisfactory, unsubstantial garment indeed—yet, at least, in a halo of romance. We regret, not the past illusions, since nothing in its nature false is worthy of regret; but the generous, cen-

suring mind that wove the web of fancy; and we can never be our “dead selves” again.

And our aspirations after excellence—how high they were! Is it not a pain to have lost them? We have no such aspirations now. We breathed mountain air then, and trod lightly, and had no burden on our backs; but now we are come down into the plain, and the air is heavy and sultry with care.

Is it to be counted as a pleasure or a pain, that lessened capacity for any very strong feeling that grows on us as we advance in life? Each person must answer for himself. It stands, as it were, on the boundary-line between the two, having its advantages and disadvantages. Wherever this sobering of our feelings which accompanies growing older serves to render us callous to the sufferings, and indifferent to the feelings of others, it may be considered as harmful; but I am inclined to think, on the whole, that it often comes in usefully to assuage unreasonably-felt mortifications, to prevent our acting on impulse, and that in many ways it is a very great gain. The thin skin of youth is proverbial, and great is the misery it entails. May it not be true to say, not that the heart is colder, or the affections weaker in middle age, but that the outer shell of the animal is thicker, and feels injuries less quickly? On the whole, though, I am not prepared to say that pains and pleasures, as such, do not exist; yet it seems to me that one man's pain is often another man's pleasure. That we are very ill qualified to judge in any given case as to what will cause pleasure and what pain, and can only speak with any degree of certainty respecting ourselves.

Among the many pleasures which belong to middle age, and foremost in their rank, stands that of finding the truth and friendship of friends to be lasting. As life goes on, and the days grow shorter and darker, it warms the heart to find those standing by us still who stood by us in youth; to find them unchanged toward us, accepting us as we are—which newer friends are not so ready to do—and loving us with our faults. We cannot experience this pleasure till we have lived some years in the world. Old friends are the more precious for being old, and having occupied a large space in our thoughts for a long time back.

Amongst the pleasures of middle age also to be counted, is the power gained by the mind of letting itself be disturbed in a less degree about trifles. Things assume a truer relative value, and we see that the mistakes we made are not irreparable, and the consequences not eternal, as we almost fancied they would be. Or, let it be granted the mistakes are irreparable—the life a failure,

yet we can look forward more confidently to the time of the restitution of all things. Life, in youth, looked so very long, and now seems so much shorter, that we can "look before and after," and things we broke our hearts over then, would hardly excite a passing regret now. And even though middle age is more weighted with that care and anxiety from which youth is free, it seems to me that we acquire, as we go on, a power of putting aside our cares and anxieties. "Lie there till I call you, meantime I will play." Now, in youth calamities seemed so crushing, and we foolishly thought we should never be happy any more, and found ourselves, with something like shame, returning with enjoyment to things which gave us happiness before the thunderbolt fell.

Independence of thought comes naturally with age. Either our sentiment of reverence for the opinions of others is diminished, or, which is as likely, our confidence in our own judgment is increased, and at forty we say what we should not have ventured on at twenty. "All that So-and-so says may be wise and good, but I do not think the worse of myself or others for differing from him." And this is a great pleasure to many minds. And another pleasure is allied to this, that of being able to see that every question has two sides, some persons remain through life unable to perceive this, and in their prejudice and narrowness are as children still, becoming, indeed, less and less able to discern merit in any opinion but their own. Then follows the pleasure of exercising our

increased capacity for independence in speech, though here care is needful lest we exercise the capacity harmfully. And so it becomes a duty, if we have courage to speak plainly, to see, first, that there is occasion for speaking at all, and then that the speech be made in the right spirit and right form. This seen to, what a deep pleasure springs out of our power to speak words of comfort, counsel, pity, or affection (or more seldom, reproof), which we should not have had courage to have spoken ten years ago, although we should have had conscientiousness enough to make us miserable for long after we had let the opportunity slip by.

Perhaps the best of all the gains which middle life brings is freedom of action. At such time as we have laid aside the restraints and tutorings of youth, and are not come to the restraints imposed upon us by the infirmities of age, we are able to do much in our own way and after our own fashion;—freedom, not to be idle—no man has a right to *that*—but to work for the best of Masters, in the greatest of tasks, that of adorning and beautifying our own soul, and benefiting to the uttermost the bodies and souls of our fellow-men; or if only the bodies, was not that a great part of the daily work of our Master? This freedom realised more and more as we leave youth behind, more than compensates us for anything we lost with our youth, and how shall we regret the showers and sunshine of spring, and the bright variety of its flowers, if we can count instead the beautiful beneficent sheaves of harvest?

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER II.



HE results of the first exploring expedition, conducted by Captain Wilson, R.E., and Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., in the years 1865-6, may be briefly described as follows:—

In various parts of Palestine materials were collected for making about fifty plans, with detailed drawings, of churches, synagogues, mosques, temples, tombs, and other edifices, and their remains and ruins; amongst which are plans of the cities of Cæsarea, Beisan, and Sebastiyeh (Samarit.); of the Holy Place of the Samaritans, and of the ruined octagonal church of the Emperor Justinian on the summit of Mount Gerizim; of ancient churches at Baalbek, Cæsarea, Lydda, Beitin, Bireh, Yarus, Sebastiyeh, and at Jerusalem itself; the plans also of seven ancient Jewish synagogues, of the Great Mosque at Damascus, and of another at Nablus (Shechem); those of the temples at Kedes, Deir el-Kalah, and Mejd-el-Anjar; and

numerous tombs in different parts of the country. A series of inscriptions also was found scattered about, like the tombs, in different places; and of these inscriptions careful copies have been taken.

Amongst the most interesting of all the discoveries are those which have established, almost with certainty, the site of Capernaum, and which for the first time have shown the true character of the ancient synagogues of Palestine.

Attention had been directed to the synagogues, or rather to the ruins of those buildings, by Dr. Robinson, in his "Later Biblical Researches;" but the first complete account of their design, construction, and arrangement, accompanied with photographs which represent their present condition, has been given by Captain Wilson. It appears that these ancient edifices were designed on a fixed and accepted plan: they were erected standing north and south, having three entrances at their southern extremity; the interior was divided into five longitudinal compartments, or

aisles, by four rows of columns, and the two northern corners were formed by double columns attached to the walls. The style of decoration, notwithstanding this prevailing uniformity of plan and arrangement, evidently was not always the same. Thus, at Tel Hum, which may be regarded as identical with Capernaum, Corinthian capitals were found. Capitals of the same order were also found at Kerazeh-Chorazin. At Irbid there is a mixture—Ionic with Corinthian; while the capitals that once crowned the columns in the other ruined synagogues that were explored, proved to be in a style of character peculiar to themselves. The faces of the great stone lintels that covered the openings of the doorways were usually found to have been ornamented with some sculptured device. At Nebarten, for example, with an inscription, there is a representation of the seven-branched candlestick of the ancient Temple service; at Kefr Birim the ornament appears to have been designed to represent the paschal lamb; and at Tel Hum, with unconscious felicity of symbolical allusion, there are both the pot of manna and the lamb. Scroll-work, formed of vine-branches, with their leaves and clusters of grapes, is also an ornament of frequent occurrence, and one which cannot fail to be regarded with peculiar interest by explorers who faithfully accept the Scriptures of the New Testament. These remains, with Captain Wilson's careful and graphic descriptions of them, and with his excellent photographs, suggest perfectly fresh ideas as to what the Jewish synagogues, of which we read in the New Testament, must have been like. The remains that Captain Wilson has examined may not be of quite such early date as the commencement of the Christian era, but they undoubtedly show what were the style and character of those still earlier "synagogues of the Jews" in which so many of the most important events in the Gospel history are recorded to have taken place; and they show also that these edifices, unlike the rude structures they generally are supposed to have been, were really noble buildings, rich in the best architectural decoration of their era, and standing in the same relative artistic connection with the great and magnificent Temple at Jerusalem, that our own principal churches do to our cathedrals.

Another point of special interest, as I have observed, in Captain Wilson's exploration arises from the attention bestowed by him upon the discovery of the true site of Capernaum—that city which, above all others, might claim the supreme distinction of having been the *home* of the Saviour during the greater part of his life upon this earth. Capernaum, indeed, must be considered to have been second in interest not even to Jerusalem itself; and yet, so completely

has the attention of pilgrims and travellers been diverted to other localities and other scenes, that scarcely any care or labour has been bestowed before upon the discovery and identification of this most remarkable spot. Without positively asserting even now that Tel Hum certainly represents Capernaum, and that its ruins cover the identical site where once that highly-favoured city stood, Captain Wilson's discoveries really have approached very nearly to a complete and decided identification.

The presence, again, of extensive remains, including those of a synagogue, may now be considered to fix with tolerable certainty the position of Chorazin at Kerazeh, situated two miles to the north of Tel Hum (Tel Hum itself is at the north-western extremity of the Sea of Tiberias), on a small plain where there is a spring. All the buildings appear to have been of basalt; and, notwithstanding the utter ruin that has fallen upon the whole, portions of the old streets with their pavements can still be clearly traced. This discovery is due to Lieut. Anderson, who also conducted the researches upon Mount Gerizim.

Other ruins, also of singular interest, now called Khersa, were visited and explored. They are situated on the eastern side of the lake, and they probably are the remains of the ancient Gergesa, the city of the Gergesenes. Near these ruins, and opposite to the city of Tiberias, appears to have been the scene of the destruction of the herd of swine. No other point on that side of the lake, indeed, is so suitable—in fact, no other point beside this can be said to be strictly suitable to the requirements of the Gospel narrative. Elsewhere, from the eastern elevated plateau, the ground slopes steeply, and in a few places almost precipitously, down to the level of the lake; but a margin of fertile land, in width from half a mile to a mile, is left intervening between the base of the hills and the water's edge. At this particular point, however, near Khersa, and only at this, a spur or little promontory runs out from the high land to the shore, and, without actually forming a cliff, the slope is steep and decided—just such a "steep place" as the evangelists have described in the few graphic words that have invested their description of the incident with such vivid truthfulness.

I leave for future consideration all the particulars and details of Captain Wilson's remarkable discovery at Jerusalem, that I may give a full description of them in connection with the more recent discoveries that have been made on the same spot.

In the department of Topography, by accurate observations made at forty-nine separate places between Beyrout and Hebron, and also carried

through the country from Banias (Cæsarea Philippi) to Jerusalem, a series of detailed maps have been formed, on the scale of one mile to an inch (the scale of the English Ordnance Survey), which comprehend the whole backbone of Palestine—the entire range of the bold central highland, which traverses the country from north to south, including the Lake of Galilee and all the watercourses that descend to its western shores. The errors that exist in the earlier maps for the most part appear to have been caused by trusting too much to a general inspection of many parts of a region, which abounds in narrow ravines and tortuous water-ways, all of them impossible to lay down in a map with exact accuracy without a direct and most careful examination. To remedy these defects has been the great aim of the present maps, as it also must be one of the chief objects in whatever additions hereafter may be made to them. All that already has been laid down in these maps and plans, accordingly, is so much clear gain, and enables all future explorers to set forth to their work, having started from sure ground.

Since the return of Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Anderson in 1866, the Exploration Society has been unceasingly at work in the same earnest and energetic spirit, and on the same sound principles, that have characterised its operations from their first commencement; and the results of this working will be found to become continually more and more interesting and important. Before I proceed to consider either what has actually been accomplished in Palestine since the return of Capt. Wilson's second expedition, or what the society at this present moment is both doing and desiring to do, it may be well for me to conclude this chapter with a very few words upon the constitution, principles, and aim of the society itself.

This society has been formed "for the accurate and systematic investigation of the archæology, the topography, the geology, and physical geography, and the manners and customs of the Holy Land, for Biblical illustration;" and this association, which, in the words I now have quoted sets forth with what objects and views it has been formed, has chosen to assume the title of the "Palestine Exploration Fund." The word "fund" thus used is significant enough; since the work that lies before the society, and which it has boldly and resolutely taken in hand, can be accomplished only by the authorities of the society having ample funds placed at their disposal. And, without any question, the most cordial popularity, coupled with the most liberal support, cannot fail to be secured for this "Palestine Exploration Fund," wherever it is well known and thoroughly understood. To be well acquainted with this society, in fact, implies a resolution to take a part with it in its noble and

admirable work. The funds of the society are derived entirely from voluntary subscriptions and donations, with the addition of whatever profits may arise from the sale of the photographs that have been and will be taken for the society. Her Majesty the Queen is the patron; the president is the Archbishop of York; the honorary secretaries are Mr. George Grove and the Rev. E. W. Holland,—the last-named gentleman being now in the East. And there is a numerous committee, which has been formed with the express intention of including persons of eminence, both clergy and laymen, who hold diverse religious opinions, but who, nevertheless, have readily and gladly consented so far to forego whatever differences may exist between them as may enable them to act cordially together upon the common ground, equally dear to them all, of an equal interest in Palestine and in the exploration of it. The society desires to include amongst its members *all* who participate in that interest: it invites *all* to join its ranks: it seeks from *all* such persons sympathy, encouragement, and a constant accession of fresh and increasing working power. And the committee represents—certainly, it is most desirous to represent—the entire body of the society: cabinet ministers, accordingly, and bishops; men of science, of learning, and of art; the leaders of education, and men of mark of every class and order; men of business, too, and men of letters; country gentlemen and peers of the realm; travellers and authors; Churchmen of every shade; Catholics; Nonconformists of every denomination; Hebrews; politicians of as many varying shades as Churchmen—all are duly represented; or, if all are not duly represented in the committee, it is simply and solely because some have been less ready than others to respond to an invitation, that in the first instance was addressed, and that still continues to be addressed, to *all* in the same terms and with equal cordiality. As it exists at this time, this committee, it must be added, includes in its ranks almost all the most experienced travellers in Palestine. This is the association that has undertaken to "explore" Palestine. And, in its exploration of Palestine, this association has, and will continue to have, one grand aim and purpose—to search thoroughly the Holy Land, in quest of its testimony to truth. The society is seeking neither for discoveries that may confirm some existing theories, nor for evidence that may overwhelm other theories of an opposite character. It is exploring Palestine, in order to enable Palestine to bear its own strong testimony to the Bible, alike without any restraint or imperfection on the one hand, and on the other hand without any suggestive guiding. The exploring parties of the "Palestine Exploration Fund" sink their shafts through the accumulated dust and rubbish and

ruins of centuries, until they are able to lay bare foundations and they have reached the solid mass of the living rock: and so, in like manner, the principles of this society, having no fellowship

with whatever may be aptly typified by dust and rubbish and ruins, rest on foundations that are deeply laid and secure, and are built up upon the rock of the written Word of God.

A WORD UPON BREAK OF DAY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



SCIENCE is continually teaching us that there are beautiful adaptations in Nature to the weal of man, often unthought of by him. We know something of the advantages of the varied seasons of time, but we seldom stay to ponder the fact, that winter has beautiful uses as well as summer, and that night has its blessings as well as day. Yes, night! for the darkness of night, the atmosphere of night, the silence of night, are all adapted to the physical health and the mental rest of man. Were he to turn night into day, he would suffer as much in health as he would lose in the joy and beauty of the outer world! A thousand voices say, "The night is thine;" and when the stars shine out of the dark heavens, stars which we cannot see in the daytime, magnificent hints are they to us of hidden glories yet unrevealed by God, and reminders of his love and power, who has made all worlds so lustrous and majestic, and this one amongst them all so adapted to our use, our comfort, and our wellbeing.

But if night has its teachings, so has day, and especially *daybreak*. "Grace," says Vinèt, "has not made Nature an outcast!" No, we may still learn from her lips; the Great Teacher has made her an illuminated missal, adorned with the gold and crimson of his own brush, ever reminding us, by Nature's pictures, of the eternal verities of His thought.

Let it be remembered, in treating of daybreak, that night, in a moral sense, belongs only to our present estate. One day we hope to reach heaven, and there will be no night there. The first dawn of heaven to our hearts will be the ushering in of everlasting day.

It is scarcely necessary even to suggest to the reader the glories of the natural morning. Who that has seen break of day amid the Scottish highlands, near Braemar or Balmoral, can ever forget it?—the purple bloom upon the heather, the diamond dew upon the gorse, the deep shadows, departing like massed troops along the valleys! or who that has been at sea, and seen the first tinge of mellow light fringing the horizon, and then spreading like a sheet of gold upon the sea, will ever forget that golden glory? No; it is not the purpose of this paper to dwell upon daybreak in

this sense: it is so familiar to all, and so past the pen of man to picture. But there are other glories of the morning, concerning which we may say a word.

We awake each day into a new world of life and duty, and it is marvellous how each intervening night separates us from the cares, anxieties, and worries of the preceding day. We scarcely realise how great a change a few brief hours of rest will make. It is old but good advice, in any difficulty, to "sleep upon it;" a new existence seems to come with each new day—new possibilities, new prospects, new energies, and a new heart of hope. We cannot think of the wrong, the injury, the sorrow, just as we did the night before. Every morning there is a kind of resurrection of life, a beautiful revivification of the faculties of the mind and the energies of the body too. The break of day has formed the inspiration of many a poem and many a picture, and will doubtless do so of many more.

The religious teacher will necessarily look at it in its highest aspects. It is specially significant of the genesis of the Christian life. Memorable season that!—when the darkness is leaving the mind and the true light beginning to shine. The dawn may come *very early* in a young child's heart: there will always be some darkness to dispel, some clouds to disperse; but the break of moral day may come in tenderest years. The vision of Christ as a Redeemer, of God as a Father; the prospect of heaven as a home; the vileness of sin, falsehood, filthiness, enmity, and evil—these things may be seen in the young child life. Break of day is, in this sense, like entrance into a new world. No figures of speech can be truer than those which describe sin as darkness, and salvation as light. Daybreak to the soul is the opening of our eyes to a Sun which has been always shining round about us. Lord, open thou mine eyes! That is break of day to us; and there is no era so rich in blessing as the dawn of Heaven's morning to a slumbering soul.

Daybreak, however, is only the beginning of the light. Objects in the dawn are not seen at once. There are many aspects of the power and beauty of the Gospel which we do not glimpse at first. Knowledge comes by degrees. To understand and argue out all the propositions of theology, is



"When the fire burns bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me."—p. 571.

neither within the range of possibility or duty in the early era of religious life. Light would blind us if, in the natural world, it burst upon our vision at once; and there is an analogy in Christian truth, which shines in upon the mind steadily and gradually. It is enough at first to love Christ, the living Christ, who will guide us into all truth. Watch the soul as the day breaks. What possibilities of knowledge, love, and service are before it! Oh, that glorious beginning, the dawn of Christian day! Worlds want, in all their wealth, the worth of that. When we see the little eyes of a babe looking out into a new world, what a mystery lies hidden in that life; what these eyes will some day be the windows to in relation to thought and feeling; how they will gaze on the majesty of the stars, the magnificence of the mountains, the kind faces of home! And what will not those spiritual eyes see? Those wonderful words, spoken by St. Paul, are often quoted as related to the Christian in heaven, but they apply to the Christian on earth: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Beautiful daybreak that! Lord, that I may receive my sight. Merciful pardon is the dawn of the Christian day, and then come the graces—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. We must not complain of morning because it is only morning; it brings with it the promise of day—yea, of everlasting day.

We think, too, of the daybreak as showing us the scenes of darkness. At first we are occupied with the strangely beautiful new life; but in time we look back. We need not attempt to depict any startling sense of surprise or dislike, for that would not be true to our consciousness. But this experience *is* true. We wonder at the dark dread of God which we once had; we marvel at our base conceptions of life, as having its choicest joys in the sensuous side of our nature; we wonder that we should have refused to see the beauty of Christ; we wonder that we should have lived without prayer and without peace. Here is a contrast between the new life and the old death—friendship with God instead of enmity—rest in him in the place of tremulous dread. What sincere disciple of Christ is there who does not look back to the night as a season to which he would not, if he could, return? The new morning has its sense of joy as well as sense of safety.

We think of the daybreak as applicable to the night seasons of grief. It is representative of our human as well as our Christian life. We have not lived so long without experiencing something of the weeping which endures for the night. Unbroken health, unbroken happiness, belong to none. How *long*, too, are some nights! The acquaintance-

ship some form with sorrow is such that they can scarcely believe in joy. They have become so accustomed to a long, Northern sort of night, that they almost cease to believe in the day. How often the worn and weary, looking through life's heart-casement, cry, "What of the night?" and the prospect says, "Night still! No red in the horizon—dark night still!" Ah, but break of day *is* coming! Yes, even after the most wearisome affliction, the most necessitous circumstances, the most cruel wrongs, the most bitter endurances, some alleviation—some alteration—some beneficent change is at hand. The morning cometh! Oh, lead all you can to believe in the daybreak! Hope is useful as well as beautiful, and it has *life* in it. It may be difficult to revive the drooping spirit, to re-quicken the dormant energy; but let these words lie close to the heart: the morning cometh! Let us believe in the daybreak ourselves! Light cometh with the new-born day! The ropes are not so rotten in the belfry of the heart that we need fear to ring out the joy-notes! It is well to disturb the owls, and bats, and dark-winged thoughts of fear, by ringing out the music of hope. Let us try how sweet the peal is: Joy cometh—joy cometh—joy cometh in the morning! There is daybreak coming for the widow sitting under the cypress shadow of her new grief. There is daybreak for the poor and needy; daybreak for the forgotten. Let us have faith in God, and whisper to other hearts, The morning cometh!

We think of the daybreak as representative of new Christian life in heathen worlds. What a title would this form for the histories of the Western Indies and the Southern Seas. It requires little artistic skill to sketch the picture of the dark night of cannibalism, and cruelty, ignorance, superstition, and shamelessness which had settled down on these fair portions of the natural world

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The morning came! True, indeed, the early light fell on forms that had fallen on sleep whilst sowing the seed. True, indeed, the grey dawn lasted long, and in some cases it was fifteen years before the clear daylight came; but the Sun of Righteousness *did* arise on the nations. As the light came there came the revelations of vice—crime—guilt; but, in the midst of all, there was seen the Cross—the wonderful Cross—by which God was providing a healing balm for the nations. The story of Christian daybreak has never yet been fully told; indeed, no one can truly make the dead past live. Old idolatries become the forgotten follies of preceding days, and the unfruitful works of darkness, as they are hated, are also blotted out of memory. Schools, mission-houses, native training colleges, all rise before us in the new light, and we say,

"What hath God wrought? Can that old chieftain be the man who slew his own child?" He is. "Can that silver-haired communicant be he who smote with his death-blow the missionary who first landed on the isle?" He is. "Can these children, who know only of idolatry by the stories told them of what once was, be the children of those who worshipped, thirty years ago, rude images of clay?" They are. Beautiful daybreak! "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people Israel."

We think of daybreak as yet awaiting other lands. It has not been daybreak everywhere. Night still reigns! But the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! To whom can the nations go but to the Redeemer? Blot out the Christ of history, and you take the one Sun out of the moral heavens. Well may we re-echo the disciple's words, "Lord, to whom can we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." What luminary competes with the god of day? What light can eclipse the Light of the World? We do well to feel sure that the Gospel is inherently strong, and that its self-evidencing power is its highest claim to be Divine.

Great sums are being expended in digging up the ancient foundations of old empires renowned in history, and it is suggested in certain circles that we might gain a much more correct knowledge of old monarchies by a judicious application of wealth to the explorations of scientific research. Even so. But we want to know, not only what was the golden past; we want to prepare for

a more golden future. Prophecy is truer than history, and we look forward with longing eyes to the bright beginning of a better day. It will come; it must come. But it will be another thing whether we have in any sense aided or arrested its advent. Even now it may wait but our hand to draw back the curtain of ignorance, and to make way for the dawn of truth, that the light may break forth as the morning. I know it will be for some time *only* break of day. It is unwise to imagine that converted heathens have not yet much to put off, and much growth to attain unto, ere they walk fully in the light; but they will ultimately have the perfect likeness of their Lord.

We think of this daybreak as applicable to the dawn of heaven. After all, there must be much of shadow in all our earthly bliss, much of imperfection in all our earthly knowledge; but the morning cometh. Many mornings may have already come to us: the light of some new discovery, the light of first love, the dawning influence of truth and beauty; but there is another morning coming, when *all* the shadows and sorrows will flee away for ever, where the sun no more goes down. A day without a darkening cloud—a day without a desolating storm—a day without a deepening twilight! To how many hearts have these words sounded out a depth of meaning which only the worn and weary, the tired and tempted, the lonely and bereaved, can sympathetically understand—"There shall be no night there!"

LOCH AREE.

WHEN spring comes in, and the leaves are green,

And daisies sprinkled upon the lea,
Oh! the pleasant walks and the happy talks

By the glimmering waters of Loch Aree;
When the hours are bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When the sun is high in the summer sky,
And the honeyed bloom invites the bee,
We wander then in the wooded glen
That leaps from the mountains of Loch Aree;
When the woods are cool, and our hearts are full,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When the green leaves fade into yellow and red,
And the robin sings upon the tree,
In the autumn brown, we wander down
By the purpling banks of Loch Aree;
When the hours breathe balm, and our hearts are calm,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When trees are bare in the wintry air,
And the snow is whitening o'er the lea,
Then happy our lot, in a cosy cot
By the sheltered shores of Loch Aree;
When the fire burns bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

In the days of toil we gather their spoil,
And live as happy as life may be;
And heartsease treasure in hours of leisure,
On the bonnie green banks of Loch Aree;
When our hearts beat time to some sweet old rhyme,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

Thus day by day, come grave or gay,
We tune our hearts to the joys we see,
And round the year, in cloud or clear,
That chase each other by Loch Aree;
Let the shadows run, our hearts are one,
And my love, my wife will sing to me.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

RAYMOND TRIES TO GAIN TIME.

"**B**UT the thing must be done, Mr. Carlton, or else what is to become of us?" said Raymond Sylvester.

Mr. Carlton was the family lawyer, who had been in the Sylvester interest all his life. He was a sleek man, with a smooth bald head, and, just now, a rather puzzled expression of countenance. He passed his hand over his head several times ere he replied.

"Indeed, it is a matter for serious deliberation. For my own part, I don't see my way."

"But I do," said Raymond; "I see my way, very clearly indeed! The existence of our house hinges upon it. If this fellow carries out his threat, the whole world will rush behind the scenes, and all will be over!"

Mr. Carlton was still rubbing his head softly round and round, an occupation which might prevent him from replying as quickly as Raymond desired.

"So that he must be stopped—there is no doubt about it, Mr. Carlton—and stopped at once!"

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to explain to me how," said Mr. Carlton, politely, but with some anxiety.

"How! a hundred ways! You lawyers are full of resources."

Mr. Carlton shook his head.

"You see, Mr. Sylvester, the most satisfactory way of all—as I need scarcely hint to you—is to pay the money."

"But I am not intending to pay it," said Raymond, coldly; "you must set that idea wholly on one side."

"Are you quite resolved, Mr. Sylvester?"

"I should think I am resolved! Good gracious, man! it is not a case of will, or of intention," cried Raymond, with a vehemence quite unusual to him. "No one knows better than you do how impossible it would be to meet John Humphreys' demand!"

"Quite so—quite so," and the sleek man bowed his head in acquiescence. "But still I am in the dark. What do you want me to do?"

"To see the man, and pacify him. To tell him that, if he proceed to extremities, it will be so much the worse for him."

"On what ground, may I ask, Mr. Sylvester?"

"On this ground," said Raymond, speaking with the same vehemence: "if one stone is knocked away from the foundation, the whole building will topple over. Creditors will come, flying from all quarters. There will not be a tithe to satisfy their demands. If he will forbear, a turn may come in these miserable fortunes of ours, and he may be paid in full."

As Raymond spoke, a slight colour came into his cheek, and his eyes sank uneasily before the surprised look of Mr. Carlton.

"Are you alluding to any expectations you may have, Mr. Sylvester?" said he, mildly.

"I am alluding to nothing," said Raymond, impatiently; "I am but giving you suggestions. Can you not understand me?"

"Pardon, me, but I heard that your expectations, in a worldly point of view, had been disappointed," said the lawyer. "You will forgive my alluding to such a matter, but it has to do with the point in hand, and the plainer we are with each other, the better."

Raymond's face turned white, and he bit his lip.

"I see you have no wish to befriend us in this matter," said he at length. "As my father's oldest counsellor, I hoped you would have rendered us all the help in your power."

"And so I would, if I knew how. The fact is, Mr. Sylvester, the property is fairly eaten up by debts—debts here, debts there, debts everywhere! Now, what can even a lawyer do?"

"Debts came to us as a sort of heirloom," said Raymond, bitterly; "we have not made one-half of them!"

"Probably not; but that does not alter the case; and it strikes me that you have no remedy left. The estate must go. Well, if it were me, I should let it."

"Let it!—let the estate go?" gasped Raymond, horrified.

"Yes; anything would be better than to suffer what you must suffer—the suspense, the anxiety, the alarm. You are young, why not wipe out the old score, and begin again?"

"But my mother!— But you have forgotten that we are Sylvesters!" again gasped Raymond, his face deadly pale.

"I forgot nothing," replied the lawyer, shortly; "you ask me for advice, and I give it. I say, let the crash come."

"Never!" cried Raymond, vehemently. "What! to have our home desecrated—our name disgraced—our position blotted out!—to be dragged down to the level of the common herd—to have the finger of scorn pointed at us! If that is your advice, I must go elsewhere, to seek for better." And he rose.

"Stay, Mr. Sylvester; I am willing to do what I can. I have tided you through many a narrow strait, and by many a quicksand. You must give me time for consideration."

"There is no time to lose," said Raymond, firmly; "you must see this man to-day."

"And what am I to tell him?"

"Need I repeat it? Appeal to his self-love, his interest, his cupidity. Tell him he is wiser if he forbear. Make any terms you like. Buy him off, if you will, at any price. All I ask is delay; even a month's delay might be our salvation!"

The mild eyes of the lawyer rested on Raymond's

face for a moment; then an idea seemed slowly to dawn upon him.

"I see—I see! Well, I will do the best I can; I am not sanguine of success, mind, not at all."

"If you fail, it will be your own fault," said Raymond, hoarsely.

"You must not think so, Mr. Sylvester. You must give me credit for the best intentions."

"If you fail," and Raymond went close up and spoke the words in his ear,—*"if you fail, we are ruined; if you succeed, we may be saved!"*

"I see—I see!" again repeated the lawyer, "and I will go at once to Mr. Humphreys. But quiet yourself down, I beg of you; I never saw you so excited before."

Raymond smiled, an uneasy kind of smile; then, after some further parley, he took leave of Mr. Carlton, and hurried out into the street.

He had left his mother in a state of great anxiety, almost of despair. Alice knew nothing of the crisis which they were approaching; the burden lay upon the mother and the son.

"Be comforted, dear mother," said he, as he entered her room; "I have averted the danger, for a time at least; be comforted!" For he was shocked at the pallid hue of her face, and the look of suspense and alarm in her eyes. She had not closed her eyes, she said, the whole night long.

He sat down by her, and took her hand. He was a devoted and affectionate son, was Raymond Sylvester.

"I have, I hope, obtained a short delay. More, we dare not anticipate. But it gives us time, mother—it gives us time."

"Time for what, Raymond?"

She was still ashy pale, and the look of trouble had not gone out of her eyes.

"Time to consider what is to be done; to devise schemes, and carry them out," said Raymond, looking down.

"Ah, my son, what schemes can we devise? where can we look? If it were to save our lives, we could not raise that money."

Raymond was silent. He appeared to be intensely studying a threadbare place on the carpet.

"So that it is but a mere respite," continued his mother, in a tone of distress; "an interval of calm, and then will come—the end!"

"Be patient, dear mother; and be strong! Better days are in store for us," said Raymond, soothingly.

Lady Sylvester sighed.

"They are!" continued Raymond, in a tone in which tenderness and bitterness were curiously blended. "You must not think that I shall fail you—I that have done so much, mother. Ah! and suffered too! I am free, now, to devote to you my whole energies, and I will! I will save you, if it be possible, and at any cost."

He spoke the words as from the depth of his soul; and he raised his mother's hand to his lips, and reverently kissed it.

"Yes, at any cost!" He had hardly fathomed the depths of his own meaning; but the words came forth

again, and yet again, and each time with stronger emphasis—*"At any cost!"*

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAROLD HEARS A PIECE OF NEWS.

"It has made you into a hero, in the eyes of the public, however," said Mr. Mapleson. "Here is the account of your adventure in the paper; should you like to read it?"

"No, thank you," replied Harold, coolly.

"Six men against one is rather an awkward odds," continued Mr. Mapleson. "I think you are a brave young fellow, Harold Blake."

"No more brave than my broad shoulders and strong arms entitle me to be," replied Harold, laughing. "After all, it was a mere adventure, and not worth discussing."

"You may call it an adventure, if you like; but whatever it was, it has raised you very much in my esteem, Harold Blake."

Harold bowed politely.

"Not that our relations to each other will be altered in the least. In a romance, I should be expected to promote you to some great honour: in real life, you remain just as you were."

Harold bowed again.

Mr. Mapleson was still laid up with the gout; and this conversation took place a day or two after Harold's adventure at the mill.

He was going home to dinner—a meal he was accustomed to snatch in haste. It would have been more convenient to drop into some eating-house at the other end of the town, as the distance to his lodgings was considerable. But there was Charley; Charley's day would have seemed very long and dreary without this break. The sight of Harold's face, and the sound of Harold's voice, did him good. Added to which, he could grumble a little; and that did him good as well.

By this time he had heard of Harold's danger; and it had made him shed a few tears, and express a great deal of alarm. And it had made him heartily abuse the "horrid mill," as he called it; and, for a very short period indeed, forget his own grievances. But the dangers and the trials of others never made much impression on Charley; and the tide of discontent threatened to flow as full and as strong as ever.

When Harold reached his lodgings, a surprise was in store for him. He stepped briskly up the stairs as usual, whistling as he went, for Harold was as cheerful as a lark, be his outward circumstances what they might.

"Now, then, Charley; dinner, if you please," said he, coming in at the door.

Charley's face looked so bright and joyous, that Harold could hardly believe his senses. Not that he forgot to begin with a complaint.

"Harold, how late you are! I thought you never meant to come!"

"Mr. Mapleson hindered me, that was all. Now,

where's this roast turkey of ours?" added he, looking round, with a comical smile.

"You know we have no roast turkey, or are ever likely to have, Harold. Why do you make one's mouth water?" said Charley, reproachfully.

"What is it, then?"

"Cold mutton."

"Never mind, it is the most wholesome thing we can have; and we are as hungry as hunters."

"You may be, but I am not. I am never hungry," said Charley, relapsing into a peevish tone.

"Have you been out in the chair?"

"Yes, and that was what I wanted to tell you, only you were so late. I have had such an adventure!" And Charley's face brightened up again.

"Why, what has happened?" asked Harold, as he carved the meat, cutting the most delicate slices for his brother.

"I have seen somebody!" and Charley's eyes sparkled with delight. Indeed, he seemed quite a different being.

"Seen somebody? Who could he be?" asked Harold, not greatly interested, and eating his cold meat with an excellent appetite.

"You must guess."

"Oh, I can never guess. You know I never guessed anything in my life."

"And it is not *he*, it is *she*," added Charley, much excited.

"*She*! Come, Charley, you must eat your dinner," said Harold, helping himself a second time.

"I can't! It did me so much good! Of course, I cried at first, it reminded me so of old times; especially when she called me her little Roman friend!"

Harold's knife and fork dropped, as if he had received an electric shock. A brilliant light seemed to leap into his eyes.

"You have guessed, Harold! I see it by your face. The beautiful young lady we met in Rome!"

Harold did not speak. A variety of vivid emotions played across his countenance.

"You had better eat your dinner though, you have to go back to the mill," said Charley mischievously.

"Where did you see her, Charley? Come, my little lad, you must tell me all about it."

His voice had a curious quaver in it.

"I saw her in the market-place. I was going along the pavement in my chair, and Robert was pushing behind, when all at once such a grand carriage drove up, with coachmen, and footmen, and all——"

"Never mind that, Charley! About the persons inside the carriage," asked Harold, in a tone of eager interest.

"You need not interrupt me, Harold. I hate to be cut in two!" said Charley, fretfully.

"Well, dear, tell the story your own way," replied Harold, patiently.

"I was telling it. A carriage drove up, as I said, and the footman opened the door."

"The carriage stopped then?"

"Yes, of course it stopped, or how could the footman have got down? How stupid you are, Harold!"

Harold assumed a look of penitence, and held his peace.

"The carriage stopped at that grand shop opposite the market-house. I was almost close to it, so I could see everything. First there got out a very handsome lady, dressed like a widow——"

"A widow!" interrupted Harold, as if involuntarily.

"Yes, in a deep crape veil, and a long train, all of crape. I could see her face, because the veil——"

"And was there nobody else, Charley?" said Harold, in a tone of deep disappointment.

"Yes; if you will have patience, and hear me out. If you are so tiresome, I will not tell you anything."

Harold, as if thoroughly rebuked, held his peace again.

"The lady in black got out, and went into the shop; then another lady got out after her. She was in mourning, too; and as she passed close by me, I could not help crying out for joy; I was so glad to see her again!"

"Miss Sylvester?" said Harold, in a reverential whisper.

"Yes, the very same."

"Did she know you—did she speak to you?" eagerly inquired Harold.

"I should think she did. No one would be in much danger of forgetting *me*," said Charley, sadly; "and then you know how very kind she was to me, and how she came and sat with me, when you and the rest were gone out. She is more *my* friend than *yours*, Harold."

"Then she did speak to you?"

"Yes; and she was so surprised. She thought we were in Rome still, and she asked after——"

Charley paused, and both were silent a few moments.

"Did she, indeed," said Harold, in a tone of awe.

"Yes; and then she was so shocked. She turned quite pale, and the tears came into her eyes. I never saw any one so much distressed."

The cloud passed from Harold's face, and a kind of sunny gleam shone there.

"We had quite a long conversation. I told her everything. It is such a time since I had any one to speak to."

"Everything, Charley?"

"Yes, everything. I told her just how we were placed, and she seemed as if she could hardly believe it. She thought we were so rich, you know."

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, I told her that when poor papa and mamma died, one after the other, and we were left orphans, I told her you might have been rich still, if you had not been so silly (for I think it silly, and always shall) as to give up the estate to pay the debts. I said it had quite beggared us, and that we had to live in lodgings, and that you were overseer of a silk mill!" added Charley, in a tone of disgust.

"Charley, how could you tell her all that?"

"I did. Why shouldn't I? She is my friend, and I love her with all my heart. I asked her to come and see me."

Harold gave a quick glance round the room. The light in his eyes was more brilliant than ever.

"I think she will, too: some day when you are at the mill."

The light dropped suddenly down. A cloud seemed to come between Harold and the blissful object he was contemplating.

"Of course it will be delightful to me," continued Charley, in a tone of exultation. "I have wanted somebody to take a little notice of me, ever since we came. I am getting very tired of Mrs. Maynard."

"I wish she might come," said Harold, thinking of Alice Sylvester.

"It won't be my fault if she doesn't. I gave her the address, and told her what part of the day I was sure to be alone. I don't want her when you are at home," added Charley, with characteristic selfishness.

Harold's thoughts had flown back as on the wings of the wind. He was in the Eternal City, his parents with him. They were staying in the best hotel, and

passing for a rich English family. Alice and her relatives were staying there as well. Visions rose up, painted as memory will paint, of some sweet, rare interviews with Alice. A recollection, vivid as any present joy could be, of how he had loved the very ground she trod on. He had never told her so. He had been withheld by the dread of a future that had in it a kind of doom. The doom had come, but not till Alice had passed from that immediate scene in Harold's history. Then had happened bereavement; Harold and his brother had become orphans. Next had come the loss of worldly gains, and of position—in fact, the loss of all things. Then Harold had returned to England, putting from him every thought of love, of ease—of all but the resolute determination to be honest. He had come to Newbury, as to a place where he had, at least, one friend, and where an opening might be made. And now on the bleak, cheerless path he was treading had dawned this vision of brightness and of beauty—Alice Sylvester.

(To be continued.)

MY BROTHER BEN AND I.



WHEN I was a lad of about twelve years of age, and was attending the grammar-school in Slubberton, near which town my father, a small Scotch proprietor, resided, no study pleased me so well as that of biography; and, having made a tolerable progress in arithmetic, and other knowledge, I received for a prize a book called "The British Plutarch," in which I read the lives of Milton, Pope, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the Duke of Marlborough, Sir Francis Drake, and Cromwell. But great as all these worthies were, they were every one of them eclipsed, in my opinion, by my brother Ben, who had been at sea from an early age, and about the beginning of the Midsummer holidays came home, after an absence of nearly five years. Ben was fifteen years older than myself, and having entered the service as a midshipman, had been in several battles, in which he had gained both prize-money and promotion, and was now first lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, man-of-war, commanded by Captain Truman.

So I decided, in my own mind, that Ben was a much greater hero than Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the Duke of Marlborough, or any of those recorded in my Plutarch. And besides, he was such a fine fellow to look at, with his gold epaulettes, embroidery, and buttons, his cocked hat and plume, white waistcoat, and the glittering sword by his side. All the family, especially the female part and their acquaintances, shared my enthusiasm, and we had more young lady visitors during the week after Ben came home than we had had for a whole twelvemonth before.

It certainly was glorious to hear Ben talk and sing. He had a good voice, and he sang sea songs about Tom Bowling, Admiral Benbow, and Black-eyed Susan, which made me think that if there existed anywhere a paradise upon the earth, it must be on board of a

man-of-war. Then he had been in both East and West Indies, and spoke of waving palms, with groves of orange and citron, with myrtles, magnolias, and passion flowers, all growing wild; of gales laden with the odours of spices and aromatic gums; rivers flowing over golden sands; humming-birds, parrots, and parroquets of all colours and sizes; blue monkeys, orange-coloured lizards, and fireflies. The result was that I formed a resolution to go, as soon as possible, and see all these wonderful things with my own eyes.

Possessing no taste for farming, Ben amused himself, while he was at home, in making, and showing me how to rig, a small frigate, of which my sisters hemmed the sails after they were cut out. When she was complete, and Ben launched her on the duck-pond in the meadow, she really was a saucy-looking craft, with her shapely hull, raking masts, and the British ensign floating in the wind; and as the breeze filled her canvas, and she floated majestically across the pond, I felt myself, in imagination at least, every inch a sailor! But my infatuation was achieved by Ben giving me, as a parting gift, a large, handsome edition of "Robinson Crusoe." I read this book morning, afternoon, and evening, and it lay under my pillow at night.

After reading Robinson three times through, it came into my head that I should like to act it. The opportunity soon offered. My father having built a new pigsty, I begged for the old one—which was in the corner of a field, around three sides of which was a wide, deep ditch—in order to make a hut like Robinson did on his island. Obtaining permission, I and my brother Teddy, who was two years younger than I, new thatched and cleaned it as well as we possibly could. We then, with old boards, and the tools which Ben had lent me to use while he was away, contrived to make two three-legged stools, a

couple of perches, and a shelf; on the latter I placed my tea-mug, an old yellow dish, and a plate or two, given me by my mother, and with my Robinson to read, and the grey parrot, that I had taught to say, "Poor Rob," which it did incessantly; the old Tom-cat; and a goat, which was lame of a leg. I spent many happy hours; Teddy, in a black paper mask, with an oval slit for the mouth, and two smaller ones for the eyes, making an admirable Man Friday. All this was very delightful, and went on for a good while; but no pleasures are lasting in this world; an accident brought ours to a conclusion. Teddy and I had made a raft by tying some boards together with an old rope, and, having pushed it into the ditch, we embarked upon it, along with the parrot, cat, and goat; and, by the aid of a clothes-prop, paddled ourselves backwards and forwards several times in triumph, till at length, the rope being rotten and unable to bear the strain, gave way, the raft came to pieces, and we were all suddenly submerged in the muddy ditch. My father and Tom Hackett, hearing our cries, came and dragged out Teddy and me. The goat scrambled up the bank by itself; but puss and poll were unfortunately drowned.

My father said but little, though he had forbidden us to play near the ditch many times. But the next day he announced his intention of putting me, as I was now nearly fourteen years old, apprentice to Mr. Dip, the tallow-chandler in Slubbarton. Now, my father was a worthy, Christian man, but he was firm almost to obstinacy. What he had once resolved upon was like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which could never be altered; so I had to give up all my dreams, and go to Mr. Dip's. I abhorred the smell of tallow, and detested grease; but it did not matter—in canvas apron and sleeves I was obliged to work in the hated melting-house from morning till night. This I had done for a week; the next day would be melting-day, and I determined to avoid it, and all its horrors, by running away. Accordingly, after all the family were in bed, I let myself down from the window by the sheets, which I tied together and fastened to the bedstead, and made the best of my way to a small seaport town about fifteen miles off. I got there early in the morning, and went to the beach to look at the ships. There were not many, but before I could observe them a stout, red-faced man accosted me, and asked if I wanted a berth; I told him I did, whereupon he said he would engage me for the voyage to go as ship's boy in the *Lively Nancy*, as fine a vessel as ever sailed; "and as you're a strong, active-looking chap," said he, "if you mind your p's and q's, you'll come to be a captain like me some day or other."

Captain Driver, for that was his name, took me into a small public-house, with the sign of the "Three Jolly Tars," where, after a repast of bread and cheese and ale, I fell fast asleep, and never woke till evening, when a rough-looking man, who said he was the mate, came to fetch me to go on board of the *Lively Nancy*. When there, he told me I might turn in for the night, and showed me my berth, which looked, for all the

world, like a shelf in a coal-cellar. I was still too stupefied with the ale I had drunk to notice much, but I found the next morning, to my intense disgust, that I had shipped myself on board of a collier-brig, and that, instead of being on a voyage to "Araby the Blest" for a cargo of fragrant spices, we were bound for Sunderland to fetch coals! I was, besides all this, awfully sick, and, like my prototype Robinson, heartily repented of my wicked disobedience; but there was no help for it; we were far out at sea by this time, and to cure my seasickness, Mr. Bolt gave me a dose which he said he had never known to fail. This was a basin of gruel, seasoned with salt and Cayenne pepper. It nearly choked me, and set my throat on fire; but whether it was really efficacious, or through dread of its repetition, I don't know, but I got better. I cannot describe half the miseries I endured in this short voyage, and the return was still worse. Captain Driver had one infallible argument to enforce all his commands; this was a rope's end, by means of which he compelled me, despite of terror,

"To climb the high and giddy mast,"

and to perform all the other frightful tasks he imposed upon me. To make matters worse, the cargo shifted in a gale, and blocked up the door of the cabin, where was the only fireplace in the brig; so that we had to live on raw salt pork and mouldy biscuit for three weeks, during which we were knocking about in the Channel, the wind being contrary. When, after all, I reached home, black as a chimney-sweep, I found my brother Ben already there, who received me with a hearty laugh, while my mother actually wept at my appearance.

"In the name of all that's abominable," said Ben, "where have you been? On a cruise to Davy's Locker, I should think; for that you have been to sea, I can see by the cut of your jib!"

When I replied, "On board a coal brig," he laughed still more; but said, "That's no bad beginning; they make taut sailors on board those colliers."

"I don't want to go to sea any more," said I; "I hate it!"

Then my father broke in; it was the first time he had spoken to me since my return. "Eh! but ye will go to sea again, Rob. We'll hae nae mair changing. As ye hae made yer bed, so ye maun lie on't." However, in the end my mother prevailed on him to relent, and I returned to the factory.

Warned by my sufferings on board the brig, I endured its unpleasantness with patience. In time I became valuable to Mr. Dip, who, not many years after the expiration of my apprenticeship, engaged me as manager of his entire business.

My brother Ben, who retired from "the service" with the rank of post-captain, resides in the old house with his family. He often says that he believes my father was quite right in his opinion that I was intended for a man of business, and that, as a rule, parents are better judges of what is for their children's good, than they can possibly be themselves.

M. W.

THE BOYFRIEND

Saturday, May 30, 1868.



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"And dropped at his feet with a wailing cry."—p. 590.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

PART II.

"YES, aunt, you don't seem to believe me, but it is true. I can bear Edward's tyranny no longer, so I have left him and returned to you, the

only friend in the world who really understands me;" and, thoroughly broken down by the day's excitement, Dora—still in her travelling dress,—dropped into the nearest chair, and wept

passionate tears behind the screen of her lace veil.

Aunt Charlotte was a little fair woman, with large tender, grey eyes, and bands of soft silver hair, parted smoothly over her forehead. She seemed greatly distressed, and gave her visitor, a grieved, startled look as she rose, putting aside her knitting so hurriedly, that many of the stitches were dropped, and the ball of wool rolled on the hearthrug, hopelessly abandoned to the mercies of a black kitten that lay there.

"Why, Dora, my child, what does all this mean? I thought you and Edward were so happy."

"Yes, so we were until lately," she answered, with a sob between each word; "but now everything is changed. It is all Edward's temper: he gets so exacting, and says such cruel things when he is vexed."

She was sobbing like a child now. Aunt Charlotte quietly removed her bonnet, and passed her soft hand over the aching, swollen eyelids, saying, "In spite of all that you tell me of your domestic troubles, Dora, I am very unwilling to believe that you have really left your husband."

"I could not help it, aunt; his bitter words goaded me on. Does not this show that I am serious?" and drawing off her glove, she showed the finger where her wedding-ring should have been.

The gentle matron started and turned pale.

"What! taken off your ring Dora! how could you do that?"

"Because I wished to show him, that though I am his wife, it does not follow I am to be the slave of his temper, and I will not!"

This was spoken with a momentary flash of the old fire. Aunt Charlotte's voice was full of sorrowful reproach, as she answered:

"Hush, child! this talk grieves me more than I can tell, for I cannot help clinging to the opinion that there are faults on both sides, and that you have sins of temper to be charged with, as well as Edward. There is only one course before us; you have made an unhappy mistake, which you can only repair by going back at once."

"Going back, Aunt Charlotte! is it possible that you refuse me a home with you?"

"Yes, Dora, I do, under present circumstances. If I loved you less, and had not your true interest at heart, I might encourage you to remain, and nurse your sense of injury, until you fancied yourself a victim; but this would be going against my conscience. Setting aside my own affection for you, and acting only as woman to woman, I should not be doing right if I did not show you that your true place is in your husband's home, and your duty, to make the best of the lot you have chosen; for a wife cannot throw off her allegiance lightly, as you have done, just because things do not

chance to turn out according to her wishes. Go back, child, and bear in mind that God knows exactly how much we are capable of bearing, and will not permit poor weak humanity to be tried beyond its strength."

It was a painful scene that followed—very painful to the unselfish friend and true womanly counsellor, who was content to have her motives misjudged by the niece whom she loved so dearly. She only said, in her firm, gentle way—

"These are hard things for you to say, and me to hear, Dora; but I shall not remember them against you, because I know you are not yourself, and I can make allowances. Poor rash girl, you do not know your own heart. If anything happened to your husband, you would never forgive yourself for this night's desertion. Go back, my child, and some time you will thank me for what you now call my unkindness and want of sympathy."

It was in vain that Dora tried to move Aunt Charlotte's resolution, changing her own mood of angry opposition for one of gentle persuasion, and pleading hard to be allowed to remain only a few days, until she could decide upon her plans for the future. The good adviser listened patiently, firmly but gently resisting every new argument as it was urged.

"You must go home, Dora, under present circumstances. I would not have you stay one night under any roof but your husband's. I must take you back."

"You, aunt?"

"Yes; I may help to smooth the way for you, and I could not rest satisfied to let you go alone. Don't try to dissuade me: I have made up my mind."

Dora saw that she had, so quietly gave up the contest, and yielded to the stronger will, which, happily for her, had always guided her in the right way. Aunt Charlotte took possession of her niece, as she was wont to do; with her own hands arranging the disordered dress, and sitting by to see that she drank the tempting cup of tea which she had brought; only leaving her a few minutes, while she went to prepare for her own unexpected journey.

They were soon on their way to London: Dora, half repentant and half mutinous, crushing herself into a corner of the railway carriage, as if she wished to escape observation; Aunt Charlotte's quiet figure interposing itself as a shield between her and all inquisitive eyes, giving her the sense of security and protection which she so much needed on that trying night. That presence seemed in some way to take from her the responsibility of her rash act, and made the return less difficult. The good aunt showed such tender consideration for her feelings, and touched the new

round with such delicate, womanly tact, that poor little Dora was ready to be completely subdued, before the train shrieked its arrival at the Paddington terminus.

It was growing late—an hour when quiet, respectable people, who had nothing to bring them out of doors, were either gone or going to bed, as could be seen by the lights gleaming in upper windows, and the general silence that pervaded the deserted streets, where the rattling of cab-wheels seemed to rouse such unexpected echoes. The elder of the two ladies had desired to be driven rapidly, and the cabman was willing to comply. It was likely to be his last fare, for he was tired, and anxious to get home, so he whipped his jaded horse to its utmost speed.

Aunt Charlotte felt Dora's hand creep into hers and grasp it tightly, as the cab turned into the familiar square, which she had only left a few hours before. At that moment the cabman drew up suddenly, further progress being impossible. Another instant, and the two startled women were looking at each other with blanched faces, and appealing to him for explanation of the strange scene of confusion in which they found themselves. One glance told all. It was the terrible alarm of fire which had gathered the excited crowd which now swayed to and fro before one of the rows of handsome houses in the square—a crowd that steadily increased, receiving fresh additions from every side, until a dense mass of humanity blocked the way, only parting when the impetuous whir of wheels proclaimed the arrival of another engine. There were the usual sights and sounds that accompany such scenes, the usual features which invest them with such terrible interest for the popular mind. It was a clear, frosty night, with a sharp breeze, that favoured the spreading of the devouring element. It was terribly impressive to watch the dark sea of upturned faces, catching lurid reflections, now and then, from the fierce tongues of flame shooting out from the windows, and greedily licking up everything on which it was possible to feed.

"In which house is the fire? Oh! do tell us!" cried an eager, breathless voice from the cab.

"It be at Mr. Holmes, the barrister," said a bystander, in explanation; adding, "if it weren't for the wind, there'd be a better chance. The next house has caught, and it'll be a miracle if the rest can be kept clear."

The last part of the sentence was lost to those around, being drowned in a wild scream from a woman's voice, that quivered through the air, and rose above all other sounds, shrill and sharp in its agony. At the same moment a white hand wrenched open the door of the cab, and Dora sprang out, white-faced and tearless, with a look of dumb horror in her dilating eyes, and such despair in her young face, that it touched even

the cabman. Behind her, and vainly struggling to keep a hold on her dress, came Aunt Charlotte, scarcely less excited than her niece, but sterner and calmer, with nerves more under control, and better able to act in the distressing emergency.

At that moment there was a swaying, rocking movement of the crowd. The babel of tongues was suddenly hushed, and the stillness of intense expectation seemed to fall upon the crowd. A breathless interval of watching and waiting, during which all eyes were drawn to one centre—an upper window in the burning house; for there the figure of a man had been seen, where none else dared to venture, taking the great risk with a grand, brave daring, and fighting his way on, in spite of the blinding smoke and the background of flame, that showed him so plainly to those below. Dora saw him with the rest, and a gasping cry of agony broke from her lips, "My husband!—oh, my husband!"

She was right; it was he.

These were the facts, as they were canvassed among the crowd. When the alarm of fire was first given, all the household were in bed, except Mr. Holmes, who, it was supposed, had been sitting late over his papers. The fire was believed to have originated through the carelessness of a servant in putting out the kitchen lights. The flames spread with such rapidity that, from the first, there was little hope of saving the house and furniture. The utmost that the firemen could do was to confine their efforts to preserving the adjoining property.

Just at the last moment, when they were expecting the falling-in of the roof, it was discovered that an elderly female servant, reported to have been confined to her bed by illness for the last two days, had been left to perish in the flames, for it seemed impossible that human help could reach the poor creature at that eleventh hour; but while the horror-stricken servants were looking at each other in dismay, the master himself dashed back to the burning house, and went gallantly to the rescue. For some minutes it was feared that two lives would be the sacrifice; but at last he reappeared, bearing his helpless burden. When they saw him struggle on, and finally reach the window, to which the fire-escape had been fixed, the people were too excited even to cheer. Not until he had seen his charge carried down in safety did he attempt to use the escape for himself. A few moments after he reached the ground the roof fell with a loud crash. It was then, when he stood in their midst, with his scorched hands and singed dress, that the cheers of the people broke forth, rising above the crash of falling timber and the hissing of the flames.

That he, a gentleman in the ranks above them, should have risked so much to save the life of a sick servant, was something new to that section

of the unlettered million gathered there. It gave them kindlier thoughts of the classes whom they were accustomed to regard with suspicion and distrust; and did more than any eloquent platform oration would have done to bridge the wide chasm of prejudice, and soften down the social inequalities which were sometimes forced so hardly upon them. It was then that Dora tore herself from Aunt Charlotte's restraining hold, and rushing wildly through the crowd, made her way to where her husband stood, and dropped at his feet with a wailing cry, too low to reach any ear but his.

"Oh, Edward! I am here: do not turn from me!"

He did not, though her desertion had given him such a heart-wound, and he had such cruel evidence against her, in the crumpled note which he had hidden in his breast, in the hurry and agitation of the fire. It contained the discarded wedding-ring. He did not turn from her when she dropped at his feet, for he read her heart without disguise, and the love which he saw there was sufficient in his eyes to cover a multitude of shortcomings. So it was that, regardless of the scene around him, and the peril which he had braved, he took the slight figure in his arms, and guided by Aunt Charlotte, who had followed close after her niece, carried her safely back to the cab.

* * * * *

That night saw their complete reconciliation. Dora wept repentant tears on her husband's breast, and when, at her timid request, he slipped back the ring to its place on her finger, she murmured that it was almost like a new marriage; and bending over her, he said with a return of all his old tenderness—

"Dora, this accident of the fire will place us in rather an awkward position as regards household

accommodation, but a few weeks will repair that; and, after all, I am indebted to it for letting me know that my wife loved me. I began to doubt: for that flight of yours was a cruel revenge to take."

"Hush, Edward! I have been punished for my fault; for until I saw you in peril I did not know my own heart, as Aunt Charlotte said. I did wrong; but in the days to come I trust to be better and wiser for the lesson I have learnt to-night."

"And I also, Dora; for I cannot hold myself blameless. I was too proud and tyrannical; not making enough allowance for the difference of age and temperament; acting the master rather than the husband, and trying to exact by authority the obedience to my wishes which I might have won by gentle persuasion. But can you ignore that ten years' seniority, and take back the burden of your wifely duties, without fear even of the long dull evenings?"

"And learn to find all my enjoyment at home," she added, with an affected pout of her pretty lips.

He smiled, and said, "Now let us turn to Aunt Charlotte, whom we have forgotten too long, and thank her together for this happy reconciliation. It is her work, for if she had not been what she is, a true friend and judicious guide, she would not have sent you back, and our future lives might have been divided and marred, as many have been, for want of a little sensible advice at the right moment. 'Bear and Forbear,' let that be our motto, Dora, whenever we are in danger of forgetting what is due to each other. Then our first quarrel will be our last, and my little wife will not again have occasion to forsake her husband and discard her wedding-ring."

REST.

A YOUNG voice sang in the Christmas choir,
 'Neath an old hallowed fane;
 Its sweet tones warbled to heaven's high door,
 In the words of the solemn hymn. 'Twas o'er,
 But none who listened said, "No more
 Shall she chant it here again!"

The New Year turned its pure white page,
 To be written with death and life;
 And stern were thoughts of the sealed-up past,
 But hopes for the future were bright and vast;
 And the willing and weak went forth too fast
 To face the unequal strife.

Softly and low in the silent snow,
 Unheard in the chill east wind,
 Came the Master's message, that men call Death;

And no more could the faint and struggling breath
 Its tuneful utterance find.

* * * * *

The sunshine streamed over tower and tree,
 One glorious day in June;
 But the lips were still, and the brow was cold,
 And the brief, sad tale of life was told;
 So they laid her low in the churchyard old;
 To rest from the heat of noon.

To rest! Oh, hard-earned rest is sweet,
 Though we would not be forgot;
 The brave young life was not in vain,
 Its patient suffering and silent pain,
 And they are at rest, indeed, who gain
 The home of the better lot.

We need not grieve, though the place we loved
 Forget that we e'er have been :
 Though the world goes on as it went before,
 And the summer is joyous as of yore,
 And they think of us and our ways no more,
 And our graves are never seen.

We need not grieve, if in heaven's choir
 For us a harp be found.
 Since if for good our work outlast
 Both memory and the life soon past,
 It is a seed, for harvest cast
 Awhile into the ground. A. BOND.

BYGONES.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.

IT was Earl Russell who once defined a proverb to be "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." Certainly, truth sententially enshrined in some of our proverbial expressions reaches multitudes to whom books are sealed treasures. Every day the young and the unlettered thus receive valuable instruction, in a form both pleasing and portable, whilst the most experienced and learned are reminded of their moral duties and social obligations. The homely maxim—the condensed but plenary truth—finds an entrance into many minds quicker far than argument, and lodges where logic is rebutted. It is "as a nail fastened by the master of assemblies."

But every good thing is liable to abuse, and these familiar sayings are sometimes wrongly employed. The Apostle Peter declared that there were portions of Holy Writ applied by men to purposes for which they were never designed. If the Word of God be thus wrested, who can be surprised at a perverted interpretation of the word of man? There is a proverbial expression, often on the lips of some, which we venture to think will repay for a few moments' examination. Its misuse was forcibly impressed upon us by an overheard conversation between two respectably-dressed men, who were evidently well known to each other. After familiarly alluding to their past lives, to the errors into which they had fallen, and the penalties they had paid, they each strove to quiet conscience and drug memory by remarking, "Let bygones be bygones!" They employed those words in a too general acceptance; but if the expression is intended to be applied in the sense those pseudo gentlemen gave it, then the quicker it is obliterated from the catalogue of popular sayings the better.

Memory and reflection are normal endowments of the soul. God has bestowed these faculties that men may grasp events as they transpire, recall them with vivid distinctness at their pleasure, and make them pass before the introspective glance of the mind. By these powers the human soul is independent of time and space; can look backward on scenes that have long since faded from the natural vision; and can pronounce con-

cerning their merit or demerit. Nothing is absolutely forgotten that has once been stored in the chambers of the brain. Albeit long years may elapse, during which the incidents and experiences of our early life may lie buried, they are not obliterated—not dead. A trifling event, an unusual sight or sound, may touch the secret spring, resuscitate the dormant power, and people the present with the possessions of the past. Cowper found this when, in his fifty-ninth year, he saw the portrait of his departed mother. Subdued and melted by the minute circumstances and tender impressions of his childhood, which trooped before him, he sat down to immortalise that parent in the familiar lines of thrilling beauty. Oh, it is an evidence of God's infinite wisdom and love that we are so constituted. Were bygones bygones, in the sense of total forgetfulness, man's knowledge could not be cumulative; man's intellectual powers could not be progressive; all his convictions and impressions would for ever vanish immediately they yielded their place to others; and Adam's children would never put away childish things. But now, when the mind apprehends one fact, it makes that *one* a stepping-stone to reach forth to many others. Every truth consciously accepted is like an additional stone in the construction of an edifice. It is the accession of a treasure to the mental museum. The man becomes more manly; he is equipped, enriched, energised, and developed for something better. Far be it from us, then, to wish bygones to be erased from the leaves of memory. Contrariwise, be it ours to look often into the register of the past, and reflect on the part we have played, and the manner in which we have played it, that thereby we may learn to be cautious, considerate, and consistent in the future. This the Eternal held forth, not only as a privilege but as a duty, when he said to the Israelites, and through them to us—"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no, . . . that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth

out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Who would wish the *mercies* he has received in the past to be by-gones? Is not the pleasure of life, to a very considerable extent, drawn from the recollection of the sunny, joyous, halcyon hours that have fled? There are scores of human hearts that would be crushed beneath intolerable burdens, but that they are supported by the pleasures of memory. Many a pilgrim, advancing in a dark and trying path, comforts himself by recounting the Ebenezers he has erected. Who does not know that to enumerate the love-tokens bestowed by the Divine hand, is not only an antidote to despair, but an inexhaustible source of refreshment? Richter has truly said: "Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it." One of the greatest mistakes we make is that of omitting to walk abroad in this paradisiacal garden of Heaven's good and perfect gifts. We too seldom visit it; and, when we do, our attention is confined only to one or two parterres; and hence we enjoy fewer of life's healthful and beauteous flowers.

There are some who, cherishing their mercies, wish their *offences* to be by-gones. They have most egregiously erred—lamentably sinned. Memory is crowded with their follies. But those offences will not, *cannot*, become by-gones. The past is not dead, though it sleepeth. The offender may command with centurion-like authority, but the sins refuse to rest in oblivion. The gloomy spectres submit not to his exorcism. Ever and anon they rise with renewed strength, biting like an adder and stinging like a scorpion.

We have heard of a wealthy landlord, who dealt with unwonted cruelty towards a poor widow, who was his tenant. The widow's son, a lad of but eight summers, witnessed the painful scene with untold horror. He never forgot it. Some years afterwards, he became a skilled artist, and then portrayed on the canvas the sad scene of which in youth he was the spectator. By a strange coincidence, the landlord saw the picture. The past relived before him. A deathlike pallor mantled his face. He felt ill; and under the profound influence of remorse, he offered an almost fabulous sum for the painting, in order to conceal it from public gaze. Just so is it with every man. There is a power ever near us taking notes, and, though our guilt may never reappear on the canvas, it is stereotyped, photographed on the mind, and will confront us right through life. Our to-day is inseparably linked to our yesterday. Man's life is one. He is what he is in the present, because of what he was in the past. Hence if a man has greatly fallen, his soul will be to him a chamber of horrors. Much as he may desire, he cannot

shroud or sepulchre the sins of the remotest past. He is constrained to say with Job, "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."

Nor should we wish our by-gone offences to be entirely forgotten by ourselves, even though we may have sought and found Divine forgiveness. Truly God pardons without limitations or conditions. Freely, bountifully, right royally, the Holy One forgives. Ay, he judicially forgets, and so emblematically asserts that he has cast our sins behind his back, and into the depths of the sea, that they may be remembered against us no more for ever. But if infinite mercy absolves us, we should not exonerate ourselves. We should remember our errors, that we may not only foster true humility, but strengthen our daily vigilance and reliance on Jesus.

In what sense, then, are by-gones to be by-gones? We answer: In the sense of exercising Christian charity; in the sense of forgiving the faults and cherishing reticence concerning the imperfections and failures of our fellow-men. Nothing more clearly displays the littleness of the natural man, or the weakness of the spiritual life in the professed Christian, than the constant allusion to the faults of others who are regarded as enemies. Nor does anything show greater nobility of character, and truer assimilation to the holy God-Man, than the forgiveness of, and sympathy with, wrongdoers. There are persons who take supreme delight in recounting to others the mistakes and sins of their acquaintances. Conversation to them is synonymous with detraction and defamation. They carry with them, into all circles, the recollection of a real or fancied wrong. They strive to convince themselves that vengeance is theirs, and that it is their prerogative to recompense. Others there are who boastingly affirm that they forgive, but cannot forget; and, under that cover, are ever exhuming grievances that should be entombed. Unhappy men! They disturb their own hearts, and, whether they think it or not, place themselves in a light in which no right-minded companion can admire them. A well-known member of Parliament once quoted, in the House of Commons, some puerile lines of poetry composed in youth by another member, against whose political views he was then speaking. In reply, the author retorted, "I would rather have been the man who in his youth wrote those silly verses, than the man who in his mature years would rake them up." So have we often thought, when we have heard men resuscitating and narrating the private inconsistencies and errors of others, that we would prefer to be the man who erred, and whose faults are sepulchred in the past, than he who, undertaking the grave-digger's work, finds pleasure in disinterring the unpleasant dead. Oh, it is a

beautiful and God-like thing to pass by private offences with silent compassion for the offender. We do not counsel the reader to look with complacency on sins in any person. "The best man hates them most; the worst man cannot love them; but are these *the man*? Does a woman bear that form in virtue of these? Lies there not within the man and the woman a divine element of brotherhood, of sisterhood—a something lovely and lovable?" Let that divine element be recognised by us. Let us love the brother and the sister, but so hate that which is imperfect and unlovely about them as to hasten to forget it.

Making bygones bygones thus would neither endanger nor lessen public security. We make a distinction between private and public wrongs. A Christian man, however influenced by charity, is still a citizen of the earth, and has social rights which Christianity does not ask him to forego, but rather to defend. To be Christ-like is not to be a coward. Public sins should be followed by chastisement. The law and its penalty, which are a terror to evil-doers, must be upheld. But when justice has had its demands, and especially when the correction has proved reformatory, it is the part, not only of Christian charity, but of common fairness, to say, "Let bygones be bygones." Do not check the man's eager efforts to gain an honest livelihood—to offer society some degree of reparation for the past—and to reinstate himself and those dear to him in the esteem of men, from which, in the hour of temptation, he fell. You may not, you cannot, absolutely forget how he wronged you and society, but you can now forgive, and you need not unnecessarily remind him or

others of his former guilt. Remember how the Divine Father deals with you, and think of the heart-probing petition put into your lips by Jesus, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." Go and taste the luxury of saying, with Shakespeare—

"Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you; live,
And deal with others better."

How can we expect to receive forgiveness of God while we exclude a brother from our mercy? If a voice from the Holy Presence were to pronounce us forgiven, whilst we are unforgiving, the declaration would not reach us; or, if it did, would operate as a curse. The assurance of Divine favour, coming when hatred possessed our breasts, would naturally be interpreted as an indication of God's approval, or non-observance of our ill-will. We should continue to foster the murderous feelings, under the impression that they did not affect our Godward relationships. A hell-born disease would permeate the very core, and destroy the beauty of our life, albeit we deemed ourselves healthful and prosperous. It is a solemn fact that the door which shuts out a brother from our forgiveness, shuts out Heaven's pardon from our hearts. When that door is open to let our compassion forth on her Christ-like errand, it is open also to admit Christ's pardoning grace to our spirits. It is from a heart pulsating with kindness that our Father sends the message, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER III.



WHATEVER discoveries may result from the exploration of Palestine, few, if any, can compare with those which the explorers may reasonably expect to await their researches beneath the present surface of the ground, within the walls of the existing Jerusalem, and in its immediate neighbourhood. There are, indeed, no spots on earth that, in deep and manifold interest, can compete with the sites of the Temple and of the Sepulchre of Christ. These are the two points of pre-eminent interest in the Holy City, around which a multitude of less important (but still very far from unimportant) questions range themselves. It was both right in itself and also strictly consistent that, almost at the outset of their proceedings, the Exploration Society should direct their attention

to Jerusalem itself, and should enter at once with the most determined earnestness upon the work of exploration there.

Accordingly, when he had established himself in Jerusalem, towards the end of August, in the year 1867, Lieutenant Warren speedily arranged his plan of operations, and then forthwith began the work which he has carried on with but little intermission, and certainly with never-failing zeal and discretion, up to the present time.

It must be understood, however, that the works of exploration that have been projected and carried into effect, in and near the Holy City, by Lieutenant Warren, since the August of last year, were in continuation of his researches in the same localities from February to July, also in 1867.

Lieutenant Warren has had under his orders two non-commissioned officers, like himself, of the

Royal Engineers, both of them exactly the right men to be associated with such a commander, and to discharge in the most satisfactory manner the duties entrusted to them. Of Sergeants Birtles and Phillips—the latter the accomplished photographer who had been with Captain Wilson—I shall have occasion hereafter frequently to speak.

Before I commence any description of Lieutenant Warren's explorations in Jerusalem, it will be desirable for me, very concisely, to give a descriptive sketch of the Holy City, of its situation, and form, and general arrangement, as it now stands on that same grand plateau of uplifted rock which David was the first to conquer, and where Solomon first built and dedicated a Temple to the Most High. Some such slight description will be necessary in order to enable the reader, without having to refer to other writings, to form a correct conception of the scene of Lieutenant Warren's explorations.

If not actually, Jerusalem is virtually placed in the centre of Palestine: distant from the Mediterranean 32 miles; 18 miles from the Jordan; from Hebron to the south, 20 miles; and from Samaria to the north, 36 miles. Jerusalem has been built on the southern edge of one of the highest table-lands of

Palestine. Its site is a kind of promontory, sharply cut off and enclosed towards the east, the south, and the west by the valleys or ravines of the Kedron, of Hinnom, and of Gihon; and these three deep and precipitous valleys having united towards the south-east of the city (as is shown in the Plan) from their point of union, fall suddenly and rapidly until, as a single ravine, they reach the Dead Sea. Thus the promontory of Jerusalem is left boldly intrenched by Nature—such a site as could not elsewhere be found for a city of which the annals should be without a parallel in human history. The existing city walls, which were constructed as they now appear by the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I., A.D. 1542, to the east and west rise directly from the crests of the valleys; while towards the south the walls are

seen to recede somewhat from the verge of the elevated ground. To the north, the boundary-line of the city has been marked out by no natural intrenchments of deep and precipitous valleys, so that in this one direction Jerusalem, as events in the course of its history might require, could either extend or contract its limits. The Plan shows the form and position of the existing city, with the disposition of its walls. In this Plan the letters I, L, N, and E severally indicate the north-eastern, the north-western, the south-western, and the south-eastern angles of the city walls; at K is the Damascus Gate, x is the Jaffa Gate, v the Zion Gate, and near the letter H is St. Stephen's Gate.



In round numbers, the extent of the walls may be stated as follows:—On the east, from E to I, 2,800 feet; on the north, from I to L, 3,800 feet; on the west, from L to N, 2,350 feet; and on the south, from N to E, 3,350 feet. The highest elevation of the rock-plateau of Jerusalem, near the N.W. angle (L in the Plan), is 2,581 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. From this point there is a gentle slope southwards, so that at the S.W. angle (N) the elevation is 2,538 feet. From this line of the western wall the city, between the angles L and N, the

surface of the plateau inclines somewhat sharply towards the east; and, accordingly, at I, the N.E. angle, the elevation above the Mediterranean is 2,457 feet; and at the S.E. angle (E in the Plan), the level within the walls is 2,416 feet, and that without the walls is 2,365 feet above the sea. Thus, to a spectator looking at Jerusalem from without the walls, the city is seen to slope from west to east; and this slope appears more sharp and decided when the city is seen from the south. Beyond the Kedron valley, and very close to the eastern wall, E, I, the ridge of Olivet interposes between Jerusalem and the wilderness of the Dead Sea. At its highest point, which is the true "Mount of Olives," this ridge rises to the elevation of 2,724 feet above the Mediterranean; and thus Olivet commands Jerusalem from the east,



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"The living mother bending o'er the cot
Wherein her babe lay dead!"—p. 587.

while, from its close proximity, it also appears, when seen from the west, and particularly from the north-west, to rise boldly from out of the city itself. At the foot of the mount, on its western side, and below its highest elevation, at the spot marked x in the Plan, is the memorable "Garden of Gethsemane," of which there are good reasons for supposing that the traditional site may be accepted as authentic.

In addition to the three encircling valleys that enclose the promontory of Jerusalem within a great natural intrenchment, the promontory itself is cleft by another ravine-like valley running from south to north, which divides the city into two sections of unequal sizes. This valley, known as the "Tyropœon" (that is, "the valley of the cheese makers and sellers"), is shown in the Plan, issuing from the valley of Hinnom, and dying away within the walls in the direction of the Damascus Gate. In ancient times, a subordinate valley appears to have stretched westwards from the Tyropœon, about the middle of the city, as is slightly indicated in the Plan: and another branch also once extended in the other direction, eastwards, which probably joined the Kedron valley somewhere about n in the Plan. The whole of the Tyropœon valley within the walls, with its two branches, have gradually been so far filled up with ruins and accumulated earth, as to have lost all visible traces of their original character.

It will be understood that the larger, higher, and more massive portion of Jerusalem, standing to the west of the Tyropœon valley, is the "Upper City" of the Jews—the "Zion" of modern tradition; and that the smaller eastern portion, on its less elevated rock, is the "Akra," or "Lower City," of Josephus, which also has been distinguished as "Moriah," as the western city has been entitled "Zion." This eastern division of Jerusalem, as the Plan represents, contains the HARAM, or sacred enclosure, within which, without any hesitation, it may be affirmed that the Temple once stood. Within this Haram, upon a slightly elevated platform, stands the remarkable edifice (hereafter to be fully described) long called the "Mosque of Omar," but now more correctly known as the "Dome of the Rock;" its site is marked in the Plan by the letter A. b is the site of the "Golden Gate;" c, that of the mosque "Al Aksa;" d, the site of the true "Mosque of Omar;" e is the residence of the Pacha of Jerusalem; n is the spot which now bears the name of the "Pool of Bethesda;" m is the Citadel; r is the site of the pile of buildings that has been so long known as the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre;" q is the "Muristan"—the site where once stood the buildings of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. x is the pool or reservoir "Mamilla." s, in the valley, is the "Lower Pool of Gihon." t denotes

the position of an edifice which, by a strange combination of traditions, both of them alike without any vestige of authority, bears the titles of the "Tomb of David and of the "Coenaculum," or supper-chamber in which our Lord celebrated his last Passover with his apostles. z, a little more to the south-west, is the situation of the English schools, with the English cemetery near to them. To the south of the south wall of the Haram, o shows the hill "Ophel;" and here, a little below u, the south-east angle of the Haram walls, at v, is the "Virgin's Fount;" and, once more, still lower in the valley, on the slopes of Ophel, nearly opposite to the present village of Siloam, but facing towards the entrance of the Tyropœon, is the "Pool of Siloam," which, as I shall show, is connected by a remarkable passage cut in the solid rock with the Virgin's Fount.

Such is a very slight and concise sketch of some of the more important features in the topography of the modern Jerusalem, which, should it appear to be necessary or desirable, may be described more in detail hereafter; as other sites, now not noticed at all, may be brought forward, and careful descriptions of them may be given. Here I shall only add, that on the slopes and ravines that encompass the city, there prevails a dull, leaden, ashy hue of colour, that is chiefly due to the enormous heaps of broken-up ruins, mixed with the debris of stone and mortar, which, to a considerable depth, lie loose, like vast mounds of shingle. These strange and weird-looking accessories of the never-to-be-forgotten scene that opens before the eyes of pilgrims as they draw near to Jerusalem, are especially remarkable for their magnitude and extent on the southern and eastern sides of the city. Very impressive is the silent testimony that they bear to the stormy history of this wonderful city, which records, during the fifteen centuries that followed the first appearance of the armies of Israel before its walls, no less than seventeen sieges, all of them accompanied with a greater or a lesser amount of devastation and ruin.

It will be sufficient for me now to give a short summary of the principal explorations that were made by Lieutenant Warren at Jerusalem, from February to July, 1867, as introductory to the more important operations that have been carried on by him in September and the following months—works that are still in progress, and with which fresh researches are continually associated.

An excavation made near the Damascus Gate (κ in the Plan) led to the discovery, beneath an immense accumulation of rubbish, of a massive wall of ancient date, and running east and west, with a flight of steps leading down to a great tank or artificial pool. Amongst the rubbish, at the foot of the remains of this wall, a stone was found, having carved on it a Templar's cross. This stone

had once formed a part of the wall, and Lieutenant Warren considers the wall itself to have been built with materials that had been prepared and used at a much earlier period by the Crusaders, and to have also been destroyed by them when they were compelled finally to withdraw from the Holy City.

Near the Church of England cemetery (z in the Plan) an excavation was made in continuation of the laying bare of some steps cut in the solid rock, that were discovered when the cemetery was levelled. The rock here appears to have formed a part of the ancient city-wall in this quarter. These steps have sometimes been considered to be those that are mentioned by Nehemiah; but there are other ancient rock-hewn steps at Siloam, which appear to correspond more closely with the Biblical narrative. At this point the excavation reached the depth of 18 feet; and on arriving at the thirty-sixth step a landing-place was found, which was partially cleared to the extent of 17 feet, and was considered by Lieutenant Warren to be the foot, or base, of the rock-scarp. The rock thus must have presented to an enemy here a perpendicular face 29 feet in height.

At Ophel (o in the Plan) two shafts were sunk to find the depth of the soil and to determine its nature. At the depth of 25 feet, large cut stones

were found, and also the solid rock; and here, cut in the solid rock, was discovered the entrance to a water-course, 1 foot 9 inches high, and 5 feet broad, having a gentle slope in a south-easterly direction. After 21 feet, this channel became too small to work in. It was found to be filled with a red earth, that apparently was virgin soil.

Three separate attempts were made to find the rock at an intermediate point between the south-east angle (x in the Plan) of the walls and the present channel of the Kedron in the midst of the Kedron valley; but, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the explorers, it was found at that time to be impossible to reach the rock. The superincumbent mound of shingle, composed of stone-chippings without a particle of earth, lying so loosely as to be in character almost a fluid, when the shafts had been sunk about 15 feet in it ran like water, and swept away the excavations. A fresh effort was made, however, more towards the east, with better success; but this very interesting exploration, which gave a good promise of leading to the discovery of the true ancient bed of the Kedron, at a considerable depth below the heaped-up accumulations that now cover the rock, was suspended for a while until fresh supplies of timber framing to line the shaft and the gallery excavated from it could be obtained from England.

THE BURDEN OF THE BELLS.

OH, sight of woe, never to be forgot!
The living mother bending o'er the cot
Wherein her babe lay dead!
Blank face, up-claspèd hands, escaping hair—
The first dread consciousness that death was there
In the beloved one's stead!

'Twere nothing that that child was cold and stiff—
Nothing to him who stood and watched them, if
No more had been divined:
He had contrived to breast the fatal blow—
Crushed down a father's heart, did he not know
There was worse, worse behind!

Up from those sightless domes of glassy blue—
Up from the spectral pallor of that hue
Gleamed a prophetic glare;
Curling its phosphor-flames about the cheek,
The lips, the brow, the fingers of that weak
And wasted woman there!

The dead beneath—the doomed to die, above—
One sudden monument of loss and love
Outsmitten at a blow:

And he whose life was theirs, beholding this,
Conscious that hour that what in both was his
Must never more be so!

Conscious that instant, when the next dead lay
To make a marble of the living clay,
Who should her place supply:
What cheek that hue of hopelessness should wear—
What face exchange dejection for despair—
Who should pray God to die!

Now, 'mid the rush of life, intrudes the thought
Of that far scene, like bells the winds have brought
Into a roaring street:—
I stop—and hearken—and am hustled down
By the impetuous millions of the town
Following upon my feet.

There! Let me up! before I'm trampled on—
Smile, ere the many shout against the one—
Then speed as others do:
Such muffled memories only craze the brain—
Distracting memories of bliss and pain
Not to be listened to!

D. P. STARKEY.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. BROOKLYN'S FIRST ENTERTAINMENT.



RS. BROOKLYN, of Brooklyn Hall came, by the father's side, of a line of patrician ancestors. She was a Miss Pierpoint; and the Pierpoints, of Hill Tower, held their own, amid the notabilities of the whole county. Not so as regarded her mother, from whom she inherited her voluminous person and her florid style of beauty. Her mother was nothing more nor less than an innkeeper's daughter, whose tact and good looks had assisted her to the elevation she had been resolved to reach. She did not long enjoy the fruits of success. Soon after the birth of her daughter she died, and it is worthy of remark, that her husband, though in the prime of life, never sought for a second partner.

The little Alicia Pierpoint was indeed born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She had a large fortune on the Pierpoint side, for her father barely lived to see her come of age. In a moment of pique—so the story went—she chose Squire Brooklyn as the happy individual on whom to bestow the honour of her hand. He was not young, nor particularly good-looking, nor in the least amiable; and he was a commoner by birth and by association. No one exactly knew how his immense wealth had been got together—and at the period we mention no one particularly cared. He was not a popular man, nor did he keep open house, after the fashion of a country gentleman. He was parsimonious, suspicious, and irritable; but, such as he was, Alicia Pierpoint, one fine summer's morning, married him.

She had not led a very happy life, as might have been expected. During the sixteen years that preceded her widowhood, she had been kept almost like a prisoner within the walls of Brooklyn; and though she was boastful and voluminous as ever, when society got a glimpse of her, those glimpses were few and far between. But some twelve months ago the master of Brooklyn had been gathered to his fathers, and then the fair Alicia, still in the zenith of her charms, was free.

She was now immensely rich indeed. The two fortunes, Pierpoint and Brooklyn, had increased vastly during the sixteen years of seclusion, and she was the undisputed mistress of the whole. She was, therefore, fully prepared to make a great sensation in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Brooklyn was about to give her first entertainment. Carriages without number, and of every kind and description, were making their way towards the hall. Among them, and certainly not the last, or the least, as far as pretension went, was the equipage of the Sylvesters.

As it rolled along, with its flaming lamps, its sleek, well-fed horses, and the appendages of footmen in

livery, few would guess at the exact position of its occupants.

Its occupants were Raymond and his sister Alice. Alice sat erect, as her mother might have done. There was a look of self-repression, almost of sternness, in her face. Her dress was simple as possible, scarce an ornament had been permitted.

Raymond, on the other hand, was in full costume, and got up to the highest point of perfection. His face was self-possessed and calm; but some undercurrent of excitement was stirring within him. Now and then a glow would come on his cheek, and his eye would brighten. Then, again, the glow would fade, and an expression of blank dreariness take its place.

What a sham and mockery would that gorgeous feast yonder be, to these preoccupied, harassed minds!

Once Raymond laid his hand on that of his sister. "You must brighten up, Alice, and be more like yourself," he whispered.

She looked kindly at him, and pressed his hand. But she said nothing.

When the hall was seen afar off, with its splendid array of lights, Raymond drew her attention to it.

"It is a fine thing to be rich!" he said, playfully.

"Better to be honest!" she replied.

They were the only words she had spoken.

Mrs. Brooklyn was in great glory, receiving her guests. The grand staircase was thronged with ladies, in splendid attire, and gold, and gems. Alice, leaning on her brother's arm, followed in silence. The glitter and the pomp must have jarred painfully on her feelings, for once a tear came to her eye. But the look of anxiety and distress with which Raymond regarded her, seemed to recall her to herself. She hurriedly dashed away the tear, and smiled at him.

"I am quite brave, dear!" she whispered.

The first object that met their view, as they were ushered into the drawing-room, was Mrs. Brooklyn herself. More florid and voluminous than ever, with a train, yards long, and as many jewels as her portly person could well carry, she stood giving smiles and sugared words to all around her.

Her eye singled out Raymond, in a moment. She had not felt quite sure about his coming. Now he was come, she did not move from where she stood, surrounded by her courtiers.

Raymond advanced, and gave one keen glance at the group before him. Then he bowed, with all the grace and courtesy of which he was capable. Alice, having made her devoirs, and done what was strictly correct, contrived to slip away.

Raymond did not exhibit the slightest intention of slipping away. Indeed, the very gist and purpose of the evening lay within those few square yards of velvet pile, on which the once-named Alicia Pierpoint was standing.

Raymond was young and handsome. His smile was attractive; his manners could be fascinating. In a very short space of time, not a courtier present but instinctively felt that a rival, by no means to be despised, had made his way into the field.

"Do you know, Mr. Sylvester, it was so good of you both to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooklyn. "As for that dear girl Alice, I positively doat upon her!"

Raymond's well-formed lip could scarce forbear a slight curve.

"It is a pity she is so retiring," continued Mrs. Brooklyn, interrupting her discourse, every moment, with nods, and becks, and smiles to those around her, "but I shall soon cure her of that. I am resolved to cultivate your sister, Mr. Sylvester."

"You are very kind," said Raymond, the slight curve visible again.

"She must come and see me, as soon as I have a niche to put her in. My house is positively crammed. There is that dear Sir Hugh and his suite. By the way, you do not know him, do you?"

"Sir Hugh Macbriar? only by name," replied Raymond.

"Ah! you have a treat in store for you. He is such a darling! He is lying down, you know, after the hunt. He is so delicate. Such a mind—in such a feeble body! But I am expecting, every moment, he will make his appearance, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to each other."

"Thank you," replied Raymond, without much enthusiasm.

"Sir Hugh is my especial favourite, though I dote on the marquis! The marquis would give his life for me any day, I know. Sir Hugh would give ten lives, if he had them. See, there are Lord and Lady Dartwater, isn't she beautiful! She is one of your cold folks. I see she and your sister have got together. For my part, I never could be cold! I am one of the impressionable ones," said Mrs. Brooklyn, with a gentle sigh.

"I had scarce dared to hope that," whispered Raymond, softly.

Mrs. Brooklyn cast down her eyes a moment. Raymond had led her into a less crowded part of the room, and if he wanted opportunity of paying court to the florid widow, he had it. Was he not singled out from amid all the rest to be her cavalier?

It is difficult to know what he intended to do; for at this juncture, all his self-command could scarce keep on the mask. He looked pale, haggard, and weary, even at the pinnacle of his good fortune. Perhaps, like Hamlet, he saw a spectre at the feast. Perhaps, a well-known face and two mournful eyes were visible to him alone, and woke up the memories he wished should sleep. At any rate, a golden opportunity glided by, and was lost for ever.

When the opportunity had passed, the vision had passed also; Raymond was cool, collected, and himself again. The widow had noticed his preoccupation, and

she had her revenge. At that precise moment up came Sir Hugh Macbriar.

If Fortune is fickle, she must needs be a woman. All at once, a change came over the widow's tactics; she withdrew her hand from Raymond's arm.

"My dear Sir Hugh, and are you better? and have you rested? and will you let me introduce you to Mr. Sylvester?"

Sir Hugh looked at Raymond, and Raymond looked at him. Sir Hugh was not young, and Raymond was. Sir Hugh was tall and thin, and with iron-grey hair, and rather a cynical mouth. Raymond was tall likewise, and his hair was black and glossy. In respect of good looks, Raymond had it, twenty to one. Sir Hugh had a fair, broad estate, without a single rent or flaw in its wholeness and beauty. Raymond's estate was dropping to pieces. Sir Hugh stood on a good firm pedestal of public respect and opinion; Raymond was trying to hold on to the very brink of a precipice.

And, moreover, now Sir Hugh was come, the widow politely set Raymond aside. She took Sir Hugh's arm with the utmost affability. He should lead her forward now; she had a hundred things to say to him, and she had been monopolising Mr. Sylvester most shamefully.

"The young ladies will never forgive me," said she, smiling coquettishly at Raymond; "so go, if you please, and leave us old folks to amuse ourselves."

Raymond stood speechless, just where Mrs. Brooklyn had stopped him. The splendid shawl she wore had fallen off, and Sir Hugh picked it up. He was very slow and deliberate in his movements. He picked it up, and placed it on her shoulders, and then the pair went slowly away, Sir Hugh silent and imperturbable, the widow chattering with all her might. For some time, Raymond could see glimpses of the radiant shawl and of the iron-grey hair; but gradually the crowd opened and swallowed them up, and he was left alone.

With a quick contraction of the brow, and a compression of the mouth, he looked round for Alice. Very soon he found her, standing by a vase of flowers, her face pale and weary.

"Alice, what are you doing here?" said he, sharply.

"Nothing, Raymond, but what I have been doing ever since we came: wishing myself away."

"Are you tired, dear?"

His voice was kind, now, and tender.

"Yes, Raymond."

"Do you want to go home?"

"Oh, yes; I should be so glad!" and her face lighted up.

"Come, then."

She took his arm, and they threaded the brilliant assembly in silence. Very soon the stately carriage of the Sylvesters received its occupants.

"Raymond, I am for ever obliged to you!" said Alice, taking his hand caressingly.

He let her take it, but he did not return the pressure, neither did he utter a word.

CHAPTER XX.

COMING HOME.

"OUR home, Rachel; yours and mine, my dear!" said John Humphreys, pointing with his whip towards the red-brick house in the fields.

He and Rachel were jogging along in a gig, from a neighbouring town, where they had spent one week's honeymoon: for Rachel was married, and had taken John Humphreys—as, indeed, he had taken her—for better, for worse.

"And as to my mother, you must just make up your mind not to take any notice. She will soon come round, and love you as if you were her own child."

"Oh, yes!" replied Rachel, cheerfully. But she had her misgivings on that matter, nevertheless.

"I can't imagine any people happier than we shall be," continued John, as they kept jogging along. "You will be the most capital little wife that ever lived; and I'm sure I shall make a very good husband. And it's such a farm! If I had but—Well, never mind," added John, as if thrusting from him an unwelcome thought; "that will all come right, or I'll know the reason why!"

"What are you talking about, John?"

"Nothing that need trouble you, little wife. I'll manage my own affairs. Take the reins, dear; here is the first gate."

Out John jumped, and there was no opportunity for much further conversation. The fields were so full of ruts, at that time of the year, that it required some skill to keep the gig from being capsized. At length the red house was reached, and the gig stopped at a little garden-gate.

"We'll have a carriage-drive some of these days, my dear," said John, as he lifted Rachel out. "Now, just go in at that door, and I'll take the gig round to the stable."

Rachel lingered. To say the truth, she felt a little nervous at entering her new home for the first time.

John saw her hesitation, and laughed good-humouredly.

"What! is the little wife afraid? Come, then, I'll go with you. Jim!" shouted he, putting his hand to his mouth, and letting his voice go forth into the darkness, with the power and volume of Stentor; "Jim! here, my lad, quick!"

A form of some kind came shambling round the corner of the house. Rachel could not see very distinctly, but she supposed it was Jim.

"Take the horse, and lead him round, Jim. This is your new mistress," added John, complacently.

The form made an inarticulate sound, and took off its cap. Rachel saw no more, for John hurried her into the house.

"It's sharp and cold, standing there," said he, rubbing his hands. "I hope they've got us a fire."

For the first moment or two, Rachel's eyes were dazzled, coming as she did out of the darkness.

John had taken her into a good-sized room, comfortably though plainly furnished. There was a

capital fire, and a lamp burning on the table, and everything in apple-pie order. Rachel was delighted.

"Oh, John! what a beautiful room!" cried she, gleefully.

"It's not the best though. Come here; I'll show you the parlour. There, what do you think of that?" and, hurrying her along the passage, he opened a door. "Just look in there, Rachel."

Rachel looked in, and in spite of its being a real parlour, carpeted all over, and with a round table in the middle, and something that actually looked like a piano, she shivered. The room had flowers in the grate, and was deadly cold, and evidently intended more for show than use. Rachel did not like it half so well as the other; but this she kept to herself.

"It is very grand, John; too good by half for me," said she.

"No, it isn't; nothing is too good for the little wife. Now, I will show you the kitchen," said John, still hurrying, and in a state of excitement.

It was quite a model kitchen, with its quarried floor, and tables white as a curd, and bright covers, in which the fire-light danced and flickered, as they hung on the wall opposite. A little maid-servant, with white apron, and cap with white ribbons in honour of the bride, was preparing the tea. She smiled and curtsied as John again proclaimed aloud—

"Here's your new mistress, my girl."

Rachel had never had a servant of her own before, and it sounded rather like an elevation.

The girl, in obedience to an order from her master, showed Rachel up-stairs to her room; all Rachel's possessions were contained in the moderately sized trunk which was being carried up-stairs after her.

Her spirits felt rather in a flutter, her hand shook a little with pleasurable excitement as she took off her shawl and bonnet. When these and her thick veil had been removed, there came into clearer view the compact figure and pleasant face that had captivated John these years past, as he was wont to say, exultingly. Very nice she looked, in her grey merino, and the bright neck ribbon—gayer than she was wont to wear, but a present from John; her smooth hair braided, and her clear honest eyes shining with happiness.

Whatever his mother might say, John had done no discredit to his taste, when he asked Rachel to be his wife.

Still rather in a flutter, she went down-stairs into the cheerful room below; the tea things were on the table, and John was hovering about in a state of ecstatic delight.

When tea was over and gone, came the best: for then husband and wife prepared to spend the first of the many happy evenings which seemed to lie hopefully before them; and the fire was mended, and the lamp trimmed, and Rachel brought out her work-box, and John (at some future time) intended to read to her whilst she worked; but he was not prepared for this yet. It was too blissful to sit and watch her nimble fingers, as they sped along, at the mysteries

of sewing and of hemming; too blissful to talk to her, to feel that she had taken up her abode, for good, at his table, and under his roof; to have her loving eyes resting upon him, and the little hand put out every now and then, to give his a kindly pressure. "And all this to last," thought John, "Providence permitting it—to last!"

He had scarce thought it, scarce relinquished the dear hand, impatient to return to its cunning, when a sharp ring at the door-bell recalled him, unpleasantly, to the knowledge that the outer world, with its interruptions and its requirements, lay around his bower of bliss.

A loud, heavy step came into the passage, and a voice inquired if Mr. Humphreys were at home.

The next scene in the drama was the entrance of the little maid, to say that her master was wanted.

No intelligence could be more odious to John than this. All the more so, because he recog-

nised the voice in the passage as that of Mr. Isaacs.

Rachel looked up at her husband's face.

"Are you obliged to go, John?" said she, anxiously.

"I suppose I must, Rachel."

"Is anything the matter, dear?"

"No, my little wife—only that I must run away."

"Run away, John?"

"Into the parlour, my dear, no farther," replied John, with a clumsy attempt to laugh.

"You will be so cold, John. Could not the—the person come in here?"

"No!" and John started to his feet in a moment; "that he could not, Rachel. Just get your hemming done, my dear. I shall be back in a quarter of an hour."

Rachel looked up and smiled. But her smile, for once, was thrown away. John did not see it. He was striding into the parlour, to know what Mr. Isaacs wanted.

(To be continued.)

TEMPTATION.



HAT a funny text teacher has given us to think of this week, 'Lead us not into temptation.' She said it was a prayer; but one would think it was all our own fault if we did wrong, or was tempted to do wrong."

"No, Annie; she said we often placed ourselves in the way of temptation," said another little girl.

"Oh, let's talk about the treat," said another, who came up at this moment; "I'm so glad it is to be this week, for mother's just made me a new pink frock, and I shall wear that."

"Ah, yes, we all know what your temptation is, Maria," said Annie. "I don't believe you could pass a linendraper's shop without stopping to wish for some of the things in the window."

"And don't you sometimes wish for things you can't get?" asked Maria, angrily, and she tossed her head and walked on.

The Sunday-school treat was to be held in the grounds of a gentleman about two miles off. Other visitors were expected to be there for the occasion, and Maria Wills was determined to exhibit all the finery she could muster on that day. Several visits were paid to the window of a milliner's shop in the course of Monday, for Maria had resolved to alter the trimmings on her bonnet. It had suited her very well until she saw one in this window, and she came to look at and admire it so often that at last she determined to have one like it, or at least have trimmings like it on her own.

But there was some difficulty in the way of doing this, for her mother refused to give her any money for the purpose; but this refusal only seemed to increase Maria's desire, and she went the more frequently to look at the coveted bonnet.

At length a thought was suggested to her mind as she stood admiring the ribbon and lace. She held a half-crown in her hand, with which she was to pay a

small bill for her mother. Suppose she tore up the bill, and told her mother she had paid it, but lost the receipt coming back?

Maria was so delighted to think that she might get the ribbon after all, that, without pausing to consider, she tore up the bill, and scattered the pieces in the street. She then had to think of another plan, so as to account for her possession of the ribbon. This was not so easy; but after thinking a long time, she resolved to tell her mother that a lady had bought it for her, and she was soon on her way home with the coveted articles in her hand. But somehow Maria did not feel half the pleasure she had expected in gazing at her new bonnet when it was finished, nay, she was rather glad when it was out of sight, and she could forget all about what had happened, for she could not bear to meet her mother's eye, for fear she should ask more questions about the ribbon.

Thursday came at last, and, to the joy of all, it was a lovely day. Maria was, perhaps, the only little girl in the village that did not feel happy and light-hearted at the anticipation of the pleasure of the day, but she could not, try as she would.

"There, I told you Maria Wills would contrive to have a new bonnet," said Annie Harris, as Maria came into the schoolroom. "I'm sure teacher must have thought of her looking in at the shop-windows and getting so fond of dress, when she was talking about going into temptation."

"But, Annie, I think teacher meant us to take care that we ourselves did not run in the way of temptation—not look after each other."

"Teacher meant it all for Maria," retorted Annie. "There is no fear of any of the rest of us; we are——"

But at this moment they had to leave their places to fall in rank before starting for their walk. Several remarked how dull Maria Wills seemed, and some thought she could not be well, and ought to have

put on a warmer shawl, instead of the thin, gauzy one she wore. Ah! if they had only known how miserable Maria felt—how much wretchedness her fine clothes had cost her, they would not have wondered at her looking dull and out of spirits.

Games of all kinds were played during the afternoon, but after tea all seemed disposed to wander about in twos and threes, rather than join in more active fun; and our three young friends found themselves thrown together again.

"Suppose we go and gather cowslips in that field near the shrubbery," suggested Esther; "we may go there, I know."

"Of course we may; we may go anywhere," said Annie, with an air of importance.

"No, not *anywhere*, for we must not go into the shrubbery or orchard," said Esther.

Annie had heard this command given—that no one should enter these two places, but she would rather have forgotten it just now, for she had made up her mind to have a peep at the orchard. She could do no harm, she reasoned, just looking in at the ripe, ruddy fruit that looked so beautiful hanging among the green leaves. So she walked on, leaving Maria and Esther picking cowslips, while she hurried towards the gate of the orchard. It stood a little way open, and no one being near, Annie pushed it a little further, and stepped inside to have a better view. How lovely everything looked! grapes and peaches growing against the wall, and apple, pear, and plum trees in every direction. Annie stood some minutes looking and wishing she might have some of the fruit that had fallen from the trees and lay in such rich profusion on the grass, but she was afraid to touch it, for fear it should be missed. Suddenly, however, a light breeze rustled the branches of the trees, and at the same moment a large pear fell at Annie's feet. The next minute it was in her pocket, and she was hurrying back to her companions in the field.

"How many have you got, Annie?" asked Esther, who, had been so busy gathering flowers that she had not missed her companion.

Annie turned crimson. "What do you mean, Esther?" she said, angrily.

"How many cowslips have you got?"

"None; I haven't been after cowslips," and she turned away to hide her blushing face. Annie's pleasure was over from the time the pear went into her pocket.

The evening came to an end at last, and Annie felt very glad when the bell summoned them to prepare for their departure: for she had made up her mind to drop the hateful pear into the ditch as they went down the lane. But another mortification awaited her first. As they passed between two ladies, a book was given to each, which they were told to put into their pockets at once, as their hands would be required for something else. Annie could not do this, and when, as they passed out of the gates, a large slice of cake and an apple were thrust into her hands, she was forced to let the cake lie upon the delicate

covers of her book, which were instantly stained by it. As they went down the lane, she contrived to rid herself of the pear; but, though it no longer weighed down her pocket, she could not get rid of the heaviness at her heart.

A fresh cause of anxiety awaited Maria Wills. Her mother, who had occasion to call at the shop to which Maria had been sent, had been asked for the half-crown, and her first question when Maria came home, was to inquire who she had given the money to a few days before. Maria hesitated for a moment, almost determined to tell her mother the truth; but the next moment conscience was stifled again, and she answered, "The boy took it, mother; he was standing at the door." Maria had seen him standing there as she passed, and when this fact was mentioned to the grocer, he remembered it, and the boy still denying that he had received the money, was dismissed without a character.

A few weeks afterwards, as Annie and Maria were returning from school, they met a boy who appeared to be in great distress, and Maria recognised him as the grocer's boy. Her cheek tingled, but she could not pass without asking what was the matter, and then heard for the first time of his dismissal.

"But that isn't the worst," sobbed the boy; "father got me a place to work in the squire's garden; but this morning, when the gardener came for me, he saw a pear that I picked up in the lane last week, and he says he knows I stole it, for nobody aint got none of them winter pears but the squire."

"What sort of a pear is it?" asked Annie.

"A large one, as hard as a bullet. There was only two on the tree this year, the gardener says, and so I must have stole this one a week or two ago."

"And did you?" asked Maria.

"No; I no more stole that than I did the half-crown," and he looked steadily at Maria.

She did not answer, but, with glowing cheeks, walked on to join her companion, who, to her surprise, she found crying bitterly.

"Oh, Maria," she sobbed, "do you remember teacher giving us a text to think of, 'Lead us not into temptation?' I wish I had thought of it the day of the treat, for I went to the orchard-gate, and when the wind blew that pear down, I picked it up and put it in my pocket."

But by this time Maria was sobbing too. "Annie, I have been worse than you," she said, and she told her schoolfellow the whole story of the half-crown. They then agreed to do what they could to clear the poor boy's character, and Maria went home at once and told her mother all that had occurred, while Annie went on her more difficult errand to the gardener.

It is needless to add that poor John was at once taken to work in the squire's garden, and that Annie and Esther, though greatly humbled, felt happier after they had confessed their sin than they had done for some time; and now whenever they pray, "Lead us not into temptation," they remember that they must likewise be careful not to place themselves in the way of temptation.

EMMA LESLIE.

THE BOOBY

— Saturday, June 6, 1868. —



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS)

"Is she very ill, sir?"—p. 596.

'APARTMENTS IN A QUIET STREET.

AT a house where an announcement of "Apartments to Let" appeared thrust in between the wire blind and the window, a little hard-featured man paused, at about four o'clock on

a December afternoon. He cast his eyes over the windows with a sharp, scrutinising look. Apparently satisfied with the survey outside, he approached the door, pacing slowly over the

flag-stones leading from the gate. In another instant, the knocker fell with three regular raps, an equal space of time between every rap, and all of them hard and loud. His summons was answered by a tidy-looking girl, who, while she bade him enter, was casting sundry frowning looks in the opposite direction, without doubt intended to inspire with awe a little ruddy-faced child peeping over the top of the kitchen-stairs. If such were the intention it utterly failed, for the little eyes sparkled with a joy that melted the servant-girl's frown into a smile, as she ushered the hard-faced gentleman into the front parlour, intimating that her "missis" would be there directly. The door closed, and the little man took a chair near the empty fireplace, without apparently being influenced in the slightest degree by its desolate appearance.

The door opened, and the landlady entered, followed by the servant, who, having set a lamp upon the table, left the room, carrying off the little culprit with the ruddy cheeks and the bright eyes, who, against all rule, was found mischievously peeping in at the parlour-door. The light gave a more cheerful look to the room than it was wont to wear, and, as it fell upon the glasses on the sideboard, they sparkled like a galaxy of merry eyes just filled with joy, whose rays all seemed to centre on the little hard-faced man to make him welcome. Even the fire-irons at his feet gleamed as if they called him master, and reflected by anticipation a roaring fire in the desolate grate.

He had risen from his chair, and bowed coldly, as the landlady offered an apology for showing him into a room without a fire.

"Is this one of the apartments?" inquired the hard-faced man.

"This is the sitting-room," said the landlady, in a voice that trembled just a little; "the bedroom is the adjoining room to this."

"The same size?" he inquired.

"No, sir, rather smaller. Would you like to see it?"

She raised the lamp from the table, and the light fell full upon her young delicate features. She was beautiful—must have been more so, before that careworn look had become habitual in her face. As she drew near the door, followed by her visitor, she cast a quick glance up and down the hall, perhaps expecting the bright-eyed, ruddy little child had escaped, and was about to fill the house with his boisterous mirth. This, however musical to the young mother's ears, she felt sure would be voted a bore by the little hard-faced man at her elbow. Such a face as his never could be found with the heart that could love a child. There was something so harsh, so crude in his manners, appearance, and voice—something so repulsive in

the hardness of the whole man, that, she thought a child would run away and hide in the folds of its mother's dress the moment he drew near. But the ruddy face and the bright eyes were not there, so she passed on.

The bedroom was neatly furnished, and cleanly to a fault, but the hard features of the little man underwent no change as he surveyed the apartment. Three methodical nods of his bald head (a visible echo of his knock at the street-door) were all that indicated his approbation, or the contrary. He did not see the anxious, searching gaze of the young wife, nor the puzzled look that followed, not unmixed with trembling doubt, as he turned to leave the room. She stood in the hall waiting what the little hard-faced man might say. He passed her, and, instead of going to the street-door, turned again into the parlour. At this moment, and before the door could be closed, the shrill cry of an infant reached their ears. The young mother bit her lip as she shut the door, and again her eyes were fixed upon the stranger; but the hard features were unchanged. Could it be that he really loved children—or, at least, did not hate them? Such a thing might be possible, and she felt reassured as she sat down by the door. There would have been silence between them, but that the wail of the little child filled up the void, and at last died away in short, heavy sobs.

"There are children in the house?" said he, after waiting to hear if the cry had *quite* ceased.

She replied by a slight inclination of her head. She could not speak, there was a throbbing at her heart and a thickness in her throat that forbade it.

"Yes—they *will* cry—they always do!" continued the stranger, but in a tone more like what a man will use in argument than in anger. The difference was lost upon the young mother.

"The child is ill, sir," she said, "and—children—"

"Will cry," said the hard-faced man in the same tone; "they always do."

"She cannot help it, sir—she is so young and—so—so—ill!" Again there was that thickness in her throat, and it came with tears this time.

Again there was a long pause.

"The apartments to be taken by the quarter?" said the hard-faced man.

"Yes, sir, by the quarter."

"With a quarter's notice?" said the little man.

Before she could answer, the screams of the infant were again heard, and again the young mother bit her lip till the blood seemed bursting through the skin. It was vexing—so vexing—just as— But the thought came that the child was ill, and again not the landlady but the mother sat at the parlour-door. After a time came the

heavy sobs, and the wailing cry died away into silence as before.

"Children *will* cry—they always do!" apostrophised the hard-faced man. The tone of voice was the same as he had used not long ago, but, as then, she heard only the words.

Everything seemed decided now. A few minutes since, and no doubt he would have taken the apartments, and then what good news to tell her husband on his return! How she would have made him guess what it *could* be. How she would have enjoyed his puzzled look, and when she did out with it, to see his happy smile. And then to describe the hard-faced man, and then— But the airy castles were in ruins. Not the first young wife she who has gone a building in the air!

"The child is ill?" said the hard-faced man.

"Very ill, sir—worse to-day—and she cries a great deal."

"Ah! they *will* cry—they always do."

She caught the tone this time as well as the words.

"At what o'clock was she taken worse?"

"At twelve, sir."

The little hard-faced man sat lost in thought, and his companion watched him with a half-bewildered look, as if doubting the evidence of her senses. Could it be possible, and if possible, was it indeed a fact, that the hard, stony image before her was really but the outer covering—the shell—and that within was a gentle heart, full of compassion and strong human love? What mattered the shell, when the feeble cry of a sick child could break it? Surely it must have been the tears in her eyes that made the lines in that hard face soften and spread almost into smiles; but so they did—at least it appeared so to her; but then mothers are such fond, foolish things, Heaven help them! Their brightest pictures are all tinted with colours all the world knows *must* fade; and the sunlight of their fond and silly love, once bathed in tears, why all the world about them is in rainbows for a time!

"Subject to a quarter's notice?" said the hard-faced man. "And what are the terms—the rent I mean?"

She *must* have been looking through two great tears, for when they fell upon her hands, and she looked again, the little man sat there as stony and as hard as ever.

She made no answer, nor did he repeat the question. Both were silent for a time.

"Can I see the child?" said the hard-faced man to the landlady he had addressed a few moments before. The question was replied to by an incredulous look.

"You are surprised at the request—from a stranger too. No matter about that. Time in these cases is sometimes precious, so to lose none,

let me tell you I am in the medical profession—that is, I was, for lately I have given up practice. Can I see the child?"

The hard lines in that hard face were all growing soft again, as she looked towards it, and no doubt would have spread into smiles, only that, asking him to wait a minute, she turned to the door, fumbling for something in her pocket the while. It may be the world was in rainbows just then; certain it is that a mental picture of the little hard-faced man was in a perfect coruscation of light.

Scarcely had the young mother's footfall sounded on the stairs, when a ruddy little face peeped in at the half-open door. The bright eyes of the little culprit met those of the hard-faced man. There must have been some great similarity in those two beings, apparently so different, for the ruddy little face was not drawn away in fear, but advanced with a kind of bashful boldness right into the middle of the room. A child, after all, is often your true philosopher and physiognomist! With a confidence that would have graced Lavater himself, it needed but a glance, and in an instant the ruddy child had sidled up to the old man. When the little culprit's mother returned, the hard face was beaming with a real smile, as with the child on his knee, he held his watch to the upturned ear, and the two carried on a chorus, the burden of which was—"Tic—tic—tic."

"Fred!" exclaimed the young mother, as she entered the room.

The boy turned his eyes to the old man's face, and, assured that all was right, continued to repeat—"Tic—tic—tic." They were both children, and the boy knew it, though the world called his companion an old man.

By the nursery fire, in a little cradle, lay the sick child. The servant-girl sat beside it, rocking it to and fro, but a wailing cry of pain told that sleep was not a visitor there. The little hard-faced man was there too, hand in hand with his ruddy-faced playmate, but as if catching the truth from the old man's face, both sat silent and serious. The young mother took the servant's place, and gently drew away the shawl that had been thrown over the hoops of the cradle, to ward off the light from the sick child's face. At his bidding, she raised the infant in her arms, and drew nearer the lamp standing on the mantelshelf, where he had placed it. How anxiously the mother gazed into the face of the little man, as if she would read there a solution of all her hopes and fears!

Three measured nods of his hard, shining, bald head, which looked like a metal skull-cap, rubbed into a high state of polish, it appeared so hard and so bright! but not a word from his lips of life or death! He motioned the child back to the cradle, and asked for a pen and ink.

"Is she *very* ill, sir?" timidly asked the young mother. She could not bear the suspense, but held the child pressed in her bosom. She felt she could struggle with death, and ward off the terrible arrow, did she only know he was near.

"Do not alarm yourself, madam," said the little man, as he seated himself at a table to write; "we are in good time." He wrote his prescription. "You will have this prepared at once."

"But the child?"

"Has sickened with the measles."

"The measles! I must send Fred away then?"

"On the contrary; he must have them at some time—let him stay."

His mother's tearful looks, and an ill-defined notion that some terrible event was about to befall him, coupled with the hard look of the little man, brought the great tears into the boy's eyes, and he presently burst into a loud cry.

"Tic—tic—tic," said the hard-faced man, drawing out his watch. The boy climbed to his knee.

"Tic—tic—tic! Tic—tic—tic!" said the two children, playing with the watch.

In the little parlour which the hard-faced man and the little boy had lately quitted, stood a young man. He had been led—nay, almost dragged there from the street-door, which his wife had flown herself to open, carrying him off captive in spite of himself. The news was soon told—how that the lodgings were let; and then there was an eloquent description of the hard-faced man, with everything he said, and all he did, and how she had left him and Master Fred high friends in the nursery.

"Well, Laura, you must let me see this enigma, this hard, metallic gentleman, with a heart like a sponge-cake, soft and sweet! It is the funniest thing— But come."

They ascended to the nursery; Laura the meanwhile putting on a quiet, demure, landlady-like look, and her husband not a little curious about his future tenant.

On entering the nursery—whatever they had expected—they were not a little surprised. Overcome with fatigue, the servant-girl had fallen asleep at her post. She had been up the greater part of the night before, for the child had been fretful and restless. Master Fred stood with the watch still pressed to his ear; but to get it there he had to lean down, for the little hard-faced man was kneeling beside the cradle of the sick child, and was rocking it to and fro. On their entering he looked up, but continued rocking the cradle.

For a few moments they stood at the door in mute surprise, when Laura advanced to introduce her husband. The introduction was acknowledged on the part of the hard-faced man by three regular nods of his smooth, bald head, which swung to and fro as the cradle moved, and possibly might

have gone on for an hour or more, but that the servant, roused by the sound of her mistress' voice, rubbed her eyes, and resumed her task.

"I cannot tell you how much I feel indebted to you, sir, for this great kindness," said Laura's husband, drawing near to the little man, and assisting him to rise.

"Hush!" said he, with a nod and a look at the sick child. The father took the hint, and together they sat down at the table, and the conversation that ensued was carried on in a low voice. Presently, the servant being called away, the hard-faced man returned to the object of his visit, and inquired the terms at which the parlour and the adjoining room were to be let. Short as the discussion was, often the little man rose, and on tip-toe sought the cradle of the sick child, now plunging his head under the shawl, and now gently rocking the cradle, as the child slept a little restless sleep. Not a sigh of the little voice escaped him—good, kind, tender-hearted, hard-faced little man!

After a time the young wife returned, announcing that tea was ready. Obedient to their request, the little man followed them down-stairs, and, at his own desire, the bright-eyed boy was his companion. They entered the same room—the parlour—which they had recently quitted. What a magical change was there. A roaring, crackling fire burned in the grate so desolate-looking awhile before. The kettle sent forth a long jet of steam as it bubbled and sang—singing, too, as if it would never get tired, pouring out its notes with such a ceaseless stream of breath. How pleasant, too, the song is—how cheerful! Then, it makes everybody friends with itself and with everybody else, and everybody feels contented and happy, and at home.

Some such feeling was surely creeping over the honest heart of the hard-faced man, as he sipped his tea and shared his muffin with the bright-eyed, ruddy little culprit at his elbow. Then he looked at the fire and he nodded his head, and then at the kettle, and then at the glass on the sideboard, which sparkled brighter than ever. Then, somehow his foot got upon the fender, a sure sign he felt himself at home—quite at home—and at last he said so.

Was it really a fact, that the fire burned brighter, and the kettle sang louder and louder its song of home, or had the young wife's eyes and ears deceived her? Somehow, too, there was quite a prismatic look about them, and when she looked at her husband with those loving eyes of hers, she could scarcely see him for the rainbows.

Now, the watch had gone tic-tic-tic a long, long time—not that any one counted it—when the little hard-faced man rose to depart. In the hall he stood still, for his quick ear caught the feeble cry of the sick child.

"It is hard for children to bear pain," said he; "they can't bear it. They *will* cry—they always do."

Nobody mistook the tone this time.

Presently the hard, even tread of the little man was heard on the garden flagstones, and then in the street. How very hard his tread was, so firm, so decided, as he turned into the busy highway, now almost deserted, and as he buttoned the last button of his great-coat firmly over his chest everybody, as they passed him, thought, "What a hard-faced, hard-hearted little man!" People will look at the outside, and judge by it, too. But as

his heart was under his great-coat, what could be expected when it was buttoned up—so firmly, too, and so tight?

There were calculations over and over again, and joy, and tears, and congratulations, and through and about them all hovered the shadow of the little hard-faced man, till the last embers died away in the grate of the lodgings—now let—in the quiet street.

And up-stairs, too, hovered the same dim shadow over the cradle of the sick child, and was only lost in prayer, or at night in the fitful picture of a passing dream.

FIELD FLOWERS.

I.

DAILY I gather for garlands of flowers, but I know not why;
Daily I weave and bind them, and bind and weave till they die.

Hot and faint with the fever of eager fingers and palms,
Soon they sicken, and wither, and sigh out their last sweet balms.

II.

Day by day, and the days are as years, though the nights be long;
Morn by morn the garlands are gay, and dewy, and strong;
Eve by eve my wreathes lie strewed in the dust, and dead:
Also I laugh and weep at the flow'rs, and grey hairs in my head.

III.

Would I were living like these in the dewy orient hours,
Or that I died at eve with the same fair, perishing flow'rs!
Tender blooms of the field, that flourish and fade in a day,
Sweet is the fate to be plucked from the sod-clinging root and the clay.

IV.

Dead is the strong deep fibre that dwelt in the warmth of the earth,
Drawing sweet juices of joy that budded in verdure of mirth;
Gnaw on, O pitiless worm, that wouldst leave me a tithe of life,
Stay, of thy merciless mercy, and hack with thy jaws of the knife.

V.

Where be the fickle hands that fondled the wreathes I wove?
Where be the full, false lips that beguiled me with lores of love?
Faithless feet that threaded the down-blown waves of the grass?
Fathomless eyes, ere they hardened and shut on my soul like glass?

VI.

All have turned to the guiles and blooms of a fairer face,
Beaming and flushing with joy for to-day and a little space.
"Faithful for aye and a day," he saith, and to me once said:
Also I laugh and weep at the flow'rs, and grey hairs in my head.

BROKEN CISTERNs.

"My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."—Jer. ii. 13.

WE all of us know well the character of him who, in the name of the Lord his God, addressed to his unheeding countrymen the warnings from which this text is taken. He was one who, in the course of a melancholy and persecuted life, gained the experience which added such energy to his lamentations over the ruins of his country.

The soul of poetry within him, and the powers of exquisite pathos which he possessed, made him well fitted to perform the office which fell to his lot, of chanting a dirge over the ruins of his country, of performing, as it were, the funeral obsequies for the last of her kings, and giving utterance to a sad requiem over a desolate city, a ruined temple, and a captive people. Throughout that most

mournful period of Jewish history, he stands out to view, the one central figure round which gathers all the interest of the tottering kingdom. His is the one warning voice which makes itself heard amid the din of hostile armies, amid the contest of Egypt and Assyria, for his beloved fatherland. He alone for more than twenty years, during which the death-agony of Judah was protracted—he alone is striving to ward off, or at least to mitigate, the impending blow. His eagle eye saw from afar the surrounding nations swallowed up, one by one, in the advancing tide of Assyrian conquest. Long he struggled to avert from Jerusalem the inevitable tempest, and restore its former strength to the state by re-uniting it to its forsaken God. But he spoke to heedless ears and hardened hearts; and it only remained for him to behold the sad accomplishment of all his darkest prophecies, and record in language of unrivalled pathos the passionate sorrow of his patriotic heart. Yet he knew that it was but the fulfilment of his own prophecies. He knew that all this was the anger, the well-deserved anger, of an offended God, who by his voice had warned the nation of its danger; and who held their desertion of him such a wonderful and horrible crime, that he called for the wonder of all creation. “Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.”

This, then, is the original and primary application of the words of Jeremiah. They are a declaration of the horror felt by God at the desertion of his people. But I would take them now in a secondary and applied sense, yet one exactly parallel to that which they bore on their first utterance. Is not this hewing of cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water, the constant occupation of a very large portion of mankind? There is an insatiable craving in the heart of man for something to support the inner life of his soul; there is a universal longing for some source whence water may be obtained; for some supply whence we may draw continually a draught to satisfy the thirst within us. Look through every phase of the religious and social history of man, and you will find that this is what he is perpetually seeking. There are those to whom God has not revealed himself as the one source of all satisfaction—as the one fountain of living waters. The longings of their nature expended themselves upon a vague philosophy, or strove to satisfy themselves with the ideal conceptions of human ingenuity. But with these the words are concerned neither in their original nor in their applied sense. They speak of the horror felt in heaven of those who, having once received a revelation of God's truth,

afterwards turn away into apostasy from him; of those who, having once been brought near to the fountain of living waters, yet turn back again to cisterns of their own hewing. Therefore is it that they are peculiarly applicable to those, whether Jews under the old or Christians under the new dispensation, upon whom the light of God's truth has most brightly shone. They are the favoured ones, who have been given to drink of the water of life. Therefore is theirs the greater sin, and theirs shall be the more terrible fall, if they turn from that heavenly draught to hew them out broken cisterns.

Take, first, the case of the Jews under the old dispensation, to whom belongs their primary application. Of all the nations of the world, none had been favoured as they had been with the presence and guidance of Jehovah. Others, indeed, he had led, for his providence extends to all his creatures. Others he had led by other means; but the Jewish nation he had especially chosen, to place his name there, that they should be to him a peculiar people, educated in his own way, to receive in due time even a fuller revelation of himself. What wonder, then, that he should call even upon the heavens to be horribly afraid, when they, his own children, rebelled against him and served other gods! Yet so it was. The ways of God are not as the ways of man, and it was hard for them, in a material age, to keep their faith with a God who showed himself in no material form. This was the secret of their idolatry. They had the same feeling with the nations who surrounded them; that their eyes must behold some similitude of that which they adored. And, perhaps, we shall not be transgressing the bounds of due reverence, if we look upon that dispensation of which Moses was the mediator, as a condescension on the part of God to that tendency in man; if we regard the ark, and the tabernacle, and the ceremonial worship as intended to satisfy the longing for externals in the hearts of that generation; as calculated to educate the people by slow degrees into that spiritual worship which, in after times, was to replace it. But how often does the evil heart of man pervert the merciful designs of God! How often do we stubbornly refuse to be led even by the gentlest means! How often do we refuse the fountain of living waters, and hasten to cisterns of our own hewing! The whole history of the Jews is but one long night of apostasy from God, whose darkness is only broken by fitful gleams of light, when some Josiah of his age enjoins upon his people a repentance only too brief. Then they would return for a space to the fountain of living waters, only to increase their condemnation by again deserting Him.

But the age of actual material idolatry passes away, and we come to an idolatry of a far more

subtle kind in the ages immediately preceding the coming of Christ. I allude, of course, to the traditions and ceremonies with which the Pharisees had surrounded the worship of God. What was this but the hewing out of broken cisterns? What was it but placing their own inventions, the work of their own hands, in the place of God; striving to satisfy with those outward forms the longing for religious happiness which each man felt in his heart? Theirs was but idolatry in a more subtle, and therefore more dangerous, form; idolatry clothing itself in the garments of its own peculiar age. To them, too, were the words of Jeremiah applicable, for they, too, had tasted of the living water, yet had turned away to cisterns of human workmanship.

But the revolution in the religious history of the world wrought by the coming of Christ in the flesh, carried men back for a time to purity of religion. Alas! that the evil tendency of the human heart should so soon have corrupted that purity, and led men again to desert the fountain of living waters. We all know how the religion of Christ was perverted to become the religion of a priesthood; how the one sacrifice of his body upon the cross—the great central fact of our religion—was repeated and travestied in the perpetual sacrifice of the mass; how the one Mediator between God and man was neglected and dishonoured by the substitution of a host of other intercessors; how, in short, the word of God was made of none effect by traditions, and the precepts of Christ and his Gospel, the one fountain of living waters, neglected and despised, while mankind were bidden to slake the thirst of their souls in the muddy waters of a grasping sacerdotalism. From all these errors the Reformed churches have now, for three hundred years, been happily delivered. God grant that what is called the religious revival of the present day may not carry us back into them ere we are aware of it. Then should we, indeed, be guilty of the sin denounced by Jeremiah. Once having been privileged with a Reformed religion, and sinking back into Romish error, we should just as really be committing this sin, as did Israel of old when they forsook the institutions of Moses, and did homage to Baal and Ashtaroth.

Thus far I have regarded these words historically, and applied them to cases in which our own personal religion has only a contemplative, not a practical interest. Let us now turn to rather a different view of the subject, and see whether there is not within us some power leading us, not like the Jews of old, to the worship of false gods; not, perhaps, into Romish error, but teaching us to seek religious happiness from other sources besides the worship of the true God; teaching us to draw that nourishment which every soul must and will have, rather

from cisterns of our own hewing, than from Him who cries to every one that thirsteth, "Come ye to the waters of life."

First, then, there are those who strive to satisfy the thirst of their soul from the pleasures which the world gives;—men who, calling themselves Christians, are yet in their hearts the servants of sin;—men who, like the Samaritans of old, feared the Lord and served their own gods, not seeing in their blindness how inconsistent they were in so doing. The cases are exactly parallel: the Samaritans found themselves in a strange land, where Jehovah had been worshipped, and they felt that they, too, must worship him, or some dire calamity would befall them; they feared the Lord, but the mere animal instinct of fear was not enough to induce them to give up their own gods: and so they devised what they, doubtless, considered a happy combination of two different worships: they feared the Lord, and served their own gods. Just so is it with those who have not realised the teaching of Christ, that "ye cannot serve God and Mammon." When the attempt is made, the worship which is given to God is only just so much as in our foolishness we think will suffice to ward off his anger. It is only because we are afraid of him that we serve him. The true service of the heart is all given to our own gods. And if you doubt this, take a great practical test. The time will soon come—nay, it comes every day of our lives—when our duty to God clashes with our service of Mammon. See, then, which has to give way; whichever power be stronger in our hearts must soon show itself by unmistakable signs. We cannot draw our supplies from the fountain of living waters, and at the same time from cisterns of our own hewing. "He to whom we yield ourselves servants to obey, his servants we are to whom we obey." But, I think, that when we speak of the service of the world, we hardly understand clearly what Holy Scripture intends by the expression; and as this is, undoubtedly, one of the chief sources whence men strive to draw their happiness, let me briefly consider it here.

St. John puts it very concisely: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is of the world." Not the flesh itself, not the eye itself, not the life itself; but the lust and pride thereof. It is not the love of man which is forbidden. This was the Pharisaic notion. It was upon the due observance of the social affections that they wrote "corban" only as an excuse for not exercising them at all. The teaching of Christ is: "He that loveth not his brother, his wife, his family, his friends, whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" Nor is it the love of our worldly occupation or profession which is forbidden. On the contrary, St. Paul

bids us run with diligence the course that is set before us, remembering always that he who is faithful in that which is least, will be faithful also in much.

But the worldliness which is condemned in Holy Scripture, is the worldly spirit. The affections fixed on that which is outward, unreal, and transitory; the lust of pleasures which affect only the senses; the pride of men's opinion or our own position. In short, that love of the world which if a man have, the love of the Father is not in him. But let the love of God once take possession of his heart, and how quickly will it expel all that former unreal affection! If a man do but once drink of the fountain of living water, he will find there all—yea, infinitely more than all—that his soul needs, and he will soon cease from the vain toil of hewing out for himself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.

It is almost needless for us to inquire the reasons why the cisterns which man hews out for himself are only broken cisterns that can hold no water. He hews them out with infinite care and toil; he exhausts all his energy and all his ingenuity to provide happiness for himself, and satisfy the craving thirst within him; and then, when he has exhausted every device that human cleverness can suggest; when he has ransacked the world's treasury, thinking that he can find in that the good he seeks, he discovers that it is but a broken cistern after all. It is only at the command of God that the rock is smitten, and the fountain gushes forth with living waters. It is written on every page of creation that the world passeth away, and the glory of it. Everything changes. The things which are, are changed from those which were, and still are changing with each fleeting moment. Change is the law of natural being; only that which is supernatural—only God in his infinity—remains unchangeable. Therefore it is that the soul within man cannot find satiety in that which is merely natural. It soars upwards to that which is superior to nature—to that which has affinity with itself; refusing to be tied down to earth by the fetters of its earthly tabernacle. Surely this is a mighty proof of its immortality—a sure sign that it is made for some sphere of being higher than this which it now enjoys. I can imagine nothing clearer than that the existence which is satisfied with the present, is not made for the future. But when I find the universal confession on the lips and in the hearts of those who have had the best opportunity of tasting the pleasures of this present life, that not only the things themselves pall upon the taste, but also the desire of them passeth away, then I can have no hesitation in believing—even without the authority of Holy Writ—that there must be some sphere of being

in which these desires will be satisfied; some higher spiritual life, wherein "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

There is one other consideration in connection with this subject—that of a danger, more subtle than that of the worldly man, a danger which may at times beset even the best of Christians—the danger of mistaking the externals of religion for religion itself. These should be only the outward expressions of the inward spiritual life. It is true, indeed, that that inner life cannot exist without finding its utterance in outward acts of worship; but the converse of this is not equally true, the outward may be there without the inward. And, perhaps, there is no one in so great danger as he who has lulled to sleep his conscience with works of charity and religious observance. He has placed his cistern so close to the fountain, that it seems as if it must catch some of the living water; but it is a broken cistern still, though hewn with all the toil and care of a lifetime. In the time of our direst need we shall turn to it in vain. Happy are we if we learn the lesson ere it be too late, that love to God and the realisation of his love to us as measured by the cross of Christ, is the one and only source whence the cravings of the immortal soul can find their fullest and completest satisfaction.

Let us notice, moreover, the contrast between ourselves and the Israelite of old, to whom these words were addressed. Even in his case, God held it a terrible thing that he should forsake the fountain of living waters. Yet God had not vouchsafed to him such knowledge of himself as we now possess. All the gentler attributes of the Divine nature were hidden behind a veil. Then he was revealed as Power; now he is revealed as Love—love incarnate in the person of Christ.

How much greater, then, shall be our condemnation if we neglect so great a salvation! if we strive to draw from earthly sources that which He only can supply. Only the love of God can drive out from the heart the love of the world. An empty heart there cannot be. It must devote its energies and affections to some object. It must drink of the water of life, or else hew out cisterns for itself. It must honour God, or else dishonour him. It cannot remain neutral. It dishonours him if it chooses that which is low and vile and transitory, instead of that which is high and heavenly, and fadeth not away. It dishonours him if it thinks to serve him by the letter of the law, instead of the spirit of Christ. It dishonours him if it forgets its own immortal nature, and omits to prepare itself by its life here for the life which it must live in the future. It dishonours him if it forms false notions of him, and pictures him as a God who would drive us into holiness by force or terror, instead of that which he really



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"Tender blooms of the field, that flourish and fade in a day."—p. 597.

is, a God all gentleness, and love, and mercy, whose Holy Spirit is ever on the watch to catch the first faint longings for that peace which the world cannot give; ready to set before the awakened soul the life and death of the Saviour as the only satisfaction of all spiritual desire, the one fountain of living waters; ready to dwell with that soul henceforth as an ever-present Comforter, leading and guiding into all truth.

What, then, is the test by which to try ourselves? Simply: are we living so that the will of God may be done in us and by us? Are we

glorifying God, whether by our life or by our death? If so, then have we made the spirit of Christ's cross our own. We have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. The power of the world is gone, the enticements of the flesh are gone. The spirit of Christ is all in all. We have forsaken the broken cisterns that could hold no water, and turned again to the fountain of living waters, realising now and for ever, on this and on the other side the grave, his blessed promise, who said: "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.



HE burly man had established himself at the table on which he had placed his hat and his stick. The room was very cold, but he must have walked himself into a heat; he was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief when John came in.

John was, evidently, not at all glad to see him; on the very threshold of the matter, this fact was apparent; he was not glad to see him, and, moreover, he had a suspicion that the visit boded no good.

"Good evening, Mr. Isaacs," said John.

"The same to you," replied the other, carelessly.

John sat down at the side of the table. As regarded externals, the two men were in pretty much the same position as before: sitting face to face; a fireless grate, and one solitary candle which was dimly burning, between them.

"Any news stirring to-night?" said John, breaking a rather oppressive silence, and speaking evasively.

"None that I've heard of," replied the burly man, who was feeling in his pocket.

The eye of John Humphreys noted this movement with some uneasiness.

"Wife got home?" asked the burly man, bringing forth a leather pocket-book, of an unmistakable business character, and flinging it on the table.

"Yes," said John, his eye on the pocket-book, "she is."

"Ah!" There was a sinister expression in the tone of the monosyllable. John did not speak. It was very chill and miserable here, with Mr. Isaacs sitting opposite: very bright and genial there, with Rachel. He felt like a bird suddenly caught and caged.

The burly man was deliberately opening his pocket-book. "You see, Mr. Humphreys," he began, "this is like to be a rather ugly affair, between you and me."

"How so?" said John, quickly.

"Why, because, you see, things aint just pleasant," said Mr. Isaacs, scratching his ear, while his attention

was wholly fixed on the pocket-book. "One can't see one's way clear in this world; there are such turns and twists."

"What has happened, pray?" asked John, in the same quick tone. The distance between himself and the genial atmosphere where Rachel abode began to increase.

"Well, you see, what has happened is this," said Mr. Isaacs, who had now his pocket-book open before him; "I have lost a mint of money, this last fortnight—more fool I for doing it!"

"Doing what? and what have you lost?" asked John, getting a trifle impatient.

"Well, you see, I need must speculate. Never mind how, it isn't to the purpose, and would not, in the least, interest you; but I'm the loser, and that's where the shoe pinches."

John was silent; a certain rather loose transaction rose to his mind; and it occurred to him that, having largely built his faith on Mr. Isaacs, he might chance to find himself outwitted. But, for the present, he said nothing; he was like the ostrich when it hides its head in the sand, and when, as certain as can be, up will come the hunter!

"Now, this affair has flung me into difficulties. I have no need to hide it from you, John Humphreys, —into serious difficulties."

Nearer, nearer comes the hunter, but the ostrich goes on hiding. John Humphreys said not a word.

"There is but one way I can turn," continued Mr. Isaacs, fingering a document which John knew but too well.

"Have you got the money, pray?"

"Money!—what money?" stammered John, like a man taken by surprise.

"What money! Why, the money old Sylvester borrowed of your father, to be sure. Have you got it?"

John did not immediately reply. Mr. Isaacs knew, as well as could be, that he had not got it.

"You were going to proceed to extremities, you know," continued he, still fingering the document; "that was, let me see—when was it?"

"Six weeks ago," replied John, mechanically.

"Ah, yes, six weeks! Time to have sacked Rome!" and the burly man laughed at his own wit; "so you have got it, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," stammered John.

Poor fellow! to be put on the rack in this cold, dismal room, while she sat close by, expecting every moment he would come back.

Come back? It seemed that half-an-hour had gone already!

It was too bad to meet with a stumble, on the very threshold of his new happiness.

"If you haven't, it will be so much the worse for you," continued Mr. Isaacs; "you know this writing, don't you?"

"Yes," said John.

"You engage, in black and white, to pay me back the money at request."

"Yes, but," burst out John, "you said that was a mere form of speech. You told me the money was as good to you as an investment; you know you did; and that you were never likely——"

"Hush, Mr. Humphreys, if you talk so loud your wife will hear you!"

"Of course," continued John, eagerly, and lowering his voice, "I never dreamed that you would call it back in six weeks. I call it a swindle—a regular swindle!"

"You may call it what you like, but I'm good in law, and that's the matter to be considered; now all you have to do is just to pay me."

"But I can't," exclaimed John, his distress getting the better of his anger; "I have nothing to pay with."

"Why don't you stump up the Sylvesters? I would, this very day! what are you sparing them for?"

John's face looked very blank indeed. Another little transaction, scarcely more wise than the other, occurred to him, with remarkable unpleasantness.

"You can't be devoted enough to sacrifice yourself for the sake of Mr. Sylvester?" continued the burly man, snuffing the candle; "if you are, you're scarce the article I take you for."

John's face denoted the most extreme perplexity.

"Stump them up, I tell you!" cried the other; "put an execution in the house! Why not?"

"I can't," said John, despondingly; "no, I can't do that."

"Why not, pray; what is to hinder you?"

"I was going to put an execution in the house," said John, slowly and deliberately; "I wish to my heart I had! But there came a lawyer——"

"A lawyer!" gasped Mr. Isaacs.

"Yes, a lawyer; and he told me I should be a fool if I carried out my threat, and should get only half the money. He said a turn was coming in the Sylvester affairs, and one of them—I'm sure I don't know which—was likely to come into a great fortune. He took a vast deal of trouble to argue the matter, and he made it so plain, at last, that I gave in. I thought I was doing the best for myself," added John, ruefully.

"Very likely. But you need not be crestfallen about it," said the burly man, cheerfully. "Just give me your orders, and I'll see that they are carried out. You are not obliged to keep faith with a lawyer. Bless you! he won't expect it."

"But I must!" cried John, in a tone of distress. "I see it clearly now. I have been entrapped, all ways. He made me sign a paper promising to wait six months."

"Did he? Then all I have to say is, John Humphreys, you are the most unlucky dog that ever lived!"

John groaned under the weight of the epithet.

"Because, you see, whatever comes, I must have my money," continued the other, briskly. "I can't afford to be ruined."

John pointed to the door. His face was very pale.

"My wife is in your room, Mr. Isaacs," said he, tremulously; "my wife of a week old. I've brought her home this very night. What do you think will become of us, if you don't show us any mercy?"

"Mercy! It is not a matter of mercy, my friend. I can't justly say what would become of you. I know what my fate would be, if I let you off. Just this—a debtors' prison!" He rose as he said it.

John hid his face in his hands.

"You will, perhaps, think the matter over," continued the burly man. "I shouldn't like to have to serve a writ, you know, on an old friend—and a week from to-day——"

"A week!" exclaimed John, horrified.

"Yes; not an hour longer! It is more than I can afford. But to an old friend——"

"Hark ye, Mr. Isaacs," said John, rising also, and with blanched face and kindling eyes confronting him, "if I'd known you'd been a knave, I'd have had no dealings with you. As it is, I'd have you leave the house, sir, and not insult me, by calling yourself a friend!"

"I am quite agreeable. Indeed, I have stayed too long. It is cruel to part husband and wife in this way. Good night, John Humphreys, and a week to-day, remember!"

"I shall not be likely to forget," said John, sternly.

When the other man was gone, came the worst. Then John strode up and down the dark, fireless room, feeling that he was a ruined man—ruined as far as his brightest prospects went.

And there was Rachel! He must go back to her. As the front door shut, the door of her room had opened, and a little whisper came stealing along the passage.

"John, dear, are you coming?"

He would not tell her. No; whatever it might cost him. How bright she looked, how happy! How she came to meet him, nestling her head on his shoulder, and scolding him for being so long away. How glad she was that they were alone again, and that "intolerable person," as she called him, was fairly shut out of the house. How she put away her work, and came and sat by him, and talked to him, and laughed in the gaiety of her heart!

No; he could not tell her—not then. Yet, in spite of all, a kind of shadow fell on the hearth, that had been so bright. In spite of his efforts, John was not altogether himself. He was absent and preoccupied; and now and then a look of deep disquiet stole over his face. Rachel saw it, ere the evening had come to an end. She felt the shadow dimming her sunny landscape. It was strange, mysterious, and inscrutable! But John would tell her nothing. No; not a word!

CHAPTER XXII.

JOSEPHINE'S PICTURE.

In the days of which we are speaking, Raymond Sylvester was not often seen in the streets of Newbury. When he was visible, it was a stray glimpse caught of him at the carriage window. But one fine morning, when the sun shone brighter than it had done of late, and, to use a homely expression, the crows had picked up the dirt, Raymond, in elegant morning costume, and not a hair out of place, was walking leisurely up the pavement that fronted the shops in the market-place.

The carriage was not far off, it stood at the corner, the reins gathered into the hands of the old coachman on the box; while the footman, having alighted to let his master out, remained standing by the door, ready at a moment's notice to let him in again.

Raymond, then, was walking, at an easy pace along the pavement. The shops were very gay. Newbury was proud of her shops; but Raymond, who seemed in a preoccupied state, scarcely deigned to look at them, until at last he came to the great shop, at the corner, and then he was obliged to look. He was going in here, to make a purchase for Alice.

It was a stationer's shop, on rather a grand scale, and the attractive part of it consisted in the display of pictures in the windows. Some were engravings of considerable value, others were original drawings and water-colour paintings, and these Raymond stood a moment to contemplate. He was a bit of a painter himself, and had a great love for art, and these pictures were too good to be passed by.

He stood a moment, and then his heart gave a convulsive leap, and his whole frame trembled. One of the pictures he knew quite well. It met him as a familiar friend: it had once belonged to Josephine!

He remembered her doing it. It had been an outdoor sketch originally, and she had worked it up at leisure. He had sat by her as she did so. How vivid the scene was in his memory! The pretty, cheerful room, the sweet, tranquil face of his beloved, the peaceful moments which had gone by, never, alas! to return—yes, he remembered it well!

How came the picture here? Raymond's cheek crimsoned, and the hot tears gushed to his eyes. It was for sale. For sale! This little gem that was to have adorned their home—his home, and Josephine's—now thrust rudely forth on the world, to the highest bidder.

The thought was very dreadful, it stung him to the

quick. It brought back the old passionate longing; it opened the wound wide!

He stood gazing at the rural spot depicted by her hand: the stream, with broad leaves of water-lilies lying open to the sun, the old mill, the sweep of country, the cornfield yonder—with gleaners, in picturesque costume, some carrying bundles of corn on their heads. There was not a stroke, not a line, in that picture, but he knew it. The man's heart, hard as it may seem, was racked with cruel pain. It took some moments to recall himself to composure. He could have wept and sobbed.

When he had recovered himself, and was again the Raymond Sylvester of old, he stepped into the shop. It was a hazardous game he was playing. He might break down, spite of his Stoicism and his Sylvester dignity. Yes, break down, and be weak and pitiful as a woman.

But he must get that picture into his keeping. He would not have it—one of his own love-tokens, so he regarded it—drifting on the current of a careless, unthinking world—a world that did not know his Josephine! No, he would snatch it away. He would hide it in some secret spot, and cherish it, his whole life long, for the sake of Josephine.

He stood before the counter, cold and self-possessed as ever. He asked for what he wanted with a voice as calm as it had ever been. And then he said he should like that picture.

The man reached it down in obsequious haste. It was quite a bargain, he said, glibly; painted with no idea of sale, but the party had been reduced, and would be thankful to get only half its value.

While he spoke, Raymond's cheeks tingled, and the muscles of his face quivered; but he kept the command of himself. Happily, there was no need of much speaking, or his voice might have betrayed him. The man told him the price unasked, and Raymond paid it down. If it had taken his last farthing, he would have had that picture!

He carried it away. He had not dared to inquire about her, where she was, what she was doing, or suffering. But when he got into the street again, he gave an eager look around, as though he were entertaining the vague hope that he might find her. He could not go back to the carriage all at once; he was in too great misery. He was on his way to Brooklyn Hall, to pay a visit to the widow, and all this had happened to him.

What was that figure on the other side of the street—a slight figure, but graceful, and with the bearing of a gentlewoman; and habited in mourning, and with a thick crape veil? His heart beat strangely, he was almost unmanned at the very sight, for it was Josephine!

He knew her in a minute. He could have rushed to her, undemonstrative as he was, and fallen at her feet, and wept, and prayed to clasp her to his heart; but of course he did not; Raymond Sylvester rarely overstepped the mark. She was walking slowly, and, as it seemed, feebly; but, then, she had been ill. Yes, he knew that. He thought of the

sweet face, hidden by the veil, and guessed that he should find it altered. Well, was he not altered? Had not he suffered?

He crossed the street, by an impulse too irresistible to be controlled. She did not see him, for she was some steps in advance. He walked, for a few moments, behind her, and then he ventured to come close up, yea, even to touch her garment.

"Josephine!"

It was the sweet, low, insidious voice that she had heard so often. The poor girl stopped, and a stifled cry was heard from behind the thick crape that concealed her features; not such a concealment, though, but Raymond could see the pale, sharpened face and sunken eye; not such a concealment, but that he could realise the wreck she had become!

"Josephine!"

He said it again. He might think she had not heard, but she had. Her whole frame was in a tremor. She put out her hand to motion him away. And he knew he had no business there, but he could not go.

"See, Josephine, I have bought your picture!"

She had stopped a moment, and now she looked hurriedly up at him, tears were in her eyes.

"I bought it, because everything is precious to me that belongs to you; because I shall never part with it, while I live."

She had begun to walk on again. He walked beside her.

"I think I am mad, Josephine, to be here, to speak to you, to look at you again. If you have any pity for me, you will tell me——"

His voice broke down, and he turned away his face.

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

He turned to her again, with a quick, hurried gesture.

"I want to know where you are, what has befallen you, since—since we parted? The suspense tortures me!"

"If you care to inquire," said Josephine, calmly, "I will tell you. I am in lodgings, earning my bread."

"Oh, Josephine!"

It was all he said, and they walked on side by side. When they came to the end of the street, Josephine stopped. Then Raymond spoke again.

"Will you tell me where you live?"

She paused a moment. She had wonderful self-control, or she would have wept aloud.

"It cannot interest you," she said at length. "Our ways lie wide apart now, and ever will do."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"I think not."

There was another silence. They stood opposite. A casual meeting of two friends, it seemed to be—no more. But a scene in many a life's drama takes place with no more sensation than this. When they had stood thus a few moments, he began to say, in a low, hurried tone—

"Josephine, if God ever forgives me, will you forgive?"

"I have forgiven," said she, quickly.

"And will you sometimes let me speak to you, or look at you, even afar off, Josephine? Oh, my love! my love!" said he, in a tone of passionate fondness, and holding out his hands to her.

But she withdrew a few paces. She would not let him take her hands. No; the thread was broken; they were on opposite sides of the stream, and could not join hands again. She was not resentful. She knew the whole sad story well. She knew that her heart and Raymond's were one still; that she could not uproot the affection which had grown so long, nor could he. He had been base to leave her; but was she not portionless? Would it not be poverty mating with poverty? If he had been base, it was because the ordeal had been beyond his strength. The rotten principles of his race hung round him like fetters. His nobler self would have been true to her, and shielded and cherished her. But the Sylvester had sacrificed her. Tears were swimming in her eyes. She saw his anguish, and it was far deeper than hers; for remorse was an ingredient in his anguish, and Josephine had no remorse. He must suffer. She knew he would. It was not for her to whisper comfort; oh, no! Her lips were sealed!

She turned to go. It was time she did. She to her humble refuge; he back to his home. The sooner they parted the better.

He saw she meant to go, and he pressed forward with a sudden vehemence, and took her hand. He had it in his grasp an instant only, and then he dropped it, and was gone. But as he turned away, there burst from his lips, with a kind of passionate wail,

"Oh, my love! my love!"

Raymond was not usually demonstrative. To be demonstrative was a crime in the eyes of the Sylvesters.

"Always preserve your self-control, my son," was the earliest advice his mother had given him.

When Josephine was gone, he had to fall back on these first principles. He could easily have broken down. He could easily have flung the Sylvester dignity to the winds, and fought with his whole soul to get back his love. But then the old fabric must fall down like the house on the sand!

Pity he could not do as other men have done, and support its decaying walls by manly industry and the golden meed of labour. He had youth, and intellect, and the field was wide and open, and the blessing of watchful Providence was there.

But no! If he tried *that* experiment, it would be a novelty. It would compromise the dignity of his race, and forfeit his birthright.

His birthright was to sit with folded hands, and be a gentleman.

"No, Sylvester had ever worked, or ever would," his mother had told him.

Besides, what time was there to enter the only branches of industry suited to him? Professions are not caught up in a day. They have to be approached by many a long route of patience and

persevering energy. And here was the doom even at the doors!

He walked back to his carriage. He showed no outward sign of discomposure. The footman held open the door as his master stepped in. Then he climbed to his place, and the carriage drove on.

The coachman knew where he had to drive. He turned his horses' heads towards Brooklyn.

Raymond sat erect and self-possessed till the town was cleared. There was no fear that any one should see him. Then he crouched down, his face buried in his hands, his great agony taking hold upon him. Then you would scarce have known him to be Raymond Sylvester.

A sound roused him. He slowly raised himself from his attitude of dejection and looked up. A horse was coming along at a brisk trot. Then the horseman drew up alongside the carriage, which had drawn up as well.

"Good morning, Mr. Sylvester," said the well-known voice of the family lawyer. "Out for a drive, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Raymond, hastily.

"You look to want air. I can't congratulate you much on your appearance."

Raymond forced a kind of smile.

"It's a fine morning to get out," continued the lawyer, still looking in at the carriage-window; "I've had a gallop myself. The doctor says I am getting too fat by half."

"Indeed," said Raymond, absently.

"Yes;—a word with you, Mr. Sylvester," and he came nearer, and spoke in a low, cautious tone; "going to Brooklyn?"

Raymond turned pale.

"I think I am," stammered he.

"All right! You remember an old adage: 'Happy the——'"

"Oh, hush—hush!" cried Raymond, shuddering; "it has not come to that. No, and perhaps never will."

"Oh! I misunderstood you then. I thought you gave me instructions——"

"Never mind what I did," said Raymond, in a suppressed voice; "there are some positions in which

a man gets placed when he knows not what he does."

"Exactly; well, I was wanting to see you. That fellow—Isaacs, I think his name was—who lent the other fellow the money—you know what I mean——"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, he has come to grief; has lost in some silly speculation, and falls back on Humphreys—that's the name—falls back on Humphreys, and insists on being paid."

Raymond turned paler still.

"Now, Humphreys is an honest sort of a man, and has just married, and settled in a farm he bought with this said money. It will go hard with him, I am afraid."

"Will it?" said Raymond, anxiously.

"Yes; he will have to sell the farm. I don't know what else he can do. I am really sorry."

"Sell the farm?" repeated Raymond, mechanically.

"Yes. I tied him off you know for six months. I think it was a dodge of Isaacs. He got paid for the accommodation. The fact is, if people will do things without a lawyer," added Mr. Carlton, complacently, "they are sure to be taken in. Humphreys has been sold."

Raymond did not answer. In fact, the news seemed to have stunned him.

"Her ladyship quite well?" said Mr. Carlton, retiring from the carriage-window, and speaking in his natural tone.

"Quite well, thank you," replied Raymond.

"And Miss Sylvester?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Raymond.

"Well, I am glad to see you out. A pleasant ride," said the lawyer, cheerfully, and giving the rein to his horse. "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Raymond.

And Mr. Carlton rode off.

The Sylvester horses, which had been showing signs of impatience, and had required the coachman's utmost skill to hold them in, gave a few plunges, and went on again. Straight on the road to Brooklyn. He felt he could not help it.

(To be continued.)

"MIRANDOLINE."

"**THAT** is mirandoline, Mary?" asked Charles. "I heard Aunt Ellen speak of it, the other day, and did not know what she meant."

"I am sure it must be pretty, for I like the name," said little Emily.

"It is not always a good plan to judge flowers by their names," replied Mary; "but in this case you are right, for mirandoline is a very beautiful hyacinth; first, let me describe it, and afterwards I shall tell you of one I had a long time ago."

"Oh!" exclaimed Charles, "we are going to have another of Mary's flower stories. I do believe there

is not a plant that grows, about which she does not recollect something interesting."

Emily clapped her hands in delight, and said, "Tell us quickly, Mary, what mirandoline is like, then we shall better understand the story, and can make a little picture in our minds to look at while you are speaking."

"Well, imagine a tall white hyacinth, with long green leaves."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Emily, "I know hyacinths; mamma has a great many at home. She says they grow better than most other flowers in a city. Is mirandoline a double white hyacinth?"

"No," replied Mary, "it is single; but has large bells which cluster round the stalk. It is purely white, and looks like wax."

"Wax, Mary! surely real flowers are prettier than wax?"

"Certainly, Emily. I only meant that mirandoline has a soft, waxy appearance, though much more beautiful than any imitation could be. Man's utmost ingenuity cannot bear comparison with the works of God."

"Emily," said Charles, "why do you ask so many questions? you are keeping us from hearing the story."

"I shall not try your patience longer," said Mary. "When I was about nine years old I went to spend a little time with my uncle and aunt, at a quiet watering-place, where they had taken a house for the season. At first I was delighted with the change of scene; but, as the novelty wore away, I began to feel lonely, having no companion of my own age. My aunt took me to walk every day; but when she went out to visit, or sat with my uncle, instead of employing myself reading or working, as she wisely advised, I used to wander about listlessly, often wishing myself at home."

"There was a grass-plot before the door, surrounded by a railing, with a gate opening on the public road, and there I spent a good deal of my time. Frequently I had observed a little girl, about my own age, walking in the garden of the adjoining house, and longed much to make her acquaintance. She had long, golden hair, blue eyes, and a lovely colour in her cheek. I noticed she was much quieter than myself; she never ran or played, but used to walk sedately back and forward, or sit on the grass when the day was warm. She had a grave, thoughtful expression, although her countenance was sweet and gentle. I think she must have observed how often I watched her, and been anxious to gratify my desire, for one day she came close to the railings which divided us, and, seeing a large bunch of wild flowers in my hand, which I had gathered during my last walk, she said, 'I am very fond of flowers; please let me look at that pretty bunch.'"

"I drew near, glad that the ice was at length broken between us. I handed it to her, and as she admired the flowers one by one, told her where each had been gathered, and of the nice walk I had taken."

"Do you ever go for a country ramble," I asked, "or climb the rocks for plants?"

"I should like to do so," she replied; "but I cannot, for it tires me to walk far; however, I sometimes go to the beach in search of shells."

"I am sorry you cannot walk," I said, "for I could show you such pretty places. All I can do is to bring you flowers. Will you take these now?"

"Thank you," said the little girl; "I shall like so much arranging them in the new vase mamma bought for me. It is very pleasant amusement, settling flowers, but I seldom get any. We live in town, and only come to the country for a short time every summer, to make me stronger. I like being here very much, and think I shall enjoy it even more

now, when you bring me flowers, and tell me of all the pretty places I cannot see."

"Oh, yes; I shall come out very often, and tell you of everything I have seen, for I like you greatly. But what shall I call you?"

"My name," she said, "is Violet. You see I am called after a flower, which accounts for my being so fond of my sister plants."

"And she smiled so sweetly, that I felt no one could help loving her."

"I suppose you are the only flower in your own home?" I said, "for I believe it is difficult to make plants grow in towns."

"We have hyacinths," she replied. "And mamma has promised to give me a root this year for myself, and a pretty blue glass for it to grow in. She had one last year, called mirandoline. I liked the name, but the blossom was even prettier; and mine is to be the same. I am to plant it late in autumn, and it will blow in spring. It is interesting to watch a root, which looks withered and dead, shoot out a fresh, green bud, and then a lovely flower; it is like being in the grave, and rising again in renewed beauty at the last day. I was very ill last winter, but the nice warm summer has made me almost quite well."

"Just at this moment my aunt called me to come in, so saying good-bye hastily to my new friend, I ran to the house. From this time we met frequently. She used to spend evenings with me, and I with her, and sometimes we were able to enjoy short walks together, and grew fonder of each other every day. It was therefore with great sorrow I was obliged to part from her, in order to return home. She had been much stronger latterly, and during our last walk had spoken hopefully of our meeting again the following summer."

"The cold weather was now commencing, and Violet remained in the country only a short time after our departure. I had a pleasant letter from her on her return to town, in which she wrote: 'My mirandoline is just budding. I often wish you were here to watch it with me; but perhaps you may see it when in blossom.'"

"This was my first friendship, and dearly I loved the gentle little girl. At first she wrote frequently, afterwards her letters came at longer intervals. In one she said: 'Do not think, my own Mary, that I am forgetting you, because I do not write as much as I used. Mamma will not let me, for I feel very weak and ill; but do write to me often, as I take great pleasure in reading your letters.'"

"These lines sent a pang through my heart; however, I continued to write as she had requested, until I got her last, written evidently with great difficulty: 'My own Mary, I want to write to you once more, though I can hardly hold the pencil, I am so weak. You will never see me in this world, but do not be sorry, for we shall meet again where violets do not fade. I love my Saviour very much, and I am almost glad he is going to take his little earthly flower to grow in his heavenly garden. I have asked

mamma to send you my mirandoline, in its pretty blue glass, to keep for my sake. I shall never see its beauty; but I shall be like it, pure and spotless, washed in my Saviour's blood, and made "whiter than snow." I cannot write more, for I am tired—'

"Here it broke off suddenly, and was enclosed in one from her mother, saying she would write and let us know when her dear child was taken, which she feared must be very soon. In a few days the dreaded letter arrived, announcing that little Violet was transplanted to the garden above. This was my first great grief, and I bore it badly.

"The mirandoline arrived shortly after, carefully packed, and quite uninjured. I placed it in the window of my own room, and as the blossoms expanded one by one, I gazed at their beauty, and thought, 'My friend has been taken from me, but I have been given this lovely flower as an image of what she is now, clothed in the white robe of Christ's righteousness.' But every image must be broken, and oh! this was a sore trial to me."

"Broken, Mary! surely your beautiful hyacinth was not broken; how sorry you must have been!"

"I shall tell you how it occurred. My little cousin, Harry, a child of four years old, was staying with us at the time, and, as is not unfrequent with little fellows of that age, he was very troublesome, and, being a great pet at home, had been allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. My mother had strictly forbidden him to enter my room, or touch anything belonging to others without leave; but, alas! poor little Harry had no idea of obedience, and one day when I was returning from a walk with her, he ran to meet us in great delight, with what he called a nice white plume stuck in his cap. Fancy my horror when I recognised my mirandoline blossom! I rushed to my room, unable to believe so dreadful a thing could be real. Alas! there on the floor, in a hundred pieces, lay the pretty blue glass, of which poor Violet had been so proud—the water spilled, and the root thrown at some distance, after the stalk had been ruthlessly torn from it. I felt overpowered at the sorrowful sight, and could only sit down among the ruins and weep, oh! so bitterly. I fear there was a dark spirit of revenge in my heart towards Harry, as I muttered between my sobs, 'Nasty, mischievous, spiteful, little monkey!'

"Presently my mother entered, carrying in her hand the broken flower, which she had rescued from the boy's cap. She found it very hard to pacify me; I flung the beauteous flower from me, exclaiming—'It is gone, destroyed—like everything I care for.'

"'My child,' she answered, 'this is wrong. You are allowing your evil passions to get the better of you. I know this is a great trial. I am not surprised you are sorry, but we must try to make the best of it. I shall buy you a flower-pot, in which you can replant your mirandoline. It will not be so fine the second year, but you will still have the precious root. You can put this pretty blossom in water upon your table; it will last nearly as long as if still growing. You know, dear, it would have faded soon, in

any case; nothing in this world, however beautiful, can last for ever.'

"'But, mamma,' I said, 'was it not very spiteful in Harry to destroy my greatest treasure? Will you not punish him for his disobedience?'

"'Poor Harry is very young, and scarcely knows right from wrong. He has been much petted, and is unused to punishment. While his maid went downstairs for a few minutes, he darted into your room, probably forgetting that it was forbidden ground, and, seeing the pretty flower, no doubt longed to have it. He was not capable of understanding your fondness for the plant, or I am sure would not have been so ill-natured; but if you wish me to punish him, I will do so.'

"'Oh, yes, mamma; do, I should like it.'

"'Mary, would the punishment of Harry restore your plant to beauty? Would it make you feel happier? Is it what your friend Violet would advise, were she here? Above all, was it thus Jesus acted towards those who ill-treated him, when on earth? Consider, dear, and let me know in the morning what you wish. I shall not punish him until then.'

"I was very sad, and I am sorry to say, out of temper, all that evening. I went early to bed, and lay awake a long time, thinking of what my mother had said, and of Violet. I prayed earnestly to be enabled to forgive little Harry, though he had grieved me so much. I then arose, placed the mirandoline blossom in water, after which my mind became more composed, and I slept. Next morning I went early to my mother to beg she would not punish Harry, and when he came into the room I kissed him as usual. He threw his arms round my neck fondly, and said, 'Mary, I am sorry I broke your pretty flower. I will never touch anything not my own again.'

"I do not say this promise was at all times strictly kept; but the little fellow improved, and I certainly felt happier than I should have done, had he been punished at my desire."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Where reigned a king for seven days alone?
2. What tribute-gatherer did Israel stone?
3. Who o'er the host of Reuben had command?
4. Where died a king by his own children's hand?
5. With whom did Paul his cloak at Troas leave?
6. From whom did Paul in prison help receive?
7. What king in sheep and wool his tribute paid?
8. What heathen towa was of God's ark afraid?
9. Where Israel laid its leader in his grave.
10. The town which Joshua to Caleb gave.
11. What governor to King Darius wrote?
12. The town where Joab falsely Abner smote.
13. Where to a false god Ahaziah sent.
14. Where in disguise a mighty monarch went.
15. What prince for Judah first his offering gave?
16. Who vainly sought God's word from fire to save?
Sin reigns on earth awhile;
But time is fleeting fast;
The end draws nigh, when Christ shall reign
Over his own at last.

THE EVER

— Saturday, June 13, 1868. —



(Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.)

"The child seemed the mother, the mother the child."—p. 610.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

"WILL you be home early to-night?" said Mrs. Barnton to her husband, as he rose from the breakfast-table, at which, substantial

man as he was in every sense, he had just dispatched a substantial meal.

"No. Why?" he answered, abruptly.

"Because I feel so ill to-day," replied the lady,

with a helpless look, which seemed only to have the effect of irritating the gentleman.

"I will send in the doctor if you like." (Here an interjectional "Oh, no, no"). "But I shall be late to-night; in short, it is a matter of business."

At this point, the third person in the room, a slight young girl, with magnificent dark eyes, rose, and flashed out of the room.

Then, with the name of the inexorable deity whom he worshipped upon his lips, the man of business closed behind him the dining-room door, and, half a minute after, the street-door also.

Mrs. Barnton pushed back her chair and went to the window, from which she almost daily sent a forlorn look after her husband; but before she had moved her tall, drooping figure to the point of view, he had already rounded the corner and was out of sight. She sighed as she dropped into a chair. She had done the same nearly every day for years, but to-day the sigh ended in a little gasping cry.

"What is the matter, mamma?" said the same bright dark girl, re-entering, a few minutes later, in a walking dress, and with a roll of music in her hand, seeing a look of pain contracting her mother's face.

"I feel very ill to-day, Maddie," said the mother. "But you will go to your lessons, love?" she added, yet with a question in her voice and look, as if she waited the decision of her child.

She was answered with a caress such as a mother might have given, and she felt soothed by the touch.

"No, darling mamma, I will not leave you," said the girl.

This mother and daughter were tender to each other with a peculiar tenderness. Madeline, from her earliest childhood, had been her mother's stay. With her alone Madeline had never been in a passion; her presence alone would calm the childish bursts of temper which had earned her the diminutive "Maddie," suggested by her name. That calming influence was more like the restraint which the presence of a child puts upon the passions of its elders, than the result of filial reverence and awe. The child seemed the mother, the mother the child. There was yet another bond between them: they alone, in their little world, were of one blood. Their great dark eyes were of another clime, and the hue which bronzed the mother's brow was but a shade less dusky beneath the transparent smoothness of the daughter's.

A secret trouble deepened the tenderness between them. A fatal craving was creeping upon the weak and gentle woman, and she read the knowledge of it in the eyes of all about her, except those of her child. They alone never glanced

at her suspiciously; they never watched her voice and step with mistrust and the pity which is akin to scorn. The girl saw only suffering in the faltering step and nerveless hands, in the vacant eye and wandering speech. Of late a gleam of the truth had dawned upon her; but she still found the cause in her mother's weakness and suffering, and spent all the bitterness of the discovery in secret, passionate tears.

Madeline, after caressing and coaxing her mother, ran up-stairs, took off her bonnet, and prepared to spend the day at home. She carried her books, her drawings, her music, in a great heap into the drawing-room. She liked to look at a heap of work; she liked to task herself with impossible tasks. So she prepared for a busy day, first proceeding to make everything comfortable for "poor mamma." She stirred the fire, and piled the cushions on a couch near it, and then went down to fetch her.

Mrs. Barnton, meantime, had gone to the side-board, and swallowed, standing there, a glassful of brandy. She was seated quietly when her daughter entered and playfully offered her arm to conduct her up-stairs. In a very little time she was asleep among the cushions arranged for her.

She woke at length with an irrepressible cry, and Madeline, who had been as still as a mouse, was at her side in a moment.

"What is it, mamma?" said the startled girl.

"Oh, I have such a pain here," she murmured, pressing her hand to her side. "Bring me some brandy, Lena."

Madeline brought it, and, as she saw her carry it eagerly to her lips, she had a wild impulse to dash the glass down. Scarcely had her mother swallowed the spirit, when every breath became a moan of anguish.

With a new and strange tension of feeling, Madeline hovered all day over the couch from which the sufferer refused to stir. Several times she entreated to be allowed to send for the doctor, but was always answered, helplessly, "Wait till papa comes. I shall be better soon." And so the day wore on.

It was late when Mr. Barnton came home, and by that time the pain had ceased. The acute inflammation had done its worst, and had left the vital tissue dead. He looked gloomily at his wife, chid his daughter for sitting up and looking wretched, and so brought to a close the *business* of the day.

In the morning Mrs. Barnton did not get up. This was not quite unusual, and her husband did not exhibit much concern.

"You are not to sit moping in the house to-day, Madeline," he said, preparing to make his exit.

"But if mamma should need me?" she objected,

without much hesitation in her mind as to what she would do in that case.

"She does not need you," was the peremptory reply. "I cannot have you losing your time in this way. You have lost too much already; but your mother has not a particle of consideration." So saying, Mr. Barnton quitted his home, avoiding an encounter with his daughter's eyes, not at that moment remarkable for meekness.

As soon as the closing door announced that he was gone, Madeline flew to her mother, and, stooping over her, begged to be allowed to stay and nurse her.

"What did papa say? He did not like it yesterday," was the answer; "but I was so ill, and it did me good to have you with me, darling."

"Never mind, papa; let me stay."

"What did he say?" murmured the mother, with feeble persistence.

Madeline told the truth.

"Then, don't stay, love. I am better, only weak. Good-bye."

Madeline kissed her, and went off at once, followed fondly by the languid eyes, which rested on her lovingly as she turned at the door, waved good-bye again, and was gone.

She long remembered vividly every line and note of that day's lessons, and yet it seemed at the time that she was not thinking of them at all. As the day advanced, a sudden restlessness and eagerness to get home seized upon her. She almost flew through the streets, where the lamps, already lighted, glimmered down on the black slippery pavement.

Mrs. Barnton did not rise. Several times a servant had gone up to ask if she wanted anything; but she only asked to be allowed to sleep. They sent up food, which she left untasted, and among themselves they whispered, with a significant carelessness, "She will sleep it off."

Madeline was told that her mother was asleep, and she moved softly through the house and waited patiently for her waking. She had gone to sit beside her with a shaded lamp, that she might be with her when she awoke; but she had not been there long before the awful breathless calm struck her, and, lifting her lamp, she went and looked upon the face of the sleeper, and knew, child as she was, that hers was the sleep that knows no waking.

CHAPTER II.—BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

MR. BARNTON stood leaning on the drawing-room mantelpiece, waiting for the announcement of dinner—an unusual thing for him; and waiting with patience—a thing more unusual still. For, in the first place, dinner was generally kept waiting for him; and in the second, he has been known, in the prospect of having to wait for it, to plunge

out of the house and dine, as was surmised, at the nearest hotel. Mr. Barnton held that punctuality was the soul of business, and often gave expression to his conviction in these notable words. He had another phrase, on whose sternly logical basis he stood secure against every argument, and "Business is business" would sometimes fall from his lips; but he was no longer free to use it. His dark-eyed daughter detested it. She flashed at it, and her great eyes showed their opal rings, till her father mentally compared her to a vicious young colt. Never had respectable father so uncomfortable a child.

His attitude of patience is easily explained. On that day business had been suspended. He had had to stand still and look down into the narrow house appointed for all living, to look on at that final winding-up of all earthly concerns in which the balance comes out clear in "dust to dust."

And yet even now, as he stands arrayed in "the trappings and the suits of woe," there is business on his brow, and calculation on his lips. Is he settling accounts with the dead? Is he saying to himself, "She brought me so many thousands. Well, they will be repaid with interest to her daughter. I married as a matter of business, and could not have got on without the money; but she had everything a woman could desire!" He left out one small item—her husband's heart. Conscience, too, would present a little bill for kindness due, calling to mind that day of unpitied pain, and that other day of loneliness and death, on which the account between them closed.

"Well, who could have foreseen the close?" he went on thinking; "and with that frightful habit taking hold of her, perhaps it has not come too soon."

But his calculations took a more practical turn with the appearance of his daughter, her eyes gleaming in big hollows, worn by torrents of weeping that had swept over her like the tornado of her mother's Western isle. She looked at him, and a quivering, like the play of lightning, passed over her face. The desolate girl would have given her heart then and there for a word of love, and the man was not so hard that he could not have spoken it; but reading her look by the light of recent reflections, he took it for reproach, and held his tongue. The moment passed, the young face grew rigid, and the door of out-going affection was closed.

Madeline, it must be confessed, had not been a dutiful daughter, as far as her father was concerned. It is difficult for the child of an imperfect union to be wholly dutiful; and the practical conclusion at which her father arrived before the end of that day's dinner was, that she must be sent to school.

CHAPTER III.—FINISHING.

It must be a hard task, one would imagine, to finish what has never been begun, but such was the task undertaken by Miss Busk in her Establishment for Young Ladies. She undertook to finish their education. Most of the middle-class young ladies who were placed in her hands had never received anything worthy of the name. They had had governesses—nursery governesses, and day governesses—with all the accomplishments and all the incompetency of that ill-paid class of the community; they had learnt to read in a scrambling fashion, and to write what looked very neat and even at a distance, but did not always admit of close inspection as to spelling. A little execrable French, and more execrable music, generally completed their attainments at fourteen or fifteen, the finishing age. Real systematic education had not, in most cases, even been begun. Madeline was older by a year than the latest of these ages, and had fared far better than most of her compeers. Her father had had the sense to see that his daughter's education was suffering, and would suffer, in her mother's hands, and he had dismissed the last of the incompetents, and sent her to attend the classes of an excellent day-school. He would have sent her away long before, but for a lingering feeling for his wife, who would have been utterly desolate without her.

Miss Busk occupied a pair of semi-detached villas, thrown into one, in a pleasant suburb of London. She took only ten young ladies, and very conscientiously did her best to supply the deficiencies of their former training. It was to this lady, strongly recommended by the head of the day-school, that Mr. Barnton resolved to commit his somewhat refractory daughter.

Mr. Barnton lost no time in carrying out his resolution; and Madeline, in the freshness of her first sorrow, was called upon to make preparation for her immediate removal from home. A good deal to her father's astonishment, she made not the slightest opposition to his wishes. It seemed to him that her mother's death had wrought upon her a softening change. But in reality, the change which was in process was a hardening one. The circumstances connected with the loss of her mother had, in the shock of her sudden death, made a sore and deep impression on the sensitive mind of the girl. All that was morbid in the impression, would doubtless have worn away amid the influence of a kindly home, or among sympathising friends; but the morbid strain might easily deepen until it eat into her very heart. Girl as she was, she had begun to look back, and think that her mother's life was yet sadder than her death; that as the child of a mother so little loved, it was better for her to go

away, no matter where, from the same loveless life awaiting her.

Business in London carried Mr. Barnton thither in little more than a fortnight after his wife's death. At the same time he escorted to school the—at present—passive Madeline. For the remainder of the day on which they arrived, he took her to his hotel, where she spent the greater part of the evening alone, and in the morning he drove her without delay to her destination, making the poor child's heart ache in silence, with the bitter thought that he wanted to be rid of her as soon as possible. It is needless to say that the man of business had not the slightest idea that he was inflicting any suffering whatever.

It was a stout, active, motherly-looking lady to whom Madeline was presented by her father, with an apology for hastening the time fixed for her reception. Very kindly Miss Busk received her from his hands; and she was presently sent away with a young German girl, half governess, half lady's-maid, leaving her father to confer in private with the head of the establishment, while Madeline, on her return, was allowed a private leave-taking, which only embarrassed both father and daughter.

The next step was to test Madeline's acquirements, and Miss Busk found that she would be an acquisition to the school; and as such, introduced her to her future companions. But Madeline in her mourning dress looked quite plain; and in her suffering not quite pleasant, and did not make at all a favourable impression.

The young lady whose departure would make room for Miss Barnton, had not yet gone; and a special arrangement for the domestication of the latter had to be made for the two or three days during which the former was still to remain in the house. At length the energetic head of the establishment had settled it to her entire satisfaction; and the time drew near when the pupils were allowed to retire to their rooms. Madeline had been appointed to share the apartment of a flaxen-headed, blue-eyed little beauty, who was the pet of the school—the reigning belle, in fact. During the evening, Miss Busk kindly endeavoured to make them specially at home with each other; but the little beauty shrank from the acquaintanceship in a rather noticeable manner. After lessons, a great deal of private conversation had been going on, and at length a request reached Miss Busk, through one of the elder girls, that Fanny might be allowed to give up her room entirely to Miss Barnton, and share that of another schoolfellow.

"I must speak to Fanny," said Miss Busk, annoyed at the request, and thinking it a plot to get possession of the favourite. Going up to the child, she said, rather sharply, "Fanny, I desire you to share your room with Miss Barnton. I

have had another bed put up in it for the purpose, and it cannot now be changed."

The little beauty put on a look which was by no means favourable to her pretensions, and exclaimed, pettishly, "But I do not like to sleep with her: she is black."

The pretty fool would have looked long enough

on the clear, dark face, which could show rose-tints deeper and more delicate than her own, before she had made such a discovery; but she credited the cruel whispers that had passed among her thoughtless companions concerning her darker blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

HOME GOVERNMENT.

SO important did St. Paul esteem home government, that in describing the personal qualifications requisite for a bishop, he makes no special mention of his talent, learning, or eloquence, but looks to his successful discharge of home duties, and requires (1 Tim. iii. 4) that he shall be "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." Nothing is more attractively beautiful, or rich in diffusive good, than family government well and wisely administered. To see their children as they grow up, devout, dutiful, and blameless, beset as they must be by allurements to evil, yet inexorably faithful to the supreme demands of duty, neither deterred by threats nor seduced by smiles, but going straightforward in the pathway—rugged it may be—of conscientious obedience, is inexpressibly gratifying to parents' hearts, and welcomed as an ample remuneration for years of anxiety and labour. And yet such a household is hardly conscious of control. Successful home government is something so refined and sensitive, so gentle and imperceptible in its action, that it is recognised mainly in its happy results,—in the formation of wholesome habits,—in the benefits of successful discipline,—in uprooting selfishness, and making each the minister and guardian of others' good. Parents who so rule their houses need no marble monument to record their greatness. Children so wisely disciplined for the duties and conflict of life are their living epistles, read and studied by admiring observers, and their children's children will reckon it their high and hereditary distinction to perpetuate the name and inherit the virtues of such forefathers,—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Important as the duties of home government are at all times, it is easy to discover their daily increasing value now. The signs of social transformation are everywhere prominent. Power is irresistibly passing over from institutions to indi-

viduals. No sooner have children laid aside their school lessons, than they begin to take their part on the world's stage, and intermingle with its responsibilities and perils. Knowing, then, that in a few years the members of our families, far removed from our control, will be acting out their principles, and bringing personal influence to bear upon the great questions—social, political, and religious—now gathering deeper solemnity year by year, it becomes a matter of the gravest importance, to "put our houses in order," so as to make "home," as it ought to be, the place of wise and effective discipline, as well as the centre of attractive enjoyments and abiding love.

There can be no sound home government unless parents are possessed with right convictions of their own responsibility. If children are to be trained aright, to whom but their parents is this grave obligation committed? No other persons in the world possess power so supremely commanding as parents over their offspring. Flexible, gentle, confiding, ready to receive impressions, to adopt ideas, or to be moulded into habits, they are plastic as clay in the potter's hand. Nor is this power assumed, but given by the Great Ruler of all to secure the highest and best results. Family government is part of God's government of the world. He gives "power and authority" to parents for the administration of their houses. A well-governed family is a miniature of his universal government. The same dangers, laws, and blessings belong to both. Parents are the representatives of God in their houses, and in obeying them, children obey the Lord. Their administration is narrowed down to the limits of their own family; but within that circle their authority is unlimited. Higher than them, in their lawful administration, there is none; no one can legitimately control them, nor is there any appeal, except to the supreme tribunal, from their decision. They stand next to God, from whom they immediately hold their power, and to whom they must one day render their account. Oh! that all persons, on finding themselves invested with parental relationships, would meditate on their responsibilities! Children are "a heritage

and gift," neither to be trifled with as mere amusements, nor received as unwelcome encumbrances; but "gifts which God has graciously given"—children of sorrow, yet heirs of glory; companions for this life, and more than companions in the next—to act no unimportant part among passing events and duties, but to find their unchangeable destination among the realities yet to be revealed. Oh, that parents would remember that they are endowed with a Divinely-delegated power to rule their houses well, that their children, happy, prosperous, and prepared for both worlds, may "so pass through things temporal as not to lose the things which are eternal!"

The power of parents in home government is never dormant, but acting incessantly, either for good or evil. It forms the atmosphere in which the children live, and move, and have their being. Nature has made them susceptible of the influence of their parents in the highest degree. Even their presence acts upon them as none others' can. Virtue emanates from them for good or evil in indelible results. Their example operates with irresistible effect. Their opinions and sentiments, their common talk to which children listen eagerly as they sit at table,—the notions and feelings brought into play by the events of everyday life,—the friends or visitors that may join the family circle, their opinions, sentiments, and influences,—and all the multifarious agencies, even the most familiar and unassuming, that actively centre on home life—all are stealthily deposited into children's minds, and help to lay the foundation of what they are to be. Just as coral insects in the Southern Ocean build up the strong battlements of islands and continents, the same kind of construction, only still more enduring, is silently going on in families. Parents are every day setting the life-lessons which their children learn with eager voracity, and which they will assuredly act out for themselves when the great struggle of life and its stern realities come on. Parents are doing this by the silent influence of character. The soil is all prepared. Favoured by the sunshine and rain, theirs is the spring-time for planting seeds, which will spring up and reproduce themselves in a harvest of welfare or misery when the sowers' work is done, and they have passed into another world.

But the influences of home life act upon the parents themselves as much as upon the children. It is an egregious error to think that all the care, trouble, and expense bestowed on their children are so much capital sunk for many years, and will yield no profitable return till they are old enough to take their part in the remunerative labours of life. The fact is that the parent is as much better for the child as

the child is for the parent. In the compensating arrangements of life, children, unconsciously in most cases, give back to their parents as much good as they take. Efforts to do good react upon the doer. They "are twice blessed; they bless him that gives and him that takes." Every loving effort, or sacrifice, or plan for their children's good, is recompensed in some way by an abundant and immediate remuneration. In this productive labour the reaper overtakes the sower. There is no wearisome waiting. The soil which receives this precious seed yields an instantaneous return in parental satisfaction and bright hope. The duty of providing for their family has often constrained them to adopt such habits as proved the source of untold blessing to the parents themselves. The endeavour to govern their household well has proved such an invaluable self-government for them, that many parents gladly acknowledge they owe everything to their children. The virtues which encircle their name with honour, and the competency which makes life easy, are due to the self-denial, diligence, and forethought which the responsibilities of home life compelled them to exercise. No motive operates more powerfully to make men kind, provident, sober, and devout, than the desire to secure by every means the abiding comfort and well-being of their children; so that it sounds strange, but is literally true, in instances beyond number, that the children have been the making of their parents. And perhaps their safeguard and restorers too. For if all other remonstrances fail to rescue an ill-doing father from his perilous ways, to tell him the effect which his vicious folly must have upon his children, will sometimes arrest and bring him to sorrow and amendment. "You seem," I would say to such a one, "to have thrown down every barrier of self-respect, to have already sacrificed everything that ought to be valued by you as a man and a husband; you have blasted your prospects, ruined your comforts, done your utmost to quench your wife's love, and well nigh broken her heart. Still, there are yet your children. Do you not see that you are dragging them down to poverty and shame, and even perhaps to crime? And are you, who ought to defend them from the least stain of evil, willing to poison the fountain-head of their life, turn the whole stream into bitterness, and consign your own offspring to waste their years among pollutions fouler and more wretched than your own? Can you bear the thought of forfeiting their love for ever, and putting such a separation between your children and yourself, that they can never think of you but with shame, and never hear your name mentioned without a blush?"

Children's preparation for life is accomplished mainly at home. I neither forget nor underrate

the influence of schools; nor would I overrate it. But it is in vain to expect that a few hours spent daily in the routine of school lessons will effectually counteract the evils that thickly assail them outside the school walls. Good and wholesome discipline, so far as it consists in training the will, subduing the temper, and forming habits of order, punctuality, and industry, is one great object in all well-managed schools; but it is when the strain is taken off, and the child's energies are left free and unfettered, as at home, that character takes its permanent shape. Whenever the two shall be combined, when the self-control and wholesome instructions of school are encouraged by the parents, and brought into active operation among the claims and duties of home life, then may we hope to see growing up around us a community rich in the possession of every-day virtues, and, beyond that, ennobled with the hopes of a higher inheritance in another world.

It cannot be urged too forcibly that sound home government will not flourish to maturity where there is no religion. Family government, unlike that of a country, is not based upon legal enactments, to be enforced by the fear of penal results. Wise home government appeals not to fear, but to the affections and the conscience. It is a sad hour for any house when love and the sense of filial duty fail to uphold its authority. Even the whisper of resorting to any more stringent measures grates upon the delicate sensitiveness of home life, and disturbs its harmony. Some families are ruled with ease. They all seem to govern themselves. They "perceive and know what things they ought to do, and have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same." But these are the exceptions.

Children are not exempt from the hereditary taint of sinful nature. Till the tree is made good, the fruit will not be good. The evil treasure of the heart will bring forth evil things. Slight and venial faults, which spring rather from the inexperience and thoughtless impetuosity of youth than any intentional wrong-doing, may be wisely passed over. Such failings, it may be expected, will cure themselves. Other faults may assume a graver type, and reveal tendencies which must be met with decisive treatment. When parents see their children listening to temptation, or struggling feebly against it, and already beginning to yield, their position thus becoming every day more critical and perilous, and needing consummate tact and tenderness, lest the mischief should be aggravated by unwise interposition—at such times the reality and wisdom of their personal religion is brought to the test. A great pressure is then put upon the parents' faith in God; but the pressure upon filial obedience is still greater. The peril to

both is extreme. The evils which visit the young grow bolder and more aggressive, while yet their sense of duty and the whispers of conscience become feebler and more obscure. Other restraints, too, they feel, are giving way one by one, leaving them "naked and defenceless to their enemies." When things come to this, an anxious Christian parent knows that he has then but one resort—appeal to God as his God in this hour of peril, and unless he can summon his family before the throne of God, and spread before him in united faith their sins and woes, sorrows and fears, in penitent confession and heartfelt prayer, supplicating Divine forgiveness and "grace to help"—unless he can do this, there is a wound and an injury inflicted already upon the peace and happiness of that home, which may never cease to fester in cold looks, and waning sympathies, and ever-widening alienation. And who can tell what the end of these things shall be? But we must take care how we introduce the solemnities of religion to allay the elements of domestic strife. The history of Eli may warn us of the danger of bringing the ark upon the field of conflict. Nothing invests home government with such deeply-felt power as the consciousness of the personal religion of parents. But it must be sterling and true. Any suspicion of alloy or insincerity in their religious profession, makes such efforts worse than powerless. Children are keen observers, and the consciousness of their own failings makes them blind and severe in their judgment upon parental government. If, then, parents set up a religious standard which is hardly consistent with the habits of their own defective life, the household feels that they come to them armed with an unusual weapon which they have not the skill to use, and smile inwardly at their feeble and inconsistent zeal. Religion, as an element of power in home government, must be above suspicion, genuine, and sincere. Many a man that never heeded religious duties for his own sake, feels bitterly his naked deficiency when he sets himself to rebuke the grave and growing evils of his household. He tries to work upon the lower motives which worldly men have readily at hand, but they fail; he knows there is one sword, and only one, that, if brandished by a Hand mightier than his, would conquer and subdue; but it is the Sword of the Spirit, and that sword he never learnt to handle. And now he wants it, but can do nothing. To his intense regret, he sees his children led as helpless captives by sin, from which he might have delivered them, if he had been a good soldier of Jesus Christ himself, and had known what it was to overcome his enemies by the blood of the Lamb.

Family worship, if rightly conducted, is an agency of immense power in home government.

Parents who from shame, or fear, or personal indecision, or prejudice created by the admitted or disguised inconsistencies of others, or any of the numberless objections to domestic worship, have no idea to what extent their home government is enfeebled from their neglect of this agency. If they mean to govern their children and their household well, let them meet together day by day—if twice a day, so much the better—for the duties of Scripture reading and united prayer. Shun everything tedious, formal, unreal. Let the service be full of life, solemn, not too long, pithy, pointed, natural, easy to be understood, suited to their every-day wants, seeking help for daily duty, and strength to shun daily temptation. Let the priestly father who leads their devotions feel that in his sacred functions he is the representative of the house to God, presenting their cases, and mediating for Divine mercy, while each member of the household feels, too, that he has a personal interest in that holy solemnity,—and who can

calculate the results which such duties, devoutly fulfilled, must produce on family government? Then you touch the mainspring that regulates the movements of home life. You gain united access to the altar of the Divine Presence, and invoke His gracious power to order each unruly will, and subdue each sinful affection. It is no longer you that guide the house. You then solemnly place the reins in the hands of the Divine Ruler of all things, and beseech Him, with your household kneeling around you, to guide you with his counsel, deliver you from all evil, and bring you in safety to your heavenly home.

All this is not easy. This sketch of home government may create the impression of sins, errors, negligences. Be it so. The sense of want must ever precede the earnest striving for better things. Remember the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER IV.



IMMEDIATELY after his arrival at Jerusalem, in the beginning of September, 1867, Lieutenant Warren laid bare the south wall of the Haram, near its eastern extremity, in two places—at the south-east angle (marked *ε* in the Plan, given at page 584), to the depth of 20 feet beneath the present surface; and more to the west (about midway between *ε* and *ρ*, but somewhat nearer to *ε*, in the Plan), to the depth of 16 feet. This work was suddenly stopped by the Pacha. Subsequently, however, Lieutenant Warren obtained greater powers; and his own admirable tact in using those powers enabled him to pursue his work without any serious interruption.

As any excavation, commenced at the surface of the ground near the Haram wall, was thus prevented, like a true engineer, Lieutenant Warren, being determined to ascertain what the foundations of that wall were like, sunk a shaft at some distance from the wall itself to the south of it, and then excavated a gallery from the bottom of his shaft northwards in the direction of the wall. He opened his shaft 40 feet to the south of the south-east angle (*ε* in Plan), and sunk it to the depth of 53 feet. Here, beneath the present surface, he came upon a massive wall that was found to abut upon the Haram wall at *ε*, and to run from it towards the south; also at the short distance of only 15 feet he found a second buried wall, 4 feet thick, built into the other wall, and

running from it at right angles towards the west and parallel to the Haram wall. Great difficulties were experienced in mining through these walls, the stones being very large and very hard. The stones of the buried lower courses of the Haram wall were discovered here to be either 4 feet or 4 feet 6 inches in height; and all, except the lowest course resting on the rock (which was found to have been partially levelled to receive it) and the next course above it, were dressed after the manner of the Jewish masons (to be described and illustrated hereafter) with the evident intention of being visible, and, therefore, originally they were placed above the ground. The buried wall was traced for 300 feet to the south from the Haram wall, and a tower was there found, from which the wall took a south-westerly direction. These discoveries will be found to have been carried out more completely when the exploration was resumed later in the year.

There remains to be noticed a series of shafts that were sunk before July last in the Tyropeon valley, nearly in a line westwards with the wall *ε ρ*, but a little to the north of such a line, and where the line of dots appears in the Plan near the letter *ρ*. At this point the valley measures from its western crest to the Haram wall about 310 feet. Here, commencing westwards, at 285 feet from the Haram wall, the first of five shafts was sunk through a common garden soil, until, at 21 feet 6 inches, a slab of polished limestone was



(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Gaily down the mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Mark the sparkling torrent glide
• To the mighty ocean."—p. 620.

found covering a passage (now used as a sewer) cut in the rock, through which a current of water was observed to be flowing.

The second shaft, sunk 250 feet from the Haram wall, came upon a pier of masonry measuring 3 feet by 4 feet, in which was the entrance to a circular cistern lined with cement 2 feet thick, and having its roof slightly domed. Galleries, which were driven north and west from this shaft, at 12 feet 6 inches each way, came upon similar piers, with fallen arches between them. The whole appeared to have formed a kind of colonnade or bazaar, running east and west. It had been built of a sandstone, well-dressed, and having a flooring (much disturbed) of finely-dressed limestone laid in squares. This relic of a Jerusalem beneath that city which now stands in the open air and upon the present surface of the ground, was found to be closed towards the north. The rock here is 18 feet below the surface.

At 216 feet from the Haram wall, the third shaft at 12 feet in depth came upon a small arch in a line with the north wall discovered by shaft No. 2; and at 18 feet deep another polished limestone pavement was reached. Below this pavement, débris of cut stones; and resting on the rock, here 32 feet below the surface, a wall of squared and dressed stones was found running north and south.

Still advancing eastwards, at 182 feet from the Haram wall, a fourth shaft at the depth of 12 feet came upon the remains of building stones and a part of a white marble column 1 foot in diameter. These ruins appeared to form a part of the colonnade first discovered by shaft No. 2. At the depth of 22 feet a row of stones was laid bare, and also the mouth of a cistern excavated in the rock. Amongst the rubbish in this cistern, which is square and with a flat roof, was a piece of marble pavement. The sides of the cistern itself are lined with cement, two feet thick. Two man-holes open into it, but there is no entrance for water; and, accordingly, it may be considered to have been an ancient receptacle for grain.

The fifth of these shafts, at the distance of 82 feet from the Haram wall, had just been commenced, when Lieutenant Warren suspended his works in the city until after the summer heat should have subsided. At 2 feet beneath the surface a small arch and some vaulted passages, apparently for water, were discovered; and it was observed that all the stones that were disclosed by these shafts in the line of the colonnade had been cut in the same style. Lieutenant Warren, in his Reports, takes leave of this shaft No. 5, with the remark that he expects from it, when in a more advanced condition, results that probably may prove competent to explain the

true character of that portion of the Tyropœon valley which adjoins the line of the western wall (from F to G in the Plan) of the Haram; and when we rejoin him again, and follow with him his autumn explorations, we have the gratification to learn that, after he had added to the number of his earlier shafts, his expectations were realised even beyond his hopes. It now remains for me to communicate Lieut. Warren's graphic description of what an exploration shaft, sunk through the débris and rubbish and earth down to the solid rock at Jerusalem, really is; together with an account of the processes employed by this famous explorer in shaft-sinking, and of the appliances and means that have been at his disposal.

It was not, however, from his shaft No. 5 that Lieutenant Warren ultimately obtained that remarkable reward for his zealous perseverance which was in store for him. This shaft, indeed, after it had been sunk to the depth of 24 feet 6 inches, was abandoned, in consequence of its having become dangerous, and at the distance of 10 feet to the N.W. of it a fresh shaft was commenced. Here, at the depth of 14 feet, a floor was found, and a passage with small communications leading north, west, and south, "the last being a recess like a baker's oven." Also, at 9 feet below the surface, here was discovered the entrance to a shaft which led, through its arched roof, to a chamber full of stones and rubbish. The floor of this chamber was found to be 36 feet 6 inches below the present surface, and after the plaster flooring had been broken through, at 40 feet 6 inches below the surface, the rock appeared; the chamber itself measured 18 feet by 11 feet 6 inches, and in all probability it was used as a tank. From this chamber a gallery sloping downwards was driven towards the Haram wall. While this work was in progress, a sixth shaft was sunk in the same line with the others, but between shafts Nos. 4 and 5, and 162 feet from the Haram wall. This shaft No. 6 was carried through an old plastered chamber; then it passed, at the depth of 21 feet 3 inches, a strong wall of hammer-dressed stones running north and south; and, still lower down, at the depth of 26 feet 10 inches, it reached the remains of a more massive wall, upwards of 14 feet thick, running east and west. Three courses of stones only were found, and the lowermost of them rested on the rock at the depth of 30 feet. The rock here had been scarped away for 4 feet, and then it had been cut down in steps, the lowest point being 37 feet 6 inches below the surface. Though certainly very ancient, the masonry of this wall is not in keeping with that of the Haram wall. Abutting on this wall is another, running north and south, and supported by a buttress.

At the distance of 54 feet from the remains of "Robinson's Arch" in the Haram wall, and at the depth of about 55 feet, the gallery from the new No. 5 shaft was found to have accidentally been carried along an ancient artificial cutting in the solid rock until it was stopped by a mass of masonry, constructed of fine bevelled stones of great size, and evidently still remaining in their original position. This masonry, of which three courses remain, proved to be the lowermost portion of the original western pier of "Robinson's Arch"—the very relic for which Lieutenant Warren was in search, this arch having its eastern springing, as will be remembered, issuing from the solid masonry of the Haram wall itself. The remains of the pier Lieutenant Warren describes to be formed of "splendid stones" of a peculiarly hard texture, of great magnitude, and in perfect preservation; the lowest course, resting on the rock, is 3 feet 6 inches high, and the next 3 feet 9 inches—the height of the large stones still visible, above the present surface of the ground, in the Haram wall. The pier was rather more than 12 feet in thickness east and west; and it was constructed, not as a solid mass, but so built with the great stones that I have mentioned that it had a hollow space in the inside, with openings leading to this space through the exterior masonry; and thus the whole pier may be said to have been made up of smaller ones. This singular style of pier construction Lieutenant Warren considers to be characteristic of some particular epoch, probably before the arch was in general use; and yet it certainly differs altogether from the massive styles of Egypt and Assyria.

East of these remarkable and most interesting remains of this arch-pier, and on a level with the rock-surface, a pavement of stone was found to extend towards the Haram wall; and here, on this pavement, upwards of 50 feet beneath the present surface, when they had cleared away a cavern-like space sufficiently large for them to examine the ancient relics that were lying before them, the explorers discovered, ranged in two lines north and south, and "huddled together just as they fell, the actual *voussoirs*," or wedge-shaped arch-stones, "of which, when in its complete condition, the great viaduct of 'Robinson's Arch' had been constructed." That viaduct had led from the Jerusalem on the western portion of the rock-plateau that formed the site of the city, over the Tyropœon valley, to the Temple on Zion—the eastern portion. It was the approach from the city to the Temple; and they, in ancient times, who went to the Temple from the city, passed over this very causeway. The great arch, its span 41

feet 6 inches, and its width upwards of 50 feet, which supported this causeway, was broken down by command of Titus, when at length the whole of Jerusalem had fallen into his power; and the arch-stones, hard, and their forms still as clearly defined as when they fell, and each one weighing at least 20 tons, may now be seen in the excavated cavern at the bottom of Lieutenant Warren's shaft, preserved in safety while hidden from sight through eighteen centuries by the gradually accumulating covering of ruins and earth, that at length rose 50 feet above them. I know of no relic of ancient times that is more interesting than this broken archway. The apostles must very often have passed over it, while yet the arch remained entire; and so, also, must their Master and ours often have passed over it with them. Once before, another Roman, Pompey, had caused the viaduct at this same spot to be beaten down. Herod the Great had reconstructed the archway, as it was during the time the Redeemer frequented the Temple—as it was, also, when Titus, unconsciously fulfilling the Redeemer's prediction, commanded its final demolition. Titus himself had stood on this same archway when he made his last appeal to the frantic Jews: the Temple had already fallen, and Zion was in the hands of their Roman enemies, and they themselves had fallen back on their last possible refuge—then, however, no longer tenable—on the western hill; and Titus held a parley with the Jews, and summoned them to surrender. Their obstinate refusal was swiftly followed by the final catastrophe; and, in the midst of the surrounding ruin and destruction, the Roman engineers demolished the famous archway. A stone or two remained clinging to the grand enclosure-wall, from out of which they marked the springing of the arch; the rest of the arch fell with a crash upon the massive pavement below. A traveller from a hemisphere then unknown, after eighteen centuries had nearly passed away, discovered the springers of the arch, just visible above the enormous heap of accumulated soil that had almost filled the valley and obliterated its presence, and so the arch itself came to be called by his name, "Robinson's Arch;" and, a little later still, an English lieutenant and sergeant discover the fallen arch-stones, and they clear away the earth and ruins that cover them sufficiently to admit of a comparatively free access to these wonderful stones, and they light up this strange cavern with *magnesium light*, and so they both pursue their own researches and receive the visits of anxious and curious strangers.

(To be continued.)

THE WATERFALL.

AILY down the mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Watch the sparkling torrent glide
To the mighty ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,
Silv'ry laughter flinging;
Hark! what fairy feet I hear,
Down the rough rock springing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,
Obstacles unheeding,
Onward to its home, the sea,
Mark the torrent speeding.

Stones that fain its course would stay,
Bathing with its blessing;
Drooping flow'rets by the way
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,
On it speeds in brightness;
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,
Pausing, resting never,
Till old Ocean's arms outspread,
Welcome it for ever!

Down life's rugged mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Streams of human kindness glide,
On to Love's great ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,
Tones of comfort flinging;
Hark! what willing feet I hear,
Joy to mourners bringing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,
Obstacles unheeding,
Onward to Love's endless sea,
Mark the torrent speeding.

Foes that fain its course would stay,
Bathing with its blessing;
Drooping spirits by the way
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,
On it speeds in brightness;
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,
Pausing, resting never,
Till Love's mighty arms outspread
Welcome it for ever!

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROOKLYN HALL.

RS. BROOKLYN was busy at work on a sumptuous piece of embroidery. The materials with which she was embroidering were wools of brilliant colours, and which lay in a basket on the table. The only other occupant of the room was Sir Hugh Macbriar, who was sitting in the bay-window, reading the *Times*.

Sir Hugh was silent and reflective by nature, and never had much to say. The widow's loquacity had been held in check the last half-hour, since the time Sir Hugh had received the paper, and had been, as she said, "gloating over it." But her self-restraint could not last much longer.

"Is not that a sweet rose, Sir Hugh?" said she, laying the gorgeous piece of colouring, with which she was busy, on her knee, and endeavouring to draw his attention to the part she had just completed. "So like nature!"

"It is very pretty, I am sure," said Sir Hugh, scrutinising it through his glass; his heart, all the time, secretly going after the leading article.

"I was sure you would say so, you are such

a capital judge. And now, I want your advice: which of these greens would you ground with? So much depends on the grounding, you know. *This*, or *that*?" And she held a number of skeins of wool before him.

Sir Hugh was a member of Parliament and a politician, but he looked puzzled.

"I think, perhaps, I should choose this," said he, hazarding the opinion, and touching the skein as if he was afraid it would burn him.

"And so I think. Your opinion exactly accords with mine. Isn't it curious?"

An idea dawned into Sir Hugh's mind, that he ought to make some little smart speech implying a compliment; but his natural slowness and pompousness prevented him from getting it out before the entrance of the footman, with a card laid on a silver waiter. It was too late then. Sir Hugh, having just opened his lips, shut them again. Mrs. Brooklyn took up the card.

"Why, it is Mr. Sylvester; how glad I am! Show him in at once," added she to the footman.

The footman sped swiftly away on his errand. Sir Hugh looked uneasy, and wished he had made his speech sooner.

"He is such a favourite of mine!" continued the widow, with fervour. "And his sister is such a darling! I dote on her—positively dote!"

Sir Hugh had no time to answer. In walked Raymond Sylvester. He was a trifle pale, and there was a look of trouble in his eyes, that he had not been able to get rid of. But how handsome he was! In respect of personal attractions and address, how incomparably Sir Hugh's superior!

"I am so glad to see you!" said the widow, rising, and letting a host of reds, and whites, and blues, and yellows drop on the floor. "I began to think you had forsaken Brooklyn," and her jewelled hand was offered cordially to Raymond.

Raymond, all courtesy and smiles, made the neatest, trimmest little speech that it was in the power of man to improvise. The widow laughed, and blushed. Sir Hugh, who was on the floor, picking up the wools, looked as grim as an ogre.

"I am sorry to give you that trouble, Sir Hugh," said Mrs. Brooklyn, with a beaming smile. "Thank you; there is one more, just under the piano. Ah, yes, let Mr. Sylvester reach it. He is young and active, you know; it won't hurt him to stoop and to scramble."

Sir Hugh's face, which had been red with the un-wanted exertions he had made, turned pale, and almost livid. He darted a look at Raymond.

Raymond returned it by a courteous bow. Nothing could exceed his politeness to Sir Hugh.

In spite of this, however, Sir Hugh had but a sorry time of it. Raymond could talk far better than he could, and the conversation was kept up briskly, without allowing space for any observations he might have wished to make. In fact, he might have read his paper unmolested in the bay-window, had he chosen. But circumstances alter cases. Sir Hugh did not choose. All he could do was to sit stiff and sullen, while Mrs. Brooklyn and Mr. Sylvester were enjoying themselves. Things came, at length, to a climax.

"I shall not let you go," said Mrs. Brooklyn, as Raymond gave signs of departure, "without taking a bouquet for that darling Alice. How naughty of her not to come!"

Another bright little speech. Sir Hugh thought he must have learned them from a book. He could not have made such a speech, if it had been to save his life!

Again, the widow blushed and smiled. Then, with her most benignant air, she said—

"You have never seen my conservatory, Mr. Sylvester. Come, we will get the bouquet ourselves. Sir Hugh wants to be rid of us, that he may read his paper."

We! Ourselves! Sir Hugh was absolutely speechless.

Raymond, perfect master of the occasion, led the comely mistress of Brooklyn from the room. The conservatory was not far off—it opened, in all its tropical beauty, from the drawing-room—and thither the two directed their steps.

Mrs. Brooklyn chattered incessantly.

"Don't you think I have improved the old place?"

said she. "I can't tell you what it will cost me. Something positively enormous; but I like to do things on a grand scale. See, we must have that rose to begin with. Thank you, I have my scissors. Is not this heliotrope sweet? As many geraniums as you like. I dote on colour; colour is everything, poor papa used to say, in this climate, where we live in a perpetual grey. Very warm, isn't it? But I love warmth. India would be the place for me, with all those delightful humming-birds, and things. See, there is a nosegay for you!"

She had gone from flower to flower, and he had stood and watched her. She wore a dress of black *moiré-antique*, with heavy velvet trimmings. Her dark hair, very abundant, but not fine, or glossy, was enclosed in a crimson net with threads of gold. The rings on her fingers sparkled and shone as she moved about, cutting first one flower and then another. When she had finished, she offered the bouquet to him.

"With my love to the dear girl!" meaning Alice.

One double geranium of great beauty she kept back. He could not but take the hint. He knew she meant that he should ask for it, for his own. By this time, the part he was acting had grown intolerable. The sharp agony he had been suffering had been somewhat dulled by the change of scene and place, and the excitement of his position. But as he stood before the voluminous mistress of Brooklyn, enduring her smiles and courtesies, the bitter pang came back again. He asked for the flower; he bore up tolerably well, while she gave it to him, with new smiles and fresh condescensions. But he could do no more. He took a hasty leave, and hurried to his carriage. Safe there, where no eye could see, the man crouched down, and writhed with the tortures he was suffering. And then he rose, his face pale and almost fierce in its expression, and tearing the scarlet flower from its place, as though its presence were a blight and a curse, he flung it far away. Would he could have flung the burden from his heart as well!

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALICE PAYS CHARLEY A VISIT.

"Of course I am the person most to be pitied," said Charley. "I am always ill; and Harold never has anything the matter with him."

"But your brother must feel the change," said Alice, half reproachfully.

"Oh, he feels it, but nothing to what I do. Besides, it was, after all, his own fault. He should have thought of me, and not of those nasty creditors."

A slight colour rose to Alice's cheek at the ill-omened word.

"He ought not to have done as he did. All our friends said so, and they were very angry with him."

"I wish you would tell me about it, Charley," said Alice, in rather a tremulous voice, and the look of interest deepening in her face. "You did not make me understand exactly what you meant."

"I can soon tell you," said Charley, who was

always rather imperious as well as exacting—the result of his early training; “it was the most ridiculous thing in the world, and no one but Harold would have thought of doing so. When poor papa and mamma died,” here his tone softened a little, “and we two orphans were left; a nice estate came to Harold. Papa left no will, and Harold took everything, and could do what he liked.”

“Yes—yes,” said Alice, eagerly.

“Well, we came to England—and, would you believe it?—he called a meeting of papa’s creditors? There were a great many of them, and some must have been ruined, no doubt,” added Charley, without an atom of feeling, “and some had been ruined already; but they all came, like a swarm of locusts, to see what they could get.”

There was a bright light in Alice’s eyes, as though her whole soul was kindled into vivid interest.

“Well, Charley, and what happened?” said she.

“Oh, then Harold made a speech. I was there, because I was so angry. I would go, just to see what he would do. He made a speech, to say how grieved he was, that any one present should have suffered on account of *us*. And each person was to send in his claim to the lawyer, and he should be paid as far as the estate would go. Was it not a shame?”

Alice was wiping away a tear with the corner of her laced handkerchief.

“Of course that meant that we ourselves should be beggared. When all the debts were paid, there was not a farthing left. The whole estate was gone!”

“But you were out of debt, Charley,” said Alice, feelingly.

“Yes, we were. It was a great shame though. It made me so ill, I thought I should have died. It was so cruel of Harold. And then he had to go to that horrid mill, and work all among the looms. Is it not shocking, Miss Sylvester?”

“Not so shocking Charley as being in debt.”

“I never cared much about that,” said Charley, in a tone of unconcern. “I wanted us to be comfortable, and to keep the carriage. Only think how terrible it has been for *me*! I have had to lie here all day by myself, and with no one to speak to.”

“Don’t you think it is as bad for—for your brother?” said Alice, a faint flush rising to her cheek.

“Oh, Harold does not mind! He is out from morning till night; but as for me— Oh, Miss Sylvester, it is dreary work!” said Charley, with a sigh.

Alice glanced round the room. It was very bare, even of comforts. The last time she had seen Charley, it had been at an hotel, in a handsome apartment, and surrounded with luxuries.

“Poor Charley,” said she, pityingly, “we must see what we can do to cheer you up. Have you any books?”

“The landlady brings me a novel, now and then, from the circulating library; but I am getting tired of novels.”

“I don’t wonder at that, Charley. The utmost a novel can do is to amuse you for a little time. When

the excitement goes off, it leaves you just as it found you.”

“That it does! And I never was fond of reading. Harold is the *maz* for books.”

Again the slight flush upon her cheek. Then she said, “You must read the books I shall bring you, Charley. See, I have one here. This is the kind of reading for you.”

Charley grasped it eagerly.

“Why, this is a religious book!” cried he. “This would do for Harold.”

“No, Charley, I meant it for *you*. It is a book written for those persons upon whom God has been pleased to lay some affliction. It tells them how they may be able to bear it; and it tells them,” continued Alice, her voice growing more solemn and earnest, “of One who suffered far more than they ever could—you know who that is, Charley?”

“Yes,” said Charley, in a softened tone; “mamma used to talk in that way when she was ill.”

“Charley,” continued Alice, still earnestly, “don’t you think it would comfort you, and make you bear your trial better, if you thought more of Christ; if you loved him; and if, all the long hours you lay here alone, his presence was with you, making you happy?”

“I think it would,” faltered Charley, in the same subdued tone, his querulous spirit, for the moment, laid to rest.

Her visit had a happy influence upon him, though that influence did not last. When she was gone, he looked into his book, for a few minutes, and then lay musing on the sofa, his finger between the leaves.

“I wish Harold would come,” he at length said to the woman who brought up the tea; “he never thinks of *me*!”

“Indeed, Mr. Charley! and it’s my opinion as he don’t often think of anything else,” replied the woman, resenting the attack on her favourite.

“Why doesn’t he come then?” continued Charley, peevishly. “He knows I haven’t been out all day.”

“He couldn’t help that, Master Charley; and I am sure you haven’t hurt,” said the goodnatured landlady. “You’ve had the beautifullest lady as ever was, to keep you company all the afternoon!”

“I’d need have somebody,” grumbled Charley, a little mollified, in spite of himself, at the thought of the lovely face, that had brought such comfort with it. “And she was pretty!”

“Pretty! I wonder what he would have,” thought the landlady, as she went down for the kettle. “If Queen Victoria herself come to see him, I don’t suppose he’d be content!”

Ere the landlady could come back with the kettle, Harold had returned. He had heard some rumour or other, down-stairs, for he came up with a glow on his face, and his eyes sparkling.

“Well, Charley, so she has been at last!”

“I thought you would never come at all, Harold,” said Charley, fretfully. “It is nearly half-past six.”

“I was detained, dear, that was all. So Miss Sylvester has been,” repeated Harold, taking up a bunch of violets from the table.

"Yes, and brought me those violets. It is a good thing somebody *does* take a little notice of me."

Harold brought a vase from the cupboard, a relic of better days, and began to put the violets in water. He handled them with the utmost tenderness. When he had done, he glanced up at the chair in which Alice had sat. Everything connected with her was of interest to him. He would have liked to know what she said, how she looked, and a hundred other things; but it was no good to ask. Charley was cross, and wanted his tea. And when he had had his tea, he was still cross. He refused to speak of Alice, or, indeed, of anything but his own complaints; and when he had fairly grumbled himself out, he let Harold carry him off to bed.

By this time, Harold looked jaded and weary; but when the pallid face had settled itself on the pillow, and the curtains had been drawn, Harold came back to spend the rest of the evening by himself. Then he sat down at the table, and, for once, neither read nor wrote. The busy head and hand were idle. But, in truth, he was thinking of Alice. And on he thought, his eye bright, his cheek flushed, till the waning candle and the dying embers warned him to retire. And then he rose, and, bending over the bouquet of violets, kissed it tenderly.

CHAPTER XXV

MR. HEATHERLY TAKES POSSESSION.

THE half-past six train ran into the Newbury station punctual to a minute. It was an express, and did not often vary. From out a first-class carriage there stepped a young man, slightly but compactly made, with light hair and beard, the latter carefully trimmed, and an air of semi-dandyism about him, from his glossy hat to his well-polished boots. He began instantly to call about him—

"Now then, porter, your attention, if you please! I have a whole cargo of luggage."

"What name, if you please, sir?"

"Francis Heatherly, Esquire, 12, Gower Street, Newbury."

"Yes, sir; you be the gentleman as come into Miss Graham's money," said the porter, looking at him with a little curiosity.

The disposition of Miss Graham's property, had been a nine days' wonder in Newbury.

Francis Heatherly was walking along the platform towards the van, to show the porter his luggage. The gaslight shone full on his face, and disclosed a pair of light blue eyes, and thin lips, that had rather a trick of compressing themselves together. He had a quick, firm tread, and his manner was that of a man who never mistrusts himself, let him be doubtful of anybody else.

His luggage was, as he said, a cargo. It took some time to get out all the numerous boxes and packages stowed into the van, and with the name of Heatherly upon them.

"You will want a couple of cabs, sir," said the porter.

"Of course I shall!"

He had a brisk, off-hand way of speaking. The porter, who looked upon him as a personage of importance, attended to him sedulously. In as short a space as could be, he and his luggage were rattling along to Gower Street. He had a memorandum-book in his hand, and every now and then he kept jotting down items. When the cab stopped, and he entered the old projecting house in Gower Street, he made one note more.

The housekeeper, in a black silk, and her best cap, came out to meet him. The light blue eye ran over her carelessly.

"I am sure, I am very glad to see you, sir," began the woman, curtsying and obsequious.

"Exactly. Just see to my luggage, will you, Mrs.— What is your name, pray?"

"Mrs. Harris, at your service, sir."

"Mrs. Harris, I want all these packages and boxes put into a spare room, on the ground-floor."

"In course, sir; there's the study just handy."

"Then see to it, will you?"

He did not go away. He stood on the stairs, watching the proceeding carefully. When the last box had been stowed away, he said, making another note in his book—

"Now show me to my room, if you please."

There was something in the man, with his cold blue eye, and imperative manner, which gave you the impression that, in whatever state or station Providence should place him, he meant to be master of it.

The landlady preceded him up the stairs, her lamp in her hand. He went up the antique staircase with its statues, and its vases, and the pictures on the landing, looking just as they did when Raymond had stepped briskly up that same staircase, to visit Josephine.

His bedroom had been prepared for him, and a fire was burning brightly. He took the lamp from the housekeeper's hand, and went in.

"When should you like dinner to be served, sir?"

"In ten minutes."

He had looked as spruce, and well got up, as need be, in spite of his seven hours' travel; but when, in precisely ten minutes (he was the soul of punctuality), he entered the old-fashioned dining-room, he was sprucer still. He had changed his travelling-dress for a new suit of superfine mourning. His hair was oiled and perfumed, and a ring sparkled on his finger.

"Quite a gentleman, one can see at a glance!" said the housekeeper, complacently.

She was very fond of his society. While he ate his dinner off the old family plate, that had come to him in virtue of Miss Graham's will, she contrived sundry little errands in and out of the room. She hovered about him with a strange kind of fascination. Yet he said very little to her. He was hungry, for one thing, and his dinner was nice; so that a glance, now and then, from the cold blue eye was the utmost vouchsafed to her.

(To be continued.)

ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY.

H, Lilly!" cried a bright handsome boy of eight, as he ran into the nursery one morning, "what do you think?"

The little girl thus spoken to opened her eyes in utter bewilderment, as much as to say that she didn't know what she was to think. Her brother, however, was too impatient to wait for an answer, so went on—

"Mamma has given me leave to invite Charley Greaves and Willie Marston to tea this evening, because it's my birthday," adding, after a little hesitation, a tiny blush making itself visible on his open countenance, "and she says I may ask Alice to come too, if I like—isn't she a good, kind mamma?"

But oh! how slowly the time seemed to pass. Would evening ever come? The longest day, however, has an end; and so, just as it began to grow dusk—it was winter time—Alfred's friends made their appearance.

"Ah!" he cried, "there's Willie, and there's Charley coming up the garden-walk, and there's—but where's Alice?"

These hurried words were uttered as he stood on a chair, looking through the parlour-window. The next instant he was at the door to receive and welcome his guests.

Alice's absence remained unexplained, until a servant called to say that Miss Alice was on a visit to a relative in the country, and was not expected home for more than three weeks. This was the first thorn in the day's pleasure; but although tears started into his eyes at the moment, he bore his disappointment bravely. When at last tea was over, he brought forth, from some secret corner, the birthday presents which the thoughtful kindness of mamma had procured for him. There was the gold (as he called it) watch and chain, the humming-top, the barking—or rather the squeaking—dog, the little bag quite full of marbles, and last, and best of all, the large and beautiful picture-book, containing the marvellous and exciting adventures of "Jack the Giant-killer."

And when all these beautiful things had been passed round some half-dozen times, nothing would do but that mamma should read the wonderful history of "Jack the Giant-killer."

"Wasn't he a brave boy?" exclaimed Alfred, when the tale was finished. "I should like to have been him!"

"My son," said his mother, closing the book, "though you cannot do what he did, you can be quite as great and noble."

"As great as Jack the Giant-killer, mamma?" he exclaimed, astonished at the very idea of such a thing.

"Yes, my darling," was the reply. "Greatness consists, not so much in killing giants, or in anything the world calls great, as in actions that are in themselves noble and good."

An unusually thoughtful expression spread itself

over the boy's countenance at these words, which he only partly understood, and for a few moments all were silent.

"But come," said his mother, fondly patting his cheek, "let you and your friends try if you can make a new game, and call it 'Jack the Giant-killer.'"

"Oh, capital!" they all cried in the same breath; "come along," highly delighted (and what boy is not?) with something new.

How the game was carried on need not be told; suffice it to say that the time for saying good-night came, and found them still, as Alfred expressed it, "in the very middle of the game."

As he stood at the garden-gate, gazing after his friends until the darkness hid them from his sight, he heard the deep sobs of some one close at hand, and looking over the low wall, he saw a little girl sitting on the cold, frost-covered ground, and crying bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" he asked, in a kindly tone, feeling very sorry for the poor creature. But as no answer came, he stepped outside the gate, and stooping down, took the little girl, who was evidently very young, by the hand, and again asked her why she was crying.

She looked up into his face confidently, and said, "I want to go home."

"Why don't you go, then?" was the innocent rejoinder.

"Don't know where to go," she said, mournfully.

"Come with me, and I'll ask mamma, then," said he, taking her hand again; and leading her into the house, he told his mother where he had found her.

Meanwhile the child, who had been brought from the dark and dismal street into the warm, comfortable-looking room, soon began to forget her troubles, and being attracted by the sight of Alfred's pretty presents, which were still upon the table, she seemed in no hurry to go home. Alfred's mother, however, having discovered where the poor child lived, gave orders to a servant to take her carefully home.

As she was leaving the room, Alfred, who had been attentively regarding her for some minutes, said, "Mamma, may I give her one of my presents?"

"You may, my dear," replied his mother.

When the child was made to understand that she was to take one of those "pretty things," and even, by Alfred's wish, to have her choice, her joy became unbounded. However, after carefully looking at each thing separately, she decided to have the "History of Jack the Giant-killer," which was accordingly handed to her by Alfred, who seemed more pleased at giving it away than he had been to have it.

A tear glistened in his mother's eye, as she repeated the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" then drawing her son to her arms, she said, "Now my son has made himself greater and more noble than Jack the Giant-killer."

R. G. W.

THE BUIVIER

Saturday, June 20, 1868.



(Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.)

"She fancied that Mr. Maxwell's grave politeness in opening the door, had something in it of real alacrity."—p. 623.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—HOME.

IT is not to be wondered at that, after such an introduction, Madeline Barnton was not very happy in her school-life. The girls had been well

reprimanded for their folly and unkindness; but this, if it made them any wiser, failed to make them any kinder, and Madeline speedily became aware of the feeling of aversion toward her which

was fostered by some of her companions, and met it by an ever-increasing reserve and loftiness. Unfortunately, she had been made acquainted with what had taken place on the day of her arrival, and it filled her heart with bitterness, and clouded completely the tender and generous side of her nature. The result of all this was that, in spite of the kindness and even partiality of her teacher, Madeline made up her mind that she was not destined to be happy—or, what was the same thing, that she was not made to be loved. And at length, duly “finished,” she was coming home.

The home to which she returned was not the one she had left. It was a new, and far more magnificent dwelling, out of the sight and smoke of Manchester, and furnished to the best taste of the upholsterer—that is, in the most expensive manner, and with the greatest number of the heaviest articles of furniture that it could be made to hold. Business was rewarding Mr. Barnton’s exclusive devotion to her service. He was building up for himself a fortune which might one day reach colossal proportions; and he had already so far advanced in the work that he could pause to take breath. In one of these pauses he had bethought himself that it would be well to surround himself with more of the outward and visible manifestations of success than he had yet ventured to do.

Madeline had profited sufficiently by her two years’ residence at school. She played well, though she hated the very sound of the piano, as any creature of sensitive organisation might be expected to do who had lived in a house where four of these unlucky instruments had been put to the torture daily, and nearly all day long. She drew tolerably, spoke French like the mother tongue, which indeed it was to her; and above all, had acquired “manner,” though that same manner was somewhat haughty and defiant. Well as she wore it, it was no more a part of her than a suit of chain-armour would have been. She had donned it in what she considered self-defence.

Her father noted with satisfaction the change which was apparent in his young daughter’s demeanour, especially that he could now calculate on a certain amount of deference and obedience to his expressed wishes. He began to be almost proud of her, and to cultivate a circle of acquaintances on her behalf. And so she grew silently into a dark lovely woman, who led a life as hidden as any enchanted princess, in the vicinity of the most matter-of-fact city in the world.

But the girl’s life became more and more intolerable to her. It had, in truth, neither outlet in the present, nor outlook on the future, and her whole soul was rising up in rebellion against it. She had a habit of voracious reading, which kept

her tame at times. But at other times she would pace up and down the dreary drawing-room like a caged creature, till she could almost have dashed herself against the walls.

One day, when she had been more than usually oppressed with the life-weariness which is the natural result of unsatisfied activities of body and mind, she startled her father by asking abruptly, “Are you very rich, papa?”

“Why do you ask?” he said.

“Because I wish we were poor, and that I had to earn my bread,” she replied.

His reply was a string of commonplaces on contentment; but secretly he thought, “Now she begins to be uncomfortable, it is time she was settled in life.” In this opinion he was confirmed when, having bethought himself that some offering to female vanity might promote the contentment, which he desired to see, he brought her a costly gift—a bracelet of virgin gold in the shape of a heavy fetter. With unusual kindness he made her hold out her slender wrist that he might fasten it on, and though she thanked him and tried to look pleased, he could not help seeing the shudder which ran through her frame as he did so, and the swimming eyes with which she turned away from the symbol of slavery.

CHAPTER V.—THE PARTNER.

MR. BARNTON having turned his attention to the business of settling his daughter in life, lost no time in looking round for a suitable partner. He lighted on one ready made, so to speak. George Maxwell had come into the merchant’s service as a probable partner, was well connected, had a little money, and, more than all, was an excellent man of business. He was decidedly handsome, but slow of speech, scarce of smiles, and scant of courtesy. Elderly men praised him, and young ladies admired him, but failed to flirt with him. More than a mere outward acquaintance was needed in order to penetrate to the character of the man, and more than an outward acquaintance he did not yield. He began, however, to be a frequent guest at Mr. Barnton’s table, over which Madeline presided in solitary state.

The topics discussed at that dinner-table were not those which are considered interesting to young ladies. They were usually business topics, such as the state of foreign markets, the rate of discounts, and the condition of manufactures. Mr. Maxwell seemed to make an effort now and then to find something to say to her; but Madeline was sure that they settled into talk more comfortably when she had left them, and she almost fancied that Mr. Maxwell’s grave politeness in opening the door for her exit, had something in it of real alacrity. She had always to spend a con-

siderable interval in the drawing-room alone, and she was not aware that he showed any signs of impatience to be allowed to join her.

His visits were, however, a relief. They roused her to speculate on his character. He was so different from her father; young, handsome, evidently educated, and yet absorbed in the same pursuits, and seemingly with equal devotion. Madeline found herself taking an interest in subjects which she had formerly despised, in the effort to discover what could be their interest to him, over and above the money one, which she hesitated to believe was the sole object of the enthusiasm which animated him.

"I fear we bore you awfully, Miss Barnton," he said, one evening, as he took his cup of tea from Madeline's hands. "You must find the talk about business intolerably dull."

"No, I am beginning to take an interest in it," she answered; "and I am sure it would interest me more if I knew enough about it to make it real to me. Things that are real are so much more interesting than make-believes."

Mr. Barnton was near enough to hear the answer, and he was about to speak in some astonishment, but he thought better of it, and judiciously retired to an arm-chair and the evening paper.

"What do you mean by make-believes?" he returned.

"Well," she replied, with an animation he had never seen her display before, "there are make-believe speeches which don't mean anything, and make-believe work which doesn't do anything, and make-believe pleasures which do not please one, and make-believe lives which are made up of these, and tire one to death."

"Then you would rather have a few plain words that meant something, even if they meant only business."

She assented with a laugh, quite a gay, girlish laugh, which made her dark loveliness radiant with light and warmth.

"I wish I knew what it is that makes the charm of business," she said; "I think I shall go into it on my own account, and find out some day."

"It is the possibilities it involves, for one thing," he answered. "I do not mean altogether chances of gain and loss, but possibilities of action on which these depend. It is like a great game of mingled chance and skill, only more real and more absorbing; and at times of pressure like this it becomes doubly so. And that is not all: with the interests of trade and commerce are bound up many others—the interest of civilisation itself, the lives and well-being of thousands."

He alluded to the American war.

"I never hear you and my father speak of it," she said, inquiringly.

"We have agreed to keep free of it," he

answered, "like sensible men, knowing that we cannot possibly agree on the subject itself."

"Which side do you take?" she asked, eagerly.

"The North," he answered, unhesitatingly.

"I hope—I believe—they will triumph!" she said, in a low tone, almost passionately.

From that evening they were friends.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PARTNERSHIP.

GEORGE MAXWELL was on one of the committees of relief. It formed a subject of real interest between him and Miss Barnton. Still, it was not of the business of his committee that he talked, but of the sufferings and bravery of the unemployed mill-workers. There was one noble fellow, who had hitherto refused help, and who had even shared his savings with others, who was now enduring privation himself, and who even when offered relief, still said, "Not yet—not yet; I can 'clem' a while yet, and mayhap better days will come." Madeline found out all about this man, and resolved to help him after her own fashion—a very wild one; but then she knew nothing of business, though beginning to think it was not such a bad thing, after all.

She had put away all her ornaments out of pure sympathy with "the distress," and was wearing a simple frock of dark serge. So one day she went to her room and gathered together all that she had of gold. There were two chains, several locketts and rings, a pair of earrings, and the hated, heavy golden fetter. She kept back only her mother's wedding-ring, and another that had been hers—not for its costly diamonds, but that she had always worn it. Then making the rest up in a parcel, she sealed it and carried it away with her one afternoon.

Her destination—towards which she proceeded without hesitation—was the quarter of the town in which Mr. Maxwell's hero lived. It was in "Angel Meadow," a dismal misnomer, unless it may be taken to mean that angels grow there, in the shape of multitudes of little children, yearly transplanted from its filthy alleys to their native heaven. She entered into a squalid court, and asked a half-savage looking woman if Amos Wilson lived there. Being answered in the affirmative, she was shown his room. It was on the ground floor, and she had to knock with her fingers. A gaunt young fellow opened wide the door of a perfectly empty room, empty of all but a little wooden shelf, containing a few old and quite unsaleable books. She did not see the bed of straw behind the door. She asked again, "Are you Amos Wilson?" and he nodding assent, she placed the little parcel in his hands, saying, "This is for you," and hastened away.

On the morning after this little adventure,

George Maxwell waited upon Madeline Barnton, soon after her father had gone for the day. She marvelled much at a call so early. She had never before seen him in the morning, and she felt a little disturbed, though she could not have told why.

She found him in the drawing-room leaning on the back of a chair, and looking unusually grave even for him. They began with the usual commonplaces. He shifted his place several times, at last he came and leaned on the mantleshef opposite to her.

"You know, perhaps," he said, "that I am about to enter into partnership with your father?"

A simple negative seemed to stop his progress in this direction.

"I am thinking far more of another partnership," he said at last—"a partnership for life."

Madeline stared and smiled.

The young Scotchman was looking intensely awkward, and absurdly matter-of-fact. He looked as if the position had been forced upon him, not as if he had taken it up naturally, as he asked plainly and abruptly, dropping his metaphor, "Will you be my wife?"

She was quite unprepared for it, and answered, hurriedly, and as plainly as he, "No, no—I cannot!"

He turned away his face for a moment, and then asked gently, and in a tone from which the embarrassment had vanished in a great effort of self-control, "Is there any special reason?"

"I do not love you," she answered.

No more need or could be said, and neither were capable at that moment of saying it, if there had. He put her hand to his lips and left her.

When he was gone she sat down in dismay, and a little stir of tenderness woke up in her. "I could have loved him," she said to herself, "if only I had known if he had really loved me." Then the tenderness was lost in a perfect storm of self-pity, as the mention of the partnership occurred to her. "It is part of the business, I suppose," she soliloquised; "all arranged and settled with my father. Oh, mother—mother!" she moaned, as she hid her face among the sofa-cushions, "I would rather be a slave than a wife on such terms."

Her father came in early. He had a look of unusual satisfaction on his face, which had been often anxious and careworn of late. His "Well, Madeline, have you seen Mr. Maxwell to-day?" showed her that he knew at least of that gentleman's intention; but she did not answer more than, "Yes."

Her father looked perplexed, and waited for more.

After a pause she said, "I have refused him."

Mr. Barnton began to walk up and down the

floor. Suddenly he stood still before her and said, "Madeline, it is time you knew that I am a ruined man, and you have completed the ruin. George Maxwell would have saved me but for you. Of course, he will give up the whole business now."

"Father," she said, sternly, "I would rather be poor, rather work for myself and for you too, if I could, than marry and live as my mother lived."

The first part of her speech had called forth an emphatic ejaculation of contempt; the second, a look almost of suffering.

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely. These two might torment each other by means of the natural love left in them; but neither help nor comfort could reach over the gulf that divided them.

With quick instinct the daughter divined this, and answered, sadly and gently, "My mother had no share in your thoughts; you were never with her. You told her nothing of your concerns, of your cares and troubles, or successes. Her life was a dreary blank. I will never marry as a mere matter of business."

She did not know how closely she had hit the mark on his conscience. But the effect of the wound was only to irritate.

"You are mistaken, if you suppose George Maxwell was trying to make a good bargain, if that is what you are driving at," he said, trying to read the face of his unfathomable daughter. "He knew this morning before he came to you that my wealth had gone to the last penny, swallowed up in this American quicksand. He offered to join me at once, and go over to America to redeem whatever could yet be saved. His money would tide us over the crisis here. He only asked to speak to you at once before setting off."

It was an altogether new light on the business.

Mr. Barnton went out of the room without giving time for a reply, even if his daughter had desired to make one. She was left to her own meditations for the rest of the evening. Her father had shut himself up in a small writing-room, and had ordered some refreshment there. Madeline had to dine alone.

She was a generous girl, and her heart was profoundly touched. Every moment of those solitary hours deepened the impression. Her self-reproach rose to the verge of agony. It was no sluggish feeling which possessed her. The tide rushed along her heart swift and full as a torrent. That she should have misconstrued his generosity into mercenary motives, was anguish enough for her, but she had doubtless wounded a loving heart in casting it away from her. How precious the offered gift seemed now! how priceless, indeed! worth heart, and soul, and life of hers! A new humility possessed her, as she sat there, and the

twilight stole upon her, and she neither moved nor wept.

She heard a ring at the bell, and found herself trembling; then a deep voice she knew sounded in the hall, and she almost gasped for breath. A step passed the drawing-room door and entered the little writing-room beyond.

Another hour passed, and still Madeline sat there alone in the fire-light among the shadows, her whole life centred in listening. At length the door opened. In another moment he would be gone, and the girl bent her head upon her hands and felt that her hope would go with him. There was a pause. Instead of passing on, George Maxwell entered, and gently closed the door and came forward.

"Pardon me for again intruding on you, Miss Barnton," he said, without a shadow of the morning's awkwardness, "I came to say good-bye, and also to excuse myself for my abruptness."

She rose and held out her hand to him in silence, and hardly suppressed a little sob. He sat down on the other side of the fire, and she took her seat again mechanically.

"I have also brought this little packet," he said, "for your inspection."

Madeline recognised her jewels at a glance.

"They are yours," he said.

She could not resist saying, "How do you know?"

"You have not worn them for some time," he said, "but I know this, and this, and this," and he took them up tenderly one by one.

"They were mine," she said; "but I gave them away. How have they reached your hands?"

"They were placed in my hands to see if they were honestly come by, that is all," he said.

"Amos would not be tempted, you see; and even now they are going to be divided."

She smiled, but it was a smile that flickered sadly, and at last the tears would come, and she let them drop on her clasped hands in the fire-light, like great diamonds. "Indeed, indeed, I did not know that, perhaps, they are not mine to give."

"Not quite so bad as that," he said, seeing her allusion. "I have disposed of them already." He did not say that he had paid their full value himself. "And now I must say good-bye, I am going to America on business. The ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. It will be a pleasanter voyage for me if I can carry with me your good wishes and forgiveness. Nothing but the hasty call to prolonged absence would have made me so unfeelingly abrupt. Promise that you will forget all about it."

Left to time, maidenly reserve might—nay, would—have triumphed, and Madeline would have felt a hundred reasons for hiding her heart from this lover of hers; but what she did was to glide from her seat to the knees of the speaker—oh! sad reverse of the order of things—and say, "No, I cannot forget, but please forgive me."

"Madeline, my darling——"

But she persisted in sitting there, and telling him how she thought he cared only for business, and how wildly she had resented being made a partner on such terms.

The time they spent in further explanations was altogether unwarrantable, and when Madeline hinted as much, her lover archly replied, "Business is business, but love is love." Before they parted, the articles of partnership were agreed on, and, it may be added, that they have since been duly ratified.

DUST.



CAN any subject be lighter and more contemptible than this? We are accustomed to use the *word* as indicative of something entirely worthless and beneath notice, and in thought, as in reality, to trample the *thing* beneath our feet. But, after all, our scorn, however rational, is lavished in this manner upon ourselves—that of which we are made, and in which we end. What, then, is the moral truth and significance of this paradox? There is, of course, a physical solution immediately at hand. All forms of matter can be reduced to a few simple substances, and a very slight chemical change is sufficient to transmute the most valuable material into the most useless, and *vice versa*. These changes we may or may not

be capable of producing at will, but with Nature they are the constant acts of every day. She has but a very few materials to work upon, and with an infinite variety of combination she produces an infinite variety of effects. There is no refuse or waste with her; nothing is really despicable. The crust of the earth, the life upon its surface, the air, the cloud, the sunbeam, are all busy in ceaseless change—ceaseless buildings up, and ceaseless pulling down. We are, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully made, and the wonder is not abated when we learn that we are made with marvellous simplicity also. The fact, however, remains the same, that matter in the form of dust is very useless, and often very troublesome. Again, dust is naturally associated with the idea of death, of annihilation,

of oblivion, and so becomes possessed of a strong figurative significance.

Thus we come to look upon dust or mire with annoyance, with scorn, with loathing, and to use the words as descriptive of something useless, or abandoned, or destroyed. But we would do well sometimes to humble ourselves to the dust, to reflect with these words in our ears on what we really are, and what all our works are so ready to become. Take any one of the multitudinous forms of organised matter that we see around us full of life, and beauty, and power—a man, a tree, a beast from the jungle, or a bird from the air. The point of a knife, or a grain of poison is applied, and the whole structure, however perfect, however lovely, however strong, is doomed to ruin and decay, crumbling swiftly or slowly into dust and slime. Such changes are going on everywhere every moment of the year; indeed, we are ourselves the subjects of a somewhat similar process every moment of our lives. We are, in fact, less constant than many things about us; the gold and the marble outlive us, and we change like leaves of the autumn in the shadows of the everlasting hills.

We are familiar in the Bible with many allusions to the mutability of man, and of his fortunes and circumstances, and when we turn from this to God's great book of creation and event, we read his will in similar language. It seems to be the Divine intention that certain great truths should lie about us, ready always for our apprehension, but not eclipsing the necessary details of life. They are always to be seen, they must never be actually forgotten; but if they were to press constantly upon the thought, it would unhinge the mind for its daily intercourse with the world.

Thus the subject before us cannot always be quite remembered, must never be quite forgotten. Dust is a useful *memento mori*. It is well that we should look sometimes into the grave, that the bell should toll in our ears; but it was not intended that this should be our constant sight and hearing, and that we should always be haunted with the face of Death. What a great and pregnant saying was that of Christ's, "Let the dead bury their dead." There is something stern, and sad, and necessary about it. It is a reproof to long and selfish grief, the fatuous complaining for that which is lost to this scene for ever. It seems to say, With life only the living are concerned; for the dead, we place them in keeping of the dead; dust to dust, the soul unto God that gave it: come, thou, and follow me. We must work whilst it is day; it is the sloven and the fool who anticipates the night, when no man can work. Our fellows have passed into the shadow of that night, but we must not stand lingering upon the verge of darkness.

Again, how terrible is that saying of the Lord's, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." If the first fixes the thought, does not this fascinate it with fear? Whatsoever thou hast garnered up with peculiar care, whatsoever the long years have hoarded for thee, whatsoever new passion, or indulgence, or ambition has painted life in fresh colours for thee, this night they shall be nothing to thee, they shall turn to ashes in thy hand; thy soul alone of these shall be real and living to thee in the presence of new and eternal realities.

Thus, it seems to be God's will that we should in no way neglect life through fear of death, or the memory of the dead; but that, on the other hand, we must concern ourselves with it in the full consciousness that we stay here but a short time, and that the moment of our departure is uncertain. This latter thought will be found to need the more frequent expression. There are few of us with whom the world is not so large as to hide everything else, so that we cannot look above it to God, or beyond it to eternity, or beneath it to death; and yet these are of infinitely greater importance than that which so occupies our attention. Is it not well, then, that we have about us a continual memorial of decay? The companions of our youth, like the beauty of summer, are laid lifeless in the dust before our eyes. The clay receives all, and assimilates all to itself: "All go unto one place; all are of dust, and all turn to dust again." If the dust preaches death to all, it does not preach equal death to all. The surviving soul of man marks him as distinct from all else that perishes. The risen Redeemer of man has brought again even his body from the dust, and won back the conquest of corruption. Thus death, which destroys other identities, is to us the gate of immortality, and of this distinction we have even now a continual witness from analogy; for while destruction and change are continuous about us in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in our own bodies, and our achievements, in nature and in art, the spirit of man alone continues constant, while its functions are even progressive from the first, and are destined, perhaps, to be progressive always. In this respect Nature cannot produce his equal. She, indeed, has been before him here, and shall be after him; but with her children, the birth of one is the destruction of another, and she breathes for ever in the atmosphere of death.

But we enjoy little of this higher and spiritual life; we seldom even think of our splendid—our inestimable treasure. We are like one who, dwelling in a noble mansion, inhabits its meanest room, and takes no count of its long galleries of art, its cabinets of costly treasures. Our spirits have been cast into moulds of clay very beautiful, indeed, but destined, sooner or later, to be broken

into shapeless dust again as by the potter's hand. Shall we become, then, so enamoured of this short tenement and its conditions, that we forget our true selves and our immortality? "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." To such diverse issues must the question be finally brought! In such a strange and terrible contrast will the alternatives before us result! Corruption on the one side; life everlasting on the other. Life now is a compromise, a mixture of good and evil, a confusion of principles, a struggling of hope, necessity, and fear; but there the tumult is stilled into a calm of inevitable results, of final and immutable decisions. Hope is lapsed for ever in enjoyment, and fear more darkly accomplished in despair.

What, then, is the choice before us on which so much depends? The Apostle Paul thus writes to the Galatians: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other:" and he proceeds to enumerate the works of the flesh and the works of the Spirit.

We are, therefore, to decide between these two and happily for us, while there is temptation on one side, there is almighty power on the other. In all that we do we are beset by doubt and weakness; but "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally;" if any of us lack strength, let us go to Him that said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." In this lies the secret of success in that contest between the Spirit and the flesh, which goes on about us, even when we are unconscious of it. No man can develop within himself a spirit of love, purity, and truth, to be the only law within him. It has been tried over and over again, and whatever success there has been, there has been no complete and continuous triumph: "In many things we offend all." The solution, then, of the whole question is to be found as a matter alike of theory and practice, in the assistance from without which is proffered for man's acceptance, and lies about him as liberal and boundless as the air he breathes. As his body enjoys and is supported by this, so his soul must receive that Divine atmosphere; for, privation in the one case is as surely fatal as in the other.

J. S. W.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

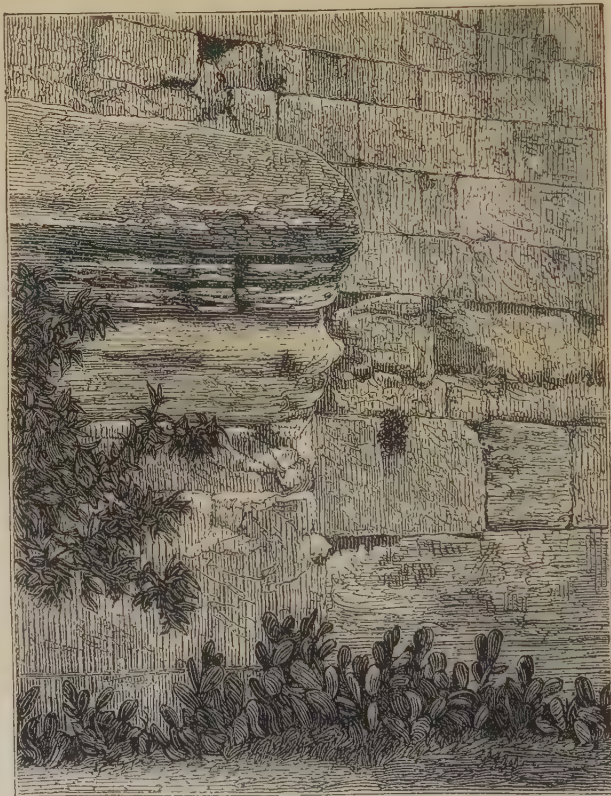
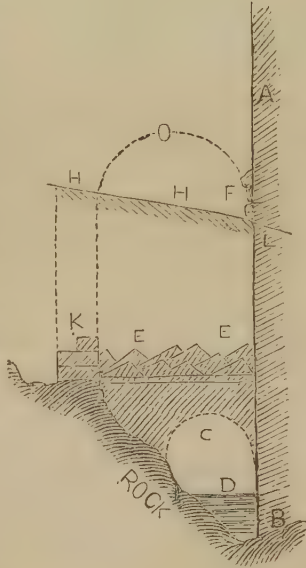
CHAPTER V.

THE discoveries of the pier of Robinson's Arch," writes Lieutenant Warren, on the 11th of January of this present year, "and of the fallen arch-stones, have created no small stir in Jerusalem, and all classes are wishing to go down to see them. I have had a visit from Mr. Berlina, the son of the late chief Rabbi of London," the lieutenant adds, "and have made arrangements for taking a party of learned Jews down next Monday; he talked about bringing a hundred, but it will take half a day to show ten all that there is to be seen. Yesterday the works were crowded with Jews wishing to go down; we were obliged to put them off until after working hours, so as not to interfere with the workmen. To-day," continues the same letter, "when taking an English party round, I found some Jews seated at the top of the shaft, and asked them to come down; they declined on account of its being the Sabbath. One of our party explained that the Sabbath-day's journey might be taken underground as well as on the surface, and then one of them joined us and came down. On Thursday I took the Consul-General of France and party over the excavations, and they were particularly

interested and delighted with what they saw. Our progress on the whole is very slow, as now we are among large loose stones. We are trying the fellahin's (Arab's) courage a great deal." In another letter, Lieutenant Warren says he has had an arm-chair made for the purpose of lowering the aged rabbis in comfort as well as in safety down his shaft; and, referring to quite a different class of visitors, on another occasion the lieutenant writes—"I have been taking many visitors over the works lately, and I can see that they do not at all realise what is going on until after they have been slung down some of the shafts and squeezed through a few holes."

The pavement, on a level with the rock foundation of the western pier of "Robinson's Arch," which led eastwards towards the Haram wall, Lieutenant Warren was disposed to regard as a low-level causeway, supported by another massive sub-arch, which had never been destroyed; and this we may consider to be a conjecture that the researches, which are still in progress, will eventually show to have been well founded. Other discoveries, hereafter to be described, will be found to have proved that this low-level pavement was not resting on a solid mass of masonry or earth, since, without any doubt, at a very con-

siderably lower depth beneath the pavement, a stream of running water, long forgotten and altogether unknown, was still flowing, and may fairly be assumed to have been flowing for very many centuries. This running water we shall endeavour, in succeeding chapters, to follow along its onward course, and also to trace upwards towards its source. In the annexed diagram, illustrative of "Robinson's Arch," A B shows the western Haram wall in section, with a section of the springers of the arch at F; the line H H denotes the present surface of the ground; L K shows the outline of the western arch-pier, with the three courses of masonry resting on the rock at K; G shows the sweep of the arch; E E are the fallen arch-stones, as they now lie on the pavement, which extends from the pier, K, to the Haram wall, A B; and beneath this pavement I have placed a conjectural sub-arch, as at C; while below this arch the running water appears at D. This diagram shows how the western Haram wall rests on the rock at B. From B upwards to F this same wall rises to the height of 95 ft.; it then emerges from the ground, and attains the height of 85 feet above the present surface; so that the entire height of this grand wall is not less than 180 feet from foundation to crest. And, since it may be assumed as certain that Solomon's wall at this point rose to at least the same towering height, we may readily accept Lieutenant Warren's words when he says, "No wonder that the poor Queen of Sheba's spirit failed her when she saw the stu-



pendous ascent" which, when she made her memorable visit to the wise king, led up, over the chasm of the Tyropœon valley, from the western city and the royal palace there, to the brow of Mount Sion, and to the Temple that crowned it.

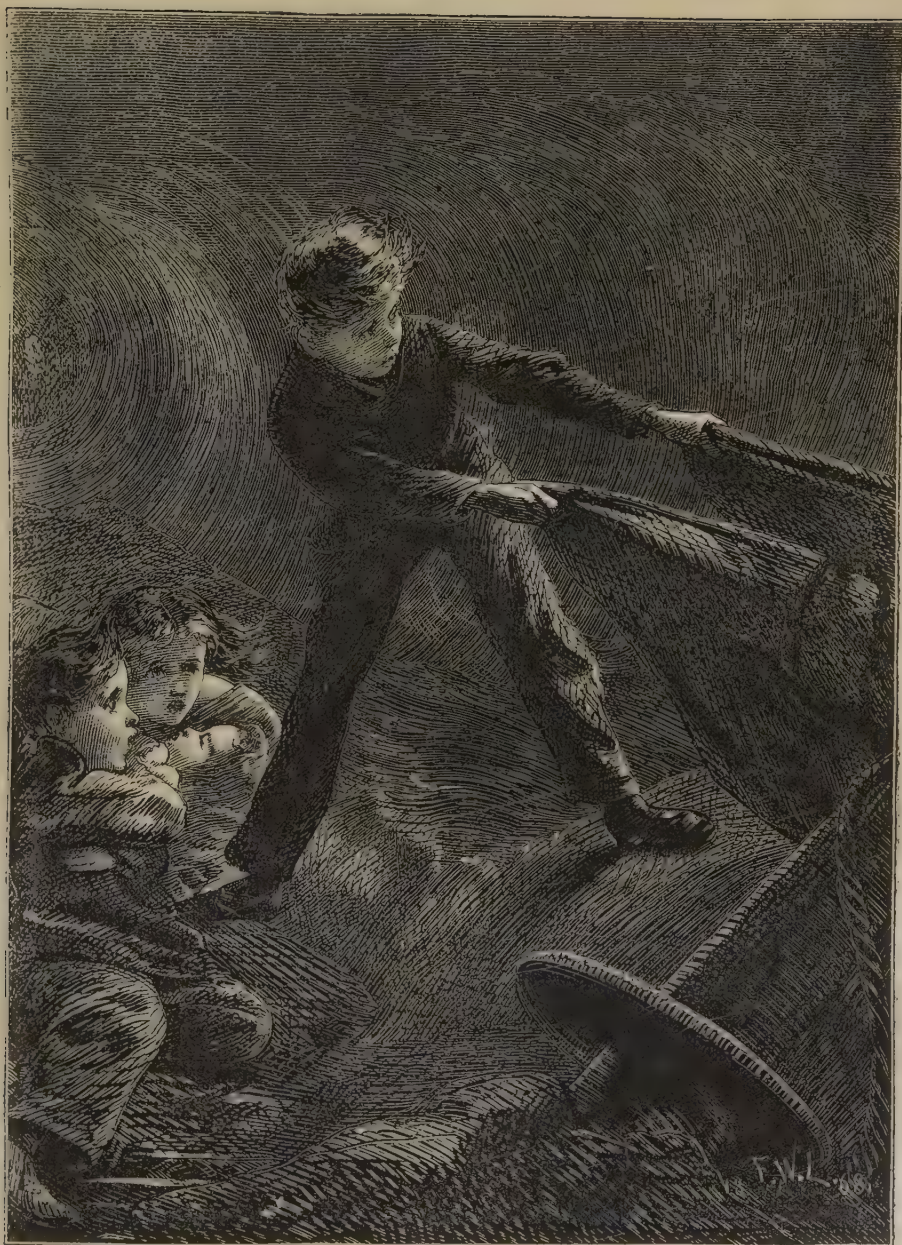
The wood-cut below, carefully drawn from the photograph taken by Sergeant Phillips, represents the masonry of the western Haram wall, as it rises above the present surface of the ground, and with the springers of "Robinson's Arch."

In the diagram, the section of the rock from below the pier masonry at K to the point B is drawn from conjecture; still, as the rock, both at B and also below the masonry K, has been actually explored, the surface-line of the rock between those points must

closely resemble the line that appears in the diagram. The sudden and precipitous fall of the rock here may have been produced, at any rate partially, by excavation when Solomon first laid the foundations of the great western wall of the Temple enclosure.

In order to determine the exact character of the rise of the rock from the bottom of the Tyropœon chasm or gully towards the east, and at the same time to follow the southern wall of the Haram downwards beneath the present surface of the ground to its foundation on the rock, at and also

near the junction of the southern and western Haram walls at the south-west angle, a shaft was sunk down the face of the southern wall, about 40 feet to the eastward of the south-west angle.



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"He dragged a heavy sail across."—p. 636.

At 12 feet 6 inches below the surface, this shaft encountered a pavement formed of small stones, irregular in form, and polished, probably from wear. Below, for a depth of 16 feet, a kind of concrete, composed of stones, bricks, and mortar, was pierced; and then succeeded, first, loose stones and shingle, and afterwards large wrought stones, and a wall of rubble running north and south, and abutting on the Haram wall. On the 11th of October, 1867, this shaft had been sunk to the great depth of 79 feet, and the men were in the act of breaking through a great stone, in order to carry the shaft down still deeper, when suddenly the bottom of the shaft gave way. Down went stone and hammers, and the Arab workmen barely succeeded in saving themselves from following with them. They at once rushed up and told the sergeant that they had found a bottomless pit. Lieutenant Warren himself went down to examine into the true nature of the sudden and unexpected addition to the depth of his shaft, and, in his report on this occasion, he says, in order that we may have an idea of the nature and magnitude of his work, he will give us a description of his descent of the shaft on this 11th day of last October:—

"The shaft-mouth is on the south side of the Haram wall, near the south-west angle," writes Lieutenant Warren, "among the prickly pears. Beside it, to the east, lying against the wall, is a large mass of rubbish that has been brought up; while over the mouth of the shaft itself is a triangular gin, with an iron wheel attached, and with a guy for running up the excavated soil. Looking down the shaft, I see that it is lined for the first 20 feet with timber framing 4 feet 6 inches in the clear. Further down, the Haram wall is seen, and the soil which has been cut through, and a man appears standing at what apparently is the bottom. An order is given to this man, who repeats it, and then a sepulchral voice is heard answering faintly, as if from another world. Reaching down towards the man who is visible is a 34-foot rope-ladder; and on descending by it, I find that the man is standing on a ledge which the ladder does not touch by 4 feet. This ledge is the top of the wall running north and south, which abuts on the Haram wall. The east face of this wall just cuts the centre of the shaft, which, consequently, has to be canted off about 2 feet towards the east, just where some large loose stones jut out in the most disagreeable manner. Here five more of the timber frames have been fixed to keep these stones steady. On peering down from this ledge, the Haram wall is discovered, and its grand projecting courses of masonry become lost in the darkness still lower down; and, at the same time, it becomes evident that two sides of the shaft are cut through the soil,

and are self-supporting. In order to descend this second stage of the shaft, the ladder is again required. Accordingly, having told the man at the bottom to get under cover, the ladder is lowered to the ledge, and then, since it does not reach the bottom of the shaft, it has to be lowered about twelve feet more, and I have to reach it by climbing down by a rope hand over hand. As I pass along, I observe the marvellous joints of the Haram wall, and also probably encounter a few blows on the head and knuckles from falling pebbles. At last, on reaching the bottom of the ladder, I remember that there is still a pit of unknown depth to be explored, and so I step cautiously over the aperture leading to it. Then can be seen that one course of the Haram wall, near its base, is quite smooth all over, the stone being finely dressed, all the other courses being well dressed only round their drafts (or sunk borders). Two stout boards also are here seen lying against the Haram wall, under which the men retire whenever an accidental shower of stones renders their position dangerous. I am now at the depth of seventy-nine feet from the surface, and here I commence my exploration of the 'bottomless pit.' Having dropped a rope down into it, I discover that it really is only six feet deep, though certainly it looked black enough for anything. On climbing down with the sergeant, we find ourselves in a passage 4 feet high by 2 feet wide, running south from the Haram area; and we explore this passage. It is of rough rubble masonry, with flat stones at the top, and the floor and sides are muddy, as if water gathers there in the rainy season. It at once struck me," continues Lieutenant Warren, "that this was one of the overflow aqueducts from the Temple of Solomon, and that there might be a water-conduit underneath. We scrambled along on our feet, until, after about 200 feet, we found that the mud reached so high as to compel us to crawl by means of our elbows and toes. Gradually the passage became more and more filled up, and our bodies could barely squeeze through, and there did not appear sufficient air to support us for any length of time; so that, having advanced 400 feet, we commenced a difficult retrograde movement, having to get back half way before we could turn our heads round. On arriving at the mouth of the passage under the shaft, we spent some time in examining the sides, but there is no appearance of its having come under the Haram wall. It seems to start suddenly, and I can only suppose it to have been an examining passage over an aqueduct coming from the Temple." (This surmise was not confirmed; for, on breaking through the bottom of the passage the workmen came upon the solid rock.) "The bottom of this passage," Lieutenant Warren proceeds, "is the enormous distance of 85 feet below the surface of the

ground, and, as far as I can see yet, the wall at the south-west angle must be buried 95 feet underground; so that at one time it must have risen clear to the height of 180 feet above the Tyropœon gully." It must be added, that in this singular passage, at 350 feet from the shaft, a branch gallery from the east was found; but it was impossible to clear it from the deposit with which it was almost filled. Subsequently, the great shaft was filled up, the position of the passage having first been fixed on the outside of the city walls, so that access to it could be gained at any time by sinking a fresh shaft at a suitable distance from the walls. This afterwards was actually done. A shaft was sunk 350 feet south of the walls, and at the depth of 60 feet it dropped directly upon the passage. The fellahin," remarks the lieutenant, "were regularly scared when they broke through stone" in this new shaft, "and found the passage with our well-known broad arrow burnt black on the roof. The passage is now being cleared out to the south." This was on the 2nd of February of this present year; but as I now write I have not any report of the results of the "clearing out" that at that time was commenced.

It appears desirable here to quote a few more lines from Lieutenant Warren's report of October 11, 1867, on the subject of the means then at his disposal for sinking his deep shafts. "I consider it," he writes, "very unsafe to sink these shafts without sheathing them; but I have been obliged to do this from want of wood." (He elsewhere mentions the great difficulty of obtaining even very small quantities of suitable wood in Palestine.) "In this shaft in particular" (the deep one near the south-west angle), continues Lieutenant Warren, "there is about sixty feet unsheathed, and a loose stone from any part might stave a man's head in before he is aware of it. . . .

The amount of wood wanted is very great: this shaft, if sheathed, would require 100 boards, 18 feet long, and 9 inches by 1 inch. We are also very much in want of English dockyard rope, and rope-ladders; . . . we have only two rope-ladders, and are often in great difficulties in consequence. It is all very well climbing hand over hand 35 feet up a rope, when hanging in the air; but, when it hangs in an unsheathed shaft, and loose stones may be brought down on one's head by the dangling of the rope, it is unsafe." Most certainly this is unsafe. Again the lieutenant writes:—"I wish to call your attention particularly to the deep shafts we have sunk lately. It is absolutely necessary, if this sort of work is to be continued, that the public should give with sufficient liberality to enable me to conduct the works in perfect safety to those who are employed continually under ground."

Since these reports reached England, the public has given with such liberality that abundant supplies have been placed at the disposal of Lieutenant Warren, to enable him to carry on his operations with energy and in safety. Still, a very considerably enlarged measure of public support is needed even now, if we would have this enterprise worked out in a manner and on a scale worthy of itself. I believe that this fact only requires to be known, coupled with a correct understanding of the nature of the work itself, and of the principles and aim of the Exploration Society, in order to secure most ample funds. What I myself particularly desire to see, is *a multitude of small donations—something*, indeed, from *every individual* who loves the Bible, and who therefore must feel a personal interest in the exploration of Palestine.

In my next chapter I propose to resume my description of the discoveries in the Tyropœon valley, along the western wall of the Haram.

A YOUNG HERO.

BALLAD. BY THE REV. WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, B.A.

[NOTE.—The incidents described in this ballad may be read in the Newfoundland *Public Ledger* of November 8th. They occurred during the gale of October 9th. Whole families go in the fishing vessels to the summer stations, where they put up their huts, or "tilts," and return in the laden vessels in the autumn. Thus 15,000 persons are said to have been wrecked on that one day, and on that coast alone.]



N Labrador, like coils of flame
That clasp the walls of blazing town,
The long restless billows came,
And swept the craggy headlands down;
Till ploughing in strong agonies
Their furrows deep into the land,
They carried rocks, and bars of sand
Past farthest margin of old seas,
And in their giant fury bore
Full thirty crowded craft ashore.

That night they pushed the darkness through,
O'er rocks where slippery lichens grew,
And swamps of slime and melted snow,
And torrents filled to overflow;
Through pathless wilds, in showers and wind,
Where woe to him who lags behind!
Where children slipped in ooze, and lay
Half frozen, buried half in clay;
Young mothers, with their babes at breast,
In chilly stupor dropped to rest.

A sailor lad of years fourteen,
 Had chanced, as by the waters thrown,
 On four that made sad cry and moan
 For parents they had lost between
 The wreck and shore, or haply missed.
 Cheerly and kind their cheeks he kissed,
 And folded each in other's arm.
 Upon a sloping mound of moss
 He dragged a heavy sail across,
 Close-pinned with boulders, rough yet warm;
 And packing it with mosses tight,
 Kept steadfast watch the livelong night,
 Nor dared depart, lest e'er again
 Was found this treasure he had hid.
 Some sudden treacherous gust had slid
 Beneath that rugged counterpane.
 He knew not name or face of one:
 He saved them. It was nobly done!

Day dawned at last. The storm had lulled;
 And these were happy, sleeping yet.
 A few fresh hands of moss he pulled,
 Then traced with trembling steps the track
 Of many footprints deeply set;
 And pressing forward, early met
 These children's parents hasting back,
 And filled their hearts with boundless joy.
 As with blanched lips, and chattering teeth,
 He told them of his night's employ;
 Feigned, too, he was not much distressed,
 Although his dying heart, beneath
 His icy-frozen shirt and vest,

Beat faint. They went; and o'er his eyes
 A gathering film beclouded light;
 And music, murmured in his brain,
 Such respite sang from toil and strain,
 That all his senses, wearied quite,
 Were lapped to slumber, lulling pain;
 Whilst soothing visions seemed to rise,
 That brought him scenes of other times,
 Of many children, and the rhymes
 His mother taught him on her knee,
 In happy days of infancy.
 Then gentlest forms, with rustling wings,
 Were wafting him a world of ease
 Beneath those downy canopies,
 Wherewith they shut out angry skies;
 And they with winning beckonings—
 Who looked so sweet and saintly-wise—
 His buoyant spirit drew afar
 From creaking timbers, shivering sails,
 And ships that strain in autumn gales,
 And snow-mixed rains, and sleeting hails,
 And wind and waves at endless war.
 Oh! who will e'er forget the day,
 The bitter tears, the voiceless prayer,
 The thoughts of grief we could not say,
 The shallow graves within the bay,
 The fifteen dear ones buried there,
 The grown, the young, who side by side,
 Without or coffin, shroud, or priest,
 Were laid; and him we mourned not least—
 The boy that had so bravely died!

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.



UITE betimes in the morning, before
 the lazy, irregular household had well
 opened its eyes, Francis Heatherly's bell
 rang sharp and distinct.

He was accustomed, he said, to strict
 punctuality, and he always had his breakfast at eight
 o'clock.

He had taken his domestics rather by surprise.
 His eye ran over the slovenly room, scarcely ready for
 him—the unpolished grate, the dusty carpet—and
 noted every defect. He had ample time; for he
 waited half-an-hour in the breakfast-room, ere the
 kettle could be made to boil.

"Which convinces me," said Francis Heatherly to
 himself—and I almost think he put it down in his
 book—"that I must have a wife!"

And almost as quickly as we could write it down,
 he had formed, as he thought, a most perfect scheme,
 which he at once proceeded to carry into operation.

He asked the housekeeper for Miss Graham's ad-
 dress, and she gave it to him, written on a scrap of
 paper. The address was No. 3, Prospect Cottages.

"Quite an out-of-the-way place, where nobody
 lives," the housekeeper told him—by which she
 meant, nobody of consequence.

When Francis Heatherly had finished his breakfast,
 he spent a little time in looking at his packages.
 Then he went over the house, jotting down, as he did
 so, sundry items in his note-book. The result of these
 calculations was, that an architect should be set to
 work, either to repair the old place, or to make plans
 for the new. He had not made up his mind. Then,
 as the morning was getting on apace, he prepared to
 go out. He made the best of himself before he went.
 He gave an additional curl to his moustache, and an
 additional perfume to his well-oiled locks. His new
 suit of black became him admirably; and, lest he
 should soil his carefully-polished boots, he sent for
 a cab, and desired the man to drive to Prospect
 Cottages. He amused himself, as he rode along, by
 thinking what he should say to Josephine. He had
 scarce settled the matter, which required a great deal
 of consideration, when the cab drew up at the door.
 He was not in the least fluttered. He got out, paid
 the cabman, and dismissed him. Then he rang at
 the bell. He had his card-case in his hand. He

would do the thing in the most gentlemanly manner. He sent in his card, with the name elaborately engraved, and ornamented by sundry flourishes, to Josephine.

While the card was taken in, he stood in the passage, pulling off his glove. The glove was new and tight, and he had just accomplished the matter, when the woman of the house came back, and asked him to walk into Miss Graham's room.

Francis Heatherly, his hat in his hand, and diffusing a kind of fragrance around him, stepped into the presence of Josephine. The room was perfectly neat and comfortable. Some working materials were on the table, and the morning sun was shining cheerily in at the window. Francis Heatherly, who loved order, and neatness, and cheerfulness, was gratified. Last of all, he looked at Josephine. She had risen to receive him. The extreme grace of the movement was not lost upon him. He liked a graceful manner in a woman.

"I have taken the liberty of making myself known to you, Miss Graham," he began, the cold blue eye resting on her with some curiosity; "I only arrived last night."

She asked him to be seated, and then she sat down herself. Her voice trembled a little; she had been ill the day before, and had only just left her room; but of that, she told him nothing.

"I allowed no time to elapse," he continued, "before I paid my respects to you. Justice demanded it of me."

"You are very good," replied Josephine, colouring at the terms of his introduction.

"I am strictly just, Miss Graham. If there is one principle of my nature stronger than another, it is that!"

She bowed her head in token of assent.

"I have heard your story, and it is a very sad one. That you should have been left——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Josephine, hastily, and her face flushing with a strange feeling of annoyance and dislike, "let me beg of you to pass by that subject; it is painful and unnecessary."

He smiled a smile of extreme complacency.

"Not so unnecessary as you think, Miss Graham. I wish you to regard me, from the very first, in the light of a friend."

She hesitated. It might be impolitic, and uncourtous, but friendships are not won with a word.

"I am obliged to you," she said at length, the same tingling sensation in her cheek.

All this time, the blue eye had never wandered from her, except once, and that was to the reflection of himself in the mirror. He did not think her handsome. I told you, from the first, that opinions were divided on that head. He inclined to regard her as plain. But, plain or handsome, it made no difference when strict justice held the balance.

"When this property came to me," he continued, "the first inquiry I made, was, whether the late Miss Graham had any near relation. My relationship to her was, as you, perhaps, are aware, very distant indeed."

Josephine assented. He had not an agreeable voice. It was too hard, and there was none of the flexibility that renders speech pleasant to the ear.

"I heard rumours of a niece who had expected to enjoy the estate willed, by some freak, to myself. I resolved to search the matter out. I am not a man who flinches from my duty."

Again Josephine assented.

"I do so. I find you in poverty. I find——"

The crimson flush on her cheek made him pause a moment. He altered the term.

"I find you in reduced circumstances, and I regret it exceedingly. Believe me, Miss Graham, I am prepared to act fairly by you."

Her varying colour and the pained look in her face might have told him how distressing the conversation was to her; but his cold blue eye saw nothing.

"My object, this morning, was to offer to you permanent assistance. I am about to——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Josephine, hastily, and brushing away a tear that would come; "I may seem ungrateful, but I have learned to be independent, and it does not occur to me, that I need assistance."

His patronising tone jarred on her sensibilities, and wounded them to the quick.

"That is pride, Miss Graham."

"Oh, no; I am not proud," she replied. "I confess to having felt the blow that scattered my expectations to the winds; but I have recovered from that. I am settled here, in quiet and content. I need nothing more."

She could not repress a sigh as she said it. He little knew what the great shipwreck of her life had been!

"Yes, it is pride," he insisted, his voice growing harsher and more intolerable. "You must learn to be humble. These trials are sent us——"

She could not bear that from him. Oh, no! Come what might, she would break off that strain! The look she gave him, stopped him. It was then he remembered that the great errand of the morning had not even been approached. She was not the sort of person he expected to find. He thought she would have been deferential to him, as the owner of the property, and as inclining to be her benefactor and her patron. But to regard him in this light, did not occur to Josephine.

"Now, Miss Graham, I have a request to make to you. I hope you understand our relative positions. I am sure you are a lady of considerable penetration; otherwise, there might be some mistake here."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in simple surprise.

"I mean that, in the eye of justice, I have that which ought to have been yours. In the eye of the law, of course, it is my own, and no one can make restitution to you."

"But I do not wish for restitution," said Josephine, impatiently. She was getting weary of the cold blue eye and the offensive conceit of the man who had chosen to intrude himself upon her.

"No matter," and he smiled complacently. "I do!"

Her face flushed again. She wished he would go. There was no earthly reason why he should inflict this visit upon her.

"As a lover of justice, I do," he continued, getting more and more complacent. "And possessing, besides, a tolerable share of acumen, I see, quite clearly, the proper way of acting for us both."

She raised her head with something of haughtiness. How dare he to link himself with her, in this way?

He took no notice of the hint. It was not his habit to turn aside from any purpose he might have formed. He went straight on.

"I am aware we are comparative strangers; but that has been accidental, and admits of remedy. When you have seen me some few times, perhaps you will grow to—to—" Here he paused, for once embarrassed. Josephine's look of blank amazement tended to bring him to a halt.

"You will become better acquainted with me," he continued, recovering his self-possession. "And then, why should I mince the matter? I am a plain, straightforward, man, and know my own mind. I feel it will be no more than my bounden duty to—to—"

Josephine was speechless; so no help could come from that quarter.

"In fact, to marry you!" blurted out Francis Heatherly.

There was a dead silence after this announcement. He thought he had done it admirably, and he glanced at himself in the mirror.

Josephine, for the first few moments, felt unable to utter a single word. His folly and absurdity made her incline to laugh. But he was quite serious, never more so in his life. He looked at her, expecting a reply. She would be only too happy, he thought, to accept such a solution of the knot in her history. Of course she was taken by surprise; she was sure to be. He must give her time; he must encourage her a little: and a smile, meant to be benignant, curled the thin lips.

"Don't be too much agitated, Miss Graham. I can wait for your reply. I am not in such a hurry as—as you think!"

Josephine laughed now—laughed outright. Then correcting herself, "You are mistaking me for some other person," said she, quietly. "No one syllable that you have uttered can have the least reference to myself."

"But are you not Josephine Graham?"

"Oh, yes! and that is precisely the reason."

He looked at her, and, without the least embarrassment, she looked full at him. Her eyes, he began to discover, were remarkably handsome. For once in his life, he felt rather at a disadvantage.

"I am afraid I have been too abrupt. But when you come to think the matter over—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, "there will not be the least occasion! The conclusion has been arrived at already."

"Then you actually refuse me!"

"I do."

She said it quietly, but firmly. She rose as she said it. He began to think that, after all, she was very good-looking.

"And a girl of spirit, too!" he thought.

He did not care so much about this point-blank negative. It was early in the day, and she would find out her mistake. He had, at least, raised an interest in her mind, and that was something. As she was standing, he felt compelled to rise also.

"At any rate, Miss Graham, setting this matter aside for the present, you will allow me to be your friend."

"Setting it aside *for ever*," she replied, with some vehemence, "and distinctly understanding that it shall never be alluded to again."

"You make hard terms, Miss Graham."

"Oh, no; I am only reasonable. And for the rest, I do not think it wise to lose a friend."

She forced herself to say it. She would not make him an enemy.

"Then I may visit you sometimes?"

"I receive no visitors."

"I am glad of that!" He said it abruptly. "At all events, there is no rival on the field," he thought.

When he had thought it, he took his leave. He was not altogether dissatisfied with his visit. A man of his tact and skill, and with all the prestige that wealth could give, was sure to be successful in the end: it was a mere matter of time. There was no earthly reason to prevent Josephine Graham from becoming his wife!

Well for him, he could not look back into the little room, and see her walking up and down with flushed, tearful face, and agitated step; and that he did not hear her cry, in the bitterness of her soul—

"Oh, Raymond, Raymond! you should have saved me from this!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

THE face of Alice Sylvester wore a look of quiet happiness, as she walked home from her visit to Charley. It was one of those rare intervals when the harassing cares and troubles, that beset her daily path, had hidden their heads. She had gone away from them, in thought, at least, to some other days that lay embalmed in her memory. A smile played about her mouth, her eye was bright, her step elastic; just for those few moments!

She had reached the gate that led, by a private road, into the grounds of the old house on the common. Grim as ever, and bare, and bleak, and desolate, there stood before her the home in which she had been nurtured. Still the same smile played about her mouth; her thoughts were still wandering in the past, and while they did so she was happy!

A voice sounded close to her ear—

"Miss Sylvester!"

She turned to look. All her bright thoughts faded. The happy memories were rent away, like a web of gossamer. The voice was that of Humphreys.

She looked at him kindly. There was an amount of involuntary sympathy in her voice as she said, "Did you wish to speak to me?"

"I want to tell you the trouble I am in, Miss Sylvester. It mayn't do much good, but a man will grasp a straw sometimes, if he thinks it stands between him and drowning."

She knew it was coming—the old story, old as her memory lasted, and which had been older than that! And what could she do? The slender fingers were twisted together in a kind of agony. But she did not show it outwardly. She was calm and dignified, as she stood to listen.

"It's the money that has ruined me," continued John; "the money my father was mad enough to lend to old Mr.——"

He stopped. The burning blush on her cheek, and the flash of her eye drew him up quickly. He changed his tone.

"I did not mean to offend you, Miss Sylvester. I am not as polite as I ought to be. Indeed, I hardly know what I am saying!"

"I am not offended," replied Alice, calmly. "Pray go on."

"I hardly know what I am saying," repeated he, hurriedly, and in a tone of keen distress. "Six weeks ago, I thought I was the luckiest fellow alive—a good farm, and the best wife that ever lived, and who doesn't know, no more than a babe unborn, what is going to happen to her! On my word, she doesn't, and how I am to tell her I don't know!" added John, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand.

"You see, I bought the farm with money raised on the debt," continued John, trying to speak more coherently. "It wouldn't have mattered, if I'd had to do with honest folks. Don't be angry, Miss Sylvester," for she had started, as if stung to the quick. "I was not speaking of you, only of the man who did business with me. He was a rogue of the first water; more fool I was to trust him!"

She did not speak. The mute anguish of her face touched him.

"I'm sorry to have to lay the matter before you, Miss Sylvester. Ladies have no business with such things, I know; but, you see, I'm just desperate—that's what I am, and who else is there will hear me?"

Again the fingers clutched in her bitterness of soul. How could she help him? That was the keenest shaft flung at her by her evil destiny. How could she help him? She would have coined her heart's blood, she knew that, rather than inflict such woe on others. She would, she was resolved as she stood, break through all barriers, and contribute her mite, be it ever so small, to undo the mass of evil. She would use her youth, her strength, her energy—all she had, in the contest. Yes, come what might! The kindling of her face, the flash of her eye, told that she would. The resolute will of the Sylvesters was stamped on every feature.

"Who else will hear me?" continued John Humphreys, growing more and more excited. "They've

tied me off for six months, or I'd have put an execution in the house. I was very near it."

She laid her hand on the gate, as if to steady herself. Every atom of colour died from cheek and brow. What a dreadful sound the words had! How they jarred on every nerve. She looked up at the bare, blank windows of the old house on the common. A sense of danger, of desolation, of degradation, too, came over her. What a position they were placed in! What help was there? what rescue? She could have wept, but her tears seemed dried up by the burning, intolerable sense of shame!

"It's just that six months that will beat me down," continued John. "The man who lent me the money is pressing me hard. I shall have to sell the farm. Think of that, Miss Sylvester! My farm that I have just got settled in! And my wife——" Here his voice faltered. He could see Rachel, even now, sitting by her bright fireside, and singing in the gladness of her heart. He would have to tell her, before that day was over, and the thought drove him frantic. "Oh, Miss Sylvester! can't you suggest anything—not anything, to save us?"

Her face looked rigid, her lips were compressed. The mouth, so sweet and tender, was now hard and set; for the thing, in all its bitterness and hatefulness, thrust itself full upon her; the thing expressed by that one expressive word—*debt*!

This it was which clouded her young life in its morning hours; which hid her path in darkness and perplexity; which brought with it danger, nay destruction. "For it will, it is destroying us," she thought, her eyes wandering a moment to the old house yonder. Then they rested on John Humphreys. The haggard lines on his face, the sad, sleepless eyes, the look of weariness and perplexity, was too much. She could not bear it.

"Oh!" cried she, tearfully, "may God forgive us what we have done to you, John Humphreys!"

He was very much affected. She was so beautiful, so high born, so far removed from him. She was a Sylvester, and yet she wept for him! I think he wept too, for a tear fell on his hard, weatherbeaten hand. If she could have given him a fortune, it could scarce have soothed him as those tears of hers did.

"I will try what I can do," continued she, vehemently. "I will move heaven and earth to get you the money. Don't you feel convinced of it?"

"I do!" replied John Humphreys, eagerly; "I do!"

"If I cannot, it will not be my fault. I will strain every nerve. There is nothing I will not do, or suffer!" She spoke passionately.

"Nothing I will not do, or suffer!"

She repeated the words, as she hurried home. She meant to tell them so, her mother and Raymond. They had been riding out, in the equipage of the Sylvesters, with all the appurtenances of wealth and fashion. She had seen it rolling along in the distance, and, as she remembered it, she gasped out the words breathlessly, and with flushed, angry face—"Shame! shame! shame!"

(To be continued).

THE PAINTED WINDOW.



ONE day Arthur's papa called him to his side, and said, "Arthur, my dear boy, you have been so good to-day that you shall go with me out riding; and as I am going to pay a morning visit at that old house you were so desirous of exploring, I think you will be very much pleased."

"Oh, thank you, papa!" cried Arthur; "I remember the house so well, and how I longed to go into it that day we rode past. Oh, I am so glad!" and Arthur clapped his hands with joy.

When they reached the old house, they passed under an archway, and rode up to the door, which was of strong oak, studded with nails; and there were quaint old buttresses, and mullioned windows, and gables covered with ivy. And Arthur's papa rang the door-bell, and they waited till the servant came to let them in.

When the servant appeared, he informed them that his master had been obliged to keep an engagement of some importance, and was therefore out, but that in half an hour's time he would return; and being very anxious to see Arthur's papa, he had left a message for him, begging that he would come in and wait for him; so, as this gentleman and little Arthur's papa were friends, and stood on no ceremony with each other, Arthur had the great pleasure of being desired to dismount and follow his papa, who walked into the house.

At one end of the hall there was a beautiful long window, called a lancet window, that is, of the same shape as those in churches, pointed towards the top; and this window was entirely made of the most beautiful stained glass. There were figures and coats of arms painted upon it in the richest colours—crimson, and azure, and orange, and purple, and green; and Arthur, who had never seen anything half so beautiful before, was quite enchanted. The sunshine, too, was pouring in through this window like a flood of glory, and the different coloured rays fell upon the floor, slanting up to Arthur's feet, like bars of amethyst, and ruby, and sapphire, and emerald. It seemed to Arthur the work of magic; for, except the small east window at church, the colours of which were pale and dim compared with these, he had never seen anything of the kind before.

"Oh, papa, how beautiful!" was all he could say.

"Yes, my boy," answered his papa, "it is a beautiful window."

"But, papa, you do not seem to care about it; oh, I suppose you have seen it before?"

"Yes, my dear; I have seen it often; and I have seen cathedrals, where there are not one but many such windows as this. But I am very glad to be able to show my little boy anything so beautiful; and I am glad, too, to see that he has so quick an eye for what is beautiful."

"Oh, but, papa, who could help seeing this window, unless he were blind? And, oh, papa, do you think that I shall ever see those cathedrals, and all their windows?"

"I have no doubt of it, Arthur. And as you are pleased with the bright colours of this window, shall I show you another beauty in it, which I do not think you have yet observed?"

"Oh, do, please, papa," said Arthur.

"It has often struck me," continued his papa, "that all these beautiful colours are like the joys of this world, so bright, so warm, so captivating. Now, by the joys of this world, I do not mean its sinful pleasures, or its vain frivolities; I mean—Tell me, Arthur, first, what *you* think are the joys of this world."

"I don't know very well, papa, what the world is; but I know what my joys are—oh, yes!—they are you and mamma, and all your kindness to me; and then, you know, papa, we love each other so dearly; and my pony, and my rabbits, and all the flowers, and birds, and the sunshine, and the stars, and my pretty poetry-book; and, oh, dear papa, a thousand things besides!" and Arthur looked quite overwhelmed with the weight of the joys of this world.

"Yes, my darling boy," said his papa, looking pleased, "I thought you would rank our affection for each other first in your list, as, I assure you, I do in mine. And, what I mean by that happiness of life which resembles the colours in this window, is, first of all, the love that is implanted in all human creatures—the deep, warm love of parent and child, of husband and wife, of brother and sister; and, after that, the numerous blessings we enjoy in this world—the beauties of Nature, the love of animals, and flowers, and music, and poetry. Do you see, Arthur, how these things are like the colours in the window?"

"I think I do," replied Arthur, thoughtfully: "they are strong, and warm, and do not change."

"You are right," said his papa. "But I was speaking then, Arthur, only of the colours as they are without the sunshine. But, my dear child, as this stained window is luminous only within itself, and throws no colours on the floor if the sun does not shine upon it; so our blessings in this life, our innocent pleasures, and our human affections, will all be gathered and concentrated in self, if we view them not through the true light of heaven, the love of God. It is only in spreading and diffusing the blessings we enjoy in this world, that we can make a right use of them; and wherever you see one who helps and succours his fellow-creatures, and gives them peace, and consolation, and happiness, when he can do so, you may rest assured that, at least, some rays of the heavenly light are shining upon his life."

THE GILLYER

— Saturday, June 27, 1868. —



THE ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA,

AND THE ANCIENT BRITISH MISSIONARIES.

WE shall assume that some of our readers have, now and then, noticed a little Scottish island just to the west of Mull, before which it stands like an advanced breakwater, to receive the shock of the Atlantic billows. A few may have marked its bleak and storm-beaten shores, while sailing up the sound of Hy, on their way to inspect the huge basaltic columns and romantic caves of

Staffa. If such a visit happened on a bright summer's day, the visitor, looking southwards from the depths of Pingal's Cave, would see the distant Iona in its brightest and most picturesque aspect. Of course he resolves to land on the far-famed isle, but then the beauty vanishes. Bleak moors, dark peat wastes, and storm-beaten hills remind him that Iona is not visited for her riches of landscape beauty. Those weather-worn ruins of stern red granite, at the foot of yonder dark hill, on the eastern shores of the island, speak of the days when Iona was the spiritual light-house of these Northern regions.

Here was one great centre of ancient mission work. From this now desolate place, many a preacher of the faith went forth, not only to Ireland, Scotland, and England, but even to the fierce pagans of Germany. This ancient missionary station was well placed. On the north, extended many a wild Norse settlement, where the ravens of Odin were honoured, and the Cross abhorred. On the east, the Scot and the Pict were battling for mastery; while heathenism still held dominion over many a tribe. On the south, Ireland was waiting for the welcome Celtic missionary; and lower down, to the south-east, were the lands of the conquering and heathen Angles. The isle—not three miles long and about one broad—was large enough for a small mission community, and not sufficiently attractive to allure the daring rovers of the Norse seas. Those who delight in tracing the history of the ancient British or Celtic Church—long before Augustine landed in Kent from Rome—must ever look with deep veneration on sea-girt Iona. Here for ages a mission of the old church of these lands long and bravely held its ground, in spite of the Norse fire and sword.

When was this remarkable missionary centre founded? About the year 563, Columba, a famous Irish missionary of that age, obtained a grant of the island of Hy from a Scottish prince, and erected dwellings for himself and twelve associated missionaries. The church and surrounding structures were then called a monastery, and the reader may, if so disposed, call the missionaries monks; but he must, in that case, use the word in a special sense, separating it from many notions afterwards connected with the term by superstitious usage.

Missionary would, however, be the best designation for those early preachers of Iona. Before proceeding, it is proper to remind a few of our younger readers, that the small isle is called by three names. The most ancient is I or Hy, signifying *island*. This was afterwards written I-wa, and Iowa; the *w* in the latter names being changed to *n*, by the copier of an old manuscript, the term Iona took the place of the ancient I-wa, or Iowa.

When the fame of Columba was spread far and wide by the labours of his missionaries, the place naturally took a name from him, Columba's Isle. The modern form of this designation, I-colum-kill—the church of Columba's isle—is that usually found on the maps. When Columba settled in Iona his missionaries began to instruct both Scots and *Fenians*, the latter a subject, the former a dominant race. All the neighbouring islands and the adjacent mainland were quickly dotted with rude mission stations; often a turf or timber hut sufficed, but in many cases a stone chapel was reared in the deep solitude of remote Highland glens. Sometimes, even in the middle of the nineteenth century, the English tourist, searching for grand and picturesque scenery, comes suddenly upon a ruined chapel, far from the haunts of men, at the head of an Argyshire frith. He wonders much from what nooks the old worshippers came; nor does his marvelling cease, when some antiquarian fellow-traveller declares the solitary ruin to have been a Celtic mission station.

Let us call up, though but for a moment, the picture of the old Columban missionary community in Iona. A wooden church, surrounded by rows of wooden houses, or rather huts, would have first attracted the attention of a visitor in the sixth century. Gardens and fields, producing the simplest and indigenous vegetables, stretched around. Children, too, are playing about, and women are visible. What is the meaning of this? The explanation is very simple. These early British missionaries deemed marriage allowable, some took to themselves wives, and some declined the trouble. What are those boats used for which are drawn up along the shore? Are the Columban missionaries fishers of the sea or fishers of men? Both; the boats were used to catch fish, and also to carry the various mission parties to the neighbouring islands and coasts.

The Columbans gradually rose into repute; Iona became holy ground, the primitive wooden structures were succeeded by buildings of sculptured stone, and the old mission centre became, in the twelfth century, a monastery of the Cluniac order, and the seat of the "Bishop of the Isles."

No part of the ancient Columban buildings remains; the existing ruins of Iona being, for the most part, not older than the thirteenth century.

The abbey church is a hoary pile of red granite, with nave, choir, transept, and a tower seventy-five feet high. Perhaps some parts of the structure have stood on this wild shore for 600 years. Time has spared a little of the rich sculptured cunning work of long-forgotten artists. The beautiful doorway of the choir, the elegant rounded arches of the chapter-house, and the window tracery of the south aisle, prove that poet-sculptors were not unknown in the isle.

Some ruined crosses, covered with rich and symbolic tracery, stand near the church; the one on the south is called Maclean's; and St. Martin's Cross, fourteen feet high, is ever telling, in antique sculpture, how Columba drove out all the serpents from Iona.

The burial-ground of this ancient Celtic mission was formerly deemed the holiest home of the Caledonian dead; princes, pilgrims, and priests sought a burial-place in Columba's Isle. Forty "kings," says old tradition, were honoured by graves in such hallowed soil. One writer raises the number to at least sixty, amongst whom were forty-eight Scottish and four Norwegian chiefs. This lonely "God's acre" drew towards it a long line of pilgrims from far-off lands. Even the distant valleys of Iceland deemed it an honour to send a "palmer" to Iona's shores. Superstition, or a fond sentimental veneration, surrounded all things in Icolmkill with a mystic sanctity. An oath sworn on the once-venerated "black stone" of Columba, was deemed to carry with it a mysterious weight of obligation. Up to the year 1830 the "stone of the oath" remained in Iona, when it was removed by the Duke of Argyll, the owner of the isle. The old church was supposed to contain the grave of the renowned Columba himself. At the west end of the church, visitors are still shown a large vault-like structure called the tomb of St. Columba; but not even the village children of Icolmkill believe that the grave of the once-famous saint is now within their isle.

When the "bishopric of the Isles and Man" had become subject to the Norwegian Archbishop of Drontheim, the *Scottish* Church settled a native bishop at Iona. The present diocese of Argyll and the Isles is the representative of this ancient see. The last abbot of the monastery seems to have become Bishop of the Isles about 1492, when the abbey church was annexed to the see. The effigy of this abbot is yet to be seen on the north side of the choir.

The old library of Iona has suffered a strange and wide dispersion. It seems to have contained, in the thirteenth century, the Scottish national records, which were probably carried off to England by that "stark" spoiler Edward I. Some of the old books have been traced to Rome, others were taken to the English Roman Catholic College at Douay, a few have been found at Ratisbon, and some even at Drontheim. It is now, perhaps, impossible to recover this scattered library, and to place it in Edinburgh, as a memorial of the ancient seat of Caledonian missions.

The word missions reminds us of the men who, in ages past, carried from this island home the message of heavenly peace to many a remote coast. Aidan, the Northumbrian missionary, who recovered the north of England from the paganism

into which the Angles had relapsed, is not the least worthy. He established a mission station on the small island of Lindisfarne, now Holy Isle, whence the English coast could more easily be visited than from Iona. Aidan's zeal for the old customs of the British churches drew upon him the gentle rebuke of Bede, who was sore troubled that his ardent friend should oppose the rule of Rome, respecting the time of keeping Easter. It would surely form a noble picture, were a poetic artist to represent, effectively, the fervid Aidan preaching to the Northumbrians, while each sentence was interpreted by the converted King Oswald to his wondering Angles. Wilfred, Bishop of Northumbria, was a pupil of Aidan, and therefore trained under the rules of Iona; but his restless spirit soon led him far from the simple habits of the Columban missionaries. He was highly benefiting the rude people of Northumbria, when love of power involved him in a conflict with King Egfrid and the Anglian Church. Being deposed from his bishopric of York, and endeavouring to stir up the Pope against his own country, he was banished, and, taking refuge in the wilds of Sussex, became an earnest preacher to its pagan people. Ambition soon led him again to the North; he recovered his see; was again deposed and again restored, by the rival political and ecclesiastical parties of his time. He died about 709 A.D.; a good missionary spoiled by priestly arrogance. Wilfred is, probably, the least interesting of all "the children of Iona."

From this island came also Finan, the Apostle of Essex, and of the midland districts; Kilian, a Saxon noble, who perished while preaching Christ to the heathen of Franconia; and Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, who is said to have irritated his contemporaries by believing in the globular shape of the earth.

Nor must we forget Columbanus, who headed a mission to the Franks in Gaul, and ended his labours in Italy, at Bobbio, whence his prayer-book was afterwards removed, as a prized relic, to the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

But the greatest name connected with Iona is that of its founder, Columba. Wonderful, to men of the nineteenth century, seems the fame which long surrounded this Celtic missionary. He was ranked next to the apostles in honour; he was deemed a prophet; angels were supposed to visit him; the stormy waves were said to have been hushed at his bidding; and his last miraculous work was the expulsion of serpents from Iona. Of course, such marvels were easily imagined, easily written, and readily believed; but their reception proves the height of Columba's reputation. Princes fought for the possession of his old and torn psalm-book, well named the *Catach*, or book of battles. The O'Donnell family held for

ages this prized relic, which was recovered from a Belgian monastery in 1818, and is now deposited in the Royal Irish Academy, where the saint's bell and crosier may also be seen. Even his bed was reverently preserved until the year 1034, when it was lost in the Irish Sea.

What was Columba in reality? A simple-minded Celtic missionary, born of a noble *Scotic* family, in Donegal, on the 7th of December, 524 A.D. His father, named Fedhlimidh, and his mother, Eithne, were both of the Dalriad, or royal line. Their son came to Iona as an exile, about the year 563, bringing with him a body of missionaries. His love for books was the cause of this banishment. It appears that Finan, whom we have mentioned above, lent a favourite psalter to his friend Columba. The borrower zealously copied the book, and honestly returned the original. But Finan resented this violation of copyright law, and claimed the volume thus made from his own. Columba refused to give up what he had so laboriously copied. The case was brought before King Diarmid at Tara. His majesty decreed in favour of Finan, judgment being uttered in a style not yet familiar to Westminster Hall; "to every cow belongeth her own calf;" being the form of this old Irish decree. Columba, we regret to say, lost his temper, stirred up his powerful friends against the royal decision; war followed, and to prevent further strife, the king banished Columba from Ireland. Every lawyer will side with his Irish majesty; Columba was clearly guilty of "contempt of court," and showed that a saint may, on convenient occasions, have a "bit of a temper." This hotly-contested psalter is thought to be the *Catach* to which reference has been already made.

Columba soon recovered his right mind, and sent out his preachers to Ireland, and along the

coasts of Caledonia. Above thirty missionary stations were established by him in Ireland, and about fifty in Scotland. Some of his missionaries are said to have reached even Iceland; and the first Christian church built in that island was dedicated to Columba. This remote settlement perished; but, three hundred years after, the Norwegian colonists found some memorials of the old mission. There is a tradition that pupils of Columba crossed the Alps, and preached Christ amid the Swiss mountains at St. Gall. Columba had one physical qualification for a missionary in a powerful voice, which, his admiring biographers say, could be heard for a full mile! Our readers will not fail to remark that all this Celtic missionary agency was carried on without any dependence on Rome. Her consent was not sought, her influence was unfelt.

Columba died in Iona, on the 9th of June, 597, at the age of seventy six—the year after Augustine had landed in Kent as a missionary from Rome. Columba is said to have had a presentiment of the hour of his death, and when the time drew near, was carried into the nave of the simple mission church. It was then late on Saturday night, the old love for copying books seized him in his last hours, and calling for writing materials, the dying man endeavoured to transcribe the thirty-fourth Psalm. The effort was too much, he stopped at the end of the tenth verse, and died just after midnight.

He was buried in the church, but the body is supposed to have been removed, in after times, to rest near St. Patrick's grave at Downpatrick.

Many of our readers may never see the shores of Iona, but they may do well to remember that this isle of the Western seas was formerly the holy place of the Hebrides, and the home of a brave-hearted missionary band. W. D.

"ALL THESE THINGS ARE AGAINST ME."*

BY THE REV. C. CARUS-WILSON, M.A., VICAR OF RAMSGATE.



HO it was that uttered these words, what were the things that he thought were against him, and whether he was right in saying what he did, are the three points which we intend to inquire into.

Who, then, was it that used these words? It was Jacob. Let us briefly call to our recollection something of the history of Jacob, up to the time of the present incident.

He was the son of Isaac, and the grandson of Abraham, the "Father of the Faithful." Consequently, he was under the tuition and had the

example of the very best of men. He himself is held up to us, in Scripture, as one of God's chosen servants—a patriarch. His early life was a chequered one. He was the favourite of his mother; while his elder brother, Esau, was the favourite of his father. While yet young, he took an undue advantage of Esau: he made a successful bargain with him for his birthright; and, on the strength of this, and at the persuasion of his cunning mother, he procured his father's blessing, which had been intended for the first-born. This caused a rupture between him and his brother. He was obliged to leave

* Gen. xlii. 36.

home. He ran away to his mother's relations at Haran, many miles in the far east. There he lived for twenty years, labouring as a farm-servant. He married, and became the father of a large family. Then he returned home. On his way he met his brother Esau. It was a critical meeting; but God took care of him, and his brother was pacified with presents. After this, he settled, with his twelve sons, at Beersheba, in the south of Canaan. This, in brief, is the history of Jacob up to our present point.

And now, what were *the things* to which he specially refers in the words, "*All these things are against me?*" They were not the troubles of his early life: these had long since passed away. It is astonishing how, gradually, we lose sight of the trouble which is past. We may be thankful for "the healing hand of Time." No, it was something that was *then* lying upon him. You remember the circumstances. While living at Beersheba, his sons were apt to quarrel amongst themselves. Most of them took a special dislike to Joseph, the youngest but one, because he was his father's favourite. They went so far in their dislike as to take an opportunity of getting rid of him. They sold him to some merchants, who took him down to Egypt as a slave; and they persuaded their father that he had been killed by a wild beast. The loss of his favourite boy pressed sadly upon the old man. Then came fresh trouble. A famine made its appearance; the comforts of the household were curtailed; even its very existence was threatened. He sends his sons down to Egypt for corn; one of them is detained there by the governor of the country. Another son gone! And now the loss of a third appears but too probable. The same governor refuses to give up the one in custody unless the youngest is sent down—the youngest, so loved, so cherished by the father, that he had not been allowed to accompany his brethren lest evil should befall him by the way! And then, to add to all his other perplexities, on opening the sacks of corn, which his sons had brought from Egypt, they find that all their money has been returned. We can imagine that we see the family party standing round, making the discovery. Famine staring them in the face; strong suspicion of foul play on the part of the Egyptians; the sons pressing hard upon him to send Benjamin down with them to get more corn. What dismay! Helpless and hopeless, the old man exclaims—"*All these things are against me!*"

But, now, *was he right in saying this?* Let us consider. What did he mean by his words? Did he mean, "All these things are against my feelings. Here am I, a father, losing my dear children one by one?" We cannot say that this would have been wrong. Or did he mean, "All

these things are against my plans of life? Here have I been labouring hard to bring up my large family in comfort and respectability, and they are all being scattered from me, and famine is taking away our comforts, and all the peace and happiness of our home is being destroyed."

Doubtless, some such things as these were in poor Jacob's mind; and we cannot wonder that it should be so. Who can bear to have the feelings of his heart torn by bereavement? Who, that has lost some favourite child, does not know what it is to have, as it were, a sword piercing through the heart? Who can bear to see all the fond plans of life dashed to the ground without some pang? Jacob would not have been a man if he had not felt the pressure of these things. God has given us feelings, and religion does not dry them up. Even Jesus sighed, and Jesus wept.

But still, these words were not right words, not words that should have come, we think, from such a man as Jacob. For, you know, it is not so much the words that we care about as the state of mind that they indicate; and there can be little doubt that these words imply that which we are surprised to see in such a man as Jacob, with all his privileges and all his experience.

And what was this state of mind? Utter perplexity, if not utter despair! Do you not imagine you see the old man, with his long white locks flowing over his shoulders, his arms uplifted, his eyes dropping tears, in the utmost distress, exclaiming, "*All these things are against me?*"

Now, was this right? Would you not have expected a man like Jacob to have taken his troubles more quietly?—that something should have enabled him to bear up against them more bravely?—more like Abraham, his grandfather, when he was called to leave his home and go into a strange country; more like Eli, when he heard of the death of his sons; more like Job, when he lost his all; more like Christ, of whom Jacob was a type; more like himself on former occasions?

We think so. Still, let us make allowances for the poor old man, as we always must do for persons under great pressure of temptation or affliction. Let us remember that it is a very easy thing to bear other people's troubles, and not such an easy thing to bear our own. Each heart alone really knows its own bitterness.

But, no doubt, Jacob was wrong; and the question is, Where was he wrong? Let us see. I think that it was mainly in this—that, at the time, *he was forgetting his relationship to God.*

Was he or was he not in covenant with God? Had not God appeared to him, and assured him, several times, of his interest in him? Did not Jacob forget, at the moment, how once he was

lying on a plain, with a stone for his pillow, and heard God say, "I am the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; and, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest. The land whereon thou liest, I will give thee. I will not leave thee, till I have done that which I have spoken to thee of?" Did not Jacob forget that he had made an altar of that stone pillow, and upon it had vowed a vow, and said, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come to my father's house again in peace; then shall the Lord be my God?" Had Jacob forgotten all this? What forgetfulness! If all this had been strongly impressed upon his mind, could he ever have used such words of despair? Did he really believe that God was now going back from his word, and to turn everything against him? And did he not also ignore all his past experience of God's loving-kindness and mercy? Did he not lose sight of the "Angel, who had redeemed him from all evil," and to whom, a few years afterwards, he so touchingly commended his "lads?" No doubt, Jacob, under great pressure of present trouble, either because the clouds hung so thickly around him, or because of some physical weakness, broke down completely in his faith. These words were not the language of faith, but of fear and distrust.

Now let us learn some lessons which this interesting incident is designed to teach us:

First.—*Let it be a comfort to God's people under similar circumstances.* What candour there is here in the Scripture history! You see it faithfully relates the lives and describes the characters of good men, and does not withhold their faults. If it had done so, it would have given us a very false idea of renewed human nature. These patriarchs were men of like passions as we are. Jacob, though eminently, in the long run, a man of faith, is here represented as failing in his faith, forgetting that he was a stranger and a pilgrim—forgetting God's care. And if this happened to Jacob, do you not think it may sometimes happen to some of us? The children of God must not, therefore, be too hard upon themselves if they find that, now and then, they fail, even in what they think to be their strongest point. You must not be discouraged; you must not be too ready to cast yourselves out of your inheritance. Look at your covenant with God; look at your past experience of his loving-kindness; look at your merciful Saviour, pitying your infirmities and trials; and take your weary soul to him, to pardon your failings, as well as to relieve you of your burden of care. Remember that even David said, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul," and that Jacob said, "All these things are against me."

But, at the same time, *we must take care to avoid, as far as possible, falling into the same mistake that Jacob did.* We must not forget that we are strangers and pilgrims; and therefore that trouble is our portion. We must not forget our relationship to God, and the many precious promises that he has made us. Why, what does St. Paul take occasion to say, respecting this very instance of Jacob, when comforting the Hebrew Christians in their troubles?—"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5). Who said this? God. And to whom? To Jacob. When? When he was lying, with the stone for his pillow, on the plains of Bethel. And was this said *only* to Jacob? No, says St. Paul; all true servants of God may confidently take it to themselves. "We may boldly say, The Lord is our helper."

Oh, let us remember that the true child of God is under God's special care. To each good man God says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." What if things seem to go wrong with him; yet, says God, "Tell the righteous, Surely it shall be well with them that fear the Lord." What if some blessings be withheld, or taken away; yet "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." What if all things seem to go against you; they only *seem*: "all things work together for good to them that love God." No worldly trouble is against the Christian's real and best interests. It is not against God's plans for your happiness, and your eventual security. It is not against your faith, your growth in grace, and your preparedness for heaven. If we are God's true children, we may safely put all the affairs of our soul and body into his hands; and rest satisfied that he will do all things well. For "if God be for us, what can be against us?"

And let us not fail to observe *how completely Jacob was mistaken in what he said.* Not only was he wrong in sentiment, but he was also wrong in *fact*. "Joseph is not," he said, meaning he is dead. Was he dead? No; while his father was bemoaning him, Joseph was alive and well, high in rank in the land of Egypt. "Simeon is not," he says. Was he dead, or even lost? No; he was being taken care of, and was soon going to be restored. I think that Jacob must have felt somewhat humbled afterwards, when he found that all turned out so very differently from what he expected. What must have been his feelings when he said to Joseph, "I had not thought to see thy face!"

Ah! we are all very apt both to make our own troubles, and to exaggerate those that God is pleased to send us. Trouble is truly compared to a cloud. When we are in it, it bewilders us, we lose our right judgment of things. When it has

passed away, we wonder how we could have taken such wrong views.

The things that Jacob thought were working against him, were really all working for him. Joseph was taken from him to be made ruler of Egypt. The famine was sent to take him down to Joseph. Many of the wheels of a great machine may seem to be going the reverse way of its action; when, without such movements, the machine would not go at all. And so with many of the crosses and sorrows of life; if a Christian were without them, he would lose some of the richest blessings that God designs for him. And, whatever we may say in this world, there can be no doubt that in another world there will be no bewilderment, and no dissatisfaction with God's providence. There will be only praise and thankfulness, when we see "all the way by which he has led us;" and how "he has done all things well."

Now, we have been speaking of one of the greatest blessings that a man can possibly have in this world—peace, comfort, and support amidst the troubles of life. There is all this provided for God's faithful people. Suppose that any one

who reads this feels that he is not one of God's faithful people. Suppose that, by open sin, or utter indifference and carelessness about God and religion, your conscience tells you that you are no friend of God. What then? Can you expect to enjoy these blessings, so long as you are in such a position? I fear not. For "all things work together for good"—to whom? to the wicked? to careless men and women, who set God at defiance, and laugh at everything that is good? No; but "to them that love God." Can you say that you love God, or that you wish to do so? The great business of every one is to see that he does this. And why not love God? Why love sin, or the world, or anything else, rather than God? God loves you, and wishes to do everything for you. Oh, set your heart the right way! Like the prodigal son, turn to your Father. Bring all your past sin to your Saviour, fully owning it, and condemning yourself for it, and then claim God as your reconciled Father, through Jesus Christ. Then, with such a Father and such a Friend, what is there that you will possibly want in this world or the next?

TATTLING.

TO speak no slander—no, nor listen to it," such was the injunction of King Arthur to his knights. Such, too, is the principle on which alone people must conduct themselves who would escape the bite of the weapon which cuts deeper than a sword—viz., a tattling tongue, and who would for their own part live in perfect charity with all men.

There is authority even greater than King Arthur against tattling. Our Lord and all his apostles condemn it as a mischievous and harmful habit, which injures both the speaker and him spoken of, and surely the experience of the world—ay, and the experience of every individual man—fully testify to the wisdom of the condemnation. Who does not know, out of his own experience, the sort of persons mentioned by the Apostle Paul in his letter to Timothy, those who "learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not?" Truly, a dangerous class, as powerful for evil to the mental peace and to the reputation of man or woman, as a poisonous open sewer is to their bodily health. They are they who are spoken of by Mrs. Brown-ing, in "Aurora Leigh,"—people who

"Cut your morning up
To mince-meat of the very smallest talk,
Then help to sugar their bores at night
With your reputation."

It must be supposed that if people really knew, or even gave themselves to think seriously about, the harm a chance word, an ungrateful expression, or an uncertified report, is capable of doing, they would not—nay, they could not—be so ready to tell and hear some new thing. "She is a very good sort of person in her way, but——" Well, that *but* is, more often than not, the initial word of a sentence so damaging, as not only to nullify the spare praise given in the first instance, but even to go far beyond, and eat away name, character—all the most precious belongings of her spoken of. Almost always this damaging part of the speech is uttered on the faith of what somebody has said, that "somebody else" having heard it from another, and not having suffered it to diminish in the repeating. Rarely it happens that it is spoken from the personal knowledge of the speaker. Where it is so, the charge is made in more absolute terms, and there is no "damning with faint praise" by way of prelude. Where it is not so, the speaker, if taxed with carelessness in repeating an unwarranted tale, will take refuge in the assertion, "I had it from So-and-so," as if that made any difference. The injury caused by the poison of a serpent is as destructive when injected at second-hand, as when fresh from the reptile's fang; and it could never be admitted as an excuse for the poisoner, that he was not the originator of the deadly stuff he used. The effect is well stated in

the oft-quoted words of *Iago*, truthful, though spoken by a villain :

"He that flitches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Half the time it is due to thoughtlessness, or to a want of power to connect cause and effect, that tattling goes on, it may be to the blasting of a woman's reputation, to the commencement of the ruin of a man's credit, but certainly to the promotion of a dearth of "Christian charity under the sun." In cases where the evil tongue can be traced, the victim of its poison has a remedy at law; but how rarely can the originator of a rumour be traced! how impossible it is to point to one of many streams, and say that one in particular is the parent of yonder river! Besides, the law gives no remedy against the listener to slander, and as it is certain there would not be thieves if there were not any receivers of stolen goods, so tattling, "speaking things which they ought not," would not go on if there were no one to listen. The principle enunciated by King Arthur goes further than the principle of our law, and includes in the same condemnation the speaker and the hearer. How different would all societies of men and women be, how much better and happier, if all the members of them would but stop a tale-bearer on the threshold of his story and ask him, "Are you about to speak from your own knowledge? Have you good ground for believing what you are about to state?" Better still would it

be, if both speaker and hearer would govern themselves by the principle on which our existing law of libel is founded, and which will not admit the truth of the libel as an excuse for uttering it, unless the defendant can show that, besides being true, it was for the general advantage that the truth should be known. Surely there are charges enough against individual persons, which the public is concerned to know, without dragging into the light those many more which are not of the least importance to the generality. Let a man's sin find him out—as it must do—without your help, and if he can atone for it to those he has injured, and get rid of the moral stain by recourse to God's grace, why should you presume to punish him by publishing his fault, and perhaps set a stumbling-block in the way of your weak brother to repentance? And as of a man's sins, so of his minor faults—bridle the tongue and check the ear in reference to them, lest you, too, fall into condemnation, and find that lack of charity uncovers the multitude of sins. Even when the slander spoken is true, all this and much more can be said against the repetition of it; but when it is false—as in the majority of cases—there are not words strong enough to castigate those who utter it. Slander is a social curse, a very evil disease, and there is no practice so liable to propagate it, and to prevent all endeavours to make it die out, as the idle habit against which every one should prayerfully guard—the habit of "having talks," or tattling.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

THE PRISONER'S DOG.

CARLO, amico! I rejoice
To hear the sad, half-human voice
Of you, my morning guest;
I have no feast for you to share,
Another master's badge you wear—
But yet you love me best.

A prison seldom is a place
To see a friend's endearing face:
But friends as true as you
Would come at dawn, or with the stars,
And whisper to me through the bars,
"Believe that we are true!"

This cell of mine—except your moan—
Ne'er echoed to a loving tone,
Save ere one went to die—
During the last hour of his life,
'Twas here they brought his girlish wife,
To say a last good-bye.

And often, in the twilight dim,
When the far-distant convent hymn
Comes softly on the air,

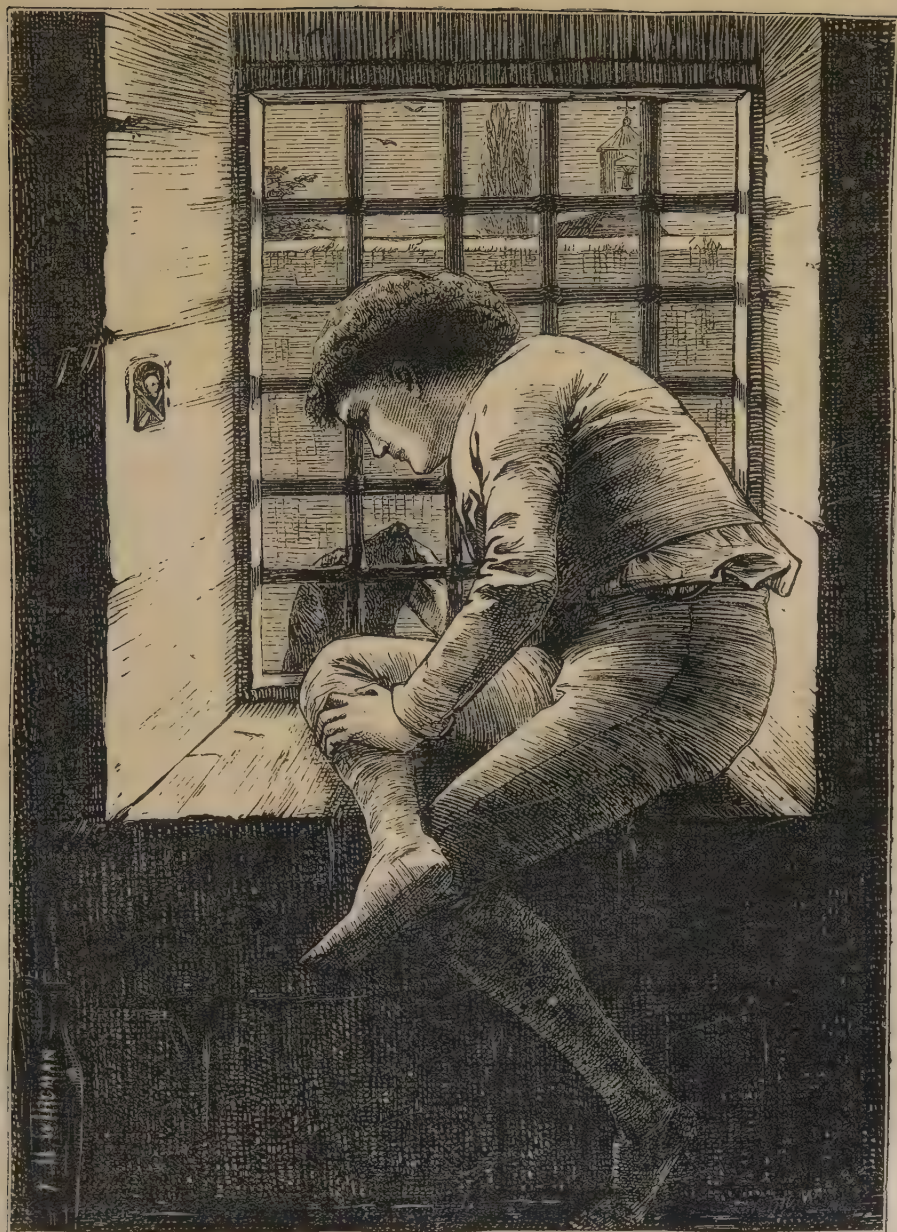
Methinks two shadowy forms I see,
A noble, stalwart man was he—
They say that she was fair.

And some day—still in manhood's pride—
The deadly block I'll kneel beside:
I wish the time were nigh!
But no dear lip will press my cheek—
A long farewell—too long to speak,
With watchful gaolers by!

Round my old home the sunshine plays,
But new feet tread the ancient ways,
Strange eyes my harvests see:
And Jessa hath another wed,
And even mid my household dead
No place is kept for me!

My faithful dog alone returns,
To lick the hand that never spurns,
Although it cannot feed:
And yet I feel a wondrous calm,—
Methinks God keeps his sweetest balm
For hours of blankest need.

L. FRYER.



(Drawn by T. B. WIRGMAN.)

"And whisper to me through the bars,
"Believe that we are true."—p. 648.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I SEE! YOU COULD DO NOTHING!"



ALPH CARLTON, Esq., of Carlton Villa, Newbury, so ran his address, was by this time an independent gentleman, and held his profession with a loose grasp. He had been very successful all his life—had made money,

as the people of Newbury said, and had married money. And now, though he attended at his office a part of the day, when he was not hunting, or shooting, or paying visits, or riding for the benefit of his health, yet it was pretty generally understood that the actual work of the establishment devolved on his partner, Mr. Sowerby.

Mr. Sowerby was in his place morning, noon, and night; indeed, it would have been a serious matter if he had not.

But some of the old clients, especially the titled ones, and those holding a high position in the county, rather demurred to Mr. Sowerby. They had been used to Carlton, they said, and they insisted on opening their cases to him, and to him alone. Mr. Carlton bore these demands on his patience with his usual blandness. It would come right in time, he observed, smilingly, to Mr. Sowerby.

He had been shut up all the morning with a spendthrift lord, who had been recklessly scheming to rackrent his tenantry. The sun shone, and his constitutional ride was slow of attainment. But he could not turn his noble client over to Mr. Sowerby.

The noble client was gone at last, and Mr. Carlton gave a sigh of relief. The sky was still blue and tempting, and a part of the morning remained. He had taken up his hat and gloves, and was preparing to depart, when in came the clerk.

"If you please, sir, the lady who has been waiting—"

"Oh, I cannot see any one else to-day, Rogers!" said the lawyer, drawing on his gloves. "Mr. Sowerby is within, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but—this is her card, sir," added the clerk, presenting it.

Mr. Carlton ran his eye over it, and began hastily to pull off his gloves, his face expressive of the utmost concern.

"Miss Sylvester! Why in the world didn't you tell me? Where is she?"

"She has been waiting in the office, sir."

"In the office—the common office? Miss Sylvester?"

"There was nowhere else, sir," said the clerk, respectfully.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Only to think of it!" cried Mr. Carlton, in a tone of extreme annoyance. "I would not have had it happen, on any account whatever! Show her in directly, Rogers—directly!"

For him, calm and phlegmatic as his nature was, Mr. Carlton was in a fuss.

He had only time to dispose of his hat and gloves, draw a chair to the fire, for Alice, of course, when there was a footstep outside the door, and then she came in.

Mr. Carlton held up both his hands. "My dear Miss Sylvester, if I had but known—how could I imagine that it was you? And what is the matter?"

She was very pale, and her face had that set, rigid look, it was apt to wear in these days. Though he drew the chair forward, and pointed to it, she did not sit down; she came and stood by the fire.

"I wanted to speak to you," she began, in a low, earnest tone.

"I am sure I shall be very happy; but, pray be seated," said the polite lawyer. "I am sure you do me a great honour."

"I will not sit down. I feel as if I could say what I have to say better standing."

There was the same low, suppressed tone. The corners of the mouth tightened. Some high pressure was upon her. Knowing what he did of the history of the Sylvesters, he could guess what it was.

"As you please," replied he, still politely. "I am all attention."

Now she had gained admission to his presence, and he was there opposite, ready to listen to what she had to say, the communication seemed as if likely to be checked. She was silent a few moments, the muscles of her face worked painfully. It was evidently very hard to bring the subject which pressed upon her mind before him.

He thought he would help her a little.

"Nothing has happened at home, I hope?" he asked. "All are quite well?"

She started as from a momentary fit of abstraction. "Oh, yes, quite well, I thank you. Mr. Carlton," and her beautiful eyes, shining with earnestness, were fixed upon him, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it, Miss Sylvester?"

"It is this," she replied, in the same suppressed tone. "I hardly know how to put the idea into suitable words, for I have had so little to do with matters of business; but is there not"—a flush dyed her cheek as she said it—"some money coming to me when I shall be of age?"

"A little, there is, yes, and I am glad of it," said the lawyer, complacently.

She came a step or two nearer. Her eye sparkled, and her cheek glowed with some inward excitement.

"What I want you to do for me is to let me have that money now."

He looked at her in blank astonishment.

"I know it seems strange," she continued, hurriedly; "but I have an urgent reason for wishing it—very urgent, indeed!"

"But, my dear Miss Sylvester, of course, it could not be thought of," began the lawyer.

"Why should it not be thought of?" asked she, with a touch of the Sylvester ring in her voice.

"Why? Oh, for every reason. In the first place, it would not be legal. The money is not yours till you are twenty-one."

"But you can arrange that for me," and she came nearer still, and spoke still more eagerly. "I know you will. You are an old friend; you have been connected with our family for years and years before I can remember. Oh, I am sure you will do it!"

Her pleading tone, the earnest look in her eyes, her varying colour, showed that some powerful motive was at work.

A few vague suggestions floated through the lawyer's mind; but none of them were quite tangible. "Except that they are going to ruin as fast as they can go," thought he, "that is tangible enough!"

"You will do it," continued Alice, still standing before him. "I do not ask how. I put the matter in your hands; only, I beg of you, let me have the money!"

Lady Sylvester, in dignified ease, was reclining in her carriage. The pomp and glory of the Sylvesters were rolling abroad that fine sunshiny morning. Raymond, on his high-bred hunter, was pricking forward, in company with a few of the notabilities of the county. If poverty was stealing a march upon them, at least they ignored the knowledge of it. They set their faces like a flint against the coming ruin! Only from the lips of Alice, there issued the ominous words—

"I beg of you, let me have the money!"

He was very sorry for her, this bland lawyer, who could pleasantly finger his thousands. He admired her extremely, and would have done anything, as he said, in reason. But her request had no more effect upon him, as regarded any practical purpose, than if it had been spoken to the winds. It was altogether outrageous, and not to be thought of for a moment.

"What shall you have to live upon—excuse the question, Miss Sylvester, seeing it is rather important—if that money goes?" he asked, when he had a little recovered from his astonishment.

"Is that your only objection, Mr. Carlton?" said she, quickly.

"No, it is only one amongst a great many. But it stares one in the face, you know. Of course, you naturally wish to keep up your position."

"No, I don't. I don't wish it at all!"

She spoke impulsively, and with all the ring in her voice. He rubbed his hand over his head, and was silent. The expression of his face seemed to say that wonders would never cease.

"You need not consider me in any way," continued Alice, still impetuously. "I can do without the money."

He looked up now, in more blank astonishment still. "What shall you do?" he asked, in a tone of wonder.

"I shall work!"

"Work?"

What, from the lips of a Sylvester. Work! He could hardly believe his senses.

"And if I cannot work, I will starve!" There was a despairing energy in the tone of her voice, that startled him. "Yes," she repeated, "I will starve!"

He rubbed his head five minutes, at least, before he could think of any form of speech to meet a case so unparalleled. When he had left off rubbing, he said—

"Indeed, Miss Sylvester, you must excuse my being quite unprepared for such a disclosure."

She smiled sadly. She had thrown aside her muff, and the gloved fingers were interlacing each other with a nervous restlessness which had become habitual of late.

"Yes, quite unprepared," continued Mr. Carlton, blandly; "indeed, to say the truth, I was never more surprised in my life."

The resolute look came into her face again. The mouth tightened, the eyes were hard and set. She thought he was trifling with her, and the matter was so urgent. The happiness or misery of a fellow-creature was bound up with it. She was not like the rest of the Sylvesters, who could trample these things under their feet.

He saw the look, for he had been watching her narrowly. He was a keen observer, and he read her thoughts as though they had been written in a book. He admired her greatly. It was not often in his province to meet with a character like hers.

"I cannot meet your wishes," he said, at length, in a tone of some regret; "added to which, you have not given me your confidence, Miss Sylvester. In plain English, what do you want the money for?"

The vivid colour mounted to her cheek, and dyed her forehead; the sense of intolerable shame cut into her very soul. She would not tell him. Oh, no! her lips could never utter words, every one of which was a sting and reproach to her and hers!

Again he read her thoughts as though they had been written. He knew her history too well to be in much perplexity, and he said, in a low tone, and as gently as he could, "Is it to pay some debt?"

He had touched the chord that was so sensitive. The colour came again more vivid than ever, and then it faded. She sat down, and covered her face with her hands.

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, kindly, "pray don't take it so to heart! None of these things have been brought about by any fault of yours; you must take comfort from that reflection."

She raised her head with a passionate gesture. The consciousness of the position in which she and hers were placed, was gnawing at her heart.

He was thinking, all the while, how beautiful she was, and that she was young, and life was before her, and that many things might happen to avert the fate which seemed impending.

"She must marry well," he thought—and the idea tended greatly to his comfort—"marry well, and with money!"

As for being the party to any act by which her future might be damaged, he had no intention of the kind.

"Once and for all, no!" said he, in reply to her

further entreaties. "Let me assure you, that you can do nothing—nothing whatever!"

"Then you refuse to help me?" exclaimed she, rising hastily.

"Most certainly I do."

She turned to go; the hot tears were gushing to her eyes.

He would have detained her. He was glad he had been firm, but he fancied he could soothe down her feelings—that he could reason with her, and pacify her. But he could not.

She went away almost directly. Very soon she was in the street, walking towards her home. She had drawn down her veil, so that no one could see the flushed cheek and the quivering mouth. She was resolved what to do. She would put from her, for ever, the false pomp and pretentiousness which did but add to their shame. She would set at nought prejudice, and the old rotten customs that, like manacles, had held her in. She would *work*; yes, she would work!

She loathed the miserable ease in which they sat, and waited for their doom. Not for this had Heaven given her youth, and strength, and energy. Yes, she would work, no matter at what! The humblest employment seemed to her an inestimable boon. The commonest working woman, who trudged along the pavement, appeared noble by the side of the Sylvesters! As she hurried onwards, some one spoke to her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sylvester, for stopping you, but I want to know if you have done anything for me?"

The voice was that of John Humphreys; the haggard, beseeching eyes were his.

She walked a few steps without speaking. He walked beside her. There was no question of dignity, or of precedence. Here were two human beings whose cup of misery was full.

"Because you are my only hope," he continued; "I've kept off telling her, till I'd seen you, and I've been walking about the streets for hours and hours! I want to know if you have done anything for me?"

She did not speak. He knew what her silence meant. Yet he kept up with her, step by step. Once, she made a little movement as if she were about to speak.

"Yes?" said he, eagerly, as though she had already addressed him, "yes?"

Not a word came from her lips, but partly in pity, partly in her own cruel perplexity, she turned her face towards him.

He saw her face through the veil. In that one look was revealed to him the whole of what she was suffering—the entire hopelessness there was for her, and for him! "Ah!" exclaimed he; "I see! I see! you could do nothing!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"IF IT DOES BUT LAST."

RACHEL HUMPHREYS had had rather a trying day of it. Not that her husband had told her any of his troubles. He had kept a bold front so far. Perhaps

the calm and happy atmosphere of home had so soothing an influence, that, when he came into it, the lines on his forehead were smoothed, and the haggard look went out of his eyes. At all events, up to the present moment, beyond an occasional cloud, which sailed across her summer sky and disappeared, Rachel had no intimation of the evil days that were coming.

Her trials had proceeded from the fact that her husband's mother had, for the first time, condescended to pay her a visit.

Rachel had made great preparations to do the old lady honour. She had a fire lighted in the best room, and the best china reached out, and had put on her wedding-gown, all at the instigation of John.

"I should like my mother to see the best side of us, Rachel," he had said.

"I suppose I must go and drink tea with this *girl* John has chosen to marry!" was the old lady's observation, not to John, of course, but to a confidential friend and neighbour.

In due time she came. Rachel met her at the door. She was determined to do all she could to create some better kind of understanding between herself and Dame Humphreys.

"I am very glad to see you. It is kind of you to come," said Rachel, and offering her hand.

The old lady barely touched the tips of Rachel's fingers. "Ah, yes! I promised John I would come. Of course I owed a duty to John!"

Rachel felt a little chill creeping over her; but she was resolved not to yield.

She ushered the old lady into the room, with its blazing fire, and polished furniture, where all was clean, and bright, and orderly. Dame Humphreys glanced round, and then gave a little sniff, a habit peculiar to her.

"We have got quite settled, you see," said Rachel, cheerfully, and with a little pride, too, in her new home.

"Ah, yes, I see! A nice thing for *you*," replied the old woman.

Rachel coloured, she could not help it, for she was as sensitive as any lady.

"Poor John has done his best," continued Dame Humphreys, with another glance round. "Well, I am sure I hope you may be happy, and that it will last!"

"Thank you," said Rachel, colouring again.

She next took the old lady up-stairs. The bedroom was cheerful, and cleanly, and bright, as the room below. There were muslin curtains to the windows, and the quilt was of snowy whiteness, and everywhere was diffused the fragrance of fresh air and lavender.

The old lady sniffed again. "John thought he'd begin grand, with his fine house!" said she.

"Not fine, only comfortable and pleasant," said Rachel, gently. "See what a nice view there is from the window;" and she went to raise the blind.

"Thank you, I don't care about views," said Dame Humphreys, who was untying her bonnet-strings with a jerk. "There's enough for me to see in-doors."

Rachel withdrew from the window. She was hurt and vexed; but she had not practised self-control all these years, that it should fail her now. She made no reply, but assisted Dame Humphreys to unrobe.

When she and her visitor returned to the parlour, the best china was on the table, and the kettle was sending out a stream of vapour. There was another kind of fragrance now, that of hot cakes and buttered toast.

"We shall not begin without John. He will be here directly," said Rachel, as she put the tea in the pot.

"Ah, poor John!"

Rachel made a quick turn of her head, as if she were going to say something hasty; but she restrained herself, and was silent. When she had set the tea to brew, she took up her work.

Dame Humphreys looked round with a sniff; but as there was really nothing to find fault about, she was obliged to be silent.

Rachel was very glad, when, as she watched at the window, John's well-known figure appeared in the distance. He was coming up the field, but he did not walk so briskly as usual. He held his head down, and as he came nearer Rachel could see how pale and jaded he looked. Various floating suspicions had been in her mind about him of late. Now, all in a moment, they assumed a definite form.

"I am sure something is the matter, she thought; and almost directly she had slipped out of the room, and had gone to meet him.

He was at the gate by this time, and when he saw her, his face brightened. It was the old, dear, familiar smile that, come when she would, never failed to greet her.

She put her arm in his, and they walked up the garden together.

"John, I am sure you are very tired. Where have you been to?"

"Only out on business, Rachel, and I am tired." He sighed as he said it.

"Is anything the matter, John?"

The question came as quick as could be.

He did not reply to her, except by a question, as Rachel said, wholly irrelevant to the purpose.

"Is my mother here, Rachel?"

"Yes, John. But——"

"Then how came you to leave her? Pray go in at once."

He spoke sharply, more so than he had ever done before.

Rachel's feelings had been rather jarred upon, as we know, and the tears came into her eyes.

When he saw the tears his face softened. He stooped down and kissed her forehead. As he did so, he said, in a voice more full of emotion than it was wont to be, "God bless you, my own darling!"

Then the husband and wife parted. Rachel went back to Dame Humphreys, and John took himself off to make himself, as he said, fit for his mother to see him. His toilette took him a long time—much longer than usual. Rachel tried to convince herself that the time was more tedious on account of the

tête-à-tête she was obliged to have with Dame Humphreys.

He came down at last, and then he seemed so like himself that Rachel's surmises and suspicions began to dissipate like vapours in the sun. He was very glad to see his mother, and being thoroughly used to her ways of thinking and speaking, he was not in danger of being hurt as Rachel had been.

Her cue, during the rest of the evening was, to pity him incessantly. "Poor John!" and "My poor boy!" were constantly on her lips. And another expression, too, she used that did not leave him so scatheless: "I wish it may last!"

When his mother said this, John would change colour a little; and once, his hand shook as he handed her a cup of tea, performing this act in the midst of her speech. His hand shook so much that the tea was spilt.

Rachel thought he was vexed. She herself attached no more importance to this observation, than she did to any other that came from Dame Humphreys.

By-and-by it was time for Mrs. Humphreys to go home, and then John fetched his hat and his comforter, and prepared to escort her. As he tied the comforter round his neck, he whispered to Rachel—

"I shall not be long. You'll sit up?"

"Sit up, of course she would! How could he think any otherwise!"

When he was gone, she put a fresh log on the fire to keep it up. Then she sat down before it, and the light shone and flickered on her smooth hair and calm, happy face: for she was quite happy now, and calm as ever. The small, venomous stings she had been called on to endure were but for a moment; not for long could they ruffle the deep, underlying serenity of her life!

She thought her lot had indeed fallen to her in pleasant places, that she had a goodly heritage!

Poor Rachel!

Her husband's step was, even now, turned towards his home. When he got there, he meant to tell her what had happened. Presently she heard him coming, and she rose and drew back the bolt, which she had fastened for greater security. Then, as it was cold, she went back to the fire, and stood before it, waiting till he should have locked and barred the door.

He had soon done that, and had hung up his cap, and taken off his comforter. It was the one atom of respite granted her, and no more, not a single moment longer. It was coming on her quick as thought!

"John—dear John! what is the matter?"

For, now the restraint was over, he could bear it no longer. He had striven hard to keep up before his mother, and had succeeded. The old lady had gone to bed in a state of as blissful ignorance as when she rose from it. But he could do no more. He was ashy pale; his face, in its weariness and haggardness, seemed as if suddenly ploughed up with care and sorrow. He sat down, and looked at her with a strange blank look that frightened her.

She was by his side in a moment. She had put her

hand on his shoulder. All her misgivings started into vivid, actual life. The ground seemed to tremble under her feet.

Yet, whatever it was, this nameless, mysterious evil, she could bear it, if he could. She would not be the one to fail or faint. Her courage rose, as it always does in these brave natures, when it was needed.

By this time he had recovered a little. He had been planning, again and again, what word she should use, and had wearied himself with speculations as to how she would bear it. He might have saved himself the trouble. The whole matter resolved itself into a few words. He wondered at the little time, the small amount of skill, it took to say them.

She was still standing close by him. As he spoke he had slipped his arm round her. He expected her to start, and to tremble, and perhaps cry out at the downfall of her prosperity; but she did not. When he had finished telling her, he looked up.

Yes, there she stood, brave and true-hearted as ever. There was a tear on her cheek, and she was a little pale; but her eye never shone with a brighter, kindlier lustre. She stooped down and kissed him.

"My husband, why did you not tell me this before?"

He was so rejoiced to hear her speak, to see her smile, to feel that the worst was over, and the burden shared, and that she had not failed, or given way before the advancing tide of evil, that he wept for very thankfulness.

She wept, too, for a few moments. It was a relief thus to give vent to the new feelings that had come upon her with such suddenness. But she soon dried her tears. Hers was not a weeping temperament.

Still standing by him, his loving helpmeet, his faithful friend, she began calmly to discuss the matter. If he had so misjudged her unselfish nature as to fancy he would have to persuade, to soothe, to

argue her into compliance with what he was about to do, he soon found he had been mistaken. She had not been well tried and disciplined in the school of life all these years, that such should be the result. Oh, no! He felt, from the first, that he had been a fool not to trust her sooner.

He told her everything. The relief to his own mind was greater than he could have believed. And he asked her how she could bear it, if this new home had to be taken away, and the farm sold.

She stooped down, and kissed him again.

"We can make another home," she said, "and quite as happy as this is."

"But it won't be such a good home, Rachel. We shall be poor people compared to what we are now."

"It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich," she said, with a smile.

"Ah, Rachel! I know you are one of a thousand," said he, despondingly; "but to have the ground rent from under one by a swindler, and by——"

"John," said she, interrupting him, "we will not think of that. If we do, we shall never rise above our misfortunes. We must just be brave, dear, and do our utmost to retrieve that one mistake. It will be retrieved in time."

"Do you think it will, Rachel?"

"Oh, yes, and I am so thankful!" here the tears gushed forth again.

"Thankful for what, Rachel?"

"Thankful that nothing worse has happened, dear. Sickness might have come, or separation. When I saw how ill you looked, my mind jumped to a hundred conclusions, every one of which was worse than this."

"Rachel!" and he caught her to his arms, "you are my good angel! As long as I have you, I care for nothing!"

"And as long as I have you!" she said.

(To be continued.)

THE DOCTOR'S APPLE.



THE Greek class was over in the school-room—the boys were beginning to gather their books together to put them by for the afternoon—when Dr. Markham, rapping on the desk before him, called for silence.

"Boys," he said, pleasantly, "we have just been reading in our Greek mythology the story of Paris and the three goddesses, and how they scrambled for the apple. Well, I'm going to roll an apple in amongst all of you now, and you'll have to fight and push very hard to see who can pick it up; but you must not allow it to become an apple of discord. To-morrow there is to be a grand fête given in the Alderseley Gardens, some ten miles off: Professor Horsemann is to make his first ascent in his large balloon, and there are to be fireworks in the evening. Now, I can take one of you boys with me to this fête, and only one; and, as I don't like to single out any of you in particular, I have determined that you

shall fight for the privilege in fair and open warfare, with brains for your cudgels and pens for your swords. You shall, each of you who wish to go, write me an essay, in poetry, on the subject of the fête, the balloon ascent, &c. &c.—the first class to make their attempt in Latin verse, and the lower classes in English. As to-day is a half-holiday, and you have plenty of spare time, I shall expect these papers to be finished and given up to me this evening at supper-time; and I shall judge each paper according to the age of the author, and the opportunities he has had for improving himself."

It was evident, from the buzz, and clapping, and row which followed this announcement in the school-room, that there would be a great scuffle for Dr. Markham's apple; but, outside in the playground, when the boys congregated together to talk the matter over, there were not a few ungenerous enough to say, with a sneer, "Young Markham, of course, will be the one chosen. It's a mere farce

setting us to work, when the doctor knows quite well who he intends to take;" and one or two, who knew they had no chance, added, that "they wished Tall Graham would put on steam, and send up a set of verses, as he well could, which would compel the doctor to take the apple, for once in his life, out of his son's mouth."

Now, all these remarks were decidedly ungenerous, as well as unjust. Young Markham was the doctor's son—his only son—and he might easily have given the vacant place in his carriage to him without calling forth indignation, or being accused of showing partiality or favouritism. But Dr. Markham was nervously sensitive about ever extending any favour to his son which he could not grant to the rest of the boys in the school, especially as his position of master was rendered doubly difficult by the fact that young Markham, though a very small boy, and the youngest in his class, was, without doubt, the cleverest and most hard-working boy in the school; and if, in selecting the nature of the competition, the doctor had erred in justice towards any one, it was towards this very son, as a defective ear in versification was the difficulty young Markham had most to struggle against.

Notwithstanding these ill-natured remarks, which were whispered freely among the boys, the struggle for the apple began. Foolscap paper, pens, ink, and books were eagerly sought for; and, instead of the game of cricket, which was to have been held in the playground, all the quietest nooks in the house and garden were taken speedy possession of, to give the young idea space to shoot.

Big Graham—or "The Giant," as the boys called him—carried off his paper to the furthest corner of the ground. He was determined to put out all his strength this time. He knew right well he could make good Latin verses if he chose; but the slightest noise or bustle put him out; so he seated himself beneath a hawthorn-tree, with his back to the hedge, and set to work.

After a time, he grew impatient: it was, perhaps, the effect of over-anxiety; but somehow, this evening, he did not seem capable of turning a single verse to his satisfaction, or grasping any very first-rate idea. He wrote, and scratched out, and began again—but all in vain—each line he scribbled down seemed worse than the one before. The first hour was gone by, and not even one simile was caught and pinned to the paper. At this rate, Markham, faulty as he was in his verses, would certainly outstrip him. He had seen the look of steady determination on the little boy's pale face as he carried off his paper and pen, and with each moment of lost time his fears of Markham's success redoubled.

At length he stood up in disgust, and threw his papers on the grass away from him. He thought, perhaps, if he looked over the hedge-row into the lane, he might find a new position give a new turn to his ideas; so he leaned across the sweet-smelling may-bushes, and vaguely turned dactyls and spondees

in his mind; but still all in vain: the divine afflatus refused to descend upon his head.

He had stood there half an hour, staring straight before him, when he heard a step on the road, and looking round suddenly, saw Waters, the village schoolmaster, coming down the lane, with some books and a cotton umbrella under his arm. He nodded respectfully to Graham, as he noticed his long neck above the hedge, and passed on.

"Waters," cried Graham, struck by a sudden thought, "come back; I want to speak to you, You are no end of a swell at Latin verses, are you not?"

Waters turned back, flattered by the question, and replied, with feigned humility, "Ay, ay, in a kind of a small way, I am; but nothing to you young gentlemen."

"Nonsense! I know better; and I'm in terrible want of a helping hand just now. I've been trying these two hours to make some plaguy verses on a balloon, and fireworks, and all that kind of thing; and I can't make a decent line—or even catch an idea. Here, look at what I've been doing."

"I don't find fault with your ideas, sir," said the old man, looking over Graham's paper; "but the rhythm is bad."

"Well, could not you show me how to make it better? Just a hint or two, to set me going. I'm hard up for time."

"I'm returning home to my dinner now, sir; but, if you'll let me take it with me, I'll just run my eye over it, and bring it back in an hour or so."

Graham hesitated a moment, and then, overcome by the sudden temptation, yielded his paper into the old man's hands. "I'll wait for you here," he said, hurriedly; "only don't be long; some of the fellows might come this way, and wonder what I was doing."

Waters put the paper in his pocket, and, walking fast, was soon out of sight, while Graham sat down again beneath the tree to wait for him; but, even before the sound of the footsteps had died away, a creeping doubt as to the honesty of his act had stolen into Graham's mind, and, by the uneasy way he tore the heads off the dandelions, and snapped at the spears of grass beside him, it was easy to see that, as he awaited Waters's return, the doubt was fast growing into conviction.

But he was not given long for reflection. The schoolmaster, pleased with his literary effort, hurried back to the place of tryst, and handed the paper across the hedge with a satisfied smile.

Graham could not, he thought, refuse to take it back now: it would look so babyish, and as if a fellow did not know his own mind; so he read it over, and said, as he finished it, "First-rate! The very thing I wanted! You've hit it off to a T! Thank you, Waters; you're a brick!"

"Not at all, sir. I'm glad you're pleased."

"I think it's tip-top! Good evening."

And Graham, putting the paper into his pocket, sauntered home. He met no one in the playground, so he went up to his own room, and bolted the door.

There was an hour still before the supper-bell would ring; and Graham, uneasy and dispirited, said to himself, he would alter the whole poem again and take his chance. But deceit, unless it is rooted out at the first moment, puts forth a thousand shoots. Graham found it far more difficult than he expected to make any vital change in Waters's composition, and he had not time to make an entirely new one. He worked over it, and sighed over it, till within ten minutes of the supper-time. Then the thought of the balloon and fireworks came upon him with terrible force, and in those ten minutes Waters's composition was copied out in a fair hand and folded up for the doctor's inspection.

The morning came, bright and clear, promising a lovely day for the balloon ascent. The essays had all been left with the doctor the night before; and nearly every heart in the school held some trembling hope that the treat would fall to their lot.

"Boys," said the master, when they were all marshalled before him, and he had taken a folded paper from his pocket, "it is pleasant in a case like this, when I see you are all equally desirous to go, not to be distracted by anxious doubts as to whose essay was really the best. I expected, I confess, to have had some difficulty in deciding; but I find one paper so decidedly above the average, I cannot but express my delight with it, as well as congratulate the author."

Poor Markham half started up—the flush of anticipated success rose already in his face, when his father continued—

"Graham, this essay of yours" (he unfolded the paper as he spoke) "is a credit to you. I only hope, now that you have shown what you are capable of doing, you will continue to work as well."

It was now Graham's turn to colour, and a deep red blush spread over his whole face as he took the paper back from the doctor's hands.

"Keep your essay, Graham," added his master, kindly. "I would like your father, when you return home, to see what progress you have made. And now, as we must make an early start, you had better go up and get ready."

Graham did keep the paper, but only till he got to his own room, and then he tore it into a thousand fragments and threw them into the grate.

"Show it to my father!" he cried, bitterly; "why, I shall be ashamed even to show him my face. I won't go to the place at all, and there's an end of it. I don't think, in all my life, I ever felt so wretched."

Graham spoke the truth—he was thoroughly miserable. He had passed a long, wakeful night, torn with remorse for his deceitful act, and the dread of confessing it to his master; for he knew quite well he must either go through with the one, or make up his mind to the humiliation of the other. The doctor had said the prize apple was to be struggled for in fair and open warfare; and how had he obtained it?—by treachery and deceit.

He made no effort to arrange his toilet for the

coming fête, but sat stupidly on the corner of his bed, till the wheels of the carriage outside, and the opening of his room door, startled him from his painful reverie.

"Graham, why aren't you ready? Father has gone down stairs already. Here, I brought you my telescope: you'll be able to follow the balloon no end of a distance. But make haste, or you'll be late."

"I'm not going," replied Graham, gruffly.

"Not going? Nonsense! Why not?"

"I won't go. Your essay was a thousand times better than mine."

"How can you talk such rubbish, Graham?"

"It's not rubbish; it's the truth. And if you want to hear more truth, you shall. I did not write that essay at all,"—he pointed to the fragments scattered on the hearthstone. "It was Waters, the schoolmaster, wrote it. I did not intend to be a sneak, but I have been one; and you may go down and tell your father so; for I won't go; and he may give me any punishment he likes."

Markham grew very pale. He walked over to the window, and looked down at the carriage, and at the horses, which were pawing the ground beneath. "Shall I really go down and tell father? Do you wish me to do so, Graham?" he asked, turning slowly round, as if from a painful struggle.

"Yes," replied Graham, almost sullenly; "and the rest of the fellows, while you are about it."

And Markham left the room, with what seemed to his unhappy companion, a too willing alacrity.

But he was a long time absent, and when he returned he was accompanied by his father.

"Graham," said the doctor, very gravely, but with a certain mixture of kindness, "I have heard the confession you have just made, and also your willingness to suffer whatever punishment I may choose to inflict. I left the choice of that punishment in my son's hands, and he has chosen rightly—that you should accompany me to Alderseley."

"Oh, father! don't put it that way," said young Markham, earnestly. "Please, Graham, for my sake, go."

"Your father is right," said Graham, bitterly; "it is the worst revenge Markham could have taken."

But the doctor was fixed in his resolution to carry the punishment into effect, and Graham accompanied him to Alderseley. He spoke kindly to the boy as he drove beside him in the carriage, and even encouragingly; but in vain—for, as long as Graham lived afterwards, he never forgot the struggle for the doctor's apple, the sudden temptation yielded to, and how, like the fruit in the wide Arabian desert, though tempting and bright to look at, it had turned to dust and ashes in his grasp.

The following day Graham made the only reparation in his power—he confessed his deceitful act before the whole school; and as the story of Markham's generous revenge went round, all the envious and ungenerous tongues which had been raised against him, were once and for ever silenced.

THE BIVVER

Saturday, July 4, 1858.



(Drawn by W. RIDLEY.)

"There is nothing amiss."—p. 660.

CHRISSY'S FOLLY.

CHRISSY'S father was a collier, living in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. Being a sober, industrious man, he earned enough money to make his home very comfortable. His cottage

was a model specimen of the home of a well-to-do mechanic in the North-country. The front door opened into a large brick-floored room, furnished with the good old furniture which he had inherited

from his grandmother. In one corner stood an old eight-day clock, which had tick-tacked there for more than fifty years. On the high mantel-shelf were placed some gay-coloured china dogs and sheep; and, in the centre, on a nail, hung a large silver watch. A few Scripture prints, framed in rosewood, adorned the whitewashed walls; the window-sill was filled with flower-pots, in which geraniums, fuchsias, and other window-plants were kept. At the further end of the room, opposite the fireplace, a chest of drawers stood, the top of which served as a book-shelf for the family Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and a few other books.

On Chrissy's fifteenth birthday, this room was filled with merry guests. At the close of the day, when the whole party had left the house, and her brother John had gone with his cousins across the fields to their home, Chrissy and her parents were left alone. In his low arm-chair, close to the chimney-corner, sat John Smith, her father. Opposite to him, her mother sat, with Chrissy standing by her side, looking dreamily into the fire which was blazing brightly on the hearth.

"Now, Chrissy, my love," said her father, with one of his sunniest smiles, and rubbing his hands together, "bring me my great-coat; you'll find it hanging behind the door."

The coat was soon brought to him. He took out of one of its huge pockets a new pocket Bible, with gilt edges and brass clasps, and held it out to Chrissy.

"Here, my darling, take this Bible for your birthday gift. I have put your name in it. It did not cost much money, but I hope God will make it a blessing to you."

"What, another book! Thank you, father; I shall soon have quite a library," she added, almost involuntary.

"Indeed," he replied, "have you had any books since the one I gave you last Christmas?"

"Well, father, I have only one besides."

"Where did you get it from, Chrissy? I should like to see it."

"Oh, it's up-stairs in my box now; you shall see it some day, father."

"Can't you run and fetch it now? or tell me what sort of a book it is, and who gave it to you?"

Chrissy hesitated, and coloured deeply. She was evidently vexed with her father for wanting to know so much about this book. Her mother whispered in her ear, "Come, Chrissy, pray run and fetch it to satisfy your father."

She did so. Her father looked at it, and found that it was a novel of the silliest and most pernicious kind. Inside, on the cover, he found her name written, and underneath, that of the giver, who signed himself, "Stephen Waters." The father hastily shut the book, and was in the act

of throwing it into the fire, but his wife snatched it out of his hand.

"Wait a little," she said; "it would perhaps be better to return it to the person who gave it. Who is Stephen Waters, Chrissy?" she said, softly.

Chrissy did not answer. She looked down on the ground, and seemed-afraid to speak. Her father got up from his chair, and took hold of Chrissy's hand, and drew her gently towards him.

"Come," he said, "you must tell me all you know about the young man who gave you that trashy book."

Chrissy began to cry.

"I fear," he said, "you have got acquainted with some vain fellow, who is trying to make you as bad as himself. The book he has given you is not fit for you to read. It will only fill your head with nonsense. I beg that you will not keep company with persons who are fond of reading silly novels; neither they nor their books will do you any good—come, don't cry, Chrissy, on your birthday, too! Go to bed now, my child, and calmly think over what I have been telling you for your good, and I hope it will prove to be a word in season to you."

After Chrissy had gone up-stairs to bed, her brother John returned home. His father asked him if he knew Stephen Waters. He said he had often seen him in the town. He was a tall, smart-looking fellow, with very jovial manners, and a great favourite with the young men of the place. Sometimes he had seen him talking with his sister in the street. But he thought nothing of that, having seen other young men do the same: in fact, he had heard her spoken of by some of them as the "belle of the parish."

Next morning Chrissy was directed by her parents to send back, through her brother, the book which Waters had given to her. It was then hoped that Chrissy's connection with Waters would be broken off. But Chrissy's mind was already so warped by the trash which she had read through before it was sent back, that she could not take the warning which her father had given her. She thought he was prejudiced against the young man for want of knowing him better, and persuaded herself to believe that by-and-by he would change his mind, and be as well pleased with him as other people were. So, instead of trying to avoid further intercourse with Waters, she sought the earliest opportunity of meeting him, and speaking to him privately.

An interview being as eagerly sought by Waters, it was not long before they met, and they soon became as friendly as ever. At one of their meetings they happened to be seen by her brother John, who, having reason to suspect his sister might be going to see Waters, followed her, and found her in his company.

"Ah! is that you, Chrissy?" John called out rather loudly, as he drew near his sister.

She turned round abruptly, saying, "Good-night" to her companion, and then said to John, "Come along, I am going home with you."

While they were on their way home, John said—"What will father say, Chrissy, when I tell him who you were talking to this evening?"

"Oh! pray don't tell him, John," she said, imploringly.

"But I must tell him; you are very naughty not to mind what he says."

"No, you must not tell him, John," she repeated, with vehemence. "I shall run away from home if you do; so you had better say nothing at all about it."

John was very fond of his sister, and could not bear the thought of her leaving home. He had only one other sister, and she was too young to be any companion for him. What to do for the best he could not tell. On reaching home they found their father standing at the door. He said to them, "Where have you been?" Chrissy quickly replied, "We have been for a short walk together."

John said nothing to his father, but afterwards he told his mother, privately, where he had found Chrissy, and who was with her.

That night both father and mother considered what had best be done with their undutiful daughter. They did not like to send her away from home, where she was very useful to them; but they thought they must do so. A fortnight afterwards, a light employment was found for her in Manchester, and Chrissy left home, promising to have no more to do with Waters.

But her parents' difficulties and anxieties were not to end so soon and so easily. About a year afterwards, news came that Chrissy had left her situation. She had contrived to get a week's holiday. It was supposed that she went home to spend it; but as she did not return at the end of the week, a letter was sent to her father to inquire the cause. This was the first intimation her afflicted parents had of her flight. What had become of her could only be guessed. They thought she must have gone somewhere with Waters. This was, indeed, the fact. While Chrissy was at Manchester, she broke her promise to her parents, and sent a letter to Waters, telling him where she was, and that she had not, and could not, forget him, though she had been sent from home on purpose to be out of his way.

He replied to her letter, and afterwards they kept up a weekly correspondence for several months. This led, eventually, to the unfortunate step which Chrissy had taken in leaving her employer. Waters met her by appointment at the Manchester station, and took her to Liverpool, where his parents lived, and thence, after

being privately married at a registrar's office, they took their passage to Australia.

They arrived safely at Port Adelaide. Her husband, who was a joiner, and an expert workman, soon obtained employment. His wages were good; and for some time he worked hard. Before they had been two years in Adelaide, where they wished to settle, they had built themselves a nice dwelling, and furnished it with every convenience. All was then going on happily. They had one child, and he added much to their comfort, especially of the mother, who often felt dull and lonely before his birth, and bitterly regretted her folly in marrying against her parents' wishes, and leaving her friends and her native land.

Had Waters continued to be industrious, he might have become a very prosperous man; but though he had changed his country, he had not changed his character. His gay temper and social habits soon won him new companions, and by degrees he relapsed into his former vicious course of wasting his time and money in fashionable amusements. He was clever as a gambler, and the billiard-table was his chief delight. He often won much money; but he spent more. At the end of six years after his arrival in the country, he became almost as poor as ever he had been in his life. Chrissy foresaw that gambling would soon be her husband's ruin, and her own too. He was not intemperate, but he was extravagant, and was imposed upon by every rogue he met with.

Time wore on. Chrissy's anxieties increased every day. The dreaded evil came at last. In one night Waters lost all he had to lose. He then decamped, leaving his wife and child to the mercy of his creditors, and joined a vessel bound for America.

When Chrissy found herself deserted and almost penniless in a strange land, far from home, she was overwhelmed with alarm and grief. Her anguish of mind was greatly increased by the remembrance that all her trouble had been brought on herself by her self-will and her undutifulness to her parents. Her misery was extreme. She had no friend to care for her, or to advise her what to do. And then, for the first time since she had left home, she thought of the Bible which her dear, but ill-used, father had given her on her fifteenth birthday, long before she knew what real sorrow was. She knew well what it was now, and found there was One only who could hear and help her in her need.

She could only raise a few pounds, barely enough to take her back to England, where she wished to return as soon as possible.

After a long, tedious passage of five months, during which her child sickened with measles, and died, Chrissy reached her destination. How eagerly she watched the shore as the good ship

neared it! There were many welcome greetings given and received, as soon as her fellow-passengers who crowded the deck-side, and their expectant friends on the shore, recognised each other; but no waving hand or loving glance welcomed poor Chrissy's return.

* * * * *

Two travellers, the one an aged man, the other a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, entered the almost deserted streets of a seaport town late one December night. They had evidently come on foot from a great distance, for their clothes were stained with travel, and they crawled along wearily, with bent back and drooping head.

"Where shall we find lodgings to-night, father?" said the girl, in an anxious tone.

"Don't know, Jane," said the old man; "but I hope we shall find some door open to take us in."

They walked through several streets; but every house was closely shut up, and no light was to be seen from the windows.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the father, "I feel almost ready to drop down with fatigue. I really cannot go a step further."

Just at that moment the sound of footsteps was heard coming near them. Jane turned to look. Presently she saw, by the light of a gas-lamp close by, a mounted policeman on his rounds. When he came up to them, he stopped to ask what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, there is nothing amiss," answered the old man; "only we are in search of a friend here, and want to find a place where to sleep for the night."

"Well," he said, "if you will come along with me a little further up this road, I will show you a house which is open for the accommodation of travellers at all hours of the night."

"Thank you kindly," said the old man, who, meanwhile, had sunk on the ground to rest; "though how to walk another yard I don't know. I am almost too tired to get up on my feet again."

The next day was Sunday, and our travellers were glad to rest till the evening, when they went to the nearest church. As they were coming out, Jane felt something on the pew-floor when reaching her father's hat. Picking it up, she found it was a pocket Bible, in which was written "Christine Smith, the gift of her affectionate father, June 12th, 1852."

"Bless me!" murmured the old man, on looking at it; "she must have been here lately—perhaps this very evening, in the same pew with us, and we never knew it."

The only means of discovering the owner they could think of, was to ask the door-keeper to tell the loser of the book to call at the house where they lodged.

Being unable to wait longer than the next day before going home again, they anxiously waited till the afternoon for a call.

At length the expected visitor arrived, and was shown in.

"Have you come," said the old man, "for the Bible which we picked up in church on Sunday night?"

"Yes, I have," she said; "and am very much obliged to you for taking care of it—for me, as I value it very much."

"Indeed," he replied, in a tremulous voice, showing her the writing inside; "but pray tell me, first, is that your name?"

"Yes," she said, "it was my name before I was married."

Unable to restrain his feelings any longer, he cried out, bursting into tears, and stretching out his arms towards her, "Oh, Chrissy—Chrissy! come to me, my daughter. I am your own father, and this is your own sister Jane."

Chrissy stared, first at him, and then at Jane, in mute astonishment.

"What! is it really you, my poor wronged father? Oh, how changed!—looking so old and ill! And is this my sister Jane, too? Oh! how can it be true?"

"Oh, yes, it is quite true—believe me, it is true; and how glad I am we have met together at last!" he said, embracing her, with tears of joy in his eyes.

"But," said Chrissy, still lost in doubt and surprise, "how is it you are here? I wrote home to Northumberland, and my letters came back to me unopened. I thought you must be dead, or gone I knew not where; and had given up all hopes of meeting you again in this world."

Jane seeing her father sink down in his chair, overcome with emotion, and unable to give the necessary explanation, said to her sister, "Pray listen to me; I will tell you how it is we have met here in this strange, unexpected manner. When father was very ill, a month ago, a kind clergyman came to see him. He asked him about his family. Father told him that his wife died of a broken heart through the loss of two of her children; one a son who was drowned, and the other a daughter who had left home and gone away, as he feared, with a bad young man to some place abroad. He said he was reminded, by what father told him of his daughter, of the case of a poor woman who was one of his fellow-passengers from Australia, when he returned to this country a few months since. Father asked him if he would tell him the particulars. He said, 'Yes. I remember a young woman on board with her little boy, whom I buried at sea, the poor child having died with measles. She said she was going home to her parents in Northumberland, of the same name as

yours; but perhaps if she did not find them there, she might stay in Liverpool, where her husband's parents resided, and get her living as best she could."

"Yes, Chrissy," said her father, rousing himself to energy, "I told the gentleman it was a most remarkable story, and that I had reason to believe God had directed his steps to me, to let me know where my lost child was at last to be found. As soon as I got well enough, I set off with your sister to this town, and searched for you two days without finding you. The rest you know. Oh! how glad I am we have met at last."

Chrissy, choked with surprise and emotion, fell

at her father's knees and sobbed out the confession of her fault, and asked his forgiveness. The old man tenderly embraced his daughter, and said he heartily forgave all the past, and hoped she would never leave him again. He then gave back to her the Bible, and she received it with tears of gratitude, saying, "This book has been to me a blessing indeed; it first led me to my heavenly Father, and now it has been the means of leading me back to you."

Chrissy never left her father again, but while she lived she was his chief earthly comfort, and helped to support him with the work of her own hands.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.



LIVET is prominent among "the consecrated heights" of Palestine. Horeb was hallowed by the mystic fire; Sinai had its solemn lessons; Carmel caught the heavenly flame;

Tabor tells of teachings uttered by Him who spake as never man spake. All these hills have their echoes that never die, and an unfading light lingers around them. But there are deeper footprints of Divinity on Olivet than on them all. Next to "mournful Calvary," it stirs most profoundly the Christian's soul. To Bethany, near its south-eastern base, our blessed Lord was wont to retire, that he might enjoy the quiet seclusion which the favoured family offered. Sitting on the slope of this hill, with the Temple shimmering at his feet in the rays of the eastern sun, he foretold that shortly not one stone of that grand structure should be left on another. From the brow of that mount, when Jerusalem burst suddenly on his sight, the Saviour wept over the Holy City. In the garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of Olivet, his soul was exceeding sorrowful, and the world's sins and sorrows wrung from His sympathetic nature drops of blood.

This place of so many memories, the scene of his severest sufferings and deepest humiliation, was chosen as his point of departure when Jesus returned a conqueror to heaven. On the chosen day our Lord met his disciples in the city, discoursed to them there, answered their too curious inquiries about his coming kingdom, gave them his final commands, and then led them out to Bethany.

We follow them in fancy. They leave the city, cross the Kedron, are lost for a time in the shadow of the olive-trees; then again we trace them as they near the village. There he pauses. He spreads his hands over his followers in priestly manner, and while in the act of blessing them he rises sublimely from earth, mounts higher and

higher as they gaze upward with fixed and startled look, and presently a cloud encloses him, and they see him no more. They stand awe-stricken and mute, and stare with strained sight into the sky. Then two angels appear to them in shining garb, and say, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

In this account of our blessed Lord's ascension, the first thing that strikes us is the fact of his rising from earth unaided. It differs thus in instructive particulars from Elijah's translation. By a sweeping storm, in the midst of which a chariot of cloud rolled by and caught him up, the prophet was conveyed to his reward. But Jesus rose slowly and sublimely, the heavenly life within counteracting the law of gravitation, as the vital energy of the bird enables it to fill its hollow bones with air and rise from earth. Elijah's departure was an assumption—a taking up; Jesus's, an ascension—a going up. As he could not be holden of the grave when he willed to roll back the stone, so he could not be holden of earth when he had finished fully the work the Father had given him to do. His glorified life had its home in heaven, so his ascension followed as a consequence of his resurrection. He consented to tarry on this world for a time, but his affinities were not here. It was by a generous effort of self-denial that he descended to earth. It was by a spontaneous tendency of his nature that he went back to his glory. He rose again to the level whence he had come down, and so proved his origin to be heavenly, his essence Divine. He went back naturally to his source, and rested at last on the throne which on earth he had daily been nearing, his whole life here being a gradual, steady advance heavenwards. And such should our life be. By virtue of the resurrection-life which he imparts to us, we can,

through grace, claim a citizenship in the skies; and through the in-working of the Divine life, we should be daily drawing nearer and nearer to our home on high. So living, when we are called away, we too shall ascend, the life within going to its kindred skies with a glad sense of release. We should, then, consider ourselves as strangers here, and, being "risen with Christ," should set our affections on things above. As the heart of Bruce was carried forward in the battle to draw on the soldiers, so should Jesus, by his going before, draw us to the place where he will share with us his victory. Therefore, as Bishop Pearson says, "we should trample on our sins, and subdue our lusts of the flesh, that our conversation may be correspondent to the Saviour's condition; that where the eyes of the apostles were forced to leave him, thither our thoughts may follow him." The Christian's cry should be—

"Chains of my heart, avaunt! I say;
I will arise, and, in the strength of love,
Pursue the bright track ere it fade away—
My Saviour's pathway to his home above."

But we are told that "a cloud received" the Saviour out of the sight of the disciples. Now clouds were not so common in Palestine as in our clime: they have their significance in Scripture symbolism. The cloud that concealed Christ from the earnest gaze of the little group on Olivet was a sign of separation. It was drawn between the Saviour and mortal sight to check

too curious inquiries as to his present condition. But it was also a symbol of glory—an evidence of his enthronisation.

Let us be thankful that it is only a cloud that has come between our dear Lord and ourselves. No adamant rock has to be scaled that we may reach him; no mighty barrier divides us. There is but a little gathered mist—an "earth-born cloud," between our Jesus and ourselves. It is but a little film of vapour that veils him from our view. And this does not hide us from him; it does not bar his approach; it is no hindrance to the fulfilment of his promise—"Lo, I am with you alway." His disciples can no longer see him face to face, but they can feel his presence with a sense more quick and connecting than touch. And this thin tissue will be torn away one day, and the Saviour will come in triumph to take to himself the great power and reign. The angels announced—"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Then we shall be caught up to reign with him; and when the everlasting doors shall roll back to receive him once more, a long line of glorified men shall swell his triumphal train.

Meanwhile the heavenly messengers chide our idly looking for our ascended Lord. "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" they ask. Musing is to be balanced by doing; contemplation is to be followed by practical application to the work of witnessing to our Redeemer.

FAITH IN LITTLE THINGS THE PROOF OF NO LITTLE FAITH.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



FAITHFULNESS to one's trust, whether in great things or small, whether in sacred or secular duties, the same principle being involved in them all, is the frequent subject of our Lord's illustrative parables. There are the ten virgins, five wise enough to trim their lamps, and five foolish enough to neglect their oil; there are the servants of an absent lord, to whom he severally confided their ten, five, or one talent, who, on his return to reckon with them, promoted to greater trust the faithful ones, and banished from his service and favour the indolent and disloyal; there are the wicked husbandmen, misappropriating the inheritance entrusted to their economy, stoning their lord's messengers, and even slaying his son, who are punished with destruction, and their office transferred to the charge of others; and there is the course of the wasteful steward, culminating in a series of wholesale frauds, and losing his stewardship, with our

Lord's expostulating moral: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much"—i.e., such a man of high-principled integrity would display the same fealty to duty in either case; and, on the other hand, "he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." "If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?" The dishonest disciple whose petty filchings robbed the bag, was the same who betrayed and sold his Lord and Master, hypocrisy equally lying at the root of both delinquencies. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" If, indeed, anything whatever may be rightly called your own, for "what hast thou, O man, that thou didst not receive?" "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price;" yourself, your body, soul, and spirit, your time, talents, intellects, and property, all are His who redeemed you by His precious blood. You may be called

proprietors, as between man and man, but all are stewards in the sight of God; "and it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful." The obligation is incumbent upon all men, but specially on Christ's disciples, for they have publicly avouched him for their Master, and taken service under him. *Divi sacramentum*, each one of them may affirm; "I have sworn to be faithful, and my Lord and Master's pledge to me is: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.'"

In assuring us that the glory of manhood is its unswerving fidelity, the Lord Jesus states nothing new, or strange, or difficult to realise. The faithfulness which God requires between man and God, men require from their fellow-men. They honour them in whom it exists, and despise and distrust those in whom it is wanting. Nothing attracts so much affection, honour, confidence, and respect, as trustworthiness. You may not be religious in principle and spirit; you may be unable to discern the higher aspect of the virtue, but none can choose but appreciate the moral beauty and value of integrity, as between man and man. Indeed, there is not a single grace or duty which God requires of us to be exercised towards himself, the operation of which in our fellow-citizen character would not enhance our welcome and usefulness to each other. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

We may be subject to many defects, and oft infirmities, but no nobler epitaph could dignify our tomb than the simple inscription: "Here lies a true man; loyal in all the relations of life; in friendship sincere; his word his bond; upright in all his dealings: he never wittingly betrayed a trust."

Faithfulness—including honesty, industry, and truth—is the propagation and support of mutual confidence, as like begets its like. Diplomats were compelled to deal truly and explicitly with the explicit truth and sincerity of De Witte, the Grand Pensionary of Holland. Lies can no more compete with uniform truth, than darkness compass light. That style of faith which commercial men call credit, is the life of trade. No trust, no trade. It is the only solid basis of the stability and progress of society. What is the comprehensive term which involves all that is allied to admiration, comfort, trust, and reliance, and constitutes individual respectability? It is simply faithfulness—faithfulness to your word, your profession, your every responsibility, social or moral. It is a quality within every man's reach, and beyond no man's power of exercise. God nowhere in his Word demands great things of men in general. He may, in rare instances,

put individual faith to a difficult test, with a view to such things happening unto them, for our ensamples in like rare emergencies, and they are written for our admonition, unto whom the ends of the world are come. Thus he may search an Abraham's parental soul by the command: "Go, offer up thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest;" he may bid an Elijah go forth, on peril of his life, to meet Ahab; or a Moses to come up to him in the midst of the terrors of the mount; but the Divine commandments are in the main simple and attainable, their yoke is easy and their burden light, and mostly to be summed up in the requirement to be faithful. That is the thing to be aimed at; as to other and—what may seem to us—higher things, God often asks, "Who hath required this at your hands?" Do that which lies nearest to you, which is your immediate duty; show all good fidelity in the transactions of your daily calling—what you may think trifles are no trifling tests. On the contrary, to neglect the small thing for what strikes you to be the greater, betrays a mistaken view of what constitutes faithfulness. For instance, the man who deserts his every-day business, however humble, for some smart speculation, or for the pursuit of some daring exploit, in order to be talked of, is a fool in the sight of God, who appointed his ordinary calling, but had not called him to the extraordinary achievement; nor is he less a fool in the estimation of his fellow-men, who may be damaged by his neglect of the duty which belonged to him, and must be scandalised by his silly example in meddling with what did *not* belong to him.

Naaman's servants hit upon a notable weakness in human vanity when they challenged their master: "If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?" It is easier to draw men to the great public occasional effort, than to keep them steadfast to what seem to be the small trivial things of common daily life and duty. Hence in these things—light and unsuspected as Samson's locks—lies the secret of individual strength, and the real proof of faithfulness. Nothing short of being true to the business which happens to be on hand, will avail us in the long run. There are no lucky hits, nor shrewd ventures, in the discharges of duty. God asks us to be faithful, not to be famous. The fame may follow the being faithful, but without the faithfulness there will be no fame at last. I have known a vague, desultory student at college stored with all kinds of knowledge, except in the subjects on his examination in which depended his degree. That is unfaithfulness to the course of reading prescribed for him, it is an aberration, the effect of a misdirected light, and the learned rambler miserably fails. If I were

examining a group of candidates who were aware beforehand that the appointed theme was history, and they pleaded in excuse of their ignorance in the one thing, their proficiency in others—as in geology, mathematics, or chemistry—what else could I reply than what God often replies, “Who hath required this at your hands?”

Its parallel blunder is in the rebuke: “The world by wisdom knew not God;” not because God was not to be known, but because men’s intellects had been exercised on every other subject except him, “whom to know is life eternal;” they had not honoured the precept: “Get wisdom, get knowledge; but with all thy getting get understanding.” This study to “acquaint ourselves with God” is faithfulness to our own minds. It is human reason paying the homage of her confidence in the fact and truth of revelation; in other words, it is being faithful to the Bible, and that means belief in the God of the Bible; it is simple, child-like, subjective obedience to his holy law and covenant love which are treasured up therein, as the tables of Sinai were hidden in the ark.

In that *one* question which God will demand of us at the bar of final judgment, “Have you been faithful?” it will be useless, it will be worse, it will aggravate our sin and folly, to affirm, as many do in this life, that we knew the truth in theory, had defended it against gainsayers, had done great things for the Gospel, had wrestled and wrought hard in life, and realised wealth and social position; the only question of any importance then will be, Were you faithful in the calling wherein He called you? diligent in the things which He chose for you, not in the things which you chose for yourself? Was your life spent, notwithstanding all its imperfections, sins, and shortcomings, with a view to pleasing God and pleasing your neighbour, for his good to his edification, and not in pleasing yourself? “Even as Christ pleased not himself,” but did all things to “please him that sent him.”

We know little of the past chronicles of our race. We know less of the future, as to the kind of being which will comprise the life eternal; for “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things the Lord hath prepared for them that love him.” We often long to know more of both past and future. We fly abroad on wings of wildest hypotheses; we drop, like birds wounded in their flight, into deep, obscure reveries; we cry up to God, “Oh! tell us more, thou Eternal One, of such fragments of thine own eternity which concern our past and future. Thy Genesis and man’s geology agree in revealing this earth of ours as beginning in darkness. Alas! that its whole history seems doomed to be the

nebulous era of our souls, for here, from first to last of our mortal memoirs, ‘we see, through a glass darkly.’ Help us to exhumate from the dust of ages the fossil records of our nature. Give us the telescopic power to discern the infinitely more profound futurities of our race. We are thine images, lend us the mystic mirrors in which we may trace humanity as it was with thee in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.” Some such thoughts as these at times occupy our hearts, to the hindrance of more immediate practical duties. But God’s significant reserve as to both past and future, indicates his will that we should cease non-essential speculations on those eras of our being which lie beyond our experience, and bend all our moral energies on the duties belonging to the present, which is within our experience. In these things there is no lack of positive light and direction. Conscience in man, like instinct in the lower animals, points out the true course to be pursued; and if we listen with an understanding heart and believing ear, we hear a voice behind us, saying, “This is the way; walk ye in it;” and if we are “obedient to the heavenly calling,” we shall assuredly receive grace, strength, spontaneity, and wisdom, to “walk worthy of the Lord, who hath called us, unto all well pleasing.”

The world is still our school, as the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. The child Jesus going down to Nazareth with his parents, and being subject unto them, was the training of the Man Christ Jesus to become obedient unto death, and thence ascending into heaven, to the glory of God the Father. He hath left us an example which we should follow step by step. The discipline which proves our “faithfulness in the few things,” through grace, qualifies us to be “made rulers over many things.” I have no great reliance on the common adage, that a dissolute youth will grow out of his vagaries and profligacies, and that when greater responsibilities fall upon him, he will rise to a sense of their obligation, and be equal to the occasion. Our Lord’s teaching contradicts this unlikely and indefinite hope. He who knew what was in man affirms, “He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.” He warns the indolent, perhaps fraudulent, certainly the unprofitable, apprentice or journeyman, “If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man’s, who shall give you that which is your own?” An ill-served apprenticeship is the worst preliminary to success in your own business. Whereas the well-principled youth who feels, with Joseph in Potiphar’s house, “My master hath put all things under my hands,” and in the face of temptation to the contrary, requites his master’s generous confidence by the most scrupulous fidelity to his interests, that is the



(Drawn by H. Woods.)

"Good night."—p. 666.

man who thereby shows himself worthy of a larger trust. By the modesty which was cheerfully content to discharge the functions belonging to its humble outset in life; by the faithfulness with which it made a conscience of the smallest matter that fell in its way, such a career by-and-by meets its graceful recognition in the earthly master's bidding, "Friend, go up higher!" And the same faithfulness in the service of the heavenly Master inherits the priceless commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

A true sense of responsibility has no relation to smaller or greater; it cannot discriminate between things of less or more importance. Nothing is unimportant which involves principle. Consequently, it is not correct to describe one man's responsibility as greater than another's. Any man's responsibility is equal to any other man's, in the ratio of his talents, gifts, opportunities, and field of action. A friend, to whom I owe some of these thoughts, remarks—"If you have more to answer for to God, then you have more to answer with. So that your responsibility may be absolutely greater, or less, than mine; but relatively—and this is the way God looks at it—it is the same. For you, therefore—for any individual—nothing can be trivial, nothing insignificant. It may be so, as far as others are concerned—as far as general and ultimate results are concerned—but it cannot be so, as far as *you* are concerned." That little test, or that great one, as the case may be, is equally the crisis of your character; if you fail of being faithful there, you violate the whole principle at issue. You are weighed in the balances, and found wanting on the solemn predicament: "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

On the other hand, the principle is applicable to the spirit and tone of mind in which faith in God should sustain the believer, under the recurrence of petty annoyances. They cease to be petty when they are regarded as occasions for being "faithful in that which is least." The consideration invests them with an import beyond their intrinsic significance. It astonished the wife of Job, that in the very depth of his accumulated afflictions, in spite of their desolating pressure, he still "retained his integrity;" yet even his

patience failed under a slight put upon that integrity. The failure in the small grievance, with the conquest of the great trouble, is often repeated; but we should be more on our guard against this inconsistency, if we remembered in the moment of irritation, or annoyance, the Saviour's warning, that to be faithful in that which is least, is essential to the inauguration and completion of the faithfulness in that which is much. Samson's triumph over a thousand men was spoiled of its moral trophy by his subjugation to a woman. The beginning of strife between conscience and conduct—the petty violation of principle—may be as when one leeteth out water. It may be an inconsiderable oozing of a few drops at the outset; but the elementary force rapidly gains upon its opportunity, till it bursts the embankment, and whole districts become a waste of waters. Hence the cogency of the warning to resist the beginning of evil. It was the cruel policy of Egypt to crush the growing power of Israel by the slaughter of her male children. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." When will the servants of God learn that the man of sin is most easily destroyed in his infancy? The wars of Israel, as the Lord's avengers upon Canaan, impressed this truth, when women and children shared the fate of their husbands and fathers. It is still the stern necessity; if we would be thoroughly faithful to our trust, that the little sins must be cut off with the greater ones, both must be destroyed, if we would aim at the fulness of the stature of His standard, whose disciple must "deny himself, take up His cross, and follow Him."

If the dread of failure, founded on past weakness and faintings by the way, discourage us from the undertaking, let us fall back upon the prayer—"O Lord, undertake for me; suffer me not to venture a step, except where thy mighty hand guide and lead me. Give me thy Holy Spirit, as a spirit of faith, to 'run with patience the race that is set before me, looking unto Jesus,' that I may be always true to thy truth, and trustworthy to thy trust. All I am, and all I have, thou hast put into my hands; give me grace to be thy faithful steward, that at the last thou mayest receive me and mine, as all thine own, with usury."

GOOD NIGHT.



THE sun is sinking,
One star is blinking,
All white and pale;
Nature is sleeping,
Soft mists are creeping
O'er hill and dale.

Good night!

Far bells are chiming,
Heaven's solemn rhyming,
As night draws nigh;
All holy feelings,
All sad appealings,
Mount up on high.

Good night!

Though mute, the flowers
From dewy bowers
Their heads upraise:
Sweet bluebells ringing,
Sweet incense swinging
To their God's praise.

Good night!

The blackbirds trilling
Sounds yet more thrilling
Now day is done;
The kine's soft lowing,
The streamlet's flowing,
Give deeper tone.

Good night!

The sun is sinking,
One star is blinking
With drowsy eye:
Nature is sleeping,
But God is keeping
Bright watch on high.

Good night!

Thus seeing, hearing,
No danger fearing,
Sleep well to-night;
Your eyelids closing,
Calmly reposing
Till morning's light.

Good night!

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

NOT WORDS, BUT DEEDS!

"It is everything, dear mother, to have gained a respite."

"Yes, for six months, Raymond."

She was in her place by the fire, her hands, with their lace ruffles, folded on her lap.

"Six months, Raymond!"

She repeated the words uneasily. He knew what she meant, and replied in a soothing tone—

"Something may happen before that period comes, to an end. I wish you would learn to sleep better, dear mother. You will be ill, if you persist in being so anxious."

"Am I anxious?" She gave a little laugh. "I think I have stood it bravely, Raymond."

He took her hand, and kissed it. He had sat down close by her.

She turned her eager eyes upon him.

"I often wonder what the end will be, Raymond! All the winter long, I have looked into that fire, and sat wondering. What can it be?"

He was softly rubbing the white hand that lay in his. She had got to speak in that way of late: to him, only; never to Alice.

"A good ending, mother, I hope. One can but do one's best. The spring may bring better days, perhaps."

She shook her head. It was useless to talk in that way. He knew it was so, in his heart.

It was getting dusk, but the lamps had not been lighted. They sat alone, the mother and son; they often sat alone, in these days: they had so many confidences unshared by Alice.

It was not for want of love. She was their hope, their pride—all, indeed, they had in the world. But they dared not tell her how narrow was the pass, how profound the gulf, they were approaching. There was a wonderful patience, a quiet resolution about these two, that was worthy of a better cause. They made no loud lamentations, nor uttered useless

regrets. You will see, daily, the space narrowing—the enemy pressing nearer—yet they will not flinch, either of them.

A light step outside the door roused them. They seemed to think they must assume some kind of cheerfulness, and hide up the skeleton; for Alice was coming.

She was changed. Those who loved her knew it, though they dare not whisper it, even to each other. She rarely sang now; she would move noiselessly about the house; she would be abstracted and pre-occupied. There was a look of trouble in her eyes; her brow would often be knit. The gladness and the gaiety of youth seemed as if ground out of her.

They knew what had done it!

She came into the room very quietly. Raymond was the first who spoke to her.

He had called up, as we said, a little cheerfulness. "Come, Alice, are we never to hear you sing again?"

She did not answer. She stood and looked at him with two sad, wistful eyes. Her face was very pale, and even by that uncertain light, he could see that she had been weeping bitterly.

Still, the skeleton must be forced back into its place. It would never do to let go the veil, be it never so flimsy.

He got up, saying, still cheerfully, "If you will not, I will. This is just the hour for music."

"Stay, Raymond, I cannot bear it!"

Her voice was sharp and thrilling. She put her hand to her forehead.

"Have you the headache, dear?" asked Raymond, tenderly.

"No, no! it is my heart," she cried—"my heart!"

They looked at her anxiously. They knew what was coming, well.

"Oh, mother, mother! why do we deceive ourselves?" exclaimed she, coming forward, and fresh from her great anguish. "Why do we keep up this miserable farce—this daily, hourly lie? Let us do better, mother; let us begin afresh, and be true, and brave, and honest. Let us, mother!—let us!"

She had come close up. Her mother had risen, and Alice had thrown herself into her arms, her pleading face raised to hers.

Lady Sylvester's face did not plead; it never looked more harsh, more pitiless.

She withdrew herself from the clinging embrace of her daughter. Her daughter's heart was warm, and impassioned. Lady Sylvester's heart was kept down, as by a grip of iron.

She said that Alice was foolish, and that no true Sylvester ever lost self-control; that to make a scene like this was undignified and unworthy: words Alice had heard from her childhood upwards. They had rung in her ears till she was weary of them.

It was useless to defy these walls of adamant, that had stood for centuries. She knew it was useless, and she held her peace. Then the ripple on the surface died away, and the dead, unwholesome calm came back again. The conversation began by fits and starts, and was kept up irregularly and on indifferent subjects. The home atmosphere was growing more and more oppressive. And thus the hours dragged heavily by, till the time came for retiring. Then the old house was shut up, and silence brooded over it. In some instances, at least, silence only—not sleep!

Alice had been longing ardently for this hour. She was not a person to let her tears or her regrets stand in the place of action. She had laid her plans, and was about to carry them into effect. In the stillness and the security of her own chamber she meant to work. Yes, work for money!

By some path or other she would reach that golden field out yonder—the field of honest industry! It was little she could do; but she would do that little. If one iota of the misery she was compelled to know of could be mitigated, then let the busy hand do its utmost. Let her forget to sleep, to eat, so she might work!

She closed her door, and locked it. Her face looked happier, in spite of its pallid weariness. One moment she stood and listened. It were folly to take the Sylvesters into confidence, and she did not try. Her labour would be carried on in secret.

It was mere hand labour. The people at the repository had told her they would buy any number of fancy articles that she could make; and she was going to make them.

The artist paints his picture, and embodies some creation of his fancy. The poet writes, and his poem stands immortal, and looks down on generations. This girl was no painter, and no poet; she had not the gift of genius; but it seems to me as if her work were grand as theirs was!

How glad she was that she could work! How eagerly the busy fingers plied their task! What sweetness was dropped into her bitter lot! What healing balm to her sore conscience, by the fulfilment of the golden rule of honesty! No matter the hours snatched from repose! No matter, to her inexperienced mind, the wear and tear of nerve, and brain, and eyesight! No matter anything, so she might work!

CHAPTER XXXI.

HAROLD HEARS SWEET MUSIC.

CHARLEY BLAKE had grown patient—that is, patient by comparison of what he used to be. Two reasons might be assigned for this change; one was, that he was growing sensibly weaker. No one who saw him could dare to hope that the poor frail body would hold its tenure much longer.

On very fine days he went out in his chair; but it became painful to him to be carried up and down stairs. Generally speaking, he lay tolerably passive on the sofa, reading the books which Alice lent him. And now came the second reason for his patience. Those books had had a great effect upon him: they had taught him lessons of patience, and of kindness, and of charity,—lessons that he had never before thought he needed. They had shown him, as in a glass, his own fretfulness, and impatience, and unlovely tempers. They had soothed his loneliness, and opened up to him some better, brighter hopes than he had ever yet dreamed of.

And the visits which Alice paid to him had become the greatest blessing to him. He would lie and listen for her step upon the stairs. His eye would glisten and his pale cheek have a shade of colour, as she came in. If he clung to any human being on this earth more than another, it was to Alice.

She was very kind to him. She looked upon him as upon a sick child, who wants care and tending. The few good offices she could render him were done heartily, and with all the kindness of her nature. She always came to see him when he was alone, and there was no fear of meeting with Harold. "Stay a few minutes longer," Charley would say. "Harold won't be back till five."

Sometimes she would stay, but she always kept glancing at the French clock on the mantelpiece. When the hand got within the range of five, she would rise up and go.

She would often play and sing to Charley. There was an old piano in the room, that Harold had caused to be tuned and repaired for the amusement of his brother. Alice often played for the hour together. She would sing hymns, sometimes; Charley had grown fond of sacred music.

Her voice was not powerful, nor was her singing at all scientific; but it had a sweetness and freshness about it, like that of the lark. Charley would never tire of listening. "Again! Miss Sylvester, if you please, again!" he would say; and Alice would sing the hymn or song again.

One afternoon she was singing to him, as usual. He was lying, listening; and they were both too much preoccupied to notice that some one was coming up the stairs. But that some one was Harold.

He had never seen Alice Sylvester since the days they were in Rome. He knew it was her voice—that rich, soft music that came stealing to his ear. He knew it in a moment.

He changed colour violently. Such a look of glad surprise came into his face, that it was like

an illumination. He stole softly up stairs, and listened.

When she had finished, she turned hastily round, to look at the clock. Then she saw Harold. It was a great surprise to her. A look of alarm came into her face. She had stayed too late, and she hurriedly began to put on her hat.

"Miss Sylvester, won't you speak to me?" asked Harold, pained and disappointed.

"Oh, yes!" and she put her hand into his. "I am very glad to see you. But it is late. I ought to be home by now."

"I hoped you would indulge me with a little talk of the old Roman days," said Harold, with a shade of reproach in his voice; and yet he smiled, too. "Have you forgotten them?"

"No—oh, no!"

She spoke hurriedly, and was rolling up her music.

"At least you will let me thank you for your kindness to Charley."

"Charley can speak for himself," said a pettish voice from the sofa; "and you need not have come back so soon. You have driven Miss Sylvester away."

"Oh, no—no!"

Her eyes were raised, and a kind of look fell upon him, such as he remembered to have had once before from Alice. It was the morning that she went away from Rome. Every pulse in his body had been made to throb and tingle by that look! He did not care, now, an atom for anything Charley might say!

He hoped she would look at him again; but she did not; she still seemed hurried, and a little agitated. She was rolling up her music; but the pieces did not fit into the case. Harold took it from her, and rolled the pieces up himself.

She stood by in silence; her eyes were fixed on the music. She did not say another word, except that, when he had finished, she took the case from him, and thanked him.

Joyful as the incident had been, he felt it was a selfish joy, and he reproached himself. Something told him that a spell was broken. That, now he had once seen her, Alice would be wary how she came again.

Before he had time to think more, Alice was in the street. He stepped to the window, and watched to catch the last glimpse of her, before she turned the corner of the street. Charley was talking to him; but, for once, Charley was neglected, and, for the moment, unheard.

Charley, however, was not a person to be trifled with. He raised his voice, till its very shrillness pierced through Harold's brain, and brought him back.

"Harold! are you deaf?"

"No, dear, not by any means," replied Harold, returning to the side of the sofa, and taking up again the thread of his daily cares and occupations. "What were you saying, Charley?"

"I have said, three times over, how is it you are come home so soon?"

Charley was getting fretful again.

"Ah, that reminds me, Charley! I have such a piece of glorious news for you!"

"Have you, Harold? What is it?"

"You have not been out to-day, Charley, have you?"

"Of course I have not. You know how I hate those nasty stones. And what has that to do with the news?"

"Because, how should you like to live where there are no nasty stones? We are going to move from here, at Lady Day."

"Move from here! How is that, Harold?"

"We are going to a better place, dear; to a snug little home of our own, and where you can get into the fields."

"Oh, Harold! where—where?"

"Mr. Mapleson has been very good to me, Charley. He told me, to-day, that he had bought a house which stands very near the mill—a nice little place it is, dear, and that he means the overseer to live in it. I am the overseer, you know."

"And are you to live in it?"

"Yes, we two together."

Charley's face grew radiant.

"How glad I am! How nice it will be! Oh, Harold! if I could only breathe the fresh air once more I think I could almost live!"

He said it with energy. Harold looked at the frail, wasting figure, and hollow cheek, and a pang shot through his heart—a pang he had felt many a time before, and would feel till the end.

But he did not abate his cheerfulness.

"It will be very nice, dear, and I shall send for our old nurse, good Mrs. Brown; she shall come and keep house for us. You will like that."

"It won't be lodgings, then?"

"Oh, no, we shall be absolute masters of our own little domain. We shall be as happy as princes, and happier too, a great deal."

"I am sure we shall. But won't it take more money, Harold, to keep house?"

"Yes, perhaps it will. But then, you see, that excellent Mr. Mapleson has doubled my salary."

Charley laughed, and clapped his hands with glee.

"Hurrah!" cried he. "Three cheers for the miller!"

Charley would persist in calling Mr. Mapleson the miller, a title that, as Harold said, had no reference to him whatever.

"So that you have only to get a little stronger, Charley. We shall see what the fresh air does for you."

"I wish we were going to-morrow. I am so afraid——"

He paused; there was a grave, almost a solemn, look upon his face.

"Afraid of what, dear?" said Harold, inwardly trembling.

"Afraid," and he spoke slowly, and with unusual seriousness, "that this change will come *too late*!"

Tears gushed into Harold's eyes. He took the thin hand in his.

"No! Charley, no! Let us pray God that it may not be so," said he, with deep feeling.

"Yes, we will pray," said Charley, in the same unusual tone; "but for all that, God may not hear our prayers. It may be his will that I should go."

Strange words from the lips of Charley. Had he begun to think that he should die?

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTAIN JACK.

"Your name, sir, if you please—your name?" cried the footman, vigorously plucking back an individual who had just made good his entrance to the hall at Brooklyn.

"My name, sir, if you must know—though what business it is of yours I can't imagine—my name is Captain Jack; and I am come to see Alicia Pierpoint."

"Then you've made a mistake," replied the footman, with an air of triumph. "There's no such person lives here or hereabouts. My mistress is Mrs. Brooklyn, of Brooklyn Hall."

"But wasn't she a Miss Pierpoint? Heaven bless her! and wasn't Alicia her Christian name? There, now! you'd best let me!" And with one vigorous effort he shook off his opponent, and marched along the hall with an assurance that was astounding.

He seemed to know his way too, which was more than Mercury had bargained for. In fact, Mercury being rather old and puffy, and with a touch of chronic asthma, was obliged to pause, and recover breath. During that pause, Captain Jack had got out of his sphere of observation.

He walked along in a careless, rollicking manner. He had on a sailor's uniform, and there was a medal on his breast. His hands were in his pockets, and a catch of a song in his mouth, as he progressed through the mansion.

The first room he came to he entered. It was the breakfast-room. Alicia was not there; but her portrait was. The mistress of Brooklyn hung smiling in her bridal costume. On the other side of the fireplace, was the full-length likeness of an elderly gentleman, with a solemn face, and rather a bilious complexion. That was the late Mr. Brooklyn.

Captain Jack fell immediately into ecstasies—that is, with the portrait of Alicia. It hung up rather high, and he got a chair, climbed up, and kissed it again and again—and with great smacks too, that resounded through the room.

Then he got down. He was very adroit in his movements. He got down, and his eye fell upon the other portrait.

"Unpleasant brute!"

This was addressed to the late Mr. Brooklyn.

The chair was moved in no time. Up climbed Captain Jack, whipped a knife out of his pocket, and began deliberately to cut the portrait of Alicia's lamented husband from its frame; an employment which so fully engrossed him, that he did not hear the door open, or perceive that Alicia herself had entered.

The sight of a stranger absorbed in so extraordinary an act, in the very heart of her domains, was calculated to startle Alicia out of her wits. She had just time to utter a preliminary shriek, when Captain Jack turned round, the deceased Brooklyn hanging in an undignified and imbecile manner, his head flapping against his feet.

The moment Captain Jack caught sight of Alicia, he jumped from the chair, shut his knife, put it in his pocket, and ran towards her. It was well he did. She had ceased, indeed, to make any outcry; but she became deadly pale, and, to use his own expression, "fainted right slap away on the carpet."

Captain Jack was a man of ready resources. First he ran to the door and bolted it, to keep, as he said, the women out; then he opened a window as wide as it would go; and, lastly, he took Alicia in his arms, and carried her to a sofa, where a full current of air would blow upon her. Not lastly; I am wrong there. Last of all, he took a little flask from his pocket—familiarily called his pocket-pistol—and applied it to the lips of Alicia.

Now, whether it was the result of the current of air, which blew her black hair hither and thither, or the unusual aroma of the pocket-pistol, or both these things together, certain it is that Mrs. Brooklyn began to revive. It was rather a dangerous revival, for the moment her eyes opened, and fell, as naturally they would, upon Captain Jack, she went into violent hysterics. Indeed, the wonder is, that the whole house was not roused, and brought to the spot. Captain Jack seemed more nonplussed by this predicament than he had been by the other. He stood over her with a face of extreme anxiety; and all he could do was to utter the words, at intervals, and in a soothing tone, "Steady, my lass! steady, will you!"

After a time, the widow calmed down a little. It was evident that her emotion, violent as it was, did not proceed so much from fear as from surprise. When she had got better, and sat up, her hair dishevelled, her face wet with tears, and in a glow with agitation, Captain Jack felt considerably relieved. He had even begun to whistle, only that he checked himself.

"I thought you were dead!" cried Alicia, bringing out the last words almost with a shriek, and giving symptoms of another fit of hysterics.

Captain Jack whipped out his pocket-pistol, quick as thought.

"Oh, no, thank you!" cried the widow, putting up her hands, as though to keep it off. "Only, I never thought to see you any more." And a shower of tears began to fall.

"Steady, my—that is, don't cry, Alicia. I never was more alive since I was born. And I'm come back, more in love with you than ever."

"Oh, Captain Jack!"

"Yes, I am! I've been tumbling about on the sea, all this time, Alicia. I've been north, and south, and east, and west. I've seen all the countries that are—almost. There's nowhere I haven't been, and nothing I haven't seen! I nailed your colours to my

mast, before I started. I've kept true to 'em, and I'm come sailing home with 'em. And the colours, bless 'em! are just included in one word, and that's the prettiest word in the whole language—Alicia!"

The widow gave a little laugh; then a little scream. "What on earth is that?" cried she.

The window was still open. Flap, flap, went the unhappy Brooklyn, head touching heels.

Captain Jack was on the chair, in the twinkling of an eye. He whipped out his knife, and lo! Brooklyn lay prone, almost before his widow had time to exclaim—

"Oh, Captain Jack, my husband—my precious husband! My——"

"Never do you mind, Alicia," and he caught her as she was rushing to the portrait; "you know very well you did not care a rush for him. And you know the frame is worth fifty guineas, and you can have a picture of me inside it."

A laugh, a flood of tears, a few hysteric sobs, and then another laugh. Then a storm of expostulation. Captain Jack was too busy to reply. He was rolling the piece of canvas round as tightly as possible, and tying it with string.

"There, it may go to the lumber room, and the sooner the better," said he, pitching it into a corner.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. I wonder you dare. You had better go!" with an hysterical emphasis on the word.

Captain Jack had seated himself in the most comfortable chair he could find.

"Oh, no; I am only just come."

Mrs. Brooklyn darted on him a look of indignation. There he sat, as cool and self-possessed as ever. There was something in the merry twinkle of his eye, in the roguish and audacious curve of the mouth, that disarmed her. With it all, she was not really angry with him. With it all, her heart was in raptures at having him back.

Years ago he had been her lover. Alicia had loved him in return. But the whole thing had been scouted and put down by the Pierpoint family.

Ne'er-do-well Jack? (For this was the name he went by.) Oh, it was not to be thought of for a moment! Send him to sea; send him anywhere, to be out of the girl's way.

So Jack, whose Christian name was Walter, was sent to sea, and kept there, till such time as Alicia had discreetly married Mr. Brooklyn. Then, as he said to himself, what was the use of coming back at all? From that time to this, he had made his home on the salt sea-wave, a daring, reckless, thriftless, but withal a generous and kind-hearted, fellow.

Everybody liked Captain Jack, which title had been given to him from his boyhood. He was not captain in a literal sense, nor, perhaps, ever would be.

He was not long in informing Mrs. Brooklyn that he had come back in his normal state—that is, without a penny in his pocket.

The news did not seem much to affect her. What a bronzed, handsome, audacious fellow he was! Just the same as when he climbed up the rocks, to get an eagle's nest. She saw him do it, and come battling down again, the old birds flying at his head. Or when he jumped on the back of Wild Tom, her father's hunter, and rode him without saddle or bridle, to the alarm and terror of the whole neighbourhood. He had been her hero. She had thought no one was like him in the world.

And had she changed her opinion?

We only know that the asthmatic Mercury, who had been vainly looking for the intruder, and who was in two minds about the police, found him at length. He met him coming down the long corridor, Mrs. Brooklyn herself, the late Alicia Pierpoint, leaning on his arm!

(To be continued.)

VOICELESS.



HE was leaning with her arms crossed on the ledge of an open window, all the summer sunshine streaming in on her face—on the dark eyes, with the piteous expression saddening their beauty; on the lovely curves of the little closed mouth—closed, alas! for ever; on the disconsolate grace of her bending figure. It was the sunset of a hot day at which the dumb girl was gazing—at the tinted heavens, the blue hills where the red clouds rested, the flashing and sparkling little brook, and the mountain road shining yellow in the golden light. And all down by the road sprang the blue corn-flowers, the red poppies, and the long feather grass. But the tears in Maggie's eyes threw a mist upon the earth, and a very wet veil on the flowers.

"I must walk it off," said Maggie, whispering the words to herself, and moving her lips as though she had indeed a voice; and she drew back into the little room that had been given up to her, and in the lovely little room was all that money or art could

devise—snowy draperies round the fanciful bed; green Venetians, keeping the warm light cool; many-coloured flowers all round the open window; jessamine and roses stealing in from the outside. There were baskets of flowers on queer little tables, hanging baskets where the flowers dropped over, and delicate ferns softening down the bright tints. Green birds sang among the flowers, gold-fish rose and sank in bowls of cool fresh water, a large white cat lay asleep in the silken folds of a dress.

Books in the room were but scarce, but the selection, perhaps, was a good one: a large and clasped volume that tells the way of life, a simply-bound Prayer-Book, and a "Christian Year." And on a lower shelf a miscellaneous collection—"Sesame and Lilies," "A Crown of Wild Olives," and a very great favourite, a baby-book, but clever enough to rank among other than baby-books—"Alice in Wonderland."

On the light-papered walls hung prints symbolic of the purest hopes and fancies: "Purity," "Faith,"

and a smaller one, "The Star of Hope;" and on them the girl's dark eyes had many a time rested, but now they were not lifted so high.

She took down a light checked shawl, veiled herself, that no one might guess at her tears, and went out into the dying day. And the scent of the flowers rose up sweet around her; but all unheeded by Maggie were the flowers and the evening hymn of the birds.

One thought alone throbbed through her brain—"But thou continuest holy: O thou glory of Israel." Yet the want of faith in her heart bewildered her; so that the words brought her no comfort, but only a wild despair: for she understood them not.

Poor little Maggie! the trouble that was weighing on her was a very heavy one; and as long as she writhed beneath it the burden would never be lighter. Once she had had a voice as sweet as wild birds; then had been a time of trouble and illness; and after, when slowly there had come recovery, the sweetest tones of the house had been hushed, the well-loved accents lost for ever. And then, hardest of all to bear, there had been hope given; an operation skilfully performed—certainly a chance.

And now the experiment was over, and Maggie knew that through all the years of her life, long or few, there should none again hear her voice.

Oh, rudderless heart, seeking a rudder—the glory of Israel is steadfast. Suddenly, what we call an impulse, took Maggie off the winding golden road into some dewy fields that led to a cottage, the latch on the door of which gave to her hand, and showed another version of sorrow. When the door opened, Maggie stepped on to some red stones—the only piece of colour in the cottage—where the walls were bare and plain, and very ugly to the artistic eye of the dumb girl, that took them all in suddenly with a sense of disgust. There were damp-stains wherever it was possible for stains to be, and it was altogether utterly unlike the model cottage-home that once a year regularly appears in so many places on the Academy walls. A woman but little older than Maggie, three years ago a village beauty, now a wreck where beauty would not care to dwell, and had only left behind those traces which, when once given, can never be taken away. Gold, silky hair, from which much of the colour had fled, and outlines that told what the form and face might once have been. This girl—this woman—lay stretched on the damp, hard floor, her hands and face resting on a baby's little coffin, her tears dropping upon it, her heart beating on the cold little heart of her child. Not tears like Maggie's, nor heart-throbs like hers, though strangely—or not so strangely, perhaps, after all—the thought of both was the same:

That the God who sees all trouble in the heavens is holy; the unspoken words of both hearts the words of the Psalmist.

To Maggie they said: "All my happiness is gone; there is no more good for me. Life is but a name, when all that makes life dear is taken from me—when I must live in the past, and the future means nothing.

There shall never be love for me, unmixed with pity. The thoughts that God gives me, my voice shall never utter. A girl among girls, and unlike them all. And still—looking on my pain, 'Thou continuest holy!'"

But the mother's thought was half a prayer: "Oh, my God, many things are altered these last gone years. The happy home thou hadst given me, broken up for ever; my strength as though it never had been; my husband far away beyond the seas, and our only little child dead in my arms! One thought alone remains. My strength has failed by reason of thy will; the life of my husband rests with thy care; my child is gone to the everlasting hills, 'and thou continuest holy: O thou glory of Israel.'"

Softly Maggie closed the door, unheard by the mother. She quitted the cottage. She had learnt her lesson; from no words, indeed, for the mother had but wept and sobbed, but the dumb girl's quickened instinct told her the sobs were patient, the tears not rebellious. And so, walking homeward, the current of her thoughts was all changed. Self, slipping from sight, had left no jar in her nature. Instead of her troubles, she thought of the mother. Like a photograph, the scene kept rising up before her—the little coffin, the dead child, and the weeping, patient mother, and the girl that had cried for her voice ransacked her brain for the power to comfort. She had left hastily, lest the woman should turn and see her—Maggie, the little spoiled daughter of the wealthy old father, who passed in and out of the cottages, it is true, brightening them up with her shining dark eyes, but who had little or nothing in common with their owners. But now she thought and thought. "Oh, baby—baby!" the red lips moved, "how could the mother bear to let you go?" And the evening mists stole about the flowers, and the great purple moths sank to rest on the ground, and still the dumb girl thought on. Voiceless, what could she do? and, low down in her heart, a voice that need never be lost whispered to her old words, "Jesus wept;" and all that was truest in Maggie answered to the touch. Flashing and sparkling little brook, flow steadily now, for Maggie has learnt the whole lesson. There are other gifts lent us than a voice. High on the hills, the red and the gold faded out of the clouds, the last rays of sunlight slanting on Maggie. Ah, Maggie—Maggie! my dear little dumb girl, what can you do? What can you not do?

Voiceless! Your eyes speak, your lips quiver, and the dead baby's mother comes to cry in your arms.

Kind old father of a wayward little daughter, do you miss some of Maggie's many flowers? But the room is still sweet, very sweet, though some lilies and roses that used to be there are giving out their perfume in a little darkened cottage. There is more colour there now than the red on the stones. And the gift of the flowers is amply repaid. At home, at nights, in the fanciful room, that verse in the Psalms comes round in its turn, no longer now but half understood. Where the flowers are gone, the mother had taught it: "But thou continuest holy: O thou glory of Israel."

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(Drawn by M. ELLÉN EDWARDS.)

"Is that the world, Aunt Judith?"—p. 675.

THE STORY OF AUNT JUDITH'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE an idea that we date our recollections of the past from the first real impression made on our childish minds; at any rate, I know

that my first real notion of life began when, in a fit of violent passion, I had exceeded the very bounds of reason, and, seizing a footstool, hurled it with all the force I could muster at the opposer

of my will. Whether it was the few minutes' calm which succeeded this act of frenzy, that in its direct contrast to my feelings impressed the circumstance on my memory, or whether it was the gentle tone of Aunt Judith's voice breaking the calm, I cannot tell; I only know the impression was made, and I can now distinctly recall the feeling of awe with which I glanced round me to see what destruction my violence had perpetrated, as well as the silvery cadence of Aunt Judith's voice, as she said—

"I must send you away, Esther, if you treat me again in this manner."

If I had seen Aunt Judith's head lying at her feet, the result of my escapade, I should probably have felt proud of it: but, as she spoke, I saw her standing before me in her majestic beauty, and shuddered, as I should do now, if I had narrowly escaped mutilating some finely-chiseled statue. I knew nothing of statues or pictures then, but I remember that my admiration of Aunt Judith's beauty was parallel to that which works of art have since drawn from me.

"Aunt Judith!" I exclaimed, as soon as I could command my breath, "Queen Esther's face could not have been more beautiful than yours!"

I do not recollect the words of her answer. I was too much absorbed to heed them, but I have an indistinct perception that she applied the term "strange child" to me. No sooner had my passion subsided than I yielded my will to hers, gave up the Bible, as she had desired me to do, without waiting to finish reading its record of Queen Esther, and proceeded to work out the mathematical problem which was included in the list of tasks for that day. Aunt Judith had a decided taste for mathematics; she had Euclid at her fingers' ends, and was more inclined to think that I had shirked the problem through idleness than distaste. That the story of the beautiful Jewish maiden, so graphically narrated in the quaint measure of the inspired poet, could charm a child of thirteen years to such a degree as to cause an infringement upon time allotted to other studies, was incomprehensible to her! Yet Aunt Judith was not a persistent character, and I believe she felt on this occasion that she had misunderstood me, which induced her to regard with leniency the ill manner in which I subsequently worked out the problem. I remember, too, on the same night, after I had read the evening lessons to her and the maids, as usual, that she said to me, when the servants had withdrawn—

"Esther, tell me what made you break the rule this morning."

"It was the story of the Jewish Esther," I answered. "Oh, Aunt Judith, how I should like to have been King Ahasuerus! then she would have belonged to me."

Aunt Judith looked at me calmly, almost sternly, and then said—

"Poor child! there has been a mistake in your education. Your library has been too limited. The Bible, Esther, you should remember, is no mere story-book, nor its characters fictitious. Valuable as its historical records are, their value even sinks into insignificance by the side of those incomparable truths embodied in them."

As Aunt Judith spoke, I felt a degree of reverence creeping into my mind, probably the effect produced by her manner, and the sweet tones of her voice. I had no answer to make; if she had continued speaking for hours, I could have been content to listen, watching her lovely face lit up by enthusiasm; and, when she paused, I stood still looking at her,

"Have you ever wished for other books, child?" she asked, evidently puzzled at my silence.

"What other books do you mean, Aunt Judith?" I returned; "and where are they to be found?"

"You must know, Esther," she said, "that there are a great many other books in the world, besides those you have seen."

"And are there a great many more beautiful faces like yours in the world, Aunt Judith?" I asked. I had sorely puzzled her then. Some minutes passed before she spoke, and when she did, she took my face into her hands, and, looking full at me, said—

"Esther, my child, your aunt has meant well; but she sees her mistake now—the seclusion has tended to cramp a naturally intelligent mind. The mistake, however, can be rectified; only be a good child, and try to control your temper."

She kissed my forehead, and I went to bed full of wonder concerning the world that contained so many books that I had not seen, and probably, too, owned as many Aunt Judiths as books. The world! Was it, then, something more real than the big ball which I had been accustomed to roll round and round with my fingers twice a week, puzzled by the lessons I had received at the same time, and often inclined to believe that the numerous places, whose names taxed my memory to such an aggravating degree, were as imaginary as the circles, whose distances I had learned by rote, yet always failed to comprehend? The world! In which direction did it lie? High hills encompassed Aunt Judith's house; beyond those hills I had never been; might not they shut out from view this mighty world? Aunt Judith had said she would rectify her mistake. Perhaps she intended putting an end to our seclusion, and taking me beyond the hills.

These were my cogitations as I lay in my little white-curtained bed on that night, while the pale light of the moon was streaming in through the window, and reminding me, in the midst of my

cogitatio, of the light which shone in Aunt Judith's eyes. I had no recollection of my parents, or of any other member of my family, and simply knew that I had been an only child, and left when quite an infant, to Aunt Judith's care. He was my father's aunt, and it had never occurred to my mind to ask why she had chosen to reside in such a lonely spot, so far away from any other habitation, and with even the parish church at an inaccessible distance. I do not remember now how many days elapsed before there was any noticeable change in the monotonous routine of my daily life, but I can well recall being startled one morning in the midst of some strange speculative imaginings, which I was prone to indulge in during the half-hour's recreation which intervened between my lessons and my daily walk, by Aunt Judith saying—

"I shall take Nina's place this morning, Esther, and walk with you."

Nina was my own maid, my faithful slave, and the chief victim of my self-willed and violent temper; and the idea of her weak rule over me being supplanted by Aunt Judith's inflexible one during my walk, was quite sufficiently displeasing to me to cause me to bounce out of the room, and slam the door after me with my utmost force, when I went to prepare for going out. Aunt Judith did not expostulate with me on my return, nor seem to notice the perverse silence I maintained as we went on. My rage had not been violent enough to exhaust itself, and, therefore, I was so occupied with my angry feelings that I failed to notice that we had left the valley in which Aunt Judith's house was situated, and were struggling up one of the high hills, beyond which I supposed the world to lie. I can remember how I threw off the hand which Aunt Judith entreatingly placed on my shoulder when she was fairly exhausted by the steepness of the ascent; and, as I did so, I made some rapid strides onwards, determined that nothing should stay my progress. But the words, "Esther, stay one moment," in my aunt's musical voice reached my ear, and like a spell arrested my steps. I stopped, and turned round. We were only half way up the hill, but still far above our valley home. The sun was at its meridian, and all around was bathed in a flood of light. I could see distinctly Aunt Judith's cottage in its nest of trees, and the little white-railed bridge at the entrance-gate, with the glittering stream which was pursuing its winding course through the valley with a low, gurgling sound. It was my first glance at one of Nature's pictures, and any description would be inadequate to convey the exaggerated idea I entertained of its surpassing beauty; as I gazed I exclaimed—

"Oh, Aunt Judith! I wish I lived on this hill, that I might always see our home look like that!"

My aunt made me no answer; she only said, after a very long pause—

"If we can manage to reach the top of the hill, Esther, you will see another picture on the other side."

This prospect drew me on, and the summit was reached at last. The declivity on the other side was much more gradual, and terminated in a beautiful plain, which seemed to extend over many miles of land. Far away in the distance I could discern a church tower, a noble turreted house, and several smaller ones, dotted here and there amongst the unvarying green of the plain.

"Is that the world, Aunt Judith?" I asked; "if so, it is very flat."

My question seemed unheeded, and I was too much occupied in my own imaginings to repeat it; I had even ceased to care for an answer, when Aunt Judith unexpectedly said—

"Yes, Esther, that was *my* world, and I never thought it flat."

"And did you find a great many books in it, and persons like yourself, Aunt Judith?" I asked.

"Not one exactly like myself, Esther," she replied; "but many far superior, and one better and nobler than all the rest."

"Shall I see all these superior persons, and the one better and nobler than all the rest too, Aunt Judith?" I demanded, eagerly.

"All are married; some are dead," said my aunt, in a very husky voice; then, clearing it, added, "Your world, Esther, I hope, will be a much larger one than mine was, and your circle of acquaintances more extensive."

"Why should it be, aunt?" I asked; "it was large enough for you."

"Yes, Esther, I was content with its circumscribed limit, and basked in the sunshine it contained; but time has wrought great changes at Nonsfall Towers, and, excepting a few servants, the bats and the owls are its sole occupants now."

"How they must hoot and cry at night, and flap their wings in that large house!" I observed, adding, "Your world, Aunt Judith, is left, then, to the owls and bats. I wonder what the end of mine will be."

Here there was a long pause, giving me time to indulge in the supposition that there was a separate world for every individual, yet failing to reconcile my supposition with the geographical idea impressed on my mind, that we all inhabited the same sphere.

"Esther," said my aunt at length, as she laid her hand impressively on my arm, "unless you would wreck your own happiness, and that of others dearer, may be, than even your own, learn to govern your temper while you are young, then if *your* world is left tenantless, and a mere haunt

for bats and owls, their hooting and flapping will bring no sound of reproach to your ears."

Aunt Judith's manner was too solemn to admit of any attempt at reply, and we soon after went down the hill into the valley.

CHAPTER II.

"How long has Miss Shapcote been ill, little maiden?" and the kind old doctor patted my head as he asked the question.

"Ever since we walked to the top of the Norse," I answered, although I cannot remember now how many weeks had intervened since that walk had been undertaken.

"And what induced her to scramble up *that* hill, I should like to know?" returned the doctor. "One would think she was old enough to refrain from playing such pranks."

"Aunt Judith did not *scramble* up," I replied, with great dignity; "and, besides, she never plays pranks. She went up *that* hill for my sake, and because she wished to show me the world."

"The world!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes—her world," I answered.

"*Her* world!" the doctor repeated, musingly.

"In which there was not one person exactly like herself," I continued, "but many far superior, and one better and nobler than all the rest."

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, petulantly.

Not daunted, I proceeded, "Some are dead, the rest are married, and Aunt Judith's world is inhabited now by owls and bats."

"But I am neither married nor dead," interrupted the doctor.

"Was Aunt Judith's world yours as well?" I eagerly asked.

"Yes, child, mine as well," he returned.

"And does the hooting of the owls or the flapping of the bats bring any sound of reproach to *your* ears?" I asked.

The doctor knit his brows, as he sternly replied, "Child, I hear no other sound than the wail of a broken heart; of one too gentle and lovely for earth, crushed by the being whom she also thought better and nobler than all the rest;" and, not waiting for any further remark from me, he immediately went up-stairs to my aunt.

It might naturally be supposed that I was now furnished with additional material for speculation; but I recollect that I began to clear away my lesson books as soon as Dr. Heathfield had left the room (having gone through my customary routine of study by myself before his arrival), and, perseveringly trying to banish all thoughts of my conversation with him, got out Aunt Judith's work-basket, and sat down to darn stockings. The basket was full of clothes waiting to be made or mended, which, when done, would be sent to the clergyman at Norsfall for the benefit of the

poor. Aunt Judith always contrived that a good-sized parcel ready for the first Miday in every month, when Thomas, our man-servant, invariably went to Norsfall to pay bills and lay in fresh stores, and I could not bear the *idea* that Thomas should go without the usual parcel, more particularly as the winter was threatening early approach, and I knew that the warm stockings and flannels were becoming needful; I therefore resolved to make up the parcel for Aunt Judith. I well remember what a weary task it was to me; and after concentrating my whole thought and attention upon the darn I was making, how sorely perplexed I was to find my lines of worsted as irregular as possible. I was just beginning to draw them out again, with the intention of making another trial, when Dr. Heathfield returned.

"Your aunt is very ill, little maiden," he said; "fever threatens. I have ordered your maid to pack up a few necessities, and accompany you to my house."

"Nina is quite at liberty to go," I said, with the stocking still on my hand, "but I shall not leave my aunt."

"Tut—tut!" he exclaimed, "you will do as you are bid."

"Dr. Heathfield!" I said, removing the stocking from my hand, and standing erect before him, "what right have you to bid me do anything?"

"I am not going to argue with you, my little maiden," he answered; "it is for your safety, and therefore I am determined to take you and your maid with me."

A mad fit of fury followed. I have a distinct recollection of coming to myself, and finding that I had succeeded in thrusting the doctor from the room, locked the door and sprained my wrist. And I can also distinctly remember the long hours I afterwards daily spent by Aunt Judith's bedside, while she was too ill to recognise me, as I sat, darning those worsted stockings, and with my right wrist stiff and swollen. Whenever the sound of Dr. Heathfield's carriage fell on my ear, I immediately retreated to my own room, where I remained until his visit was over.

One evening, Aunt Judith was alarmingly ill. I was seated as usual, with the last of the twelve pairs of stockings on my hand, suppressing by a great effort the groan which the increasing pain in my wrist almost forced from me, and wondering why I felt so giddy and faint, when suddenly I seemed to lose all consciousness, and a long and strange time ensued, the only perception of which I retain being a delirious fancy that Nina was darning my right hand and arm, and disregarding the excruciating pain she was causing me in her great desire to get them ready for Dr. Heathfield to take to Norsfall for the benefit of the poor. But

this long and strange period came to an end at last, and I remember waking as from some quiet dream and seeing Aunt Judith standing by the fire in conversation with Dr. Heathfield.

"There is more hope for poor Esther than there was for me at her age," my aunt was saying; "I

was never half as much in earnest as she is; and I feel persuaded if any one could convince her how deplorable such a temper is, she would shrink from nothing, however much pain it might cost her, that would help her to conquer it."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A WORD UPON KEEPING UP THE FIRES.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

THAT multitudes of steam-vessels are crossing and recrossing the Atlantic at this moment! There are our enterprising American brethren visiting England, and our English statesmen, students, and merchants visiting the New England shores! May God in his mercy speed the mutual peace and prosperity of two nations, who, one in blood, and speech, and religion, should be one evermore in love and good faith, emulating each other in all that tends to the material and moral progress of humanity; and in all that aids in the destruction of despotism and wrong. But what has this article on fuel to do with America? Nothing much; except that when there is any difference between two high-spirited nations, you may help to feed the fire, or by keeping the fuel of angry words away, help to put it out. That is all. But what has the subject to do with those ships on the bosom of the broad Atlantic? just this: Have you ever been aboard, when all in a second the paddle-wheels cease their swift revolutions, and the ship suddenly comes to a pause? For a moment, she seems to have received a crack on the head from Old Neptune, which has stunned and stopped her. If so, you will know what I mean when I say it is most mightily unpleasant thus to come to a dead stop. It may be that something is out of gear in the machinery, or it may be the result of a stern word of command from the captain, who sees some sudden danger ahead; or it may be because the stokers have neglected the fuel, and the fires are out. It is not enough to light fires, or to tend them fiercely at first, as boys do new rabbits, and as girls for a few days pet canary birds—for, as we all know, there is the danger of their starving afterwards. No; fires must be kept alight—whether they be fires of duty, home affection, or religion. Now the grand old Book has in its Proverbs this very teaching. We are told, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out;" and that has mainly suggested this word upon fuel. We too often forget that in the Divinely-inspired sentences of the book of Proverbs, we have golden words for our present life. Only very superficial minds confine them to the express point of their application. They are as many-sided as human

life and duty. This one is a remarkable instance of the kind; it reminds us, indeed, forcibly of Paul's injunction to Timothy, to stir up the gift that is in him. The Greek word used is a compound of three little words: *ava*, meaning *up*; *ζωη*, meaning *life*; and *πυρ*, meaning *fire*: so that, put together, they mean—"stir up the fire," or "give life to the fire."

Now, we know when, in material things, we do this, that we soon require a fresh supply of coal; and the analogy holds good in the spiritual world. We must *get* while we give, or the fire of early enthusiasm will soon decline and die out. We must have fuel before we can have fire; fuel of thought before we can have force of conviction; fuel of motive before we can have force of endeavour. There is all the difference between an engine half-supplied, and panting along with difficulty, as if it were suffering from asthma, and the engine well-regulated and well up to its work. And there is all the difference between the man who never animates his zeal by the contemplation of noble examples in the senate, the camp, and the church, and the man who is wise enough to feed the fire of his spirit by the fuel of good biographies. Energy is thus gained from pondering the histories of great and good men, which any who have read Dr. Arnold's life will well understand. Many men only work at half-power, or quarter-power, simply because they are too lazy or indifferent to tend the fires which feed the mysterious spirit of man. Where there is *little* wood the fire declines, and where there is *no* wood the fire dies out. We can easily see how related this teaching is to the maintenance and development of all kinds of life—the evil as well as the good. Most especially does it adapt itself to the beginner in the Divine life, warning him to give due heed to the feeding of the fires of his faith and love, and reminding him that the prayer of the renewed soul is, "Give us this day our daily bread,"—that beautiful recognition of our constant need of daily strength, "to none that ask denied," so that we may be "filled with all the fulness of God."

But to keep the fire alight we must have suitable fuel; and we have a plentiful storehouse of it in the Word of God. We are not left to feed

the fire of the soul by fancies about God, or by mere intuitive conceptions of our own. We see how the students of old philosophy fed the fire of thought with ever fresh researches; but in vain did they essay to keep up the motive-power of obedience. We have a more sure word of prophecy; to which we do well to give heed. Take the book of Proverbs. How wonderfully they are related to our woe! how their setting in human character would brighten and beautify it! But in the Gospel of Christ, what fuel we have for a holy life! what motives to obedience! what quickenings of the sense of accountability! what ever-recurring thoughts of the judgment! what sublime views of the fatherhood of God! what constraints of the cross of Christ! what prospects of honour, glory, immortality, and eternal life! Why, the fuel for intellect and heart is INFINITE! If we neglect the Book-study, the means of grace, and sanctuary associations, by simple letting alone, the fire gets dull, spiritless, and dead. As the Cunard steamer ploughs the sea, while the coal is yet all aglow with heat, more fuel is placed upon it. As we speed along our iron railroads, we push on our way only by the stoker's unwearied work. God has not left us to any kind of want. There is much variety in the fuel for the necessities of the inner life,—food for the conscience, the mind, and the heart. There are doctrines, precepts, warnings, promises, and motives, all adapted for our manifold necessities. God will not work a miracle to keep us alive. He has promised all things necessary for life and godliness, and he has commanded us to look to ourselves—to be careful concerning the earnest activity of all mind and heart forces. Experience itself shows us that "where there is no wood, the fire goeth out."

But we have an application of this fact in the sphere of all human relationships. It is not enough to confine it to the Divine side of our life—to love to Christ, growth in holiness, and meetness for heaven; it is equally true of the human side of life, in relation to all social and civil ties. Think of the amazing number of means and appliances which men must bring to bear if they would be successful in trade; how they must keep alive enterprise, attention, courtesy, variety, constancy, and efficiency. They know this well, as witness the system of advertisements ever-renewed, and fresh shop-fronts, one superior to the other every few years. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." We may notice the fact also in all the aspects of human relationship. Love, for instance, is not such a perfectly self-sustained thing that it can do without constant and kind attention. What makes some married lives shorn of tenderness and beauty but this, that all those

minute and precious attentions and kindnesses, once solicitously shown, have become neglected, or altogether discontinued? And what makes home affection weak, but inattention? Depend upon it, those who come to great cities from country places, and have left father and mother there, if they want to preserve the fire of affection burning in their own hearts; if they wish to cherish all tender and holy remembrances of dear ones left behind, they must keep the wood on the fire, they must often write to their loved ones, pray about them, and keep their chairs well filled in the chambers of the memory. Distance, indeed, does not cool, if we keep the fires of remembrance burning; but even the Divinely-implanted instincts of affection, mighty as they are, may become weakened if we forget to nurture and care for them. To all of us the motto is not inapplicable: Take care of the wood! In church life, home life, married life, as sons and daughters, husbands and wives, masters and servants, take care of the wood; feed the fire with holy, kind, and thoughtful remembrances! If there are ashes nearly white, we can restore the fire yet with painstaking care; but it is possible that while we delay the last sparks may go out. Ah! how many could stand before us and say, "Would to God I had been more mindful of others! They are dead now." Well does the poet, speaking of the monarch Death, say—

"Nor to the streaming eye thou giv'st them back,
Nor to the breaking heart."

We have the distinct relation of the idea to talebearing: "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out: so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth." We are curious beings, and amongst our many propensities there is the Athenian-like one of hearing something new: if startling, of course so much the better. We should most of us find it almost impossible not to relish a bit of scandal. We pretend not to like it, but we do; we shrug our shoulders, and say, "Dear me! it can't be;" but we are eager to hear it. This belongs to all races! That picture in the late Royal Academy, "Telling it on the Housetops," was a very beautiful representation of Eastern tale-telling. There is always a temptation, greater or less—alike in north, south, east, and west—a temptation greater or less, of course, according to circumstances, to recount anything stirring and strange. There is a pleasure in giving a thrill of excitement to a friend's frame, as though we carried a small galvanic battery in our pocket; and, oh! to watch the surprised countenance! We are all pretty much upon a par concerning these things. It is idle to talk of women gossiping so much. My experience of life tells me that men like gossiping, and do gossip, every whit as much as women. But the idea here is very specific: it is bearing a tale—

that is, going about with it, and that often means garnishing it too, putting some parsley in the dish as we go along. Strife often comes from these tales; they injure business, reputation, character, and make life a scene of suspicion. Oh! what wonderful words those are concerning exclusion from heaven: "Nor whosoever loveth or maketh a lie"—as if this, which is one of the saddest experiences of earth, could have no place in the sweet rest of heaven. Supposing, however, there were *no wood*; suppose that any one has lighted a base idea of another in our hearts—then let it burn out. Then there's an end on't. But if A. goes to B., and B. to Z., and then Z. walks back with B., and tells all the other letters on his way, then there is wood, wood, wood, and it cracks and kindles for a long, long time, until, perhaps, it burns away a reputation or character. What a splendid answer it would be if, the very next time any one comes to you with a bit of slander, you say, "Good sir, I don't keep wood!" How the tale-teller would stare at you. Say, further, "I'm quite out of it; I don't sell it, or keep it." With much disappointment he would bid you "good-day!" And what a refreshing remark to one who tells you some good thing about your poor anxious neighbour, or your pushing, energetic, young friend, "All right, I keep wood, sir—lots of it; I'll help him by a cheering word or two to keep his hope and resolution alive!" Very funny and extraordinary: I keep wood, and I don't keep it! Never mind, friend, there's a glorious inconsistency in that! The tale-bearing view is doubtless the direct application of this proverb, and that is why I have said so much about it. It is good sometimes to be short of fuel, and depend upon it the worst feud will die out in a nation, a church, or a family if you and the devil do not keep putting sticks of remembrance upon it. What a precious Gospel that is which tells us to cease from anger! and

what a touching prayer we often use, that God would "have mercy on our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and turn their hearts."

Doubtless, this proverb stands in direct relation to our Christian life. Many religious people, now-a-days, content themselves with one attendance at church on the Lord's day; the result, too often, is a languid and lifeless religion. Christian truths are so capable of adaptation to our hearts and lives, and are so stimulating to our spirits, that we none of us feel just as we did before, when we leave the sanctuary. It is often—very often—the gate of heaven to our soul. There is a self-consuming power in religion, as well as in all other things; and concerning Christian enterprise, how true it is that we need ever fresh and fresh supplies of fuel. All the great lives which have been the glory of Christ's Church, have been the outcome of constant fellowship with truth, as revealed in the Word of God, and embodied in the lives of men. It was so with Oberlin, Martyn, and Brainerd. How strange it seems that all our earthly enterprises are carried on by this fuel-feeding process! Thoughts of daily necessities, of our children, of our future, all come before us, and keep alive the stress of enterprise and the fervour of duty. Well, enough; but then we are heirs of eternity; we have a great and wondrous future before us. Shall we not feed our higher nature, too—add thought to thought concerning the grandeur of the soul and the glory of immortality, until the higher part of our nature glows with lofty aspirations? Thus we shall understand the mission of the Redeemer into the world, and the meaning of his sacrifice; and thus shall we, on the shrine of our hearts, have something akin to the Hebrew altar-fire in the grand old Temple of Jerusalem. "The fire shall be ever burning on the altar: it shall never go out."

PILLAR SAINTS.



AMONG all the curious forms of mortification that were practised in the early ages of the Church, there was none more remarkable than the habit of residing on the top of *pillars*. The persons who practised this extraordinary penance were called *Stylites*, or "Pillar Saints," their patron being St. Symeon Stylites, the original founder of the order. It is sad to think that any persons could ever have imagined that by such self-inflicted tortures they could merit heaven and the favour of God.

The utmost ingenuity was exhausted in the fourth and fifth centuries, in devising such means

of torture; men considered that thereby they could arrive at a high degree of sanctity, and leave behind them a memory redolent of Christian virtue. The impression everywhere existed that by such sufferings they would, in the first instance, punish their bodies, which were the seat of sin, and, in the next, offer to God an atonement for their manifold transgressions—to such a degree had the Church thus early lost sight of the great principles of the Gospel, and the way of acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. The closest ties of affection were ruthlessly burst asunder in order that men might more unreservedly and without distraction give themselves up to contemplation

and prayer. Thus we read of one monk, by name Pior, taking a vow upon him, that he would never again look on any of his relatives. After he had spent fifty years in the desert, his sister hears of him, and prevails upon him to visit her. He appears before her home with closed eyes, which he continues to keep obstinately closed throughout the interview. Another monastic devotee, after fifteen years of separation from his home, receives a bundle of letters, which he forthwith casts into the fire, lest their contents should distract his mind.

The teachers of the Church, instead of seeking to restrain such unnatural devotion, only fanned the flame the more. We find St. Jerome thus writing to one who was thinking of becoming a monk:—"Although your little nephew should hang about your neck; although your mother, with hair dishevelled and garments rent, should show you the breasts at which she nourished you; although your father should lie on the threshold, trample on your father, and set out! Fly with dry eyes to the banner of the Cross! The only kind of piety is to be cruel in this matter."

One class of these ascetics, whose highest ambition it was to reduce themselves to as perfect a level as possible with the brute creation, were called *boscoi*, or "graziers." These ecclesiastics lived in the deserts and mountains, without any roof to shelter them, while they exposed themselves, almost entirely naked, to all the severity of the weather. They learned to browse on the grass of the field until, both in body and mind, they lost the semblance of human creatures, and fulfilled their desires by becoming undistinguishable from the cattle whose pastures they shared.

We sigh as we read over the exploits of modern *fakeers*; but we must remember we have their archetypes in the history of a Christianity, alas! too early corrupted. It seems to be the natural tendency of man everywhere to believe in the power of propitiating God by self-inflicted tortures: and may we not see here an unconscious evidence of the deep conviction, in the first place, of indwelling *sin*, and, in the second place, that *that sin needs an atonement*? Man will give "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul," or else will offer up himself in wounds and scars, in the hope that such a sacrifice will be accepted of God.

No self-inflicted torture took so strange a shape as that which was practised by the *Stylites*, or Pillar Saints. The founder of this order of ascetics was a monk named Symeon, a native of Syria. In his infancy he was employed to feed his father's flocks, but, resolving on assuming a religious life, at the age of thirteen he entered a monastery, where he resided for nine years. His mortifications here excited the admiring wonder of the other monks. On one occasion, being sent to

draw water, he took the rough palm-rope and bound himself with it tightly round the waist, and then pretended he could not find it. After some days, drops of blood oozing down revealed the secret, and it was found that the rope had become so tightly fastened round his body as to be almost entirely concealed. The young monk bore without a murmur the exquisite pain of having it removed, and would not allow any remedies to be applied to the wound. At length the abbot begged him to depart, as his austerities were too severe for the weaker brethren, who might desire to emulate him.

Symeon now removed to a place about forty miles distant from Antioch, where he lived for some time in a kind of narrow den. He next devised the most original idea of taking up his abode on the top of a pillar. Some say that his intention, in the first instance, was to escape the crowds who were continually pressing round so holy a man, seeking to touch him, in order to be cured of their diseases. His first pillar was about a yard in diameter, though some say it was not so wide by half. He removed successively from one pillar to another, always increasing the height, until at length he attained an altitude of forty cubits. In this position he spent the last thirty-seven years of his life.

In the eyes of his deluded followers, Symeon became as it were an angel lifted up above the ordinary level of mankind, as he certainly was in the literal sense. His pillar became a kind of altar, before which prayer was perpetually offered; he was regarded as a kind of intercessor, evermore pleading with God for the people, and from his elevated position bringing down heavenly graces upon them. In offering up his prayers to God "he bent his body so that his forehead almost touched his feet; a spectator once counted 1,244 repetitions of this movement, and then lost his reckoning."*

As before, so now also, Symeon's devotions excited the jealousy of the surrounding monks. They sent to ask him why he could not be content with ordinary mortifications, such as had suited former saints? Their messenger was to command him to leave his pillar, and if he would not do so willingly, they were to pull him down. Symeon, on hearing their order, made as though he would step down quietly from his lofty home—a movement which was regarded at once as a signal instance of the Divine favour; and so the messengers returned without accomplishing their object. His fame now spread in every direction; pilgrims came from the most distant regions to see so wondrous a saint. From Persia, Ethiopia, Spain, Gaul, and Britain, they flocked to the *Stylite*, to receive his benediction and witness his

* Robertson's "Church History," vol. i., p. 352.



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"Pass sweetly to thy rest."—p. 632.

miracles; little models of him were manufactured as charms to keep away the evil spirits; kings sent ambassadors, who held interviews with him, and with whom he condescended to speak from his elevated position. He corresponded with bishops and emperors, and influenced the policy both of Church and State, while by his life and exhortations he converted multitudes of Saracens and other nomads of the desert.

But Symeon was not to be without those temptations which from time to time had befallen other eminent saints. The devil appeared to him on one occasion, and invited him to ascend to heaven, after the manner of Elijah, in a chariot of fire, surrounded with saints and angels. Symeon was betrayed into yielding to the temptation, and lifted his foot as if to ascend into the waiting chariot, at the same time he happened to make the sign of the cross, on which the tempter vanished. As a punishment of his presumption, he was afflicted with an ulcer in his thigh, and, by way of penance, he determined never again to touch the pillar with the member that had offended. For the remainder of his days he continued perched, like a stork, on one foot, on the summit of his pillar.

At length his self-inflicted tortures were over, and Symeon died, A.D. 460, in the seventy-second year of his age, having, as his last act, sent his cowl as a legacy to the Emperor Leo. "We are told," says Robertson, "that around the spot which had long been his abode all nature mourned his departure: the birds wheeled about his pillar, uttering doleful cries; men and beasts filled the air with their groans to a distance of many miles, while the mountains, the forests, and the plains were enveloped in dense and sympathetic gloom. An angel, with a countenance like lightning, and in raiment white as snow, appeared, discoursing with seven elders in awful tones, of which the words could not be distinguished; and as the precious body was carried to Antioch, to serve the city as a defence instead of the walls which had been lately overthrown by an earthquake, a multitude of miracles marked its way."

On Symeon's death, a disciple named Daniel

undertook to perpetuate the order of Pillar Saints. He set up his pillar at a spot revealed to him by a dove, about four miles north of Constantinople. For thirty-three years he continued to occupy the same position, until he died, at the age of eighty. By constantly standing, his feet had become covered over with sores. It was in vain that his disciples endeavoured to discover by what means his life was sustained as he appeared to take no nourishment. Sometimes the high winds that swept down from Thrace stripped him of his clothes, and almost blew him from his pillar. Sometimes he looked like a great icicle, covered as he was for days with ice and snow, until, at length, the emperor, very much against his will, had his pillar covered over with a shed to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. Daniel, too, like his predecessor, had the reputation of performing miracles, and his pillar was the resort of admiring thousands. He was regarded as an oracle, and, like Symeon, was courted by bishops and emperors.

Stylites continued to exist in Syria and Greece up to the twelfth century; but we do not read of them elsewhere. On one occasion, when an attempt was made to introduce them into the West, the bishop of the diocese ordered the pillar to be destroyed. Thus this extraordinary practice died out in the Church, and now only leaves with us a sentiment of wonder that such a system of mortification should ever have been permitted, or have been observed by persons outside the limits of a lunatic asylum. But what will not the mind of man be capable of originating, when under the influence of the spirit of *superstition*?

Instead of all such mortifications, true Christianity presents to us an atonement for our sins already perfected in the death of Jesus Christ, whose blessed Gospel has been well characterised by a converted Brahmin as "Peace-to-day." "Being justified by *faith*, we have *peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Such histories as that of the Pillar Saints show us what men will do and suffer to obtain this peace while they seek it in the *wrong way*.

F L E D !

MASS softly, O redeemed soul!
 Pass sweetly to thy rest;
 Feel not again these tears that roll
 On thy bereaved breast.
 Fly, happy bird! nor in the skies
 Think on thy saddened nest.

So short I heard thy simple lay,
 So short I had delight,
 And looked upon thy rising day,

Nor thought of early night;
 But even then a little cloud
 Was seen by clearer sight.

Sometimes a sadder dream would come,
 Like shadows on the sod;
 Thou didst but wander from thy home,
 And from the feet of God,
 A little to the school of earth
 To feel life's bitter rod:

And bore His mandate in thy breast
 Thou shouldst return again;
 Nor seek in weary lands thy rest,
 Nor joy midst joyless men.
 Thy little task was swiftly learned,
 And nought might keep thee then.
 Farewell! that saddest word on earth,
 Above is gladly heard;
 Who lost thee at thy lower birth

Are now with rapture stirred,
 When thy pure wings shake off the dust
 Of life, thou cageless bird!

They beat not long on golden gates,
 Which ope and take thee in;
 The song that thine approaching waits
 I cannot tell, whose sin
 Dulls my conceit; I only dream
 The glory thou shalt win.

J. S. W.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SWEETS OF INDUSTRY.



IN this period of her history, Alice Sylvester might be said to live in a world of her own. She was tasting, for the first time, the sweets of employment. The lazy laggard, who drones away his hours, and can scarce accomplish anything, might have envied the swiftness and the deftness of those busy fingers of hers: might have admired, and done well to emulate her untiring energy.

Every moment she could snatch unobserved, and without fear of detection, she gave to her work. When night came, she would steal more time than the day could give her, and prosecute her task till after midnight. This was not well, and these stolen hours would have their effect upon her health, ere long; but in her zeal and eagerness, she never thought of that. She cared for nothing, so she might do some act of recompense to one of the many whom the Sylvesters had wronged. If she had let herself be discouraged by the thought of how small the recompense would be, in the face of all the wrong and evil, her busy hand would have been slackened. But she did not. She thought, instead, of instances recorded in the sacred Book of women, like herself, who had done what they could.

Her efforts were to be directed to one object for the present; that object was to relieve, or rather to repay, the wretched woman who has been mentioned before, and who had come to ruin, because the ladies for whom she worked had never found it convenient to settle with her. The thought of this woman never failed to bring a blush of shame to Alice's cheek. Till something was done, she might well forbear to sleep.

But industry gains in the race. Her work was done at last, and to-morrow she could carry it home. Yes, and be paid!

The spirits of her ancestors might vex themselves in vain. The Sylvester dignity might weep and wail, as though its grandeur had departed. We rather think it had waxed glorious in Alice!

She was very tired when her work was done. Mid-

night had passed, and so had some of the small morning hours. Her face was white; her hands and feet deathlike in their coldness; but her heart was warm, and full of gladness. She could not sleep, even when she had put out her light, and the weary head was resting on the pillow. She was so eager to pour out her earnings; yes, every farthing, into the lap of wretchedness and want!

The next day she was on the watch for an opportunity of going out alone. She soon found it, for her mother and Raymond were closeted together, as usual, all the morning. How eagerly her trembling hands tied on her bonnet! how swiftly her feet sped along the crowded pavement! how her heart beat with a sensation entirely new and strange; and half of pain, and half of joy. For she, a Sylvester, had stepped from the pedestal of the family greatness, and was here, down in the arena of common working-day life. She had been earning money!

But, on the whole, the sweetness preponderated; when the people for whom she worked, paid her; when she had the money in her hand, honestly and honourably earned, then conscience smiled, and whispered an approval.

It was not much she had gained; but she let no feeling of discouragement or discontent creep in. She thanked Heaven, and took courage. Holding the money in her hand, she turned her steps to a part of the town she had rarely been accustomed to visit. It was the part where, among courts, and alleys, and crowded streets, the poorer inhabitants of the town were herded together.

There was a vast amount of poverty and distress in Newbury. Alice knew this; but she was about to single out one solitary object—and that not for charity. "Oh no!" she thought, with bitterness; "we have not attained to that; we must first be just."

When she reached the most crowded and miserable part of the district, she began to ask for the person she was come to see. Jane Hubbard was the name of the woman, and Jane Hubbard lived up a wretched alley, where a number of squalid houses were huddled so close, that the least strip of sky was visible overhead.

"Not that she'll be here much longer," said the neighbour of whom Alice inquired. "She's just at death's door—that's what she is."

"Is she worse, then?" asked Alice, a chill dread creeping to her heart.

"Well, she can't be much worse than she has been, this long time," replied the woman. "She's worked herself to death—sitting, stitching, day and night, too. You gentlefolks know nothing of that!"

Alice did not speak. The woman looked at her with more curiosity than civility.

"The great folks she worked for never paid her—some of them, at least. I'm not going to say all were as bad; but I'm thinking her death will lie at the door of them as didn't!"

"I will go and see her," said Alice, turning pale, and the tears gushing to her eyes.

When she reached the top of the alley, she stopped. It was a wretched house, with the window broken, and stuffed with straw; and, as Alice knocked, a hollow, wearing cough sounded from within. She knew whose cough it was, and she opened the door softly, and went in.

It was a chill, bleak day, but the grate was almost fireless. There was no furniture, beyond a chair or two and an old chest, which served for a table. Jane Hubbard sat by the grate, stitching—yes, stitching! Her wasted hands could scarce hold the needle. She had to stop, every few moments, when the cough seized her. She was bent almost double with what she called the tearing pain of that cough. Her face was deathly pale, her cheeks hollow, and her whole look like that of a person who is dying by inches. Yet she could not stop, or rest; she must work on, till she died!

She looked up, when Alice came in. She had a kindly nature, and, in her better days, had been as sprightly as you please. A touch of her old cheerfulness lingered yet.

"Oh, Miss Sylvester, how good of you to come and see me!"

Alice shuddered. "Do not use the word good to us, or any such as us," said she, bitterly. "God knows we ill deserve it!" For the sight of the woman had half made her mad!

"I am sure you *are* good, Miss Sylvester! I always said so. If the rest had been—— But, there, we need not mention names."

"Jane," said Alice, standing before her, and speaking in a voice tremulous with feeling—"Jane, I have done what little I could, not to help, but to do you the barest, commonest justice. Do not thank me"—for the woman had eagerly taken the gold, and was bursting into exclamations of gratitude—"I cannot bear it. I should scarce have been surprised if you had cursed me!"

"Oh, no, Miss Sylvester; never think it. And how good you are! Only think! Is all this for me?"

Alice sat down by the poor dying woman, and took the wasted hands in hers.

"You shall work no more, Jane—I will work for you!"

The woman did not often hear the voice of sympathy. That sweet face—those compassionate eyes—touched her to the quick. She had not wept, lately. Her life had seemed to lie through a bitter waste, where no fountain of tears could spring up. But the fountain was unsealed. She wept like a child.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN HUMPHREYS DOES NOT STAND THE ORDEAL.

"Now, my good fellow, it is of no use your stopping me any longer. My horse will run over you."

"I don't care, Mr. Carlton! I must get speech of you, and I *will*!" said John Humphreys, recklessly.

Mr. Carlton had just cleared the town, and was setting off for his constitutional ride. It was unpleasant to have his placid enjoyments so interfered with. He was really very sorry for "poor Humphreys," as he called him; but, sorry or not, it was no easy matter to shake him off. John Humphreys's hand was on the bridle, and John Humphreys's face had an expression with which it would not be safe to tamper.

"I can do nothing for you, you know," said the lawyer, peevishly, and heartily wishing to wash his hands of the whole matter.

"You can answer me a question or two, I suppose," replied John Humphreys, fiercely.

"Certainly, I can answer you a question," replied the lawyer, meekly. He was really in a very unpleasant position.

"Well, then, how is it you came and tied me off? How dare you, when you must have known how things would go?" said John, hotly.

"In the first place, my friend, I did *not* know. I did the best I could. I am in the Sylvester interest, and have been these many years. They came to me to tide them over a difficulty, and I did it."

"How dared you tell me that Mr. Raymond was going to be married?" cried John, taking no notice of the lawyer's speech.

"I thought he was. You must make allowance for slips of that kind, you know, Mr. Humphreys."

"Ah! you have all conspired against me, every one of you!" said John, bitterly; "but why cannot you tide me over, as well as *them*. I deserve it more. I am an honest man, and they are rogues!"

"In what respect tide you over? What do you want me to do?" said the lawyer, blandly.

"Take up that wretched bond, and lend me money on it. You roll in wealth, all the world knows it!" said John, in the same bitter tone.

The lawyer smiled placidly. "You see, Mr. Humphreys, that would scarcely suit my purpose. The bond is worth little more than waste paper."

"What!" thundered John, excessively excited; "what!"

"The fact is," said the lawyer, confidentially, "you have been sadly taken in, my friend. I mention no names; but we know what we know!"

"Speak plainly if you please, Mr. Carlton," said

John, giving such a pull at the bridle that the horse reared, and almost threw its rider.

"Softly, Mr. Humphreys," said the lawyer, turning pale; "softly! or we shall have an accident."

"Never fear that, sir. What was it you said about the bond?"

"Well, in the first place, some grand people that we know of, are very hard up indeed. I suppose you can understand that."

"Well?" said John, moodily.

"And there will be a crash, and soon. When the crash comes, I can calculate, to a nicety, what there will be for the creditors. A dividend after some time—some long time, mind—of perhaps sixpence in the pound."

John's face looked very blank indeed.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Humphreys; but I assure you that your case will not be the worst, by any means. You are young and strong, and can soon right yourself. I advise you, as a friend, to give up all idea that the money is owing you—for the present, at least. Learn to work your way without it, and then it may come when it likes."

John had let go the bridle. He stood like one stunned or stupefied. The lawyer cast on him a look of pity. But what was the use of harrowing up his feelings, and spoiling the pleasure of his ride? There were hundreds of such cases, yea thousands!

"In this world one must get a kind of hardness, or else one could not live," thought Mr. Carlton. He thought it, as he trotted up the hill, the open country before him, and behind him the figure of John Humphreys.

There are some characters that cannot bear the test of adversity. We read, in Holy Writ, of the seed that sprung up, but in time of temptation fell away.

The seed had sprung up in John Humphreys's heart, and had been fair to look upon. He had kept an even, unruffled course, and had been exempt from trials of any kind. Now the trials were coming thick and threefold, and behold, how the seed languished! It had no root in itself, and was falling away!

He walked slowly back to his house. There was no pleasure to him now in the sight of the trim garden and the well-kept premises. All he had was slipping from him, thanks to the Sylvesters!

He sat down by the fire, in an attitude of dejection; he had got into that habit just lately, and Rachael was sorry for it.

She brought her work, and sat by him.

"You must not be down-hearted, John," she began; "I have been thinking what to do."

Somehow, from the first—the very first, it seemed to be apparent that the burden would lie, not on his shoulders, but on *hers*.

"It is no good thinking, Rachel," said he gloomily; "I have thought, till I am about tired of it."

"But I have thought to some purpose," said she, cheerfully; "and I don't see any reason to despair. If we have to leave the farm——"

He interrupted her, with a start. "Rachel, how can you speak so lightly of what will half kill me?"

"Oh, no! John, you must not fancy that. There is no disgrace; only *misfortune*, in having to leave."

He relapsed into his dejected attitude.

"I have heard of a nice place for you, John; and I think it is so providential," said Rachel, wiping her eyes, for she was anything but indifferent to the trial before them. "Do you know, Colonel Heywood wants a bailiff?"

"Colonel Heywood!—what have I to do with him?"

"Nothing now, but you may have, if you choose to try, and get the situation. I am told he is an excellent master."

"What's the use of being a bailiff, for a man who has had a farm of his own?" said John, sadly.

"Every use, dear. It will be an immediate help. And there is a pretty little cottage; and we can soon make it comfortable. I mean to try my hand at dressmaking, John. I used to do a little at it, once on a time," said Rachel, cheerfully.

"Ah!" and John gave a sigh.

"You don't know how many coins I may not bring to the till," continued she, striving all the more to cheer him; "only have patience, and we may get on and do famously."

John sat a few moments, in a moody silence.

"I don't mean to be anybody's bailiff," said he, at length. "I mean to go round the town to-morrow, and raise money on that bond."

Rachel laid down her work; her face had an anxious expression. "John, dear; I wish you would be ruled by me, and give up all hope of the bond."

"Never! Rachel. I tell you, I'll hold by the bond, in spite of all the lawyers. I'll get the money of somebody. Why, one year in this place would right me. It's first-rate land; and an infamous shame," added he, bitterly. "I wish——"

She laid her hand on his. "Hush, John! don't say anything you might wish afterwards unsaid. Let us be patient, dear, and trust in God."

John did not look patient; and, I fear, at this juncture, that he did not trust in God.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAROLD'S INTENTIONS.

MR. MAPLESON had been as good as his word; and Harold Blake's prospects were improving considerably. The house had been taken, at the half-quarter, and great preparations were being made for getting into it as soon as possible. Harold's requirements were very simple, and he had a certain tact in making the most of his resources. By degrees, he told Charley, he meant to make the house a little palace; and so he did, but not for the reasons Charley supposed.

All the time Harold was busy fitting up his new home, he kept referring, in a mysterious manner, to the future.

"Ah!" he would say, "it will do very well, Charley, for us, as we are *now*;" and then he would turn very red, as if the words had slipped out unawares.

"How else shall we ever be, Harold, but what we are now?" said Charley, peevishly. He was tired that day; the mere preparations, as he said, knocked him dead up.

Harold did not answer, except by a few random observations, about the great difficulty of furnishing houses to one's mind; and then he said he had a letter to post, and went out rather in a hurry.

It was a bright sunshiny afternoon, with a touch of spring in the air. Harold walked briskly, and his letter was soon posted. Then he turned his steps to the mill. He had not nearly cleared the town, when, on turning a corner, he saw, only a few paces before him, a figure that made his heart flutter, as it always did, on such occasions.

He was on the point of overtaking Alice Sylvester. He had not seen her for a long time. She had not paid Charley another visit, as he feared she would not. What a blissful circumstance it was, that he should have the chance of meeting her! He had longed ardently for such a chance; he wanted to say a few words to her. He knew, by this time, the position the Sylvesters were in; it was current everywhere—not that he meant to allude to it.

He had no time, just now, to think what he should say. He was close by her. Her black garments touched him.

"Miss Sylvester, I am so glad to have met you!"

Again that smile, which seemed like an illumination. Harold's whole face was in a glow of happiness.

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers. She did it with that shy, fawn-like gesture, that was characteristic of her, when in his company. And though she did not say so, she was glad also; there was a look in her dark eyes which told him as much.

For a few moments, he walked beside her on the pavement. It was very sweet to have her so near him. In his own mind, he made himself her champion and defender; no matter what wild storms might beat, he thought his arm would shield her. He loved to think of his home, as of a nest to which the dove might fly, and be secure. He was very blissful in his musings, and he never once thought of the Sylvesters!

"You have forsaken poor Charley," said he, at length.

She blushed a little. It was evident she hardly knew what to say. The corner of the street was coming, and then this interview might end. Harold went on—

"I shall not ask you to come more than once, to our present home," he said; "but I must plead for just that once."

"What! are you going away?" She said it hastily, as in spite of herself. There was no mistaking the look of anxiety and alarm in her eyes.

"No, no! Heaven forbid!" said Harold, fervently. She looked down and blushed. She was evidently ashamed of the interest she had expressed.

Then he told her what had happened. He described his new home minutely. He dwelt on his improved position, on its security, its independence. He

tried to make her feel as if, amid all these ebbs and flows, he had got a quiet anchorage. And she knew why he said all this. Her own heart kept telling her word by word; and this, too, without her once thinking of the Sylvesters!

She listened with downcast eyes, and without making any reply. An uninitiated person would have said she did not take the slightest interest, and that Harold was wasting breath. But that person did not see the tremulous light that flickered now and then from her half-closed eye-lid; did not know that her whole soul was rapt in the sweetness of hearing him talk to her; did not guess the quick apprehension of the heart that loved!

It was not long it could be so. The corner of the street was the point where it would end.

Sometimes, in the dark stormy day, there comes, from behind the cloud, a gush of sunshine, and passes, and then the cloud comes hurrying up again.

This was Alice's sunshine, and there, close behind her, was the cloud!

She did not say much in reply. She walked on quickly, and with downcast eyes. When the spot was reached at which they must part, she stopped. He stopped too. His way led out yonder to the mill; hers, in as opposite a direction as could be. It was incumbent on her to say something, for she had hardly spoken. She would not, for the world, have had him think her rude or inattentive, or without sympathy: for she had known him in far different days to these; in the days of his prosperity, when nothing seemed too much for him to hope or expect; and she revered his principles and the gallant manner in which they had borne him out. Her heart told her how good and noble he was; it told her there were few like him in this selfish world; that here was a true diamond shining in the dark!

When she did speak, her words seemed formal and constrained. She was glad, she said, to hear of his success. She naturally took an interest—here she stopped, and then went on again: and she hoped the change would be beneficial to Charley. It seemed a relief to her to say no more than this.

Harold's ear devoured every word. He was looking into her sweet face with its downcast eyes, and the flushes of colour that went and came. He did not think there was a face like it in the world.

When she had finished he said, "Will you come once more to see Charley?"

She looked embarrassed. He knew she did not like to come because of him.

He had made up his mind what to do, as soon as his home was ready. Grim and ghostly the long line of Sylvester ancestry seemed to gather round his path. But he saw them not!

He knew what he could give her, if she came to him—home, peace, security; the truest love that woman ever found. Yes, he could give her these and with Heaven's help he would!

But, though he saw them not, there were the Sylvesters!

(To be continued.)

"AFTER MANY DAYS."



FOUR years have elapsed since the kind lady became the means of saving poor ill-used Mally from distress and misery; and, it is certain, one more steady and grateful was never snatched from a bad life—perhaps a shameful death. And that's the end of the story," said Mrs. Woodford, closing the book: "and I hear your father's step on the other side of the hedge, so it is time to go in to supper."

"Hallo!" said Mr. Woodford, stopping short, with his hand on the gate, as he was entering the garden, where his wife sat in the still evening sunshine, a row of curly heads pressing closely round her, to hear the story she read from the book in her lap; "hallo, my girl! what are you doing here?" and he looked down at something like a bundle of coloured rags, crouched closely against the outside of the hedge, where Mrs. Woodford was sitting.

The children ran pell-mell down the little garden-path, to see what their father was addressing. Mrs. Woodford, with the book in her hand, followed more leisurely.

"Dear—dear!" was all she said, as she laid her hand, involuntarily, on a curly head near her at the moment—her only daughter, a girl of nine or ten years perhaps.

"Come, child, what are you doing here?" repeated Mr. Woodford. "This is not the public road, you know; what were you doing here?"

"I was listening to what she was a-readin'," said a voice from amongst the rags, whilst a grimy little forefinger was pointed in the direction of Mrs. Woodford.

"Dear—dear!" said the compassionate wife of the farmer once more: "only think of that, George!"

And while she looked at the forlorn object, whose wild, bright eyes were glancing rapidly from one to the other of the little group regarding her, she moved her hand softly over the golden head beside her.

"Listening to a story-book!" repeated Mr. Woodford, contemptuously; "you don't believe that, I hope. Look after your clothes-lines, and your hen-roosts, I tell you, wife, for this looks to me uncommonly like one of that caravan lot up at Springhope."

"Do you live with the gipsies, my dear?" asked Mrs. Woodford, gently. "The child has not a gipsy face," she added.

"I live with them; they beat me, and I run away whenever I can. I ran away this morning, and I crept in there to hide; and then I heard you read the book about a girl that was bad; but a woman took her, and was kind to her, and learned her to be better."

"That was the story, or very like it," said Mrs. Woodford. "She really was listening, George."

"And came for nothing else, I suppose," said Mr. Woodford. "There, my girl! get up, and clear yourself off my premises; and don't let me find you here again."

The bundle of rags slowly elevated itself into the stature of a child of ten or eleven years of age—"Susie's age," thought Mrs. Woodford, with her hand still on the golden head—and, with another of those wistful, and yet searching, glances at the faces regarding her, was moving away, when Mrs. Woodford called out—

"Stay an instant. Ah, George!" she added, with an appealing look into her husband's face, "we must not send the child away so. How can I teach our little ones presently to ask God to give them daily bread, having turned her hungry from our door?"

"At that rate, you might take in every lazy vagrant that would rather beg or steal what honest men work for," answered Mr. Woodford, gruffly, yet, all the while, relenting under his wife's kind eyes, and the pinched and starved child's face he was looking at. "There, give the girl a supper, and send her off," he ended, finally, and walked off to the house, with some of his younger children frisking and skipping beside him. Susie and her brother George waited to hear mother talk to the "little beggar," as they called her. "Peggy," as she presently told Mrs. Woodford, was the name given to her by the people she lived among.

Probably for the first time in her life—certainly for the first within her remembrance—Peggy was addressed in terms of gentleness and compassion by the kind, womanly voice speaking to her now. It was curious, and yet pitiful, to see how the little human waif responded to it;—doubtfully, wonderingly, at first, with something of the watchful, apprehensive look of a snared, wild creature, yet momentarily gaining confidence, as witnessed by the half-unconscious approach, the gradual anchoring of the wandering eyes on the kind face looking at her.

Peggy had not only a plentiful supper of sweet, home-baked bread and new milk, that night, but, with only a single grunt of disapproval from Mr. Woodford, a bed, also in the new barn, and a breakfast next morning. When that was done with, Mrs. Woodford knew that she ought, in deference to her husband, to have sent the little waif forth once more. Yet, when Peggy presented herself, presently, with hands and face duly washed, her rags arranged as neatly as was possible to such woeful substitution for decent garments, and said, imploringly, "Please don't send me away! I can work—I should like to work for you. I aint big, but I know how to do a many things. I can weed—I can—" Mrs. Woodford stopped the child's eager catalogue of her capabilities, turning suddenly away to seek her husband. When she came back, Peggy's fate was so far decided, that she might stay near the first friend she had found in this world;—was to weed in the garden, run of errands, and do anything else she could in the way of usefulness. She never seemed to have the slightest apprehension of the people she had hitherto lived with seeking or claiming her. "They didn't

care what she did: they would be glad to be rid of her!" she told Mrs. Woodford; and this seemed to be true, as they certainly did neither one nor the other, though their caravan was still at Springhope—not two miles distant.

So Peggy stayed at the farmhouse, doing all sorts of little odds and ends of work, getting kind words and teaching from the farmer's wife, and even, after a while, not dissatisfied looks from the farmer himself; for the child seemed willing and industrious, as well as quiet and inoffensive. Mrs. Woodford was beginning to entertain a sincere liking—almost affection—for her little *protégée*, when an event occurred which seemed to justify all that Mr. Woodford had said in the beginning, about the imprudence of taking on the place a child avowedly belonging to thieves and vagrants, and left her sorrowfully silent before his—"I warned you!—I told you so!" for the farmhouse was broken into and robbed, one dreadful night, Peggy was nowhere to be found the next morning, and the caravan at Springhope had disappeared. It was impossible not to connect the circumstances; and Mr. Woodford always concluded that the child had been sent to try and get leave to be about the house, till she had learned the ways of the household and the whereabouts of valuables, and could guide the thieves to them. It seemed only too probable, and Mrs. Woodford could only sigh and be silent as she listened. Only pretty Susie lifted up her voice in passionate defence of Peggy. "I won't believe it of her. She loved us; she was grateful; she wanted to be good; we talked about it often, mother. Every one else may believe it of her—I never will!"

Every one else most certainly believed it—even kind Mrs. Woodford, though she never tried to disturb her little daughter's conviction by a word.

Years went on, Peggy had almost ceased to be a remembrance among them, except as a justification of Mr. Woodford's summary treatment of all beggars and vagrants who ventured into his sight, when one evening, as Mrs. Woodford was sitting in her usual place, beside the bed where now Susie's golden head lay day by day, only—ah! only—to be lifted thence, as the poor mother well knew, into its coffin, the sick girl started from a short dozing sleep saying, "Peggy, poor Peggy!"

"You have been dreaming, dear," said the mother, softly, arranging the bed-clothes as she bent tenderly over her.

"Yes, and of Peggy. I thought we were children again in the garden, and that I was telling her a story while she weeded the strawberry-bed. Mother, I sometimes think, as I lie here, that if she had not gone—been taken away so strangely, she would have been a good daughter to you when I am gone. I wish Peggy——"

She broke off and looked towards the door, which opened gently, to admit some one at the instant. Not the father or brothers, though they habitually softened step and voice on entering the room where Susie lay ill so long; not the rough serving-maid, who tried to do both, and always failed; but a tall, well-

dressed young woman—a stranger, it seemed—who stopped, hesitatingly, a moment on the threshold till she met the glance of those bright dying eyes fixed on her, and then came swiftly in and dropped on her knees by the bed, crying—Oh! Miss Susie, Miss Susie! oh, dear Mrs. Woodford!" and then lost utterance in tears.

Mrs. Woodford drew back astonished, almost dismayed, but Susie put up her wasted hands round the head bending over her, drew it down to her and kissed it.

"It's Peggy, mother," she said, with a strange, tranquil smile; "it's poor Peggy, come back to us."

"Yes, dear Miss Susie, it's Peggy. Dear Mrs. Woodford, it's the poor little lost creature you took in, and sheltered, and taught, and were kind to! Do you think I've ever forgotten it; that I haven't prayed to God on my knees to help me to show you some day that I remembered it? Oh! I am afraid many a time you must have thought me only a base ungrateful wretch!"

"Susie never thought so," answered the mother, with a sad quivering smile.

Peggy softly pressed her round fresh cheek against the poor wasted one on the pillow, and went on more gently—

"On that dreadful morning when they robbed the house, and took me away by force, lest I should betray them, I prayed to God to help me to get away from them again, and let me never forget what I owed my first friend. I never have, dear Mrs. Woodford! God gave me others, and they taught me more and more what I owed you. I should have come long ago. I have thought of, oh! so prayed for it; to think that I should come now to see you lying here, Miss Susie."

"It is best so," said Susie, gently; "you will be a comfort to my mother. But why did you not come before?"

"I waited till I could say, Here is the money those men took that dreadful night," answered Peggy. "I worked hard to save it, it is all honestly earned, dear Mrs. Woodford, justly mine, and so justly yours. I have so looked forward to this day! I never thought I could be so little glad when I laid this purse in your mother's lap, dear Miss Susie. But you will get better—will get well again. Oh! Mrs. Woodford, when you missed me that morning, you must have thought all your goodness thrown away?"

"Susie never thought so," said Mrs. Woodford again, her hand on the patient head.

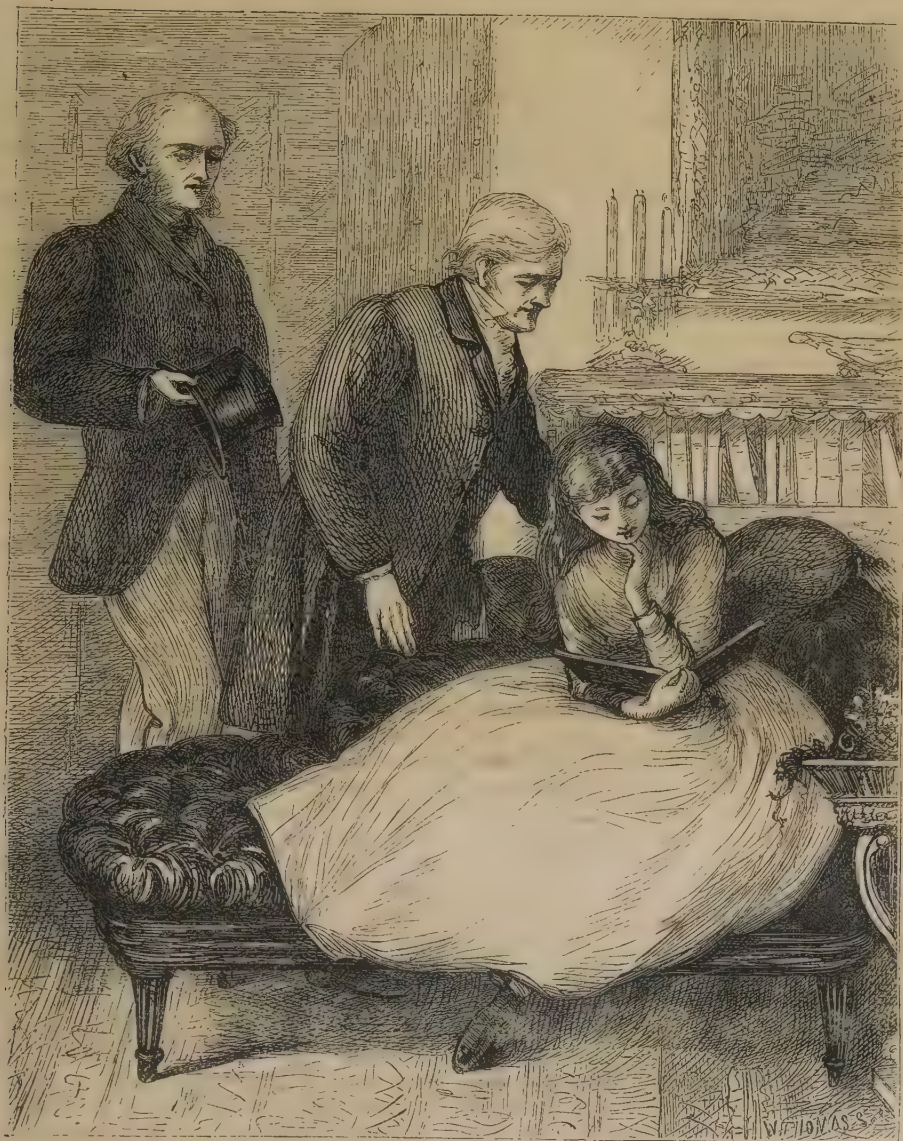
"Because, mother, you always taught us that a good deed is never done in vain, though our poor blind eyes may fail to trace it," answered Susie, with a bright upward glance into her mother's face.

There was a little silence, and then Susie said, softly, "Mother, do you remember the verse you read this morning?—'After many days; and thou shalt find it after many days.' It is found; it has come back to you, dear mother. I know Peggy will never leave you, and you will still have a daughter when I am gone."

J. R. M.

THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 18, 1868.



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"This is not the way to gain strength, Miss Esther,"—p. 690.

THE STORY OF AUNT JUDITH'S LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

I DID not recover from the effects of the fever as quickly as Aunt Judith had done, but remained a decided invalid all through the winter,

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and when the spring set in I became languid and depressed. It was then that Dr. Heathfield renewed his invitation to me, and feeling too weak to rebel, I found myself, a few days after—

wards, propped up by cushions, with Nina by my side, in the doctor's carriage, and on the way to Norsfall Grange. I can distinctly recall my first introduction to the doctor's sister, who was his sole remaining relative, and remember the impression which her dull brown hair and prominent bright eyes had upon me; but I seem to have no recollection of any other circumstance connected with the earlier part of my visit. Towards its end, a letter was brought in one morning at breakfast, and the servant as he handed it to the doctor said that the bearer was waiting for an answer; and well do I remember what a start the doctor gave as he opened it and exclaimed, "Arthur Nugent has come home!"

Young as I was I could not fail to contrast the emotion betrayed in his voice, with the cool tone in which Miss Heathfield answered, "What a strange fancy!" And while the doctor read the letter and wrote a reply to it, he frowned and sighed audibly several times: but his sister smiled, and her eyes preserved their invariable brightness. When the doctor had dispatched his answer he came back to the breakfast-table, but the contents of his plate and cup remained untouched. I longed to slide my hand into his in token of my childish sympathy, but a fear of intruding withheld me. Miss Heathfield, however, made no remark until the doctor rose, then, ere he could leave the room, she said, with no lack of accent—

"You are going to the Towers, Charles, I know. May your renewed visits there bring you more happiness than your own quiet home is able to afford."

"Alice," said the doctor, sternly, "if you were jealous of the mother, you might at least exempt the son."

"I jealous!" she retorted; "Ida Grayson was my own chosen friend."

"Let it be so then," said the doctor, with a sigh as he left the room.

"It will not do to let Charles have his own way entirely," she said to me, in answer, I suppose, to my reproachful look of inquiry. "I know better than anybody what an effect Norsfall Towers will have on him."

"There must be a charm in any place inhabited chiefly by bats and owls," I remarked.

"I have no fancy for the society of bats and owls, nor any wish to enter the Towers again," she returned, and, although she smiled as usual, there was evidently a sign of annoyance in her voice.

I remember that she was absent from the room for two hours after this conversation, and that I ensconced myself in the sofa-cushions, and read, becoming at length so lost to all externals, that I was quite startled when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and the doctor's voice exclaimed—

"This is not the way to gain strength, Miss Esther."

In a moment I was on my feet, and then perceived a grey-haired stranger standing in the doorway. It was Arthur Nugent I was told in the introduction that followed; but before I had time to scan his face, Miss Heathfield's bright eyes appeared. The doctor seemed like one awakened from a dream; not unnaturally excited, but as if the dream was over, and life was becoming interesting to him. He sat down by me, and taking the book from my hand, pointed out to me the hidden beauty of its best passages. Miss Heathfield appeared to be occupied with her guest; but I always caught her bright eyes intently watching her brother. Something in her glance provoked me, and, at length, before I was aware that I was losing all control over myself, I had gone and seized her by the shoulders; but I know not what chastisement I intended to inflict, for, strong as my grip was, it was loosened by a firmer hand than mine, and which drew me away from my victim. I could not then account for the calming effect which the retention of my hands had upon me; but I can remember feeling my passion gradually subside as if lulled by some strange power, and looking up at last into Arthur Nugent's face, and saying, "Thank you" with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR NUGENT remained at Norsfall Towers, and Dr. Heathfield grew young again in his society; and I suddenly awoke to the conviction that the spirit of our home was changed. It was on my seventeenth birthday, and I was standing amidst brick, stone, and mortar, watching the quick movement of the builder's trowel. Longfellow's idea of man being the architect of his own fate, and Time furnishing him with materials in to-days and yesterdays, was uppermost in my mind, when my train of thought was interrupted by the unexpected appearance of Arthur Nugent.

"Why so serious, Esther?" he asked, as he extended his hand to me.

"Because," I answered directly, "the blocks life has furnished me with are so misshapen and crooked, that I fear for the safety of the building."

He understood my meaning at once, and quietly returned—

"If the foundation is a rock, Esther, why should you fear? Besides, you have at least to-day to improve upon."

"To-day," I said, "I am afraid will be but little better than the yesterdays of seventeen long years. But," I added, after a pause, "the fact of beginning to care about it is a step, I hope."

"You have begun to care before to-day, Esther,"

he said, taking both my hands in his, and looking straight into my face; and it was then, as I met those eyes, so full of earnestness and truth, which seemed to read me so plainly, that the conviction came upon me that some unacknowledged influence had brought about changes in our home which had not failed to affect me.

"Esther," said Arthur Nugent, again interrupting my thoughts, "your aunt sent me to bring you back; she objects to your being so far from home unattended."

I felt the blood rush to my face, and the veins in my temples distend, and I turned away from him as if I would resent the attempt to control me by a most precipitate retreat. I clenched my hands as I rushed away, till the action became painful; then I stopped, and Arthur Nugent joined me again. "Oh, Arthur!" I said, as soon as I could speak, "it is as I said, to-day is no better than yesterday."

As I raised my tearful eyes, he returned me a grave but kind smile, and answered—

"St. Augustine says—'We make a ladder out of our faults, if we trample on the faults themselves.' Is there not, in that thought, encouragement to persevere, Esther?"

I made no answer; he needed none. He spoke, I knew, only to help me to rise again; for Arthur Nugent rarely indulged in this style of conversation. Yet it was he who had stirred up our home—had put fresh energy into Aunt Judith, and pointed out to me the way to rise above my natural self; but the influence emanated from his example of the faith which works by love, not from his words.

"The builders are getting on fast with the church now," I remarked, after a long pause, as we walked back. "I shall be glad when it is finished. I suppose if you had not come back to Norsfall, it would never have been built."

"Yes, Esther," he said, with a grave smile; "another instrument would have been found, I have no doubt; these benighted people would have had somebody else sent to care for them. But now, you see, it will be far enough from your home."

"But so much nearer than the parish church," I returned; "and you know I am used to long walks and rides."

"Yes, I know you are," he said, "and I shall propose that you ride with me to the Towers this afternoon. The picture gallery is finished at last, and I want you to see it."

I had often been to Norsfall Towers, Aunt Judith's depopulated world, but had never been admitted into the picture gallery: at first, on account of its dilapidated state, and latterly because it had been under repair. I can remember well how the sun streamed in through the

lancet windows on that afternoon of my seventeenth birthday, and how, despite that summer sun, when I thought of Aunt Judith's friends, the wind seemed to play round every turret of the house, whistling "Where?" And I can remember also the tone of pride in which Arthur Nugent said, as he uncovered one of the pictures, "This is my father's portrait, Esther."

The picture fully justified the tone; I felt that, as I stood gazing on the brow of marble whiteness, shaded by the raven black hair. A smile played round the firmly-set mouth, which harmonised with the soft expression of the dark and searching eyes, while it imparted no idea of a vacillating or weak character. I could not withdraw my eyes from the picture, and I suppose my silent admiration betrayed itself, for Arthur soon said, "The artist did him justice, but nothing more. You do not recognise any likeness to him in me?"

"None," I answered at first; but as I turned to him I caught the same expression about the eyes. I did not, however, like to say so, therefore added, "But you are so much older."

"Yes; perhaps there was more likeness before my hair turned grey," he said, reflectively.

I did not turn again from the portrait until I heard him say, with a sigh, "And this was my mother."

It was the likeness of a young girl, very fair and pretty, and that was all.

"My recollection of my mother," he continued, "does not at any time correspond with this portrait, but Miss Shapcote affirms it to have been a very correct likeness when taken."

"Was Aunt Judith her friend as well as Miss Heathfield?" I asked.

A grave, sad smile passed over his face as he said, "Esther, your aunt would like you to know the story of her life, and at her request I will tell you now as much as I know of it. My mother became an orphan at the early age of ten, and was left to the sole guardianship of my grandfather, who was her father's cousin. She was, in consequence, brought up here, and by Mrs. Heathfield's desire, educated with Alice, who, being an only girl, needed a companion, and whose brother shared the same tutor as my father. Just as they were ripening into man and woman, the Shapcotes came to reside at Norsfall; they were old friends of the Heathfields, and, accordingly, had a warm welcome to the neighbourhood. Often have I heard my father describe the peerless beauty of your aunt as she first came amongst them—a description confirmed not only by our friend Dr. Heathfield, but by the perfect outline of face and figure which at sixty-five she retains. Her mind, too, was as marvellous as her beauty, for she had voluntarily shared in all the deep studies of her eldest and favourite brother, who

was your grandfather, Esther, and who was married and settled before the family came to Norsfall. Wherever she appeared she was the centre of attraction, dazzling all alike, and most especially my mother, whose gentle and confiding nature found in her something worth resting upon. Alice Heathfield alone was proof against her dazzling qualities, nor could she once be persuaded to admit their existence, affirming instead that pride and violent temper were the characteristics of the Shapcotes, and that she could trace both in every line of your aunt's face, and in every one of her actions. Time went on; my father loved your aunt with all the ardour of a first young love, and that it was reciprocated, nobody but Alice Heathfield thought of doubting. There had been no declaration, for both knew that any premature act on their parts would lead to their immediate separation. At Oxford my grandfather had quarrelled with Mr. Shapcote, and the breach had never been healed, therefore an alliance was desired by neither. Esther, I am coming to a very sad part of my story. Our friend, Dr. Heathfield, had gone to London, having just made choice of the medical profession, and he was directed by my grandfather to send down some celebrated artist to decorate this room for a picture gallery. The artist came, and then Mr. Shapcote suddenly discovered how attractive the Towers had become to his daughter, and peremptorily forbade any further communication, not only frustrating her plan of joining in the lessons which the artist was engaged to give, but also refused to allow her to give any reason for her withdrawal. In vain did Alice Heathfield endeavour to sustain the interest in the artist's progress, by coming daily to the Towers, and striving to make my mother believe that both of them had a passion for drawing; but my father was entirely engrossed in the thought of your aunt's unaccountable absence, and the sudden tidings of her having gone abroad with the rest of her family which followed. The Shapcotes returned to Norsfall in the following year, during the London season, when the Towers were always supposed to be shut up. That year, however, my grandfather's gout rendered the journey to town impracticable. The Shapcotes were not aware of this fact, and your aunt, immediately on her return, determined to resist her father's authority, and satisfy her longing desire to see this room in its finished state. Accordingly she came here secretly, and on her arrival was admitted, without discovering that the family was at home. At her request, the servant brought her into this gallery, and it was standing before this portrait of my father that she was found by him, with tears in her beautiful eyes. Alice Heathfield was close at his elbow, and exclaimed, before he could speak—

“Tears are even becoming to the stately Judith!”

“The thought of her father's violent anger, and the fact of being found in tears before this picture, goaded your aunt beyond control; and a few ill-directed sentences from Alice Heathfield, succeeded in turning her wrath suddenly upon my father, who could not afterwards recall the words which passed between them, although he never forgot that in her madness, she struck him.”

Arthur Nugent paused awhile, then added—

“That same day, Esther, a letter from Alice Heathfield conveyed to her brother the intelligence of my father's engagement to my mother—my gentle mother!” and he fixed his eyes lovingly on her picture. “How she pined for that love which she had to learn by degrees was never hers! It crushed her, Esther, although she outlived her husband.”

“Both died abroad,” I ventured to say.

“Yes, both,” he answered. “My father's death was sudden. My mother had received a letter from Alice Heathfield, announcing your father's death. Your aunt had nursed him through a long and trying illness, during which, except for her, he would have been homeless, having been disinherited on account of his marriage, in a fit of fury, by your grandfather, Miss Shapcote's favourite brother. ‘Judith Shapcote proposes to devote herself, now, to his orphan child,’ said Alice Heathfield, in her letter; ‘and I am glad she should have an object for life. I have my devoted brother Charles; you, dear Ida, have your noble husband; and Judith her dear little great-niece. How well it has all ended!’ After my mother had read this passage aloud, she said, in an undertone, ‘Was Alice blind, I wonder, or did she really never know?’ ‘We will not inquire,’ said my father, solemnly. ‘She is satisfied; and you forgive me, Ida.’ I rose with the intention of leaving the room, but was just in time to save my father from the floor. He never spoke again, and died a few days afterwards.”

There was a long silence, then. I had sat down on one of the chairs, and, burying my face in my hands, wept uninterruptedly.

“Esther,” said Arthur, at length, “has it been too much for you?”

“Oh, no,” I answered; “but I might well say that to-day would be no better than the yesterdays of my life. How can I ever expect to conquer my temper?”

There was a pause, followed by, “Esther—

“Not with a sword by bloodshed stained,
Not for a wreath that, soon as gained,
Shall fade upon thy brow;
But with the sword of God's good Word,
And for the ‘Well done!’ of thy God,
Go forth and conquer, now!”

BRUTALITY TO BRUTES.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



THE amount of gratuitous suffering inflicted on the lower animals in London was a disgrace to a civilised community until the Legislature interfered. It is still an unchristian scandal. That interference of the law exonerates the public, and leaves the guilt of cruelty on individual delinquents. Lord Erskine, in an admirable address, which he delivered in the House of Lords, in the year 1809, on the second reading of a "Bill for Preventing Cruelty to Animals," set forth its preamble in the following judicious and solemn terms:—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food; and whereas the abuse of that dominion by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having an evident tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity"—therefore, his lordship maintained the interposition of a Christian Legislature was called for on behalf of animals, and that "in the name of that God who gave to man his dominion over the lower world, he would acknowledge and recognise that dominion to be a *moral trust*."

This proposition cannot be gainsayed without denying the whole foundation of all our duties, moral as well as social. Mark the proof of this assertion in the Word of God. Some readers of THE QUIVER may not have noted how fully and distinctly God has pronounced upon this subject, or how frequently and prominently the destinies of the lower creatures are mixed up with the brightest prospects of the saints of the Church of Christ. I hope to show this theme presents topics of interest to the most spiritually-minded man, as well as materials for grave consideration to every class and age of society. Let none allow themselves to turn away with a sneer or a yawn from an inquiry, which, lowly as it is, the Spirit of inspiration has deemed of sufficient moment to include within the canon of Scripture. As in ancient Rome, in the triumphal procession of the returning general, his servants led his war-horse caparisoned with the insignia of the conqueror, the dumb comrade of his perils and fatigues always an interesting feature in the train; so in the future triumph of the true Hero of all human kind, the Prince of Peace, when He shall reappear in all the glorious consummations of that victory which overcometh the world, and sin, and death, the prophet writes, "In that day shall there be

upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord!" Isaiah, in his magnificent details of the results of Christ's second coming and kingdom of peace, includes the mutual reconciliation of all the inferior animals in the delightful reign of joy and happiness. By the graphic link of "the child playing at the hole of the asp" and leading the lion and the lamb feeding together, the prophet connects the pacific influence of the Redeemer on reptile, bird, and beast, with man in his millennial state, dismissing the swelling strain of prophecy with the parting note of triumph—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." Zechariah, in the passage just quoted relating to "bells on the horses," delivers the ruling motive and ground of the universal peace and mutual kindness—viz., that everything shall be then regarded as the Lord's property, devoted to him, and owned as his. On all our merchandise, goods, and chattels—on all our gifts and talents—on all the minutest secular and domestic concerns of life, will be recognised "the mark of the Lord Jesus; even the horses as they pass to their daily labours shall ring their bridle bells to the sacred melody of "Holiness to the Lord." If it be the duty of professing servants of God to be ever looking for and hasting to the coming of the Lord,—if it be their mark and privilege to be at once cultivating those sentiments, habits, and tastes which will harmonise with the anticipated reign of grace and amity; then, among other feelings of a higher and holier order, the sentiment of pity and kindness to the brute creation is clearly one—so clearly, indeed, that it is laid down as one index of the spiritual character, that "the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." In arguing the claims of the brute creation, I assert—

Firstly, their right, as the creatures of God, in common with ourselves, to these three things—viz., to their natural food, necessary rest, and uniform kindness.

Secondly.—I found their claim on three arguments—viz., on the law of God, on the example of Christ, and on the nature of the case.

Thirdly.—I notice the demoralising influence of cruelty on the cruel themselves.

May the Lord, who "is very pitiful, and of tender mercy," enable me, in the touching language of the sacred proverb, to "open my mouth for the dumb," and create a just impression on my readers' minds of the combined humanity and imperative obligation of obedience to the Divine injunctions of kind and considerate treatment for the brute creation.

When Captain Jenkins, in the reign of George II., exhibited before the House of Commons his mutilated ear, and the barbarous wounds with which the Spaniards had tortured him at sea, accompanying their treatment of him with insulting language against our King, he said, when they threatened him with death, "I commended my soul to God, and my cause to my country." His barbarous treatment so aroused the indignation of the members that war was proclaimed with Spain. Could we exhibit the torn, scourged, and mangled body of many a poor dumb brute among our useful, patient, and laborious domestic animals, and detail the blasphemy against God with which their tortures are usually inflicted, the spectacle would be sufficient, we think, to induce us to declare war against cruelty in every form, as an insult to the Creator, and barbarity to his creatures.

We claim for every animal that breathes, under the first department of the question—

(1) *their natural food.*

"The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuaged."

It is unjust to deprive any creatures of their liberty, or, in other words, of the opportunity of procuring the food that suits them, and then feed them with what may induce disease and abridge life. If we require their services, the least we can do is to "feed them with food *convenient* for them," *i.e.*, proper to their natural habits and organisation. They ask no other wages, except their humble board. They are our cheapest servants, requiring neither money nor clothes. On the contrary, we are not above wearing *their* cast-off clothes, and what our Lord said of the lilies that "toil not, neither do they spin," is equally true of the natural raiment of the humblest creature, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Their lives are spent in our service, at their deaths they bequeath us their little all, and can there be a just excuse for starving, or even stinting them in their food? There can be none, not even the sacredness of the Sabbath, as our Lord taught us: "Doth not each one of you *on the Sabbath* loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?" The faithful servant of Abraham, Eliezer of Damascus, when he reached Rebekah's household, first fed his camels before he refreshed himself. The magnanimous Sir Philip Sidney, who handed the cup of water from his own parched lips to the dying soldier, accompanied it with an exclamation directly applicable to the weary beast who has borne for us the heat and burden of the day: "Thy necessity is greater than mine!" Many a poor exhausted horse would be saved the hungry pangs arising from the omitting of his meal, if

this generous rule of first feeding our dumb fellow-traveller before we fed ourselves were conscientiously pursued.

(2) We claim for animals their share of *rest*. The cattle have as clear a right to the Sabbath as ourselves, because they are included in the same Sabbatic law, or provision of rest, with "thyself, thy son, daughter, man and maid-servant, and *thy cattle*," and the reason given in Exod. xxiii. 12, is, "that thine ox and thine ass may *rest*; and in Deut. v. 14, that all our cattle, included in a right of repose equal to our own, "may rest *as well as thou*." Hence it is evident that the man who gives his cattle no regular weekly and daily rest, is a Sabbath-breaker in their persons, and in the consequent abridgment of their lives—a result which was proved in the abolition of the Sabbath in the great French Revolution, when their domestic animals died by tens of thousands—such a trespasser on animal rights is convicted as a murderer under the Divine statute, "Thou shalt not kill." I have no more right to tamper with the life which God gave his dumb creatures than with my own, or my fellow-men's.

(3) The brutes are entitled to *kindness*. When Jacob built a tent for himself, he made booths for his cattle to shelter and lodge them. I have been often struck with reading among the rigorous and fearful things of the law of "the letter that killeth," the many tender and humane directions which are given as to the treatment of the lower orders of animals.

Secondly.—We claim this provision of food, rest, and kindness to the brute creation on the law of God, on the example of Christ, on the precedent of saints, and on the nature of the case.

There is (1) *the law of God*. Deut. xxii. contains a rich and suggestive variety of humane directions on behalf of animals, which deserve to be written in letters of gold. Some of the following are among them, which we may call the Decalogue of the Rights of the Beasts of the Field. They are virtually the Ten Commandments, issued from the same authority, and, being in their nature moral, presenting the same sanction and perpetuity of obligation, as the Commandments given on Sinai. Let us briefly pass them in review. There is:—

I. "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt in any case bring them again to thy brother."

II. "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again." Not as we frequently see them, flogged, goaded, and tortured, to compel them to rise with

a burthen which the fact of their having sunk under it, was the cruel evidence of its excess beyond their strength to support. A horse would no sooner fall on purpose, than we should ourselves.

III. "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young." Wanton, idle boys never think, when robbing a bird's nest, that their attempt to take the dam with her young ones, is not only a crime against humanity, but an actual sin against God. The precept makes use of the mother bird as a living diagram by which to inculcate a lesson of filial tenderness and honour to human beings.

IV. "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together;" evidently lest the unequal yoke gall both—a kind of cruelty perpetrated in many other forms, all of which are hereby condemned.

V. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," a precept on which St. Paul founds the minister's right of maintenance, as he who provides spiritual food for others should himself be fed. How many of us are indebted for food and comfort to the labours of the horse! It is neither justice nor common humanity to starve or stint the generous creature, who has forsaken its own means of subsistence to exhaust its energies in securing ours.

VI. "Thou shalt not see the kid in his mother's milk" (Exod. xxiii. 19). A tender injunction, obviously intended to promote respect for the natural yearnings of parental instinct, and, through them—*a fortiori*—to sanction the like law in its human relations.

VII. Against a selfish preference of our own ease and comfort to the lives of our cattle, God rebuked Jonah: "Thou hast had pity on the gourd: and should not I spare Nineveh, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" Here, it seems, the Lord made the presence of innocent cattle an additional reason, like the inhabitation of righteous persons in Sodom, why he should spare the city.

VIII. "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind," as if an unbroken succession of their species were to be held as sacred.

IX. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, that thine ox and thine ass may rest as well as thou."

X. In prohibition of the infliction of all unnecessary pain in the slaughter of animals for food, or for sacrifice, the Levitical law is express and repeated: "Thou shalt *kill* the bullock," and, *after that*, "cut it into his pieces." Cowper sung:

"On Noah, and in him, on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on power of life and death;
But read the instrument and mark it well;
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute."

These passages comprise what I venture to call the decalogue of the birds of the air, and of the beasts of the field. If any higher sanction for respecting their claims than the Law of God be needed, let there be added that beautiful prediction of the tender mercies of the Gospel, where Isaiah (xl. 11) paints the symbol of what a good shepherd in the fields should be to his irrational flock, by the pastoral emblem of Christ's tender mercies to his people: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." The parallel implies that these acts of consideration should as uniformly characterise the ordinary herdsman, as they served to illustrate the covenant mercies of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep—which was our 2nd point—viz., *the example of Christ*, not only in a spiritual sense, but in the shape of secular humanity. His tender recognition of the claims of the lower animals may be discerned in his touching references to the "hen gathering her chickens under her wings," as the image of his own protecting love for his people; in his not separating "the colt, the foal of an ass," from its mother, but specially ordering both to be brought, even for the occasion of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; in his declaration of God's providence of food for the sparrow, not one of whom "falleth to the ground" for its prey, without finding it there; in his admonition, "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which have neither storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them;" and in his benediction on the tried faith of the Syrophenician mother, when the expression of her faith meekly assumed the form of a maxim of humanity, that "the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

There is (3) *the precedent of the saints*. David, like his illustrious Descendant, borrowed some of his sweetest and most striking metaphors from the instincts and habits of the dumb. Would he express his humility? his image is, "I am a worm; or his patriotic yearning to spare his people? "As for these *sheep*," he cried, "what have they done?" or his devotion to the sanctuary? he could envy even, "the *sparrow* that hath found her an house, and the *swallow* a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts."

Would Job illustrate the mighty power of God? he deduces his evidences from the lion, the raven, the wild goat, the hind, the wild ass; the unicorn

or rhinoceros, the peacock, the ostrich, the horse, the hawk, the eagle, the behemoth or elephant, the leviathan or crocodile. Shall these humbler forms of animal life be deemed beneath the just attention of man, whose names are counted worthy of insertion in the Book of God? God, *their* Creator as well as ours, teaches us otherwise; and if man should boast himself as the lord of creation, a day of reckoning comes, when the manner of his rule and lordship shall be required at his hands. Cruelty of any kind is utterly incompatible with the Christian spirit. It is an unseemly violation of the law of love and pity, which entails upon its transgressor the Divine and righteous retaliation, "He shall have judgment without mercy who showed no mercy."

"Learn of me," said the Saviour, "for I am meek and lowly." "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his; for the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Cruelty involves a frame of mind at open war with all these, and demonstrates a man, whatever his religious profession may be, to be "still in the gall of bitterness, and without part or lot in the matter."

The final point we reserve for a future paper. We close with the humiliating thought that, but for our sin, there would have been no suffering at all in the inferior creatures. The shriek of animal pain is an echo of that first transgression which "brought death into our world, and all our woe." God surrounds us, on all sides and in every shape, with abasing evidences and painful illustrations of the fall of man from the grace, innocence, and happiness in which he issued from the creative hand of his Maker, as if to deprive us of every excuse for overlooking the fact, and not applying at once to the only remedy for sin and all its consequences, "the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Thus the discussion of every point of moral duty inevitably brings us round, like the law in general, to Christ, "for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Believing in him, the soul grows sensitive, lies open to lessons from any, even the humblest teachers, like the heart-smitten Peter, to whose already broken spirit the crowing of a cock was homily enough to send him out to weep bitterly. The Lord soften every hard heart, and bring us to "that repentance that needeth not to be repented of!"

FATHER AND FIRST-BORN.

BABE, little babe of my own true wife,
Lie you close on your father's breast—
Flesh of our flesh and life of our life—
Till I have lulled you to rest.

Nay, you will sleep not yet, do you say?
Weary of laughter and weary of play?
Dance, little bird, upon father's arm,
Dance like a bough that is tossed in the storm:
Beat, little feet, as hard as ye list,
Beat on my breast, little feet; little fist,
Strike on my shoulder with palm and wrist;
Strike as you dance, keeping time to your dancing,
Strike, keeping time to your elfin prancing:
Pout, rosy lips, for a kiss and a kiss;
Kiss, till the face is a-glow with your bliss:
Push at my brow, tangle my hair:
Gurgle and laugh as you leap in the air—
Who is it calls for a kiss from you now?
Prattle to mother, lay mouth to her brow;
Press mother's face with a tiny palm;
Blow on her cheek with breath of balm;
Look in her eyes with eyes of mine—
I have seen hers in your glances shine,
Seen her smile on your baby-lips,
Felt her touch in your finger-tips—
Child of my maiden of lovesome days,
Child of my dove of the winsome ways,
Babe, little babe of my own true wife,
Flesh of our flesh, life of our life!

Ah, you would go to her bosom, I see?
Weary of dancing, and weary of me.

Leap on her breast in a new delight;
Stretch little fingers dimpled and white,
Stretch to me, telling 'I love you still';
Smile at me pleadingly, 'Judge me not ill.'
Nay, for with both is your soul inwove
With an even joy and an even love.
Dear, as he sits on thine arm, I feel
He is claspt in my own; as he lies on thy
breast,
'Tis just as on mine he lay caressed.
Mine and thine in woe and in weal,
Clutch him, and kiss him on brow and on cheek;
Pat little limbs that are frail and weak;
Sway him and swing him to left and to right,
Toss him and whirl him, so frail and light,
Laugh to him, sing to him all the sweet day,
Play with him, fondle him long as we may.

For baby-limbs grow strong and stout;
And years run by as fleet as wind;
And knowledge dawns, and gathering doubt
Bursts like a storm across the mind;
New fancies throng the wakening brain;
The soul that long hath blindly lain
Lapt in a sweet confiding joy,
Dependent on the parents' hands
That nurse the babe, that lead the boy,



(Drawn by RAPHAEL NEWCOMBE.)

"Prattle to mother, lay mouth to her brow;
Press mother's face with a tiny palm;
Blow on her cheek with breath of balm."—p. 696.

Awakes, and breaks the straitening bands
That bind it, feels its inborn power,
Its splendour, its divinity,
And in some wild adventurous hour
Flings down the dreams of infancy,
The lessons learnt at nursing knee,
And claims of God an ampler dower,
Far-searching, yearning to be free.
God comfort us when first the eyes,
The babe's sweet eyes grown firm and bold,
Frown on us, and reproaches rise
To lips that only smiled of old!
God cheer us, when the soul we hold
Part of our own two spirits blended,
Falls off like some dissevered limb,

And all the light of life grows dim,
And all life's bliss of love seems ended!

Nay, but, dearest, let us be glad—
See, the babe laughs, and can we be sad?
Now when the soul in its tiny shell
Lies so merry, so gay in our grasp,
Ours to kiss and ours to clasp,
Hold him, love him, cherish him well,
Make him a plaything, a toy of our loves,
Fresh as a bud in the dew of the groves;
Sway him and swing him to left and to right;
Toss him and whirl him, so frail, so light;
Laugh to him, sing to him, all the sweet day;
Fondle him, play with him long as we may!

G. F. A.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RAYMOND'S MOTHER HOLDS OUT A TEMPTATION.

"**H**AS Mr. Sylvester returned yet?"
"No, my lady. I will let you know the moment that he does."
The butler made this reply, because her ladyship, as he had been saying down-stairs, had rung to ask the selfsame question three times in half an hour.

She was alone in the drawing-room, but she was not in her usual place by the fire. She had been walking slowly up and down the room, and every now and then, she had drawn the threadbare curtain, and had peered into the darkness. She was so anxious for Raymond to come!

Her thoughts could not be very pleasant ones, during that lonely hour. She must have felt that the foundations were giving way. And she must have been haunted, you would think, by what was beneath: years of wrong; the tears of the widow and the orphan; all the woe and misery attendant on that word—which might have been the watch-word of the Sylvesters—*debt*!

But she had not given up the game. She would hold by the old ruin till it fell, and she fell with it. Hark! that step must be Raymond's! Her face brightened, and she stood with a look of keen expectation. Yes, it was Raymond.

He came in, travel stained, and just as he had dismounted from his horse. He began to apologise. He was courteous to his mother as if she had been an empress. He began to apologise for appearing in such a guise, but she stopped him. Gradually, the stately ceremony that had existed between each other, was giving way.

"Never mind, Raymond!—never mind anything! Just tell me what you have done."

"I have not done anything, dear mother, except reconnoitre," said he.

"Well?"

"It is a sad desolate place, mother. I do not wonder that our tenant was driven out of it."

"Is it past repair?"

"Yes, I fear it is. It wants rebuilding; nothing short of that will do."

"But how can we rebuild?" she spoke pettishly; "you speak as if we had a fortune to fall back upon."

"Then the old Grange must fall down, mother, and the sooner the better."

He had gone to the fire, and was warming himself. She was still standing in the middle of the room. She bit her lip, as if vexed.

"You have not your usual quickness, Raymond. Can't you understand why I sent you on this journey?"

"I suppose to see if anything could be done, dear mother," said Raymond, soothingly. "And I have seen; and I know that it cannot!"

"Raymond," and she came up to him, "could not we live at the Grange?"

"Goodness forbid!" cried he, hastily; a vision of the wretched place he had left rising up before him.

"But it is our own," she said, "it has been an heirloom in our family for centuries. Knights and nobles have lived in it."

"All that is past, dear mother," replied Raymond, in the same soothing tone; "the house has been a pretentious one, I grant, and well tenanted. It has an imposing aspect even now, but it is in ruins."

"Surely some of the rooms must be habitable, and you say it is imposing," she persisted, catching eagerly at the words. "Anything would be better than to have the eyes of all Newbury upon us in our fall. Think of that, Raymond!"

"I do think, mother. But, still, do not let us attempt the Grange. The very thought is horrible! And there is Alice——"

His voice softened as he said it. Alice! his young

and beautiful sister! Oh, no! They could not condemn her to the desolation of the Grange!

Lady Sylvester did not look convinced. There was a wonderful amount of persistence in her nature. But she passed to another topic, or rather another phase of the same.

"Something must be done, Raymond, and that soon."

Raymond did not answer for a little space. There was a blank silence in the great room; at length he said, "Perhaps Mr. Carlton would tide us over—"

"I would not ask him," she interrupted; "and I know if you did, it would be a fruitless humiliation."

"He is rich enough, mother, and he would scarcely like—"

"But think what we owe him," she again interrupted; "besides, I *did* ask him—"

"You, mother! you—"

"Yes, I—Lady Sylvester, asked him, and was refused."

"Oh, mother! mother!"

And the proud head of Raymond Sylvester was bowed in the bitterness of this new degradation.

"Raymond," said his mother, all the old indomitable fire sparkling in her eye, "are you going to fail me? I am firm, if you are. From the wreck, on which we stand, I have the energy to look round, and scheme, and deliberate. And I—am a woman, Raymond."

He roused himself. There was a sting in the words, that forced him from his dejection. He knew that his mother had no other ally, in the wide world, but himself, and he never meant to fail her: he would be loyal to the last. But he was not so strong as she was, nor so enduring. To look at her, as she stands erect, and grand, in spite of her years and sorrows, you see she is not made of the material that succumbs. There is no yielding in her stern, handsome features, nor ever will be. The light in her eye is unquenchable, till death shall put it out!

"What we want, Raymond," and she came and touched his arm; "what we want, is some piece of fortune, such as happens, now and then, to desperate men and women. Fortune has a wheel, you know; well, we want it to go up!"

"Where is the fortune to come from, mother? It is too late to earn it!"

"Earn! Whoever talks of earning to us?" said she, scornfully.

"I can think of no other way, mother; we have no rich relations to make us their heirs. We are not likely to find a treasure, such as we read of in old legends," said Raymond, with a short bitter laugh.

She was silent a moment; then she laid her hand again on his arm.

"There are times, Raymond, in the lives of the young, when treasures come to them unasked. How do other families build themselves up from ruins? Look round and see!"

A bright colour flushed into his face; he knew what she meant, but he did not speak.

"They do it, Raymond"—she spoke the words

deliberately, and with great meaning—"they do it by marriage!"

Still he did not speak. It was a subject fraught with such intolerable pain that he wondered she should allude to it. But she continued; she was a relentless woman, this high-born Lady Sylvester—

"It has come to an issue, my son; there is no disguising the fact. We are on the very brink of ruin: we cling, as it were, to the verge of the precipice. There is no place for the sole of our foot, but where we have last planted it. What are we to do? Are we to be *saved* or *lost*?"

Her clear, unflinching voice thrilled through him. He bowed his head in silence. From out the darkness and the despair there shone upon him the sweet, mournful eyes of Josephine. Yes, and it might be for the last time! He was too much agitated to speak.

"Raymond," and she bent over him, like another temptress intent on weaving her net, and making it strong, "Raymond, my son, let me tell you what is in store for you. I can see it more plainly than you can. It is either *this*, or *that*: to be rescued; to be built up; to be once again the Sylvesters; to be saved by *you*, Raymond; or to sink *down, down!* But I shall not sink. No; I could not live to see the ruin consummated; my heart would break!"

"Mother!" his white face was raised to hers, "*mother!*"

It was an appeal to her mercy; but he might have spared it. She did not care about his Josephine—she never had. What did *she* know of love, or of those sweet passages in a young life, when one heart vows to be faithful to another; when *heart* blends with *heart*? She had never loved. Her own marriage had been one of policy, and cold ambition. Talk to *her* of love! He had better talk to the winds.

"And what is it, after all, Raymond? Has not the past tended to it? The steps you have taken—nobly and generously—would have no point without *this*. And it is to be happy—"

"Happy! Oh, mother!"

The intense bitterness and sadness of the tone, cannot be described.

"Yes, happy; I repeat it," said she, relentlessly. "Those early infatuations are often disappointments; and poverty is a bitter heritage, my son: we have learnt *that*, too well!"

Bitter! yes, *this* poverty was bitter. But with Josephine, there would have been *no* poverty. That would have been a life calm and blessed, and full of resource. She would not have sat in slothful misery, as they did. He did not speak his thoughts aloud. He knew all *that* was over; he knew he had made shipwreck of his treasure, and was drifting helplessly on the wild waves, without helm or compass. Let her do with him as she would! He had lost Josephine!

But she was resolved that he should answer her. It was time he made some response.

"Is it not so, Raymond?"

"Mother! what can I say to you? You are very

hard upon me. There should, at least, be some interval——”

“Interval! what, with the wolf at the door? Interval!”

He bowed his head lower and lower. It seemed as if the burden were heavier than he could bear. She put her arms round him. She had a variety of weapons she could use. Her touch was soft and motherly; her kisses were on his cheek.

“Raymond, you will not fail us! You are all we have to cling to. We are two poor helpless women: we cannot work; we cannot beg—you would not have us starve. We cannot shelter here much longer. Even these bare walls refuse to befriend us. Pitiless faces hem us in on every side. We shall have no sympathy; they would raze the old walls even to the ground; we shall be tossed to and fro like waifs on the ocean. We shall have but one refuge, and that is the grave, Raymond!”

She had sunk gradually on her knees—she, Lady Sylvester! his mother, was kneeling before him! He was touched to the very quick; he raised her tenderly; he pressed her in his arms; he told her how dear she was to him; how he was bound to defend and cherish her till the last; how he would make any sacrifice. He wept as he said it, and she wept too. But it was the point to which she had been striving to bring him. She was glad, in her secret heart even while she wept. She knew, now, that she could bend him to her will. She had touched the right chord at last!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FRANCIS HEATHERLY FALLS IN LOVE.

WHEN Francis Heatherly returned from his visit to Josephine, he was prepared to regard the interview as, on the whole, successful. He was one of those individuals who, if they wish a thing, are resolved that it shall be. He was not in the least daunted by Josephine's point-blank refusal. Indeed, he did not recur to it, even in thought. Whatever she might have said, on the impulse of the moment, it was certain that, in her sober senses, she would not be likely to persist in rejecting him.

Him! Francis Heatherly Esq. Why, it would be madness!

She had not been what he expected. We made this remark before. There was something about her that attracted him. No; she was not handsome; yet what beautiful eyes she had! And how very graceful she was! There was character about her, too. He admired energy and decision, and he was sure that Josephine had both. On the whole, she would be well fitted for the honour he intended to bestow on her. He might—as he wrote down in his note-book—have gone farther and fared worse.

All this settled, he began to look about, and consider what step next he should take. He was very prompt, and he lost no time. He sent for the paper-hanger and the painter.

These two branches of industry were united in the

person of a Mr. Hopkins, long resident in Newbury, and who had, as he assured Francis Heatherly, the honour of serving all the best families in the county.

“Now, Mr. Hopkins,” said Francis Heatherly, “I had better tell you, in a few words, what I want doing. I just want the house doing up, from the top to the bottom.”

“Papering and painting of course, sir?” and the man of business threw a knowing glance round.

“Yes. I may take it into my head to build by-and-by. There's land, I hear, likely to drop into the market, that it might suit me to buy. But, in the meantime, I am a domestic man—I want a home.”

“Exactly, sir—exactly.”

“Well, you see the state of the house. I could not bring—I could not be comfortable in it myself,” hastily substituted Francis.

“Exactly, sir,” and Mr. Hopkins rubbed his hands and looked very knowing.

“In fact, I want it done up in first-rate style. There are the drawing and dining-rooms, library, study, boudoir. I must have papers suited to each. I'm a man of correct taste, and I am convinced that—— However, perhaps you would go over the house with me,” added he, again hastily breaking off his communication.

Mr. Hopkins, nothing loth, went over the house. When they came to the boudoir, as it was called, Mr. Hopkins looked very knowing indeed.

“I see, sir—I see! Lady's room, in fact, I presume?” with a smile and a bow.

“Well, yes!” said Francis Heatherly, coolly.

The result of these few words was, that in the space of twenty-four hours, the news was bruited from one end of Newbury to the other, that Mr. Heatherly was going to be married, as soon as Mr. Hopkins had finished papering the house.

Francis Heatherly himself heard the news, as well as the rest of the Newbury world; but he did not care. In fact, it was quite true. He *did* mean to be married.

Nobody could imagine who the lady was. Some said she was an old love, whom he could not marry before for want of means; others set a report afloat that she was a West Indian heiress, who had just lost her father; some declared she was young and handsome; others that she was old and ugly. Some conjured her up from the north, some from the south. In fact, public opinion was never more divided in its life.

Francis Heatherly took all this very coolly. He was carrying on the courtship after a fashion of his own. He did not want, he said, in his note-book, to pester Miss Graham. But, once a-day, he walked backwards and forwards before the house where she lived, to bring himself to her remembrance. He thought nothing more was needed.

He told his note-book many private bits of gossip: how Josephine sat at the window working, and he was convinced she saw him. Indeed, he felt sure she chose that spot for no other purpose.

Her appearance pleased him more and more, he

told the book. He was daily convinced that she would adorn the sphere for which she was destined. He noticed the smooth gloss of her hair; the element of neatness and of comfort that seemed to surround her. He grew quite poetical once, and talked about a halo! But this was a form of speech not much indulged in by Francis Heatherly.

Once he said he saw her weeping, and he longed to dry her tears. But for some reason or other, before he could decide the point, she had vanished from the window; nor had she appeared there since.

In spite of this temporary cloud, Francis was still on the alert. Mr. Hopkins had finished his part of the contract, and the new paint and paper looked all freshness and beauty. Now came the furnishing.

He meant to have a great deal of new furniture to mix with the old. As a rule, he did not like old furniture. He was a new man, with a new fortune, and new connections. Everything about him was new; and so were his tastes.

Many precious heirlooms were consigned to the broker's without a sigh. In their place were put modern articles of use, or ornament, that scarcely looked so much at home as the old ones had done. Then came bran-new carpets, bran-new curtains—in fact, the ancient house was dressed in as youthful a style as could be, and with the usual effect.

People said it was not a success. But, then, a man could not bring a wife to such a place, unless he *did* furbish it up a little. And the old wonder began, as to who the wife might be.

One part of his establishment Francis had left intact. The fat housekeeper was still queen regnant. But it was intended to depose her immediately on the advent of Josephine.

And that advent, he began to think, need not be delayed much longer. His house was ready.

He pleased himself with treading softly over the bright carpets, and catching the sight of himself in the shining furniture. Yes, it was quite ready; why not fetch Josephine?

He meant to have a quiet wedding. He was not a man for show, he told his book. He was a domestic man, with simple tastes, and no fuss about him. Yes, he meant the wedding to be very quiet indeed. He would go the next day and ask her. He had been very considerate. He had waited patiently, and, like a practical man, set his house in order, ready to receive her. Well, now she might come!

It made him rather nervous too, though he said nothing to his book on that score.

When he had put on his best attire, his glossy hat, and polished boots, he did not feel quite so courageous as he expected. But, then, it was rather a delicate piece of business, and the sooner it was over the better.

In as short a time as the cab could rattle him there, he was at Prospect Cottages. Well! it was disagreeable to feel his heart going thump, thump, and to have his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. But the strongest nerves and the coolest intrepidity are apt to quail at such times as these.

She was at home. There she was, at work in her neat, pretty room, an odour of violets and early primroses scenting the air. There she was, calm, grave, and handsome. Yes, assuredly she was handsome.

She smiled when she saw him. She could not help it; but the grave expression came back again, and, after she had risen to receive him, she sat down, and took up her work.

"Ah, working for her bread!" thought Francis Heatherly.

He sat and looked at her. It was a pleasant little nest she had made for herself, amid all the wrecks and storms around her. There was an atmosphere so pure, so calm, so good, that the man felt a few sensations such as he had never before experienced. Her patient industry, her cheerful resignation to her lot, the absence of all complaint, her energy, her independence, commended themselves to his better feelings. He forgot, for the moment, to be arrogant and boastful; and he thought—yes, he felt sure—that if he had ever loved a woman, that woman was Josephine Graham!

All this time her busy fingers never ceased their toil. Her sweet, grave face, was bent over her work. She was perfectly composed; indeed, not a nerve or muscle stirred, or ever would do, at the sight of him.

It was very awkward indeed to know what to say. We hear of optical delusions—of the lake in the desert, that is only sand; of the castle in the air, that is built on a myth. What a great castle he had been building! Would it stand or not? However, it would not do to lose heart; he had never yet been brought to a nonplus; and, really, she was very beautiful.

"I have ventured to pay you another visit," he began, at length; "I hope you are pleased to see me."

She smiled again; that sudden, involuntary smile, that was gone almost before it came. She raised her eyes to give him one look, and then her busy fingers began again. He could not tell whether she was glad or sorry; he could not tell anything. The perplexity vexed him. He was determined to come to the point at once. "Faint heart," he thought, "never won fair lady."

"Miss Graham," he began, nothing could be more strained and unnatural than his manner of wooing, "Miss Graham, will you kindly give me a few minutes' attention?"

He was horribly nervous; more so than he could have believed. But, come what might, he would go on.

"Miss Graham, will you have the kindness to remember the turn the conversation took the last time I did you the honour of visiting you?"

A quick, angry flush came into her cheek. She was about to reply, but he prevented her.

"I told you then, that the only reparation I could make, was to——"

She rose. There was no mistaking her feelings now.

"Excuse me," said she, "if I remind you of your promise: that the subject was never to be renewed—"

that, on those terms only, would I allow any kind of friendship between you and myself."

She spoke with an energy and determination that, for the moment, shook his fabric to the very foundations; and he was afraid she would leave the room, and not enter it again till he should have taken his departure.

The aspect of things was by no means encouraging. He began to be alarmed. He thought he had better bring the whole of the argument to bear upon her.

"You will change your mind," he said, "when you know what I have been doing. I have had the house papered and painted from top to bottom; I have bought new furniture, without any regard to expense; I have made the old place look quite magnificent. It was done entirely for your sake—that is, when you should do me the honour to become Mrs. Heatherly."

He brought out this as the culmination. He could do no more. Her face had undergone several changes while he spoke. At first there was the flush of annoyance and displeasure; then this passed, and there came an expression of amusement, and a smile. She would not have smiled, if she could have helped. It was really a serious piece of business, but she could not help; and she did smile. When he had finished she said, quickly, and she was grave enough now—"I am sorry that you should have taken so much trouble. Why did you not give me a hint of your intention? I could then have prevented you in time."

Prevented! Surely she was not going to refuse him again—him and his house!

"I hoped," said Josephine, earnestly, and grieved at the look of blank disappointment in his face, "I hoped I had set that matter at rest for ever."

"No, you had not," replied he, with a simplicity that was absolutely ludicrous; "I never imagined you could have been so mad as to refuse me!"

Josephine laughed; it was impossible to deal seriously with such a character as Francis Heatherly. She thanked him for his good intentions, and softened the refusal as much as she could. But white is white, and black is black. There it was, a refusal as point blank as ever.

He liked her more and more every minute. Gradually, though he knew it not, an interest had been springing up in his mind, that was very near akin to love. At this moment, as he looked into her face, it would be difficult to map out the boundary-line between the two. He liked her face; he began to think it unlike any other he had ever seen. Her voice, how musical it was! There was an abstract pleasure in being in her society; she was just the woman he had, now and then, dreamed of, but never found. In fact, why do we trifle on the verge of a disclosure? Francis Heatherly had fallen in love. He was in love; for once, his own integrity and pure code of morals slipped a little out of sight, and into his horizon there came looming up—nothing but Josephine!

"Pray consider the matter over a little, now," he said, pathetically. "You have no idea what a cruel disappointment you are inflicting on me. Surely you will relent."

"No," said she, softly, and yet with firmness; "in this case there can be no relenting."

It was very strange! The fortress seemed so easy to be taken. Just a woman's caprice—that was all—and a woman in need and obscurity, earning her daily bread! A woman disinherited and cast out of society; and he, rolling in wealth and with the world on his side. It seemed unaccountable! Yet, there the fortress stood, secure and inaccessible; no argument of his could shake it. Again she had refused him! What could he do? He began to be in real distress. He could not endure to be thrust out from the sight of her. He must come again—and would she let him come as her friend? But her terms had not improved. She declined his visits, using mild and courteous language to him; but she declined them altogether.

"I am living alone, and the fewer visitors I have the better," she said.

He could not force himself upon her, even as a friend, though he was Francis Heatherly. There was nothing for him, but to take up his hat and depart.

At all events, there was one woman in the world, who could not be bought for gold!

(To be continued.)

THE BETTER LAND.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.



HERE was a fearful storm at sea: the wind blew, the waves rolled mountains high. In the midst of them laboured a small vessel; on board of her were, besides the crew, a family, consisting of a father, mother, and two little children, who, after a long absence in foreign countries, were returning to their home. After a time the storm lulled, but the vessel had suffered so much in the tempest, that it seemed impossible for her to hold together long enough to reach land. Under these circumstances

the crew decided on abandoning her, and taking to the boats, which, though small, were seaworthy, and they knew that the sea in which they were was thickly studded with islands. They announced their determination to their passengers, who readily agreed to the proposal, but the next difficulty was how to divide the party. The boats were so small that they could neither of them hold above three or four people, and the husband would not consent to be separated from his wife, nor she from her children; as, once launched on the stormy sea, it was not probable the

boats could keep together. It was, therefore, arranged that the family should take the smaller boat, while the larger one was to be occupied by the crew. For a time they kept near their companions; but night came on, and when daylight reappeared the unfortunate family were alone in the midst of the waste of waters with no compass, and no means of knowing where they were. They could only pray that a merciful Providence would guide their frail refuge to some friendly shore.

After many hours of anxiety, the welcome sight of land greeted them. Thither the father steered. It was but a low, rocky, barren island, uninviting in appearance, but it was land, and as such appeared a paradise to the poor shipwrecked ones. With much difficulty the father contrived to land his precious freight, but the boat was knocked to pieces amongst the rocks, and with it perished all hope of leaving the island, unless some passing ship observed their signals.

Years, however, rolled on. No ships neared the island. The family found a shelter in a cave, and the few plants that grew in the interior of the island, the sea-birds' eggs, and the turtle which frequented its shores, afforded them sufficient food. The children grew up strong and hardy. They had been so young at the time of their shipwreck that they could recollect no other home; they had all they needed, and cared for no more; but the parents pined after their friends, their home, and all the comforts and (to them) necessities of life of which they had so long been deprived.

At last, after five or six years had dragged slowly on, a small craft, hardly larger than the boat in which they had reached the island, was descried approaching them. In it were four dark-complexioned men; whence they came, or to what nation they belonged, could not be ascertained, but they contrived by signs to make the father understand that their vessel was not large enough to rescue the whole family, but if he would trust himself to them, they would conduct him to their home, whence he could send assistance to his family. The parting was heartrending; the mother and children clung to him, for where he would be taken to, how long he would be absent, and if these people were friendly, they knew not; but still the parents felt this opportunity of escape—the first they had had during all these years—was not to be neglected, and there was but little time for hesitation. The strangers were anxious to leave; they tore the father from the arms of his weeping family, and hurried him into the boat.

"Oh, why does father leave us," cried the children, "to go with those frightful, dreadful men?"

"He goes to a better country, my darlings," answered the mother, "whence he will send for us, and there you will have nice clothes to cover you, warm houses to live in, and good food to eat."

"Nay, dear mother, why should he leave us for that? Have we not here all we want? Does not our cave give us shelter from the rain and sun? Have we not soft beds of feathers to lie on, and as much food as we want when we are hungry?"

"See, my children," replied the mother; "you have never known otherwise; but in that good land to which your father has gone, and to which we shall follow him, people build houses, in which you can walk about. Light is let in through openings which are filled with a thing called glass, which keeps out the cold, whilst it allows the warm sun-rays to enter; you have soft woollen and linen stuff to clothe you and keep you warm; sweet milk to drink, and delicious fruits to eat;" and so she continued to try and draw her children's mind away from the loss of their father, from whom they had never before been separated, and at the same time, to reconcile herself to her husband's departure by picturing to them the luxuries from which she had been so long debarred, and which were to them unknown.

Anxiously did the mother and children during the following days scan the horizon from the highest point of the island. At last a small sail again approached; it was the four friendly strangers, who brought the mother a letter from her husband. Alas! a fresh trial awaited her! He wrote that he could not procure a larger boat; that the intricate and difficult navigation of those seas required at least four experienced sailors, and that she must, therefore, resign herself to trust the two children to the hands of the strangers; that they had brought him in safety to their home, which was only a small village, but whence, when she and his children joined him, they would be able to make their way to a sea-port, and thence travel homewards.

Bitter was the mother's grief at this fresh separation. Her husband vouched for the fidelity of these men, but the sea—the treacherous sea, which in those latitudes was so constantly disturbed by sudden tempests. Should she ever see her precious boys again? Heartrending were the children's lamentations when they found they were to be parted from their beloved mother to go with these black strangers. To calm their grief she mastered her own, and encouraged her boys, telling them that a few hours would see them safe in their father's arms, and that in a very short time she, too, would rejoin them.

The poor bereaved mother watched the little sail until it gradually sank below the horizon. Her ear was strained to listen for every sigh of the wind, and her eyes watched every cloud; but how her heart beat with joy and thankfulness when she again caught sight of the little sail nearing the island, and with what a grateful heart did she return thanks to Almighty God, when she again folded her beloved ones in her arms!

The reunited family again started on their journey to that home from which they had been so long divided. This time they reached it in safety. How happy the children were when they first found themselves under shady trees, and walking on soft, green grass; how they admired all the pretty animals by which they were surrounded, and how they enjoyed all the sweet fruits and other country luxuries which their new-found friends lavished on them!

"Darling mother!" said they, "how wrong we were to fear those good black men who came to fetch us away from that horrid, barren island. We ought rather to have rejoiced that they first gave us the means of reaching this beautiful country, and seeing all our dear friends."

"Dear children," answered the parents, "let our journey from the island always remind you of that other journey which we must all take, and in which no one can accompany us. We told you that the separation from us, bitter though it was, was but for a time, and for your good; that you would thereby derive advantages of which you then knew nothing. You were unwilling to believe us; you were contented with what you had in the island, and could not imagine that you required or could procure greater comforts than you enjoyed there. The island is like this world: we enjoy ourselves here, and think we have all we can require, and are surrounded by all that is dear to us, and when Death—that messenger who conveys us across that dark, unknown sea—comes, we tremble, and shudder, and implore that we may be left longer, and yet a little longer here below. Let us, therefore, always remember that for those who love to do the will of our Father in heaven, there is a land prepared which surpasses all that we can imagine; and may we so live, that when He sends to summon us away we shall, indeed, realise that we are but going to that 'better country' where there is neither sorrow, nor weeping, nor parting more. Keep this ever in your mind, dear children, and when the time comes for us to leave you, remember that we only go before you to that happy land; and God grant that when a few short years are past, you may also be found ready and willing to follow us thither."

L. L. C. B.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 608.

"Then cometh the end,"—1 Cor. xv. 24.

1. T irzah	1 Kings xvi. 15.
2. H adoram	2 Chron. x. 18.
3. E lizur	Numb. x. 18.
4. N ineveh.....	2 Kings xix. 36.
5. C arpus	2 Tim. iv. 13.
6. O nesiphorus.....	2 Tim. i. 16.
7. M esha	2 Kings iii. 4.
8. E kron	1 Sam. v. 10.
9. T innath-serah	Josh. xxiv. 30.
10. H ebron	Josh. xiv. 13.
11. T atnai	Ezra v. 6.
12. H ebron	2 Sam. iii. 27.
13. E kron	2 Kings i. 2.
14. E ndor.....	1 Sam. xxvii. 8.
15. N ahshon	Numb. vii. 12.
16. D elalah	Jer. xxxvi. 25.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A MOTHER gazed on her first born child,
And called him a gift from Heaven;
Her heart must have swelled with thankful pride
When a second son was given.

Alas! that sin should have entered in
To mar that mother's joy;
Her spirit must oft have been sorely grieved
As she watched her elder boy:

For he ran a career of sin and crime,
Placed under Jehovah's ban;
But the younger son, by his righteous life,
Though dead, still speaks to man.

1. The town where Christ's first miracles were wrought.
2. This month was Israel forth from Egypt brought.
3. An individual of the chosen race.
4. A churlish man, whom God swept from his place.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

(TWENTIETH LIST.)

We shall be glad to receive any Lists which may still be out, as our account must be closed within a few days. A statement of the Fund will shortly be issued.—ED. Q.]

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THE QUIVER

— Saturday, July 25, 1868. —



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"Oh, William, William!"—p. 709.

AN HOUR'S REVENGE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A TRUE STORY WITH MANY MORALS. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WELL, master, and you too, Jim, 'tis an old story enough; and yet sometimes, watching the stars at night, I fancy the like of

it never was before. There were many people and many things entangled in it, but they might all be untwisted except two. A boy and a girl, and then a man and a woman; they wove the thread of my

dark and changeable life since I was six years old, fifty-four years gone by. My first cousin, Harry Austin, and my second cousin, Alice Day: the loveliest boy and man, and not far from the loveliest girl and woman, that ever I saw in this world, or yet in pictures, or in dreams. And yet I never greatly cared for Harry—perhaps because his Italian mother gave him the cunning of her nation along with the black hair and the eyes that burned like coals; perhaps because he was too clever, and then too changeable, so that whatever game or study he took up, you were sure to get beaten hollow; and just when your relish was blunted by defeat, Master Harry Austin turned upon his heel, and away for some new caprice. That was not fair.

I was a sturdy English boy, proud to lead, or proud to follow a better leader than myself, but never liking to go behind one that was certain to gibe. Now, at lessons we were the leaders, first of our own class, and presently of the whole school: and in the playground I was sure to be called upon as captain, when Harry had had the honour of being elected first. So I got most of the prizes in school, only every one whispered that Harry could have had them if he pleased. Perhaps we were too jealous to quarrel; but we never really loved each other to the bottom of our hearts, and no people could be more unlike. He was tall, dark, and thin, and very fleet of foot; while I was stout and fair, and the best boxer for many a mile around. He was vindictive, as I thought, and cunning, as now I know too well. I never was either, except once, and that once brought me to this place to-day, a disgraced, miserable convict, whom you, sir, if you were like scores around, could tie to the next tree and flog as if I were a brute beast.

But if I thought little of Harry Austin, I made it up with Alice Day, the daughter of our master, and the sweetest little maiden for three counties round. So fair, so lithe, so merry, so blue-eyed, so bashful, and yet so clever and so kind. We schoolboys all fell in love with her together, raved about her with one consent, and wondered how such a being as our head-master could be the father of such an angel. At least, they all raved except—what was the name I called him? yes, sir, Harry Austin—except him and me. You see, names make no difference to you, and one does not like to mix them up with a convict's doings; so I take those—Harry Austin, Alice Day.

Harry and I were cousins of the Days, and knew them, and we both, it seems, were too really in love to talk about her with the strange set. But I told him everything, and he never told me a word. If I knew that he loved her, do you think I should have gone on saying what would grieve him to the heart? For I told him joyfully

when she called me her best of cousins; and so that huge dandy, Tom Maguire, was cut out. (So was Harry Austin, but he never told me a word.) Then I told him what happened once when I found her reading deep in the hazel-woods, beside the little fall—how triumphantly I had come away, and how deep was the carnation on her cheeks! But he did not tell me a word.

At last—the year that I came there on a visit, after leaving school—I told him how we had exchanged locks of hair and rings, and plighted our troth to each other even unto the death; and how I was to ask for her next year, as soon as my uncle had bought a farm with the money left in trust for me, and I was independent—for my uncle would not like me to marry a penniless girl, even if she were not only an angel in my eyes, but could show her wings in proof. Still he told me nothing—but he wrote to my uncle, and told him all my plans, and bid him question me, but keep the secret of his treachery. And then he rode over to old Day, and managed to let him also know, in the simplest manner you could fancy, how deeply he loved Alice. But he knew her heart was not for him. Oh, no! every one knew where it was gone.

Poor old Day, suspicious for his girl, because she had no mother, was quite bewildered.

“And, indeed, it was not for a distant cousin to speak, nor would he, if things were honestly meant, or if he loved the sweet girl less.”

Then, I believe, her father began to tremble, for he was quite nervous about protecting his motherless child, and besought and commanded Harry to speak out.

And Harry told him that I boasted of my conquest in a very reckless way, such as he thought quite unbecoming; and he asked whether there was any concealment in the case, for that always ended badly; and wound up by hinting to Day that I had lent the poor girl, to his own knowledge, a copy of the worst poem of the day.

Now that poem he had carried with him, having first written my name in the front, and laid it in the little ante-room through which he was shown into the study.

Then he begged him not to betray his confidence, or dear Alice never would forgive him. And growing bolder by success, he put him upon the notable plan of searching for some relic of me which would give him a fair excuse for taxing her with all. Of course, the poem was found where he laid it, and so the father's worst suspicions were confirmed. Poor old man!—so wise in books, so ignorant of men! I could forgive anything to the lover of my love, except such tampering with thy kind parental fears—teacher of my boyhood!—one parent of Alice Day!

There was, of course, a dreadful scene between Alice and her father. She denied having ever

seen the book, or even heard of it; but she would not deny anything else, for she loved me, and knew that I loved her too well to change; and she told him truly that I never would love or marry another girl, and so for her to renounce her engagement would be to doom me to a lonely life. But the old man was inflexible. It gradually transpired that he had loved me almost like a son, and not only wished for our marriage dearly, but proposed it himself to my uncle and guardian, who repulsed him with cruel and unmanly taunts. Then his heart had been turned against me. He now felt sure I might have spoken out straightforwardly, if I were in earnest, and, at all events, he never would give his child to an underhand intriguer. So all my misery came upon me from a single act of cowardly concealment.

Sir, it is always the same story. I have known dozens of happy marriages to which the parents were opposed at first, but being treated honestly, as they ought to be, came round to think better of their children's choice; but I never, never knew one happy marriage that was planned and carried through in the dark. Many a one is broken off that need not have been; and many more end in misery and late repentance, just because the parties know each other's powers of concealment and treachery too well to be at ease together. If I had a son—as, thank God, I never had—my first advice to him in such matters would be, rather marry a sempstress openly, as a man should, than run away with a princess.

Alice gave me up when her father cursed me, and promised never to see me more.

Ah! how the light of life sank down into its socket, and instead of golden-coloured flame was noisome and sour smoke; how the music of hope changed to a dull wailing, as of tired waves breaking upon a cruel shore lined with the bones of mariners; how the grand intoxication of the sparkling wine of love changed to the headache and the nausea of the drunkard's wretched morrow; and how I loathed the life, and the hope, and the love together, when, breaking the seal that had come upon so many a tender scroll, my astonished eyes read this:—

It is all over. My father considers your conduct unworthy of a man; and against his express commands I shall never marry, nor wish to love. For this misfortune, if you count it such, thank the literature you chose to carry into my presence.

Of course, I wrote to protest against this cruel and abrupt letter, and deny all comprehension of the charge in its last line. Of course, also, my letter came back unread.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT happened after Alice and I were parted was told me long, long afterwards. Her temper varied strangely. Sometimes she would break

out into wild bursts of passion, upbraiding me for crimes that were entirely false, and scouting the idea that I ever loved her; but at other times she would cry out against herself for being hard and faithless, and breaking her lover's heart.

Both moods, however, were equally against my chances, for after one of these softer intervals she was sure to add, "Well, I have made another promise now, and if one cannot be mended, the other shall not be broken too. I will never see my poor boy again—never, never again, until he leaves his grave and I leave mine. What shall I say when he bears witness against me then? Not one word—not even to beg forgiveness."

Poor girl; her mind was in danger for months, and it was only saved by carrying her off to the Mediterranean for two winters. And here was Henry—what? yes, Austin—Henry Austin's great chance. He had money enough to go with them, and he spoke Italian like a native. His smooth Southern ways, too, were very soothing to an invalid; and perhaps pity for the victim of his own fraud made him gentler than ever, and more winning. As regards me, he must have acted mercilessly, for she came back with a set, stern look upon her lips, that used to be so soft; an open vaunt that her old weakness was entirely gone; and a very obvious leaning toward her dark-eyed, handsome cousin.

And now, strangely enough, her father began to hesitate. He begged her to think well before she gave herself away again, and even seemed unwilling to countenance Austin's visits. It was only by coaxing and determination that he was brought to say that, if her mind was set upon him, she might have her will. "I came between you and your love once, because I thought it right; but I will not do so again."

It seems, from what happened afterwards, that he had noticed the insincerity of his plausible young friend, and began to feel suspicions which he dared not put into words. Suppose he were to shake the reason of his daughter altogether! Suppose this wretched distrust were a sign that his own brain were going?

Now, sir, I must tell you a little about the times. The Napoleon wars had just begun, and all Europe was trembling. In England some men were giving great trouble, setting workmen against their masters, and persuading them that to hold property was a crime. Every now and then a farmer was shot at, just as in Ireland still, but far more commonly his ricks were set on fire, and hundreds of pounds' worth of property lost at a single stroke. It was a fearful time. Wellington was just fitting out his little expedition, from which no person seemed to hope much, and the French were as great a terror to all the world as ever the Turks used to be. And I have heard

people in a distant county say that from a high hill, at midnight, eight or ten incendiary fires could have been reckoned blazing away at the same time. Afterwards, I believe it was still worse.

But the farmers, on the whole, throve wonderfully, for corn was almost at a famine price; and while the wretches who burned so much had either to starve or enlist, we got just as much money for what remained. People will pay a great deal for bread. And in our country, where these troubles did not come, we were all making fortunes. I put away money enough in those years, besides living well and paying war taxes, to make up for any loss that a fire could possibly inflict upon me. But, ay me, I was a single man, and had no one to share it with, or enjoy saving for, since Alice broke her faith.

Now you can understand how fortunate the young people thought themselves, when they had the offer of a good farm that lay almost midway between old Day's residence and mine. It was a fine large place, but the buildings and ground had both been neglected, and every penny they could get together was laid out in stocking and renovating it, and repairing the long, straggling, thatched, old farmhouse, and they had also to advance money to pay for the standing crops. Old Day even resolved to sell his little place, and go to live with his daughter and her husband, putting the money it brought with what he had already given them.

But, sir, on their wedding-day, when all was over, and they returned to his house for a little feasting and toast-drinking, as Day stepped out of his gig and hobbled into the parlour, he looked wildly around him, and cried out, "Oh, Harry Austin, Harry Austin! Will some one give me a drink of water quickly?" and before the water came, he lay upon the ground in a fit.

No one will ever know what he meant, but I half suspect that to his excitable, suspicious eyes—eyes, remember, that had watched his new son-in-law since he was ten years old, first as a school-boy, and then as an intimate acquaintance—there was something dishonest seen in the unguarded moment of his triumph. A look or a word might be enough for his morbidly acute sensibilities; and if so, he might well be overcome, as he thought of me, and what he had done, and of his only daughter's future. And yet I must say that a more loving husband than my worst enemy turned out, as far as I could judge, was never seen.

For a week the old man's life was in danger, and his children—there were now two—could not leave his side. But no sooner had they both gone home, expecting him to follow in a few days, than he sent off his favourite old servant, begging me—me, whom he had outraged and robbed of hope, and, from a generous,

gallant youth, converted into a grasping, hard, dreaded man of the world—begging *me*, I say, "to go and see him without an hour's delay, for the love of the old times, when he had been an indulgent master to his uncle's grandson."

Something within me said with a prophetic instinct that my hour had come. It was long since I had ceased to pray, ceased to read my Bible, ceased to think of anything soft or lovely, lest it should blunt the one evil purpose of my blighted life. Revenge was what I lived for. Often when my brain grew numb, and small pulses, that many people never feel or know of, beat hotly and fast about my forehead, in utter weariness, and hopelessness, and loneliness, I have whispered the bitter word into my own ears again and again, to beat off the threatened sickness and stimulate my drooping powers. In my very dreams I used to watch Austin and old Day sinking into the sea, or over a precipice together, without any one to save them from death. For revenge I hoarded money, because money was power, and would help me some time. For revenge I crushed down my temper, and forced myself to seem kind among the workmen, that if ever public sympathy was needed, it might be upon my side. . . . Or else, perhaps, I wrong myself: perhaps, looking back from the comparative happiness of my penal servitude upon the absolute wretchedness of my freedom and wealth, everything upon that dark horizon seems darker than it was. My only reason for this faint hope is, that I never formed a definite plan of operation, and when a word from me would have prevented their obtaining the farm, I looked on sullenly, and let them have it.

But at receiving this message my heart leaped within me. Yes, I would go, and hear what he wanted, and perhaps wring an apology from his reluctant soul; and then he should verily hear what I could say, for I had thought over an answer long enough, and he should not lose the benefit of my meditations. I would go at once, upon my fleetest horse. "Not so!" I answered to my boiling passions, "lest over-eagerness should weaken the effect. Let me be deliberate and calm." So I carelessly told the man that I would be riding in that direction in a week or two; and it was only as a concession to his earnest entreaties that I promised to go to-morrow. But I went the same night, for my eagerness would not be restrained, and was rewarded by the unsuspecting domestic with a blessing. "And, indeed," said he, "every one says you're the kindest man for twenty miles around."

The old man was so sadly changed that, for a moment, my heart smote me. His fingers played restlessly with the buttons on his coat as he went on to speak, after vainly stretching out his hands to me, and just as vainly motioning me to

sit down. His mind, he said, was sorely troubled, and he wanted to tell me all, trusting firmly that I would not deceive a dying man, but deny or confess frankly, as I used when a boy at school. Here I broke in with a haughty interruption. What right had he to cross-question me now upon affairs that he so harshly settled without me at the time? They had been painful to me once, but now they were so utterly indifferent that I would not undertake to correct his better judgment upon any point that he had decided. Poor old gentleman, his meekness should have moved a stone. He would at least beg me to listen to his tale, and then I would please to judge him according to the circumstances. And he told me the particulars of Austin's treachery; dwelt much upon the motherless inexperience of his girl, and his own want of advice, and fixed an appealing look upon my pale face. But the pallor was from rage. Slowly and

bitterly I hissed a malignant answer out. "He was once a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps he remembered her words to the woman that had blighted her existence. If not, he might easily find them out."

With that I turned away, and never saw him again, but riding fast over the clattering pavement, urging my horse until the sparks leapt out of the flints, and, hurrying wrathfully through the darkness towards the pale gleam that looked like a ghost of the day that was dead, ever and anon his agonised cry smote upon me like the buffet of an iron hand—"Oh, William, William, William!" I cannot tell whether these were the last words that good man ever spoke. In my sleep he speaks them to me still, for his spirit has tracked me out, and haunts me under these Australian stars.

ALEXIS.

(To be continued.)

BALAAM.



HE history of Balaam is one with which are connected many difficulties, and from which may be deduced many lessons. But it is in one aspect only that we would regard it now—that all we have recorded of him is but one long account of an attempt to increase, or secure, his own worldly prosperity at the expense of his conscience; one continuous proof of the utter impossibility of serving both God and Mammon.

There are, perhaps, few of those who are held up to us as warnings, beacons placed upon some dangerous rock where others before us have made shipwreck rather than harbour-lights, to guide us safely into port,—there are few of these for whom we express feelings of more entire condemnation; and with these there mingles not a little contempt. Successful villany, successful sin, the man who, by a life of grasping avarice and extortionate usury, or possibly of dishonourable treachery, has secured to himself a comfortable competence, we may indeed profess to hate and abhor, but the world cannot afford to despise him; and as it receives him with open arms into its place of honour, it glosses over the past with the oft-repeated and much-abused Scriptural salve, that he was wiser in his generation than the children of light, and we are half inclined to go back to the heathenish notion that success is a sign of the favour of Heaven. But unsuccessful villany—the man who has notably done evil from greed of gain, who has sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon all the best principles of his heart and conscience, and then has failed after all to gain the world, though he lost his soul—for such a man as that the

world has only contempt and scorn, and it drives him forth without pity from that pale to which success supplies a passport which honesty and honour alone should give.

But ere we thus condemn the character of Balaam, it behoves us all to search well our own consciences and see whether there lurk not in us some vestige of a similar nature; whether we, too, have not at some time of our lives been tempted—yes, and yielded to the temptation—to warp the voice of conscience within us till at last it seemed to favour our own desires; whether we, too, have not at first cried, in the vivid conviction of a conscience as yet unseared by self-deceit, "Though Balak should give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the commandment of God," and then, soon after, so persuaded ourselves that we go to do that very thing which the Word of God had expressly forbidden. And it is more especially the office of the minister of Christ to come with the narrative of such sins as these of Balaam, and when the voice of conscience within them has condemned them utterly, and the sentence has gone forth, "The man that has done this thing shall surely die," then to throw back the covering, and tear off the disguise, and reveal its own sin to the self-satisfied heart,—*"Thou art the man."*

There comes, then, to every man, at some time of his life, a temptation such as that which presented itself, by the mouth of the princes of Moab, to this solitary prophet in his home amongst the mountains of the East; and it finds him strong, apparently, in faith and reliance upon God. His life hitherto has been calm and undisturbed. He

has floated down the stream of time so smoothly that he has well-nigh forgotten that there may be rapids ahead; but now he is nearing them, and the time has come to see whether there be such a pilot at the helm as will steer him clear of danger, or whether he will be dashed in hopeless shipwreck ere he reach the haven beyond. At the first all seems well. "Tarry ye here, and I will see what the Lord shall speak unto me." So is it that we seem to make up our minds to act as God would have us act. So is it that we shrink back with horror even from the thought of acting in defiance of his will, however great the gain may be; yet how often, when the voice within us, the calm conviction of the midnight colloquy with God has pressed upon us the impossibility of stretching out the hand to grasp the coveted prize, how often is the answer such as springs from an impatient and unwilling obedience! How often does the spirit chafe at the unwelcome restraint, and find its utterance in the words of Balaam, "The Lord refuseth to let me go!" We have said that the spirit shrinks back with horror and aversion from the thought of acting in defiance of God's will; but there still remains in the discontented heart the longing for the coveted rewards. The power of the conscience within has compelled the answer, "I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord," and obliged us unwillingly to serve God; but the service of our hearts is still given to Mammon, and so we turn, like Balaam, to devise some method of combining the two. We cannot act openly in defiance of God's will; but there is no harm, we think, in using our every effort to make God's will seem like our own; no harm in pressing upon him, again and again, for the permission we so much desire, until, at length, the voice of God within seems changed from what it was, and at length we persuade ourselves that God has given his sanction to our own desires. Nor does the self-deception stop there. There is yet a further step—yet another restriction placed upon ourselves: "Only the word that God shall speak." Doing wrong, and knowing that we are doing wrong, yet we would still keep up appearances, and seem to resume again that check upon our actions which lately we have so utterly disregarded; forgetting the utter impossibility of serving God just so far as may suit our own desires, and deserting that service so soon as it clashes with the service of the world. We are ever desiring, as it were, to make an agreement with the Almighty. If he will but allow us the indulgence of some darling sin—if we may but serve Mammon in this one point, we will serve God in all else—if we may but go with the messengers, then "only the word that God shall say unto us, that and that only will we speak."

Thus is it that we ever persuade ourselves that

the voice of God permits us to walk in that one path which we so ardently desire. The ambitious man convinces himself that, provided he commit no actual offence against God's law, he may yet give up the whole of his time, and life, and energy to the pursuit of fame. The covetous man convinces himself that if he keep within the strict letter of honesty, if his hands be unstained by what the world calls dishonourable action, he may yet indulge his avarice to the very verge of extortion. The worldly man thinks that if his outward life be decent and respectable, and his tithe of time and money be given to God, then all the rest may be given to the pleasures of the world. And surely in these days, when all the veins of social, and political, and religious existence seem to have been filled with the fiery blood of a new life, such as no other century ever saw; when every edifice that God or man has built upon earth is being shaken to its very foundations by the raging blast of democratic or rationalistic innovations; when time-honoured ceremonies or institutions of church or state are being cast aside as out of date, and useless to this more advanced age; surely in such times as these it becomes us all to look well to ourselves and our own motives: and when the messengers come to us with the apparently large temporal rewards in their hands, let us not suffer the conscience within us to be bribed as Balaam's was; let us not place the gold and silver of the King of Moab so close to our eyes that it shuts out the view of all else; let us not attempt the utter impossibility which Balaam attempted, and failed to accomplish—the service of God and Mammon.

Let us notice, further, the issue of the attempt. It has been well said that in matters of duty, second thoughts are almost invariably wrong. To a conscience not utterly seared and rendered callous by sin, the path of duty is seldom doubtful; and though in matters of worldly expediency it is well to act with all cautious deliberation, yet, in matters of right and wrong, there is rarely room for question. Thus was it with Balaam. The answer of God came clear and distinct, "Thou shalt not go with them." But in his heart there was little real conformity to the Word of God, and he asks again for a permission which had already been clearly refused. And now he succeeds in persuading himself that at length that refusal is withdrawn. Yet, even here the goodness and mercy of God will not forsake his erring servant. Yet another attempt shall be made to turn him back from his evil ways, and as, in mad and passionate displeasure, he smites the unoffending animal who for so many years had borne him safe, the angel of the Lord stands before him in the way with one last word of warning and advice. Go back, he could not; go

on, he must. Once started on that dangerous road, retreat was impossible. But one chance is left him: let him be true to his religion and his God. Let him speak out to Balak with bold and unflinching confidence the word of God; let him cast behind him all thought of the house full of silver and gold, and do his duty manfully as a prophet of the Most High, and all might yet be well. But the love of Mammon is too deeply ingrained within him, and so he drags the irritated king from mountain to mountain, seeking by every means to stifle within him the all-powerful voice of Divine truth; till at length its influence is in wrath withdrawn, and he becomes the author of a fiendish device, which, indeed, should curse Israel more than all the incantations which Balak could have desired. And is there one wandering soul who has started on the high road to ruin whom the mercy of God has not thus checked on his onward course? Has God ever left one soul to perish for want of an obstacle to meet him in the way? Has not God come to each one of us, when we have deserted his service and are rushing blindly on our way to the coveted service of Mammon, and withstood us in his infinite mercy? Can none of us look back upon a time when his all-provident hand has hedged up our way with thorns, and placed a pit before our feet in that path which now we see was leading unto death? Alas! that so many will meet the obstacle as Balaam met it, with the mad passion of disappointed avarice, or the discontented avowal of a false-hearted compliance, "Now, if it displease Thee I will get me back again," when we know all the while that it is impossible to go back, when we know that the past cannot be undone. And if we would accept the last warning which God in his mercy gives us (for even his opportunities of mercy towards us may have an end), we must accept the position we have made for ourselves. "Going on," indeed, but going on to speak with unflinching boldness the word of God. Resigning at once and for ever the service of Mammon, upon which we had so rashly started, and in which we had so nearly perished, and resolving to carry the service

of God into those scenes of earthly occupation upon which we entered with such different intentions.

And, in conclusion, is there not a special and more particular application of this subject? Are not these the temptations to which all the ministers of religion are more especially subject? Do not the messengers of Balak often come to them with the rewards in their hands? If they will but change some unpopular opinion; if they will but conceal or disguise some unpleasant truth; if they will but teach more comfortable doctrine, or, at all events, wrap up the nauseous draught in some palliative medium of honied words, such and such rewards shall be theirs, such and such popularity, such and such favour. And though the voice of God come clear and distinct, "Thou shalt not go with them," yet the temptation will come, too, of examining again the objectionable doctrine, or the unpleasant advice, to see whether it cannot be warped into compliance with the tempter's wish, and the way be made smooth towards the coveted gain. It is a temptation which a strong mind, and a stout heart, and God's help alone can resist. Ministers of Christ cannot help being influenced by their congregations, as well as the congregations by their pastors, and that influence will only be exerted for good when it is totally independent of all worldly concerns. But let us remember that there would be no Balaams to fall if there were not first Balaks to tempt. Many a one there is, both amongst clergy and laity, who would have gone on still in a pure and honourable career, had he not been tempted to warp the voice of conscience within him by the offer of some enticing reward. And if there be a successful device in the hands of Satan to draw an upright man from his path of duty, it is surely this: to make him think the wrong way right, to warp the voice of his conscience and his God within him, till he thinks he hears the coveted permission to go with the messengers, forgetting that what God has once spoken can never be altered, and that it is an unchangeable truth for time and for eternity, that "Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."

LUTHER AT WORMS.



GREAT Protestant festival has been held this year in Germany in celebration of an event for ever memorable in the annals of the Christian Church. The ancient city of Worms, famous in ecclesiastical history, has at length done honour to itself by erecting a statue to the monk of Wittenberg, who dared to maintain the truth in the presence of the kaiser, and at the imminent peril of his own life.

The imperial crown of Germany had only a few months encircled the brow of the youthful Charles Quint, when an august and solemn Diet, attended by all the mightiest princes of the empire, was opened at Worms on the 28th of January, 1521. Primarily this Diet had been convened to nominate a council of regency to act in the absence of the emperor, and to regulate various other matters of high state import; but the attraction which drew together two hundred and four princes

and potentates, kingly dukes, potent margraves, archbishops and bishops, ambassadors, counts, sovereign barons, and papal nuncios, was neither a sense of public duty, nor even a natural desire to welcome to Germany the most powerful monarch of the age. One greater than Charles was expected to be present. One of those remarkable men, who rise from time to time to herald in a new order of things, and commence a fresh era in the history of human progress, was at that epoch stirring up the stagnant waters of the Pool of Bethesda, and proclaiming war against ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft. This man, it was generally believed, would be summoned to render an account of the strange doctrines with which he had perplexed and agitated Europe, from the simple peasant to the Pope of Rome. This man was Martin Luther, and to see and hear this tonsured monk, the mightiest and noblest of the land had gathered together in that ancient city.

The abuses of the Roman Church, the corrupt lives of the priests, and the mingled profligacy and arrogance of the Popes, had inspired all classes with a longing desire for a general reformation, though few contemplated anything more than a purification of the existing establishment. It was not the religious teachings of the Papal See that gave offence, but the immorality and cupidity of its ministers. A list of one hundred and one grievances was accordingly made out by the secular princes attending the Diet, supported by a large majority of the ecclesiastical princes, and presented to the emperor, with a prayer for their prompt redress. "We have a pontiff," said they, "who spends his life in hunting and pleasure. The benefices of Germany are given at Rome to huntsmen, domestics, grooms, stable-boys, body-servants, and other persons of that class, ignorant, unpolished people, without capacity, and entire strangers to Germany."

The emperor, though desirous, for political considerations, to secure the favour of the Court of Rome, was thus constrained, in spite of the nuncio's remonstrances, to yield so far to the current of public opinion as to recall the edict he had issued condemning Luther's writings to the flames, and even to invite the monk himself to appear before the Diet under the protection of a safe conduct. Luther's friends, however, dreaded the machinations of his enemies, and essayed every argument and device to dissuade him from complying with the emperor's invitation. But that brave man never for a moment hesitated as to the course he was bound to pursue. Commending himself to the over-ruling guidance of Providence, he at once proceeded with such haste as the imperfect means of travel which then existed would permit, and entered Worms, amid the acclama-

tions of the people, on the morning of the 16th of April.

So great was the popular enthusiasm that some of Charles's counsellors urged him to put Luther out of the way, or at least send him to Rome to answer there for his recreancy, for that no faith need be kept with a heretic. Charles, however, shrank from the violation of his plighted word; nor, indeed, would it have been quite safe to have ventured upon any overt acts of violence. Thus it happened that during his stay at Worms the reformer was treated with the respect due to his singular courage, his unstained morality, his fervent eloquence, and honest convictions.

At four in the afternoon, of the 17th April, Luther was summoned to appear in presence of his imperial majesty and the states of the empire. As he proceeded on foot from the Hotel of the Knights of Rhodes, where he lodged, the throng was so great that the soldiers could with difficulty fray a passage through the eager and excited multitude. At length the hall was reached, and, the doors being opened, the monk of Wittenberg presently stood before the most puissant sovereign in Europe, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of almost unlimited power. For an instant his presence of mind seemed to fail him. The exalted rank of even the humblest members of that august assembly, the splendour of their robes, the consciousness of the deadly enmity of many of them, the appalling stillness, his own solitary and almost unfriended position, the instinctive shrinking from danger inherent to humanity, the sense of the awful responsibility he had assumed—all these things weighed upon his spirits, and, for a moment, filled him with distrust and incertitude. But the weakness soon passed away, and with a calm, respectful demeanour the accused—for such he was—acknowledged himself the author of the books imputed to him, but asked for time to prepare his answer to the question, whether he still adhered to their contents or was willing to make recantation. This request for delay he proffered with such seeming timidity, and in such a subdued tone of voice, that many thought he meant to give way, and the young emperor contemptuously exclaimed, "Assuredly that is not the man who would ever make me turn heretic!" An interval of twenty-four hours was accordingly granted, and the imperial herald reconducted Luther to his hotel through an immense concourse of people.

As the momentous hour approached, the stout heart of the reformer quailed as he thought of the incalculable importance of the work he had taken in hand. Strange doubts and misgivings possessed him. For a brief space, the flesh prevailed over the spirit; but, in the end, his faith



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"Slowly on by fount and tree,
Sadly rode the knight, and pale."—p. 715.

triumphed, and great peace and sense of power filled and strengthened his wavering mind.

Laying his left hand upon a copy of the Bible, which was lying on the table before him, he raised his right hand towards heaven, and swore to fulfil the task that had been allotted him, though it should cost him his life.

After waiting two tedious hours in the midst of a swaying and surging crowd of eager, but generally respectful, gazers, the doors of the hall were opened, and Luther again stood in the presence of that unsympathetic tribunal. But all traces of his recent trouble had disappeared. He had resolved to do his duty at all personal hazards, and, meek, but fearless—humble, but self-possessed, he declared his fixed intention to stand by every line he had written, until it could be proved to him, from the Holy Scripture, that he was mistaken. On being more closely pressed for a definite answer, he replied, "I cannot subject my faith either to the Pope, or to councils, because it is clear as day that they have often fallen into error, and even into great self-contradiction. If, then, I am not disproved by passages of Scripture, or by clear arguments; if I am not convinced by the very passages which I have quoted, and so bound in conscience to submit to the Word of God, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it is not safe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then, looking around him, he uttered those simple, pathetic words, which go straight to every man's heart: *Hier stehe ich. Ich kan nichts anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.* ("Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen.")

His hearers were touched to the quick. Charles himself was moved by his noble courage, his unwavering faith; while the creatures of Rome were filled with rage and dismay. For a little while the monk rose superior to his judges; for he derived not his authority from man. Presently, the Chancellor of Trèves again addressed him: "If you do not retract, the Emperor, and the states of the empire, will consider what course they must adopt towards an obstinate heretic." It was a sentence of condemnation, but Luther remained unmoved. "God help me!" was all he answered, "for I can retract nothing."

It was not his fate, however, to attest his sincerity at the stake. Here was yet much work in store for him. His calm intrepidity was sufficient evidence that he was no mere enthusiast, still less an impostor. The brave words he had

uttered with such Christian humility, with such Christian boldness, moved many to inquire into the truth of the doctrines this lowly monk so steadfastly professed. His own friends were confirmed in their previous convictions, while not a few who had hitherto regarded Luther with an evil eye, found their sentiments of aversion changed to respect and admiration. Of these, however, Aleander, the papal nuncio, was not one. Neither was Charles indisposed to sacrifice the refractory monk, in order to gain the alliance of Leo X. against his great rival Francis I. of France. Accordingly, on the very next day, the Emperor sent a message to the Diet, declaring Luther and his adherents to be interdicted and excommunicated heretics, and as such doomed to destruction.

Some few of the prelates and ecclesiastical princes would have gone much further, and again urged the Emperor to disregard the safe conduct he himself had given. "Let the Rhine," said they, "receive his ashes as a century ago it received those of John Huss." But the Elector Palatine, the princes of Bavaria, and Duke George of Saxony, insisted that faith should be kept even with a heretic; and Charles finally declined to mark the commencement of his reign by an act of perfidy.

Other means were then tried to work upon Luther's genial disposition, or to surprise him into unguarded admissions. It was all in vain, Luther took his stand upon Holy Writ. By that he was willing to be judged—to that he referred his opponents. At last, a General Council was proposed, and the proposition was readily accepted, but with one condition—that it should decide according to Holy Scripture alone. It is needless to add that this condition put an end to all idea of convening a council.

A few days more, and Luther had turned his back upon Worms and its splendid Diet. On the 25th of April, he received the Emperor's command to return to his home, and abstain from disturbing the public peace by the way, either by preaching or writing. Next morning, therefore, at an early hour, Luther set out for Frankfort, attended by a party of gentleman on horseback, and accompanied beyond the walls by a large portion of the population of the city, who bade him God speed with tears and benedictions. Such, briefly, is the glorious episode which the magistrates and burghers of Worms have sought to commemorate.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

SLOWLY over hill and dale,
 Slowly on by fount and tree,
 Sadly rode the knight, and pale,
 Stooping 'neath his misery.
 For his lance, though keenly aimed,
 Failed him still in deadly need;
 Still the erring point he blamed,
 Wrathful with his steel or steed.
 Shame pursuing close behind him,
 Scorn flung on him from the foe,
 Clutched his heart, and strove to bind him,
 That he should his cause forego.
 Now, his purpose faint within him,
 Now, it brooked not of delay,
 Striving fair before to win him
 Better deeds than those to-day.
 Heavy-hearted, rode he slowly,
 Till he reached a cottage door, -
 Where, his great soul failing wholly,
 Stayed he that low porch before,

Calling, one came, calm and coldly,
 With a face of wrath and age.
 "Ho! sir knight, hast served me boldly,
 Warring like a lady's page?
 "Where is now thy tribute needed,
 That I should thy debt forgive?"
 But he answered not nor heeded,
 Ghast as one that scarce can live.
 "Go, and take not rest for ever,
 Till such deeds be won and weighed;
 Earth and time 'twixt us must sever
 Ere the plague from thee be stayed."
 Then that knight knelt lowly, weeping,
 "Unto God alone I call;
 This dread weight my soul is keeping;
 Let thy mercy bear it all."
 Like a happy dream came o'er him
 Light and calm, and swept away
 That stern image, and before him
 Shone far off the eternal day. J. S. W.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROTTEN SECURITY.

SO this is all that comes of your fine marrying, John!" said the old lady, peevishly.

"Mother, I tell you, that has nothing to do with it!" said John. "You never could be made to understand!"

"I do understand. I can see through a milestone as well as anybody. I always told you, you ought to have married a bit of money. Now, if you had married a bit of money, you need not have had to leave your farm."

"Mother!" said John, all his old manliness and spirit flashing up, "mother, I won't hear a word about it! Rachel is worth her weight in gold! Many a wife might have whimpered me to death; but she's never said a single word—never a single word!" And his eyes filled with tears.

The old lady gave an expressive sniff. It would not do to push John too far. But to be silenced was not to be convinced.

"Now, mother," said John, after he had wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, "all this is nothing to the purpose, and not what I came about. I don't mean to give up, mind! I'll have another try with this bond. There's two or three I haven't asked yet. I'll raise the money, if I can. But if I should not raise it in time, will you do me one service?"

"What is it, John?"

"Give us house-room for a bit, mother, when we have to leave the farm."

His voice gave a pitiful quaver as he said it; in fact, he could hardly say it at all.

"Oh, yes! I'll give you house-room, John."

"And you'll be kind to Rachel, mother, and not hurt her feelings?"

"As if I ever hurt anybody's feelings, John," said the old lady, beginning to cry. She was about as heart-broken as he was, at his having to leave the farm.

"I know you don't mean anything, mother," said John, kindly; "but it always seems to me that you have a grudge against Rachel, and this is not the time for showing it: that's all!"

"I'm sure I'm the most peaceable body that ever lived!" sobbed the old lady, still deeply aggrieved; "and I haven't a grudge against anybody. All I meant was, that a hundred pound is not picked up every day. No more it is!"

"Who wants it? I'm sure I don't!" said John, a trifle impatiently. "Then I may tell Rachel that you will take us in?"

"Yes, you may tell Rachel."

Her cue, now, was to sit with an air of profound resignation and meekness, that was enough, as John said, to provoke a saint.

He took leave of her in despair; and before he had gone very far, he met Rachel.

"John," she began, in a brisk, hopeful tone—such a contrast to his mother's—"John, I have been as busy as a bee! You can't guess what I have been doing."

"You have not been doing anything about the

bond?" He said it eagerly. The bond was uppermost in his mind.

"No, not about the bond."

"Ah!" There was a world of disappointment in his tone; and a cloud came over his face.

"I have been looking for a little home for us to pop into, John; and I think I have found one—such a——"

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, Rachel. You won't get *me* into lodgings!"

A kind of chill came to her heart. It had been so warm and hopeful a moment ago.

"Only for a little time," she said, gently, "until we have found something more permanent. That cottage of Colonel Haywood's——"

"I tell you I will have nothing to do with Colonel Haywood!"

She was silent. The chill grew more painful. There was a feeling creeping over her of dark days to come.

He saw he had pained her, and he felt a touch of repentance.

"We shan't want lodgings, Rachel. There is no need to trouble about them. I'm going off with this bond. It shall go hard with me but I'll get it turned into money. In case I don't, I suppose we must turn out: but my mother will take us in—I've asked her."

"Your mother!"

"Yes; where should a man go to, when he's hard up, but to his mother?"

He spoke irritably. He knew from the tone of her voice that the proposal was disagreeable to her, and the least opposition, though tacitly implied, jarred upon him.

The proposition was disagreeable. Rachel felt it was no less than the harbinger to many troubles and vexations from which he might have spared her. But this was not the time to argue the matter, and, like a wise woman, she held her peace.

Very soon the husband and wife parted; she returned to her home, and John Humphreys went on his way. At first, his wife's look of silent grief had checked him a little. He had half a mind to follow her advice, and call on Colonel Haywood; half a mind not to take her to his mother's. But the wiser impulse passed when he thought of the bond. Why should he not go a more spirited way to work? He did not believe a word the lawyer said. Had he not been deceived again and again? Mr. Isaacs had caught greedily at the bond. Did he not say that if the crash came, there would be enough and more to settle it? Women were always timorous; and what was the good of going down in the world? One step in that direction, and it would be hard work to get back. No, no; he knew better what he was about than his wife did!

Encouraged by these views of the case, he set off to see what could be done. There were three persons to apply to. Two of them were old friends of his, and the third was under obligations to John's father. John's father had lent him the money to

set him up in business. Surely the remembrance of this fact would have some weight. It soon appeared that this latter person was John's sole chance. The two old friends shook their heads, and called the bond a rotten security. "The very name of Sylvester," they said, "was suggestive of bankruptcy."

John now turned to his last resource; but here he was just as unsuccessful.

"Why, you could not have the face to ask me!" cried Mr. Larkins, the well-to-do grocer in the Market-place, whose prosperity had dated from the time a sum of money had been placed in his hands by the elder Humphreys.

"I remember you once had the face to ask a favour of my father," replied John, who was getting worked up into a state of exasperation.

Mr. Larkins put his hands in his pockets, and leaned back against the counter. "Do you call it a favour? Now, really, I never regarded it in that light. Your father had good interest for his money; and I paid it back, every farthing. It was a business transaction, that's what it was."

"And what's this but a business transaction, pray?"

"Excuse me; it's a swindle!"

"A what?" gasped John.

"A swindle! You bring me a bit of paper which is worth just that!" and he snapped his fingers in the air; "and you want to raise money on it! I might as well throw my savings into the river!"

"You use queer language," said John, putting back the bond, and buttoning his coat up tight.

"I use plain language. I'm a plain man, that's what I am. And if you take my advice, you would keep that bond out of sight, else maybe you'll get into trouble."

John made no reply to this speech. Very much crestfallen, he stepped out into the street. He had not walked many yards before he found himself face to face with Mr. Isaacs.

"Humphreys, you are just the man I wanted. A word with you."

"Well?" said John, moodily.

"You'll clear out of that place, will you? I don't want to make a fuss, but I take possession at Lady Day."

A few words slipped from John's lips that would have startled Rachel.

"It's no good using rough language, my man. You had best go quietly, and make no fuss, else I might be forced to take the law against you, for giving me rotten security."

"Rotten security! You did not think so at the time," said John.

"But I think so now; and you must have known it all along. So the fewer words we have about that the better;" and Mr. Isaacs turned on his heel and walked away.

John did not attempt to follow him; he had had his quietus!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FATAL IDEA.

It was quite dusk before John Humphreys reached home. Rachel had been expecting him a long time. She had got his dinner for him, and had watched at the window for a couple of hours, thinking every moment that he would come. Then when the clock struck four she gave up hoping, and put the dinner things away. She had not sat down herself to the neatly-spread table; she had no heart for her dinner. It was a relief when all belonging to it had been put away, except the dish in the oven, where the piece of steak was keeping hot for John. Then she swept the hearth, and put on the kettle, and sat down to her sewing.

Her heart ached very sorely. It was sad to think of the happy hours she had sat sewing by the fire, looking up now and then to see if John was coming; of the peace, the security, that seemed likely to be uprooted and destroyed; of the wreck, and woe, and misery that had been brought about by that one false step—the bond. Rachel's tears dropped on her work; and as the dusk came creeping up, she laid down her sewing, and sat quietly weeping. She did not mean that John should see her weep. When, presently, she heard his step outside, she got up, and began to reach out the cups and saucers from the corner cupboard, and to prepare for tea. Before he came in, she had set the tea-things on the table, and made the tea, and put it inside the fender to brew, and reached out the savoury dish that was in readiness. And she had lighted the lamp, and closed the curtains, and made everything as snug as she could. And then she conjured up a smile—the old familiar smile. Whatever else he missed, she would take care he should never miss *that*. He came in just as she had seated herself at the table.

"Well, John, I began to think you so long," said she, cheerfully. "Pray have you had your dinner?"

"No, Rachel."

"I thought perhaps you had not, and I saved you some steak. And here's your tea, nice and hot. Dear me, we are quite fashionable to-day, in our hours!" added she, handing him the toast.

He did not answer her, or give her smile for smile. It would not have been kind if he had. He ate his meat and drank his tea in silence. Now and then, Rachel tried to rouse him, but he only answered by a monosyllable. This was harder to her to bear than anything. Still—for she had a vast share of quiet fortitude and heroism—still, she made no complaint. She took it patiently and lovingly. And when the meal was over (she herself had scarce touched a morsel), she again busied herself in the few domestic duties which devolved upon her. For she had dismissed the servant at once; such an indulgence was not to be thought of.

Her husband was not cheered by the social meal. He drew his chair to the fire, and sat brooding over it. Rachel would have been thankful if he had

spoken, even to tell her some ill news. She could see that he had done nothing with his bond. But she was suffering as well. Why did he not speak? He did speak at last. He said, without turning round, "After all, we must go, Rachel."

She knew what that meant. She put down her work, and came and sat close by him. She put her hand on his.

"Dear John, take courage; we need not let this thing be our ruin."

"It's like to be," he said, moodily. And then he was silent again.

Rachel sat by him patiently. She did not want to chafe the wounded spirit by words. By-and-by he began again—

"That fellow Isaacs means to turn us out at Lady Day."

"Lady Day!" She said it in a quick tone of alarm. "What are we to do, John?"

The question was forced from her by the suddenness of the exigence.

"Do! why, as we can. *He* don't care; no more does the *other*."

The other meant Raymond Sylvester.

Rachel threw a distressed look round the room. John saw it.

"You need not be thinking of your nice new furniture, Rachel; it's doomed!"

"Doomed?"

"Yes; it will have to be sold for debt."

"Oh, John!" and she burst into a pitiful little cry; she could not help it.

"Of course, if I'd been dealt fairly with, it would have been different," he continued; "but they've all gone against me, Rachel. I'd the furniture to buy, and I couldn't pay ready money then and there. One year in this place would have settled everything—only one year; but it wasn't to be."

"Never mind," said Rachel, drying her eyes; "let us sell the furniture. At all events, we can start again; and we are both young. I can bear it, John, if *you* can. Let us look the misfortune steadily in the face, and be resolved to master it."

"Ah!" It was all the response she could gain.

By-and-by he got up, and said he had to go down to Newbury. He did not come back till very late. And early the next morning, a man came up with a roll of papers from the printer's, just struck off, he said. Rachel opened them, and a kind of faintness came over her. It was an advertisement of the sale. She did not faint, for she subdued her weakness with all her might. She went to the kitchen door, and stood breathing the fresh spring air. Her husband came to her.

"Rachel, you must see to the things. It will drive me mad!"

He was turning away, but she caught his arm.

"What things! what am I to see to, John?"

"The furniture. He is going to take an inventory. Those bills are merely a preliminary notice. It is the catalogue he wants to make.

"But, John, had you not better stay?"

"I tell you, I cannot! I shall go to my mother's; I'm half mad, now!"

She let go his arm. Again came the burden on her shoulders. It was not kind, or fair. But she took up the burden bravely. She still felt faint and ill, and as if she must sit down and weep, and weep again; but she did not sit down and weep. She thrust back her tears heroically, and prepared to act.

The man was very civil and considerate; but it was weary work. It took several hours, and Rachel felt worn out and ill. She felt almost forsaken too, for when the man was gone, no one was in the house but herself.

She wept now, passionately and hysterically. She who was so tender to others, wanted soothing and tending herself. But there was no one to do it!

Quite late at night, John came back. In spite of her heavy grief, she had roused herself to make some little preparation for his return. She had put some wood on the fire, and had set out his supper. He looked strangely haggard and altered. He had not the heart to come home before, he said. He had been wandering about, thinking what was to be done. She did not reproach him. But she was so spent and weary, so heart-sore and sad, that she could not make an effort to be cheerful. She sat, for once, silent and dejected. He was silent, too, for a time. He had his supper, and then he turned his chair to the fire, and looked at her. He might have been touched with pity at the sight of her wan face, but he was too preoccupied to notice it. He had one more scheme as regarded the bond; and he was thinking of that.

"Rachel," said he, at length, "I have about made up my mind what to do."

She raised her head with an inquiring gesture. He did not speak.

"I've heard tell a great deal about those grand London lawyers who can do almost everything. Now I've half a mind to run up, and see whether they would lend money on the bond."

A look of alarm came into Rachel's face.

"Oh, John! don't—pray don't!" cried she, eagerly; "it would do no sort of good. Don't, pray don't!"

"It's very fine your stopping at home, Rachel, and crying 'don't,' while there's a chance for the farm being saved."

"There is no chance that way," she replied, still eagerly. "The expense would half ruin you, if you tried it. Oh, John!" added she, pathetically, "do be advised, and let us get back the farm, if we cannot save it. Let us get it back by patience and industry; we can do, if you will only let us."

Her face flushed with anxiety; but he did not notice much about her just then. That one idea had hold of his mind, to the neglect of all others—that fatal idea, the bond!

He did not make any reply to her arguments, though she urged them with all the skill and earnestness she could; but she knew he had not dropped the subject. He was silenced, but not convinced.

The cloud came looming heavily up that threatened to obscure Rachel's sky.

The next day her husband seemed preoccupied and abstracted. He sat all the morning over the fire, as if lost in thought. He did not attend to anything, nor was it possible to rouse him. Rachel tried again and again, but in vain.

She knew he was thinking about the bond. Oh, if he would but cast it aside for ever, and forget its very existence! It was the millstone round their necks that would sink them!

When dinner was over, he got up and prepared to go out. He fetched his best coat from the chest under the bedroom window, and put on his Sunday hat. Rachel looked on these preparations with undisguised alarm.

"Where are you going, John?" she asked.

"Never do you mind, Rachel: it's a bit of business—that's all."

"I wish you would tell me," said she, anxiously and tearfully.

The pain and distress of her position was beginning to affect her in no small degree.

"Women are not to know everything," he replied, as he turned to go.

"But, John"—and she held him tightly and looked eagerly into his face—"are you going to London?"

He put her aside, not roughly, but resolutely. He did not want, he said, to be bothered with questions; and then he went out.

Rachel sat down and burst into tears. He must almost have heard her, and I think he did, for he stopped a moment, but he went on again. A certainty came full upon her mind as to where he was gone. He was gone to London about the bond!

CHAPTER XL.

COMFORT.

"AND if it should please God to take me, still, you will have made my last days very happy."

"There is some comfort in that!" replied Alice Sylvester, with feeling.

She had done what she could for the poor dying woman whom the Sylvesters had wronged. The aspect of things had undergone a change since we saw it last. A few bits of furniture had found their way back to the poor home. The fire burned brightly. Food and wine had been forthcoming. The invalid sat in an easy chair, her head supported by a pillow. The thin, white hands were at rest. They had no need to work while those other hands were so busy for them. Alice had brought this change about. It was the earned money that had replaced the furniture, and supplied the comforts which Jane Hubbard enjoyed. How happy the thought made her! How precious was the one sweet drop that fell into her bitter cup! How healing the balm to her sore conscience! If but one sufferer were made happy—if but one pillow were smoothed—but one sad heart comforted, then welcome, days and nights of toil!—then she would not have lived in vain.

But the days and nights were telling upon her. You could see it in the worn face, more beautiful than ever, in its pallor and delicacy. You could see it in the trembling hand, the figure that was beginning already to waste slowly away: for health and strength are not always equal to their task. The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the poor, frail flesh is weak!

She had a Bible in her hand. She knew where to direct the sick and suffering for consolation. She had been to that spring herself, and had found it ever fresh and flowing. In these visits, she would lead the thoughts of the dying woman away from earth, to that better land where none shall say, "I am sick." The woman, in her struggling life, had been apt to forget that other life, so fraught with interest to us all. But as she lay and listened, in these quiet moments, the better impulses came back. She heard the Word of God with thankfulness. She, so weary and heavy laden, was glad to learn where to find rest!

She knew she had not long to live. Every day the

lamp burned more feebly. And she had grown to love the sight of Alice Sylvester, to listen for her step, to cherish the memory of her visits, and many times, in the long, sleepless nights, to pray God to bless her.

"When I am gone," she said, the hectic spot deepening on her cheek, "there is one thing I want you to promise me, dear Miss Sylvester."

"What is it, Jane?"

"That you will never cast a thought to what has been, or let it vex you any more," said the woman, earnestly. "You have made it up more than double. I shall thank you with my last breath."

"You are kind to say so, Jane," said Alice, gravely and sadly.

"It is you who are kind, ma'am! Oh, how good you have been to me! God bless you again and again!"

They were almost the last words Alice heard her speak. Before her next visit, the poor sufferer was gone. Alice did not know the end was so near.

(To be continued.)

"LITTLE BLACKCAP."

A FACT.



LAST week I went to call on my friend M. M. is one of the best fellows living; and having plenty of money and time on his hands, and being moreover easy of persuasion, he has a constant succession of bird-fanciers, dog-fanciers, &c., affectionately following on his heels and tracking his steps, and to whose cajoleries he falls an easy prey.

I do not mean to say that anything happens to the man; simply this: his house is crowded with all kinds of things which he never did want, and which he perfectly well knew, when he bought them, he never should want. Animals, birds, pictures, and china—the most of them execrably ugly and hopelessly useless—find their way safely to him when no one else will have them.

From the first moment I step into his house until the time I come out, I am in one continual fear and trembling. Directly one gets into the hall, one is sure either to step on some of the dogs, which are springing about in every direction, or to tumble over some new purchase laid down there "for the present."

In the rooms there is not a chair to sit down on, owing to their being all occupied with every imaginable thing, and, unwittingly, one is sure to do an immense amount of damage before leaving; so that, although there is not a nicer fellow going, I am always glad to get safely out of his house, but which I never accomplish until my nerves are thoroughly shaken.

Last week I went to call on M., as I was going to tell you, and having safely passed through the hall, I arrived in his study to find him peering into a small

wooden cage, which contained an evidently dying bird.

"Tell me what you think of this bird," said M.

I plainly told him I did not think much of it, and that the bird had in all probability only another half-hour to live.

"You don't say so!" said he. "What a pity!—I have just given two guineas for him."

"Well, you have been taken in," was my remark.

"Why so?" said he; "they told me it was a beautiful piping bullfinch, and worth the money."

"I can only repeat that you have been taken in; the bird is a female one, and only worth a shilling."

"You don't say so! Poor little creature, let us take it out of the cage."

"Don't touch it," said I, laying my hand on his arm. "It hasn't half-an-hour to live; and if you put your hand in the cage to catch it, the very exertion of struggling away from your hand would probably kill it on the spot."

But he did not seem to think it likely, and very gently took the wretched little sick bird out of its cage, and offered it different things to eat, which of course it would not take any notice of. He then put it back in its cage, and, as I had predicted, it immediately had a sort of fit, and died.

"And I gave two guineas for it, only about an hour ago," said he. "I wonder the fellows always take me in so."

"Because they see you know nothing about it."

"Well, as I made up my mind for a piping bullfinch, I shall go at once and get another."

"And be taken in again," said I.

"Well, what am I to do? I suppose I must take my chance?"

Here a sudden thought struck me, so I said, "Come with me; I understand more about birds than you do, and I will take you to a man I know very well, and I will undertake that you do not get cheated."

M., having as usual nothing in particular to do, put on his hat and accompanied me. Going along, I told him some particulars of the man whom I was taking him to see. "He is very poor," I said; "a shoemaker by trade; but so miserably poor that he is sometimes obliged to go into the workhouse; he is glad to get a day's work at almost anything, and in summer he sometimes does a good deal of business catching birds. In May he is in his glory catching nightingales." By this time we were working our way into the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, where my poor friend Jacques lived. We happened to meet him in the street, so I stopped him and told him that my friend wished to obtain a piping bullfinch, and that he had been taken in by having a female bird sold to him, which had died an hour after he had bought it.

Jacques was a tall and exceedingly thin, pinched-looking man, with hollow cheeks and deep-set eyes, with hollow lines round them too, plainly telling the want and hunger his whole appearance showed. Notwithstanding the quick, eager look of his eyes, there was a gentle and kind look in them, a look which at once predisposed you in his favour.

"You had better let me get you a nightingale, sir," said he.

"Well, I don't much care what it is," said M., "so long as it sings well."

"Then I shall see about getting one at once, sir;" and Jacques's eyes positively glistened with the prospect of the little job.

"How do you catch them?" inquired M.

"Well, sir, I have a little trap with a net attached to it, which I bait with a meal-worm—they can't resist meal-worms, sir; well, and I hear them singing in the hedges and hawthorns, and then I put down my trap and go away, and he goes in after the meal-worm, and the trap falls down, and the poor fellow is caught in the net, and he flutters to try and get out."

"Then you always bait the traps with meal-worms," said I.

"Yes, sir; because they like them better than anything else. Sometimes gentlemen, having favourite birds about their gardens which they don't want to get caught by bird-fanciers, just catch them themselves several times in the trap with the meal-worm, so that the bird gets to know the appearance of a trap, and hates the very sight of a meal-worm. You see it's a very good way, sir."

Jacques told the story in his own way, and with such intelligence beaming in his face, that I could see M. began to get much interested in him.

"Jacques," said I, "how is little Blackcap?"

"Oh, sir, he's very well, thank you. I have him with me."

"Show him to this gentleman," said I; "he would like to see him."

With a bright smile, which lighted up the hollow-eyed face, Jacques brought from under his coat a very small box, which he opened, whilst M. and I peered inquisitively into it.

"What kind of bird is that?" said M., regarding the funny-looking little bird which was so quietly sitting at the bottom of the box, that was only just large enough to contain it.

"It is a blackcap, sir."

How he managed to keep it so well was a marvel, in that tiny box; its plumage was unruffled and perfect, and the bird as tame as it was possible to be. Although the box was open it did not attempt to get out.

"It knows it mustn't, sir," said Jacques. "It used to have a pretty cage, with its food and water so managed that when it wanted either, it just took hold of a little chain with its claws, and pulled it up about six inches, and took what it wanted, and then let it fall again;—but that was more than three years ago, sir. I've had to sell that cage since, and little Blackcap is quite happy in his box. It flies about in the room when we are at home; but I will give him a meal-worm." And Jacques put his hand in his pocket and brought out a tiny box, in which he kept the meal-worms.

Little Blackcap immediately frisked on to the side of his box and chirped, and watched eagerly and impatiently, evidently knowing perfectly well what was going to happen when he saw the box.

Jacques, having cleared off the boys who were about, placed on the pavement of Seven Dials one of the meal-worms. Little Blackcap was on the pavement after it in a second. No sooner had he disposed of it, than he flew straight back to his box. Jacques gave him two more, and each time he had eaten them he came back immediately to his box.

"You see, sir, he's fond of me, and wouldn't fly away; and I have taught him several things."

"And you've had him three years?" said M.

Yes, sir; three years we've starved and been happy together. Whenever I have anything there's enough for little Blackcap. I am very poor, sir," he said, simply; "and sometimes when I am starving I have to go to the workhouse, and little Blackcap goes with me. The keepers don't know anything about it, you see, for he stops in his box under my coat, and we couldn't be separated."

Poor fellow! he said it all so simply that one could not but be touched by his little tale; and thoughtlessly, but meaning well, M. said, "Will you take two guineas for little Blackcap?"

"No, sir; I wouldn't take five for him. I couldn't sell him, thank you, sir."

"Well, then, you must get me no end of other birds," said M., with his usual kindness.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, sir," and again the bright look lighted up the thin face; and, shutting the bird up in its box, he hurried down the narrow street—the two firm friends, Jacques and his little Blackcap.

THE BUIYER

— Saturday, August 1, 1858. —



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"Poor Austin fairly cried."—p. 721.

AN HOUR'S REVENGE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A TRUE STORY WITH MANY MORALS. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

SO I rode away in passion and scorn from the presence of that suppliant old man, unmoved, or scarcely moved, by his last appealing words.

Down into the dark woods, that rustled and hissed as if an evil spirit were mocking me among the leaves, or flung their dense shadows across the road, as if to sympathise with my

gloomy heart. Out into the open fields, so flat, so dreary-looking in the glimmering light, and under the struggling stars that were so often eclipsed by the stealthy, creeping clouds. The barking of a farmer's dog, the screech of an owl, was enough to make my heart leap. I was galloping madly homeward, and yet had no wish to get there. Home! There was no such place; there was a den where a wounded wild beast might hide himself and die, or else lash his anger up to some ferocious deed; but *that* is not home, as people used to employ the word. Why should I hurry back into my lair? Who was waiting there for me with a wife's embrace or a daughter's welcome? None, and none ever should. And I understood now what I so long suspected, that it was all done by the selfish treachery and foul fraud of my schoolfellow and only confidant. I tell you that I cursed him—I cursed him before God, with clenched hands and a parched tongue; and my evil prayer came back upon my own head, but not until he too felt its malignant power. Now I know that a malediction is a fearful thing, and withers no victim with a blight so deadly as falls upon its own author's heart. But I would not have believed it then, nor would I have paused if I did. That night the bad passions indulged so long had their own wild way, and wrought their unholy will without restraint. My horse rushed at his frantic pace up a little eminence, and unconsciously I drew bridle, and paused to gaze. For one mile to the left, on the opposite hill from where I was, the farmhouse of the newly-married couple peeped out through the intervening woods. There, in ease and gladness, with his happy and confiding bride, was the villain who had spoiled my life, and here was I—lonely, desperate, unpitied. The burst of moonlight in which it gleamed so fairly, was a type of the bad man's life; the dense shadow that brooded over me was a fit emblem of his victim's. Something should be done—some blow struck—some deadly vengeance wreaked; but what it should be I knew not. But it was not likely that the devil would leave so tempting a tool without employment, and I suppose he sent the chance straggler who came up to me. At all events, a strange man hailed me from the roadside, and said he was tramping homeward, and wanted to be there by noon to-morrow, thirty miles away. His lantern was out, and the road was strange to him, and he begged me to give him a light, if I happened to have a tinder-box. Poor fellow, he never accosted any one less disposed to be accommodating.

"A light!" I thundered back; "no, surely, that would be a likely thing. Whose ricks do you mean to burn, scoundrel, asking help of an honest man?"

He turned away sullenly enough; but my angry

words were a revelation to myself. For now, instead of poor old Day's lamenting cry, "Oh, William! William! William!" that taunt of my own rang incessantly in my ears, in all manner of times and tones, now whispered softly and slowly, now shouted with such a clamour as if a legion of fiends were behind me on the horse—"whose ricks do you mean to burn?"

Slowly, slowly the horse went onward now, for I was thinking. One thing was clear, that if I were caught I should be hanged; another was, that every blow I struck at my foe would fall as heavily upon Alice. Fool! Was I not then to strike at all? or could I not take an exquisite revenge by telling her everything her lord had done, and then giving them charity, if they came down so low as to need bread. Low they should fall, or else my influence in the county was far less than I supposed. And I was glad that I had not moved against them until now, for all my weight should come upon them at once, in the hour when they could least bear up against it. My purpose never wavered from the time it was conceived. "Whose ricks do you mean to burn?" said the voice in my ear again; and I seemed to answer it like a stranger, "Why, Austin's ricks, of course; whose else? Did he not beat me in the school and the meadows; slander me to the old man who loved me; steal away my love by lies?"

It was all over in ten minutes. At the end of his private road I leaped the horse over a fence and tied him to a tree, and then crept along so cautiously that the dogs never growled, till I found a gap in the half-mended fences that let me into the homestead. Then I sat down, with the bludgeon across my knees which I always carried at night, ready, and quite resolved, to stun with one blow whatever mortal interfered with me. My hands were as firm as ever, but deadly cold; yet my brain boiled, and the beating of my heart was felt up to my very temples, making it impossible to think, if any more thought had been required. But it was all quite easy. I crouched up against a haystack, with my face toward it, and kept off the soft breeze by my back. I kindled a light with steel and flint, blew it up in the tinder-box, and lit a handful of straws. How fast it spread! I sprang back aghast when the glare lit up my face, and then flung the fiery tinder-box into the hay, and ran for life. Mounting my horse, I ventured to look back, and saw the ring of fire glowing bright and clear upon the rick-side, and looked no more for a quarter of an hour—that seemed like a lifetime. How fast we flew over the ground! Hist! the breeze is rising; that will help my work more than twenty men can hinder it. Hist again! the church bells are ringing—the alarm is given already, just as I am safe at my own door. The housekeeper started at

the ghastly paleness of my face, and asked if I were ill.

"No; but Mr. Austin's house is on fire. Turn out every man in the place, to show that I bear him no ill-will at such a time. I wish I would be welcome myself."

So they turned out, and worked well; and I, from an upper window, watched the flames raging furiously for hours. At seven in the morning they came back to tell us that a strolling rascal had set fire to the hayrick, and it spread to the roofs of the outhouses; from that it caught the thatched dwelling-house, and burned it down to the ground. The cattle were destroyed as well as the harvest. Mrs. Austin was lying at the rector's house in hysterics, and her husband was going about crying out like a madman that they were ruined, beggared, without a roof to cover them or a bed to lie in.

"And, sir," said one, "I heard him say that he deserved it richly; but the punishment ought not to have come upon his poor wife."

"And aren't you glad, sir," said another, "that the villain who did it has been caught?"

"Caught!" shrieked I; "tell me how, when; what's the proof?"

"Proof enough," said half a dozen voices at once; "he was found hiding behind a hedge, with a lamp in his hand, and the flame quenched, to pass unseen. And when he was taken, he trembled so that he could hardly speak, but muttered out something about his fear of being accused. What business had an honest man thinking of that?"

My eyes were opened in one instant, and I knew what a crime I had committed. My beautiful, lost love cruelly struck down to the ground in the hour of her crowning happiness; the support of a family snatched away: God's right of judgment usurped by my presumption; a new crime imported into this peaceful neighbourhood; and an innocent man drawn into deadly peril. All these things crowded upon my mind at once. I crept away from the noisy crew, and fell upon my knees and wept. The over-wrought system gave way in the revulsion of feeling, and I vowed to save the accused man, and to recompense the Austins, even at the cost of a confession, and of my whole fortune.

My remorse was deepened when I heard that old Day had a relapse that night, and could scarcely move, much less speak. Conscience told me that the cause was my violence, though every one else set it down to agitation, caused by the alarm of fire on his daughter's premises. In any case, the fault was mine.

Next day a new and terrible dread seized me. Two men of bad character, that I had turned away, and whom Austin had foolishly employed,

came up to me very impudently in the fields, and demanded a hundred pounds a-piece!

"We saw you, master, jump your horse over the hedge, and then we thought something strange was going on. So we followed you through the gap, and watched, and the light showed us who you were. And you'd better pay down the money, and be done with it."

Oh, how sick my heart was! But they would have been very keen to see it, as I turned around and threatened them with the police, if ever they dared repeat the trumpery lie, that no person would believe if it were true.

"Remember, villains, the peace-officers found two men's footprints close to the spot. Suppose your tale were not believed, and they happened to fit your shoes? But I don't choose to denounce either of you; so be gone, and never look at me again. If I find you in the county, I shall give you up."

This was plainly a new idea to them both; and they drew off and took earnest counsel for a minute; then one of them came back, opened his hand, and, with a stupid, triumphant grin, held out my tinder-box! And I remembered that my name was scraped upon the lid.

"Show me that," said I. And he handed it to me to examine.

Everything, as I knew well, depended upon that minute. So, never hesitating what to do, I looked him sternly in the face, put the box in my pocket, shouted to the bewildered pair to mind what I had said, and was among my workmen in an instant. The next moment I had fainted.

It was six full weeks before I could go about again, and then I learned that the suspected man had been acquitted, my old schoolmaster was dead, and the Austins had sold off their farm at so ruinous a sacrifice that every one thought Day's house would have to follow it, and little or nothing be left them after all.

I rode across, as soon as I was able, and pressed the most liberal help upon Henry Austin. But he sadly and firmly declined, saying, "There were reasons why he could not possibly accept aid from me, and that if I knew all, I would not offer it." I looked upon his melancholy, faded face, and wondered was it partly remorse for the wrong that he had done, or entirely his own calamity that made his cheek so pale and wan. And I longed to tell him everything, although I could not guess how much more misery and guilt a confession then would have averted.

With an awakened conscience, and the ruin I had caused perpetually before me, my punishment was begun. I had long neglected prayer; but now I wished to pray, and dared not. Confession was the one thing far from me, and without confession I could not approach God, nor

pretend to trust in Christ; but I used to brood remorsefully over the various steps by which I fell, and think how easy it had been once to pause, and how impossible it was to turn back now. First, I had deceived and taught Alice to deceive her father. That was the blot which Austin hit with such fatal effect in my otherwise blameless love. Then I had nursed vague but fierce desires of vengeance against all who were concerned in my disappointment, and in the supreme hour of my destiny those lawless desires hurled me into a dreadful crime, as irresistibly as the rapid above Niagara hurls its victim into the gulf. And now I could do nothing to repair my guilty deed, for Austin's remorse would not allow him to accept aid from me. Suppose I told him that I knew all, that I had spoken to his father-in-law that fatal evening, and had promised to forgive everything? Why, then he would begin to suspect me, and my sickness since would confirm him, and the two labourers might turn up and make all sure. Well for me that the fire had driven all thought of my visit from every person's head who might have told him. No, I must stay quiet and look on. I found no place for repentance, though I sought it carefully with tears.

And now that my revenge was sated, I could not fail to lament its effects upon both Alice and her husband. She grew more and more nervous, and wasted visibly away; her fine large eyes lost their former brilliance, and began to look swollen and red, and have dark rings underneath them, as

of one who slept restlessly and little. Her husband strove in vain to find respectable employment, and compulsory idleness joined with his bitter disappointment to make him sullen and morose to every one but Alice. I more than forgave him everything, when I saw afterwards how completely his worst mood was subdued by her very presence, much less by her lightest word.

My opportunities of observing them more closely began when Alice's first sickly child was born. Knowing how his mood must be softened at such a time, I found him loitering outside their miserable lodgings, and began to speak to him as kindly and gently as I could, telling him that if our quarrel were ten times as bitter as ever it had been, he should not think only of himself, but of his family. To them, if I might not say to him, I now made an offer, not of help, but of fair employment, in which he would be of use to me as much as I could be to him. For my health was shaken, and I wanted a confidential man—half a steward and half a superintendent—to take my place whenever I could not go about, and to put his hand to anything whenever I was strong enough to do my own part. If he would come, I should buy in some new fields, and if not, I should deny myself the wish to have them. They were good and cheap land. Poor Austin fairly cried, and said he would do anything to serve me, and that I little knew how much he had to make good, and it would save his wife and child from beggary.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A.

IT is a remarkable testimony respecting Obed-edom, a Levite, of the city of Gathrimmon, in Manasseh, that when the ark of the Lord was lodged in his house for three months, "the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and his household. And it was told King David, saying, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God." The ark was the most sacred emblem of the Jewish service. Its form was that of a chest, overlaid with gold, surmounted with angelic figures, bending reverently forward towards each other, as if contemplating its mysterious contents; while the glory, betokening the Divine Presence, irradiated the sacred symbol.

On a disastrous battle with the Philistines, the ark was carried off the field in triumph, and placed for a while in an idol temple. After many years of national neglect, David removed it to Jerusalem; but owing to some in-

cautious irreverence in its passage thither, which God severely visited upon Uzzah, the ark was placed for three months under the care of Obed-edom. This devout service was repaid by the singular measure of blessing enjoyed both by himself and his household, inasmuch that public attention was called to the fact, and notice of it even reached the ears of the king—"The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth to him, because of the ark of God." This same Obed-edom is afterwards mentioned as ministering before the Lord with harps, cymbals, and psalteries, and was selected as one of the doorkeepers of the ark; and it would seem that his descendants long occupied places of some importance in the house of God. At this day, there are three or four acres of land distinguished for their abundant fertility, called now "the Abode of the Blessed One," which are said to be the site of Obed-edom's house; and if so, afford a testimony, even to our own day, of the observable and

abiding blessing with which the Lord distinguishes the families which faithfully serve him.

Thus Obed-edom's household became remarkable for its unusual and long-continued prosperity. There is a great difference in this respect. Some families scarcely know what the brightness of prosperity means; now and then some fitful gleam of sunshine passes over their gloomy threshold, but not often even that; while others seem to luxuriate in ease and abundance, as if the original taint of sorrow were somehow suspended in their favour. Some begin well, and enjoy the unbroken recurrence of daily comforts for many years; but by-and-by, the wheel of life changes; new elements are introduced, and the aspect of things becomes less bright. But after all, these things are not chance. There are certain elements which, if cherished or neglected, tend to multiply or diminish the permanent prosperity of family life. What those elements are, the case of Obed-edom which we are here considering, reveals at once. Doubtless he stood well, previously, in social estimation, and gained golden opinions. Habits of family virtue were already maturing, and no small share of prosperity had fallen to his lot. When the ark was passing through his neighbourhood, and the visitation upon Uzzah made its removal difficult, men were not surprised at the proposal of Obed-edom to receive it into his house; it showed his enlightened confidence in God, and desire to honour him before the world; and the exuberance of his domestic blessing was dated from the time that he received that sacred symbol into his care.

It cannot be repeated too often, nor can any amount of illustrations be reckoned superfluous to deepen the conviction, that the presence of God diligently sought for and enjoyed in a family, is the only source of its abiding prosperity. Obed-edom distinctly aimed at this. He might have secured other things, and striven, as thousands now strive, to construe them into blessings; but he would have found that something else was wanting. Families may seem prosperous without religion; they may seem to have as large a share of comfort as usually falls to our lot, and fewer disadvantages than others; they may "live in perfect love and peace together," and seem to lack nothing; but somehow or other, it is evident that their cup is not full. They cannot account for it, but each day makes them more conscious that some element is wanting. It is not that any grave calamity has befallen them. Happily, no blank as yet mars the integrity of their home circle; no face is missing to create daily sorrow among survivors; no voice, once always cheering, now, alas! to be heard no more; but still there is something lacking which they ought to have; something which meets deeper wants, abides unaltered amid change and decay, adds reality to what seems to become every day

more vain and empty, and will give brighter hopes hereafter when the vision of life is over. Obed-edom fully found out the secret of all this, when he opened his house to receive the ark of God; and though now God has given us no such visible symbols, yet does he now come to dwell in the houses and the hearts of his people; and wherever he is, he comes with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ Jesus, and makes even the trials and changes of this world to work for good, and augment the felicity of his chosen people.

The presence of God confers signal blessings on the children of the family. You will readily understand how the well-being of a house depends on them, when you recollect what a large place they occupy in its anxieties and affections. What unselfish love, what pure joy, what constant care and solicitude, what vigilance and forethought, what maturing of plans, what guarding against evils, what joyous anticipations of successful results, what clouds darken the sky from any suspicion that all is not going on well, and what heart-breaking disappointments if the plans and prospects of the children should even seem to end in failure! But nothing is so certain to bring down God's blessings upon them as the consciousness that He dwells as the "Ruler and Guide" of their home. It may not be perfect; but they have found the secret of making it so. Events are sure to disturb the joyous aspect of the brightest household; but they no longer repeat the world's vain question, for some one to show them any good; they can now look upward to their Father which is in heaven, and say, with devout and grateful satisfaction, "Lord, lift thou upon us the light of thy countenance."

It is true that the Holy Spirit alone can give spiritual life to our households; but we can mould the character, and make the temple ready for the Divine Presence. We can build the altar and lay the sacrifice in order, and then wait in confident assurance for the promised blessing from heaven. We can train our children up in the way they should go; seek to bind their will to submission to the Divine will; cultivate filial and confiding communion with Him about everything; train them to believe in Him, to fear Him, to love Him with all their heart and mind and soul and strength, to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put their whole trust in Him, to call upon Him, to honour his holy name and his Word, and to serve Him truly all the days of their life. A family thus brought up in the devout habits of Christian life, at church, at home, and in secret, studying his Word, and praying in the Spirit day by day, will surely at length receive manifest tokens of God's approbation and blessing.

The Divine Presence in a family will ensure the

cultivation of filial obedience. It is impossible to overrate the extent to which disobedience mars and hinders the blessedness of families. It was "man's first disobedience" which "brought sin into the world and all our woes;" and it has continued to multiply and darken the world with woe ever since. Admit this prolific evil into home life and everything goes wrong. The parent makes himself partaker of the child's violation of the Fifth Commandment, and both must pay the penalty. Disobedience destroys all parental reverence, and soon loosens all the links of mutual endearment; the opinions of parents will be rudely questioned; their will disregarded, and every day make some fresh inroad on the sacredness of the parental relationship. The parent who connives at filial insubordination is training his child to a life of self-torment, and, perhaps, a death-bed of sorrowful remorse. The greatest blessing which can be bestowed upon a child is to subjugate and wisely discipline the will. A man that never learnt to obey is never fit to rule. A fiery, ungoverned temper, that never yielded to the curb of just authority, but plunges on at the impulse of any passionate caprice—how is it possible for him to wear the harness of common life, and with "a quiet mind" and patient fidelity to "learn and labour truly to get his own living, and to do his duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call him?" Could you go into the private history of the thousands who squander their useless lives away in vanity and indolence—a drag upon the wheel of others' progress, and a heavier burden upon themselves—you would find that the secret mischief originated in their defective habits of early subordination. They never learnt subjection while under their parents' roof, and ever after, when circumstances changed, and the stern necessities of life demanded them to deny themselves, a thousand murmuring complaints betoken the revolting disloyalty of the heart, and life becomes one incessant conflict between the demands of duty and the restless inclination to rebel.

The presence of God in a house is likely to promote steady, settled habits in daily life. Everything will be maintained in order, harmony, and wise arrangement. Each member of such a house will have his own work fixed and settled, and ever after regard it as the employment which the Great Ruler of all things means him to do. Then, I say, go on with it, and go through with it. "Give thyself wholly to these things." Have a position and power of your own. Some people are like an oak that has grown for ages till it has become a shelter and an ornament, leaving, when it is removed, a blank that surrounding trees seek in vain to fill up. Others never seem to root themselves thoroughly—they have no hold, no

leafy adorning, no welcome expansion to shelter or nourish feeble efforts, but may be pulled up any day and not missed. Remember how the business of life was regarded by the Great Example, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. I delight to do it: thy law is within my heart."

Few have any adequate idea how much may be accomplished by habits of persevering diligence. The cuttings and embankments of our railroad systems were made by spades and barrows. Birds build their nests straw by straw. The islands of the South Seas are due to the labours of coral insects. "Whatever I have done," said Sir Isaac Newton, "is due entirely to patient thought." The successful rescue of the Abyssinian captives, imprisoned four hundred miles from the sea-coast, by an army compelled to make roads and transport their own provisions and heavy implements of war, on the backs of elephants and camels, over lofty mountains and through perilous defiles, is an instance of the persevering conquest of difficulties, by the power of patient labour, which fills the world with admiration. By continued and progressive efforts a man's powers are expanded and strengthened, and he attains a degree of proficiency that leaves his less persevering competitors far behind. There is no ingredient in character more valuable than this "patient continuance in well-doing." Still, it is not to be acquired without strong effort and resolute determination. The consciousness of God's presence and blessing is a great incentive. "I have set the Lord always before me; he is at my right hand: *therefore I shall not be moved.*" A young man who has not this grace of perseverance, is fond of novelty, ease, change; he loves to riot among new scenes, to indulge the wantonness of caprice, or stretch himself on the couch of indolence, and then expects that success will come to him without an effort. These are weeds of noxious growth that must be uprooted. The hardy plants of real prosperity for either world are not to be found beneath the shade of such baneful indulgences. Selfish propensities must be counteracted, wayward humours dispelled, and habits of self-discipline must be cultivated; then, through God's blessing, we may expect the duties of life will be fulfilled, neither interrupted by the allurements of folly, nor abandoned amid the temptations of sin.

A man of great eminence and worth obtained a good situation in London for a son of his, a youth of unsettled, changeable disposition. Soon after, this remark occurs in his diary—"I see that in my poor boy which almost breaks my heart; his instability is continually appearing. He must leave London; and what to do with him I know not." Another situation was obtained elsewhere, but his restless disposition again showed itself, and he enlisted in the army. Discharged from the

service, he enlisted a second time, and his father procured a second discharge. A new situation was found, and this again speedily forsaken. With no hope of settling him on land, his father obtained some situation in the merchant service, which he deserted, and was severely punished. For the third time he enlisted in the army, and his family never saw him again. He died off Lisbon, there is some reason to hope, confessing and lamenting that he had so grievously sinned against Heaven and his earthly parents, added to their life-sorrows, and brought his own days prematurely to an end. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The presence of the Lord diffused prosperity throughout the house of Obed-edom. It is a promise too "exceeding great and precious" for most men's degenerate faith to embrace, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Having found it to be true, this faithful Levite has recorded his experience for our learning; and the history of modern Christianity could furnish many similar instances of exemplary fidelity to God being recompensed by the accumulation of earthly prosperity. Why not? It is true that religion puts its veto upon many practices which the world adopts as indispensable to prosperity. The King of Moab, annoyed by Balaam's refusal to accept his bribes for cursing, taunted him with the reproach that "the Lord had kept him back from honour." Conscientious men are kept back from temptations to iniquitous worldly advancement. But these losses, if losses they be, are more than compensated. The Obed-edoms of our day still find that the Lord blesses them and their house, and all that appertains to them. Whatever things go to form their earthly prosperity—bodily health, vigour, and cheerfulness—competent income to meet their moderate wants—social estimation giving them a place in the good opinion of others—affectionate endearments at home—mental cultivation affording personal resources and occupation—these things continued for large portions

of life, and crowned with the veneration which gathers round good men in the evening of life—all these are enriched and sanctified by the blessing of the Lord. His blessing augments the value of earthly comforts, and more than compensates for their loss. No man, however godly, can pass through life without tasting its sorrows and feeling the burden of heavy cares; he is exposed to the storms that spread desolation and change everywhere, but "he is like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

There are faint historic notices that the blessing of this pious Levite was not lost after his death, but was preserved for his sake among his children's children. Posthumous fame may be an empty object of ambition, but posthumous blessedness—to receive the tokens of Divine favour ourselves, with the assurance that it shall be continued to our children—no higher felicity can be enjoyed on this side heaven. The time will come when earthly parents must gather their households around them to receive their farewell blessing—some, perhaps, still young and ill able to bear the rough storms of life, and stand firmly against its assaults and evil; but he "who has set the Lord always before him," counting the Divine Presence his best inheritance, bequeaths a legacy which may exalt his children to riches and honour in both worlds. Other names may lose their endearment, and bright visions of earthly comfort begin to fade, but the NAME that is above every name, and the glimpse of His coming glory, will sustain the soul in its last conflict, and light up the future with hopes unutterably radiant. And if, when just standing on the threshold of another world, we can look forward with calm assurance to the crown of righteousness laid up for us, and have a good hope that those whom we may leave in tears shall one day join us in the "everlasting habitations," then every trace of death's sting will be extracted, and the tomb becomes a lighted valley, peopled with bright attendants, and leading to the Father's house.

"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

COME here to me, my child, and say what you have been about,
Sitting so long in the window and looking dreamily out;
With hands so idly folded, and those far-off looking eyes,
As if you saw strange secrets writ in gold upon the skies.

Come here and sit with granny, by the firelight's fickle glow,
How like her own life's waning flame—burning quite pale and low.
My child, an anxious fear for thee, like mist from the earth's chill breast,
Rises and hangs in shadowy folds, dimming my looked-for rest;—

A fear that my darling is dreaming the fair morn of
her life away,
And heeds not the Master's word—to "work while
'tis called to-day."
Oh! comfort me and promise—it may be my parting
prayer—
To give up these idle dreams—these poor "castles
in the air."
You think, perhaps, that I am old, and querulous,
and cross;
How could a wrinkled granny rightly value such a
loss?
Yes, true, I've more than numbered my threescore
years and ten;
I cannot now be courted—cannot now be young
again.
I now have nothing left to do, heroical or grand,
Save to sit still and strain dim eyes on towards a
promised land.
Yet think not that the meaning of such thoughts I
cannot know,
I, too, built castles, darling, in the old days long
ago.
Yes, rich and radiant castles, that arose, and
shimmered, and fell
With a hopeless crash, that even now my heart
recalls too well.
And it is just because I know the charm is subtle
and strong,
That I would counsel you to-night of its folly, pain,
and wrong.
Your castle now looks brilliant, as the crown of a
moonlit cloud,
Bright hopes, like glistening stars, round it in
clusters crowd.
Nay, dear, it needs no magic to read your face
aright;
Is it not flooded, even now, with your wayward
fancy's light?
But in suspicion's dreary dawn, when those fickle
stars have paled,
And the costly things of First Love, of Trust, and
Faith, have failed;
When in the chilling twilight the world itself looks grey,
And your moonlit cloud has wept itself in opal tears
away,—
You will turn then from its ruins with a sense of
want and pain,
And go with a sad and aching heart to the task of
life again.
God gives to those who wait on Him his peace—but
only sorrow
To those who, in their madness, boast of an unknown
to-morrow.
The future, with its secret things, belongs to Him
alone;
The present, with its blessings and its duties, is our
own.
Let us then ask, as workmen, every morn our Lord's
commands,
Perfect the work he gives each day, with love-inspired
hands.
Then come at night, and, kneeling, give it back to
Him in prayer,
And leave no time for building foolish "castles in
the air."
How can my darling sit each day, thus ever idly
dreaming,
While God's own world with sin, and woe, and
ignorance is teeming?
Will she not now go forth to work and consecrate her
powers,
To bless God's sick, and poor, and weak, and
brighten lonely hours?
Oh! leave to God your future—let Him shape it as
He will;
Yes, trust, my child, a Father's plan—a Master
Builder's skill.
Your treasure is in heaven; Christ has gone there to
prepare
Bright mansions far excelling your poor "castles in
the air."

I. C. P.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALICE'S "GOOD-BYE."

 Alice walked away, she remembered another invalid whom she had half promised to see. A little flush came to her pale cheek, as she thought of Charley Blake. Should she go, or not?

It would be unkind not to see him once before his departure. His departure was close at hand, and would put a barrier between them. She could never go to Harold Blake's house. Oh, no! of course—never!

But Harold would not be come from the mill. It wanted a full hour to the time of his return; and

she was very near the spot. Well, she would step in just a few minutes, and say good-bye to Charley. That word good-bye was always a painful one, she thought. But she would get it said, and herself at home, before there was the least chance of Harold coming back.

At that precise moment, as it happened, Harold was not at the mill. He was at Mr. Mapleson's house, and was holding a conversation with his employer. The subject of the conversation was the Sylvesters.

"It is just what one might have expected," said Mr. Mapleson, from his easy chair: he had the gout again; "those people have been driving at it for two generations back. Come, Mr. Blake,



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"Come here and sit with granny, by the firelight's fickle glow."—p. 727.

have a glass of wine, will you? There it is, on the table."

"Thank you! I do not drink wine. What were you saying about two generations back?"

"Oh! the Sylvesters. They are a bad lot; as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as beggars!"

Harold's whole frame tingled. He might have had an electric shock.

"In fact, they are just on the crash now. My lady keeps it up bravely—a plucky woman, Harold—but, bless you, they will be in the *Gazette* in a month."

Harold's frame tingled again. He could scarcely bear it; but Mr. Mapleson went on—

"And serve them right too. Why, they've ruined half the town; and would the other, if they had the chance, with their *debts*!"

"You are very severe, Mr. Mapleson."

"No more than there is warrant for. The young man is as bad as his mother, every bit. He is a Sylvester to his heart's core. I know nothing of the daughter."

The daughter!—that was just it. Harold's cheek was in a flame.

"I'll be bound her dressmakers' bills——"

"Oh, hush—hush!—that is not charitable," cried Harold, reprovingly.

"My dear fellow, I judge from inference. However, she will have to come down a peg, that's very certain, and get her own living—perhaps by stitching."

"No!" thought Harold—so vehemently that he could scarce help speaking the words aloud—"she shall not get her own living, Mr. Mapleson, nor stitch either, while my name is Harold Blake!"

"Now then," continued Mr. Mapleson, who was having his afternoon's chat with Harold, "we have had enough of the Sylvesters. How goes on the house?"

Harold could hardly recover himself enough to say that it was going on well.

"I am glad to hear it. When do you get in?"

"Next week, I believe," replied Harold, still absently.

"And a good thing too. It will set poor Charley up—eh?"

"Yes," said Harold, for once disloyal to his brother, and thinking of something else, "I hope it will set Charley up."

"I tell you what, Harold Blake; that cottage is the prettiest place about Newbury. It will get you a wife in no time!"

Harold's face flamed again.

"It will, mark my words. And the Newbury young ladies might do a worse thing. I shall tell them so, if they come to consult me."

"Thank you," said Harold, drawing on his gloves. He had had enough of this conversation. He wanted to go home.

He had heard rumours about the Sylvesters; indeed, he knew pretty much how things stood with them. But this knowledge did not prevent the words

"crash," and "gazette," from giving him a kind of panic. It had come very near that dread crisis, when the old walls could no longer hide the misery that was within. These people, tenderly and proudly nurtured, would be turned adrift on the world—a world that hated and condemned them; at least, with one exception.

Who could hate Alice? who could condemn her? How terrible to think of her being whirled over the edge of that abyss! He did not mean she should. He meant, with his strong arm, to pluck her back. He meant to make his home so that it could be her home. He meant to ask her, in this hour of storm and peril, to come to him and be secure.

Would she come?

Oh, yes; he thought so! He never once remembered the Sylvesters!

When he reached his lodgings, having thought of these things by the way, the landlady came out of her room.

"We've had the most beautiful music overhead, Mr. Blake," said she, "that ever you heard in your life."

"Music!" cried Harold, quickly and sharply; "what music?"

"Miss Sylvester has been, and——"

"Gone is she?" exclaimed Harold, with a blank face.

"No, she isn't gone. She won't be long, I'm thinking. It's past her time, but Master Charley was fretting, and she just stayed a bit to comfort him."

Harold stole up-stairs, but he did not enter the room. He heard the well-known voice speaking earnestly and kindly. Then he stole down again into the street.

He walked backwards and forwards on the pavement before the house. He was waiting for Alice.

She came out presently, and then he went up to her. He meant to walk home with her. He did not tell her so, for she looked a little frightened when she saw him. She spoke to him hastily, and hurried a few steps forward. But he kept pace with her. When she slackened her pace, which she did presently, he was close by her. It was evident he did not mean to be shaken off.

Though he was silent now, amid the noise and bustle, he had plenty to say presently. He had considered every word. He had thought of it, by night and day. And all his musings, and his considerations, ended in one simple question, fraught with the weal or woe of a lifetime:

Would she come?

She had found out, by this time, that he meant to stay. She had not spoken any more than he had. She walked along, her eyes cast down, her heart full of vivid consciousness. She knew—she had known these months past—that he loved her.

And when she had wanted to picture to herself any one good, or noble, or worthy to be loved, she had thought secretly of Harold Blake.

They had cleared the town. The still spring

evening was sweet and balmy. There were violets growing on the bank, and here and there a bunch of primroses. It was here Harold meant to ask her to come. He whispered it to her very gently. He told her of a home, of security, of a love that would be hers till death. He smoothed from her path the rugged hardships that lay there but an hour ago; and he ended with the words repeated again, and with deeper emphasis: Would she come?

She listened to him, every word. At first she was very pale, and then the blood rushed to her face and neck. She hardly knew what to say or to do. It was her first offer of marriage.

It would be very sweet, that home, that security, that good man's love. But her mother and Raymond?

She had heard them speak of Harold Blake, and also of the mythical person, on whom they hoped to bestow the hand of their daughter, and their sister.

"Alice must not look lower than a coronet," Lady Sylvester had said.

"He cannot expect *us* to notice him, now he has become the overseer of a silk mill," Raymond had said, slightly, when alluding to Harold Blake.

Alice remembered these speeches, and they seemed to pierce her heart through and through. She was still remembering them, her mind abstracted and distressed, when Harold spoke again.

He was not the man for anything clandestine. He was going to woo her openly, not by chance meetings and secret communications. He said he should ask her hand of her mother and her brother. Yes, of Lady Sylvester and of Raymond!

Oh, it could not be believed how these words startled her! There was the abyss down deep at her feet. She was not a hair's-breadth from its brink. An abyss down which so much that was precious had been sacrificed. Honesty, peace, happiness—all had gone; and think you they would spare love?

She could almost hear what they would say, and see how they would look—her mother and Raymond!

She had never set herself in opposition, open and direct, to the great Sylvester dignity. Adamantine as a rock it stood, and all who struck there, went down and perished.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ROCK OF ADAMANT.

SHE stood at the gate after he had left her. He was obliged to go. He had far outstayed his time. He walked away full of hope; for, though she had not said it, it had been implied as clearly as could be, that his affection was returned. And then, what hindrance could there be to their happiness?

So thought he, as he went back to Charley.

His home was complete. It was as snug a nest—as peaceful a retreat—as any home could be. It was not grand or pretentious like her own, but she would like it all the better for that. And he wanted her to come before the old fabric fell with the crash it would do, presently. And he thought she would come.

For a few blissful moments, Alice had thought so

too. This bright gleam seemed to come to her across the dark, troubled waters. This peace, this rest, this security—it was as if Heaven had held it out to her. Should she do well to trifle with a good man's love; to fling away the jewel which shone in the dark, and was so precious? Her heart spoke loudly on the subject. She could hear its voice above all the tumult of her thoughts; and it said, *No!*

It told her there were few like Harold Blake. She knew that she had never seen another. Why should she not accept the blessing? Why should she not come?

But her mother? and Raymond?

She knew how desperate their fortunes were. It could not be hidden from her. Their daily life had become one of terrors and evasions. Yet Pride would hold its own to the last. They would despise her lover, and try to wrest her jewel from her; and have out the rotten arguments, she had heard from her very cradle. She knew all this, as well as could be.

How should she tell them? By word of mouth? Oh, no! that would scarcely be possible. She had discovered the plan, by which ruin was to be averted. She shuddered as she thought how love's pure faith was to be bartered for gold, and a shameful victory obtained over their reverses.

And if this happened—if Raymond married Mrs. Brooklyn—a thing which made her cheek tingle and her pulses throb—she knew what would be expected of her.

That she should flaunt in the gay circles of the world, and, as Raymond had said, openly, "Find her fortune there!"

How her soul recoiled at the very thought! Better for her the profoundest obscurity. Better to eat the hard-earned bread of honest labour—better to be cast out, and utterly forgotten; since, in her lowly lot, she could, at least, have a conscience void of offence: she could, at least, walk humbly with her God!

She mused on these things as she walked slowly up to the house.

She would write, and tell her mother. She would put it down in black and white, that she loved Harold Blake.

She went to her room, and closed the door. She sat a little time considering. But her considerations all led to one issue. The idea gained upon her. It would be better to write, and at once.

There was great happiness to her, in the thought of this good man's love. Her heart, amid all its conflicts, rested here with content and satisfaction. She would not barter or gainsay that love, come what might.

But her hand trembled as she wrote. When she had finished, and the fact lay before her, looking her in the face, with all its maze of difficulties, she trembled.

As she wrote, she had wept and smiled. It was a kind of April day—smiles and tears.

She dared not delay. She would not have her lover come too soon, and take the Sylvesters by surprise.

She would fold up the billet, and lay it on the dressing-table in her mother's room.

By this time, her feelings were wrought up to a painful state. She trembled from head to foot. Her lips were parched and feverish. She stood some minutes, before she dared to go.

If she had but one to deal with, she thought, as she stood—but her mother, or but Raymond—she might prevail. But together, these two, who were of one heart and one mind, might crush her. Only that she would be firm, and hold her jewel with the strength of life!

Hark! a door opens in the distance. She must do it now or never. She stole along the passage, and her white face showed another just as white, in the mirror over her mother's table.

The poor tempest-tossed heart beat fearfully, and then she had done it. She had told her mother that she loved Harold Blake!

Back to her chamber, trembling like some guilty thing, and weeping for very terror of what she had done.

Hearing, as it were, the ghostly phalanx of her race wail and shriek down the dreary passages, with the blood surging to her temples, and every pulse tingling with excitement, she sat down and hid her face in her hands.

Then she became cold and chill as marble. An icy sensation crept to her heart and brain—a presentiment, if you like to call it so.

By this time her mother would have read the letter! Would she come to her—the mother? And the least sound made her start and tremble. But the old house is still as ever. She does not come.

Then Alice rose. The worst, perhaps, was over. She must brace and nerve herself for the next scene in her life's history; and she would not brood here any longer in silence and loneliness. She would leave her chamber, and go.

The drawing-room was empty. She went in, and stood by the fire. She tried to reason herself to calmness, and she had but half succeeded, when she heard footsteps along the corridor.

They were both coming—her mother and Raymond. She knew it would begin directly. She knew the Sylvester dignity was all in arms—that the abyss was deep, the rock adamantine, as ever. She guessed it, by the silence that brooded after they had entered; she knew it by their faces. Just so pitiless had they looked, when Raymond broke faith with Josephine!

A rustling sound disturbed the silence. Lady Sylvester had the letter in her hand. She was opening it for the second time. She read it aloud, word for word, to the very end. Alice, with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, stood and listened.

Then her mother spoke to her. She wished, she said—and there was a touch of mockery in her tone—she wished to know for certain whether this letter were written by her daughter.

While the letter was being read, Alice had been telling herself to be brave and firm. Her heart echoed it, word by word.

It was all true, she replied, in a low, distinct voice: she did write that letter.

A brief silence followed the confession. You might have heard a pin drop.

Then the silence broke up. She spoke out boldly. It was her time to be bold. She did not mean that they should trample her love to the ground. She spoke of Harold Blake, that he was a man of gentle birth and breeding as they were; that he had behaved nobly; and she told them how heroic he had been; and—here the crimson flush dyed her brow, and face, and neck, and her voice became tremulous—that she loved him.

Bold words to utter on the very verge of the rock and the abyss!

Lady Sylvester was not demonstrative, as we know. It was against her creed to be betrayed into anything approaching a scene; yet, when this egregious insult was offered to the Sylvester grandeur, the iron grip, with which she held down her feelings, had almost given way. There was an ominous flash in her eye, that boded no good to Harold.

She threw the letter into the fire. She had twisted it into a strangely contorted shape. While it blazed and consumed to ashes, she said, calmly—

"You have had my answer, Alice. I beg the subject may never be referred to again."

"Never," echoed Raymond, fervently; "never!"

It was, as she thought, between these two—one mind, one resolve.

Still she was bold. She spoke out again. She said her happiness was at stake. She begged they would be merciful, and delay the decision until they had had opportunities of judging more about the matter; till Raymond—and she turned to him, as though appealing to him—till Raymond had seen Harold Blake.

But he did not respond to her appeal. He set his face against her like a flint.

They had not been watchful enough, he said; they had forgotten that Alice was no true Sylvester, else this disgrace—how the word stung her to the quick—this disgrace had not happened. They had far other thoughts for her, than a marriage with Harold Blake.

No words can express the disdain with which he brought out the name.

Again she spoke. Her courage waxed higher, as her case grew more desperate.

She could not give him up, she said. They had no power over her affections. She would not disobey them—her mother, and Raymond—but they should not force her into disloyalty to her love—to Harold Blake.

She did not blush this time, nor was her voice tremulous. Her face looked white and resolute. She was chafing against the sharp edges of the adamantine rock.

Singularly like each other, at this moment, were the mother and daughter.

It would not do to oppose force by force. Lady Sylvester sought out her other weapons.

"Alice," and she went near to her, and put her arm round her, "you know not what it is you covet. I, who am older and wiser, see what the end will be. Marry this man—so far beneath the requirements of your position and your race—marry him, and what then? We shall not acknowledge either yourself or him; you will be separated from us for ever—from us who have loved you so tenderly, and been so much dearer to you than he can ever be; we who have suffered so long, and been so true to each other, will be divided and split up at last. But be it so! Your marriage-peal will wring a knell in our ears, my child. We shall never see you again; nor will you see us. The grave could not so rend us apart, as this fatal marriage with Harold Blake!"

The girl trembled. This was the thing she dreaded most of all.

"I had hoped," continued Lady Sylvester, her voice becoming soft and caressing, "when the struggle is past—a struggle you have not appreciated, because you could not understand it—when the old house stands firm again, and we are saved—I had hoped for peaceful days to recompense this evil. And the days may come; and I shall look round for Alice, but she will be gone. I shall stand alone. She for whom I have done and suffered so much will have forsaken me. I shall have no daughter!"

It was very terrible. Alice hid her face in her hands and wept.

Yet why need it be so? She gathered courage to ask the question; and she checked back her tears. Why need it be so? Why should not the new tie bind the old ones but the closer?

It could not be! They spoke at once, and with a vehemence that startled her. She did not understand the nature of her own position, nor the requirements of her house. They had wedded with equals—the Sylvesters—from ancient times till now; and, on occasions, they had known how to suffer.

It was Raymond who said this; his voice sharp and bitter exceedingly.

Besides, was the sacrifice to be all his? Had he crushed his life's-blood out, as it were, that she should fling herself into the arms of a nameless adventurer? Had he done so much to build, that she should destroy? Was this a time—when the battle was so sore against them—was this a time to dally with an idle whim—a love of a day old? Was not every energy—every thought—required to save themselves from a shameful ruin?

What could she say to these arguments, advanced so stoutly against her? She knew they were unsound—nay, rotten to their very foundations—and she clung to Harold Blake. The light still came across the troubled waters, and she would not give it up. There was as much persistence in her nature as in theirs.

If for the moment she was silent, it was not that she yielded. She was true and loyal to him in her heart. "Home," "peace," "a good man's love," rang their sweet changes in her ears. She would abide by the blessing a kind Heaven had sent her. And when the storm had passed, and the Sylvester dignity had sufficiently asserted itself, perhaps they would bid her go to him, and be blessed!

(To be continued.)

HOW MINNIE BECAME A GIPSY.

WAKE up, Minnie, dear! the sun has been shining this long while—and if you do not get up, you will lose your rosy cheeks and all your pretty looks, which would never do, would it, my darling?"

"I don't care about the sun; I don't want to get up, and I won't; I like staying in bed best."

"Oh! but my pretty little one would not like to be an ugly fright, would she?"

A torrent of peevish exclamations followed this last appeal, which, however, had the desired effect. Minnie jumped up, and began dressing herself, during which process her well-known friend, the glass, was by no means forgotten.

Minnie Langdon was the only child of wealthy parents. She was very pretty; but, unfortunately, she was too well aware of it, and, though only seven years old, had formed very decided notions as to what was due to her personal appearance, thinking, as vain little girls are apt to think, that "looking nice" entitled her to no end of petting and indulgence.

Minnie's vanity had been greatly fostered by her

nurse, who, being very fond of her little charge, showed her affection by the most absurd flattery, which, though very palatable, was anything but beneficial to the little thing. It was not until lately that her mamma had found this out, and when she did so, her efforts were apparently useless to eradicate the effects of the nurse's foolish conduct; so much more quickly are evil impressions received and retained than good ones.

Minnie lived in a country village, and a most beautiful place it was. There you could obtain as large a bouquet as ever you could carry without even asking for it, and no one need desire more lovely or sweet-scented flowers than those wild ones. The birds, too—such a variety, and how sweetly they sang! they made you feel so musical that you could scarcely help singing yourself, at least so Minnie felt; and, to add to the attractions of the place, there was a splendid wood, which you could by no means fully appreciate until the very middle of the summer, and then, when it was so unbearably warm that you could do nothing but grumble, how delightful it was to wander about in the refreshing shade! This wood was Minnie's favourite resort, and she found very

little difficulty in persuading her nurse to walk there, instead of in the hot, dusty lanes of the neighbourhood. A great source of speculation to her, were "those funny red and yellow carts," as she called the gipsy caravans which were dotted about the barer part of the wood, and very great was her desire to see the inside of them; but her nurse, though usually so indulgent in gratifying her slightest wish, could never be won over to grant this one: for she said she should never forgive herself if her darling caught any disease of those dirty little gipsy children; and who could be sure that she would not?

One lovely summer's day Minnie awoke, as we have seen, in a very cross humour, and grumbled so much while dressing, that her nurse told her she must have "got out of bed the wrong side," but this remark only had the effect of increasing her ill-temper. She found fault with the bread-and-milk provided for her breakfast, wanting to know why she could not have some coffee in a cup like papa and mamma did. After breakfast, when told to fetch her lesson-books, she refused to do so, and it was not till her nurse had called Mrs. Langdon, that she could be reduced to anything like obedience.

Mrs. Langdon—although she loved her little girl dearly—was very strict with her if naughty; and when told by her mamma that she should not go out until she had said every lesson, Minnie knew it would be so, and as it was a great punishment to her not to be allowed to go for a walk, she began, very reluctantly, to open her books. But her ill-temper was by no means dispelled, and she found—though she would not own it—that it was a great hindrance to her: for learning a lesson badly, stumbling through it, and having to learn it again, took much longer than learning it thoroughly the first time would have done; so that, when she had finished, she found it so late that she would now have to wait till after dinner before she could go out.

That afternoon, as she walked along by the side of her nurse, she felt very revengeful indeed, and thought to herself, "I wish I could serve nurse out. I will, if I can;" but, before she had found an opportunity of doing so, they had arrived at the wood, where Minnie, as was her wont, set off in search of wild flowers. When she had gathered as many as she could conveniently carry, she ran back to show them; but her nurse was fast asleep on the grass.

The idea darted into Minnie's mind, that this was a fine opportunity to serve nurse out. Thought Minnie, "I will run away and hide myself; and, when nurse wakes up, she will begin to look for me, and perhaps call me, but I won't answer her, and then she'll think I'm lost, and she'll be in such a way!" And without further reflection, she darted away at her utmost speed, and, winding in and out among the trees and bushes, was soon quite out of sight of her nurse.

She had run a considerable distance when, catching her foot in a patch of tangled weeds, she fell heavily to the ground; and speedily forgetting, in the pain of the moment, her resolve not to speak, for fear of

being heard, she—without attempting to raise herself from the place in which she had fallen—began crying, and calling out, "Nurse!—nurse!" as loudly as she could. The grass just here being very long and soft, and her face being turned in the opposite direction, she neither heard the sound of approaching footsteps, nor perceived the owner of the feet which caused them. Great, therefore, was her astonishment as she felt herself lifted from the ground; and facing sharply round, she exclaimed, as she perceived who it was, "Why, Mary, is it you? how did you know I was here, and that I had fallen down?"

"Yes, Miss Minnie," replied Mary, "it is me. I was walking in the wood, and I heard some one crying. I thought it sounded like your voice, and I wondered what could be the matter, so I came here, and seeing you lying on the grass crying, I picked you up. But how is it, Miss Minnie, that you are here by yourself; where is your nurse?"

Minnie then related the whole of the day's adventures, winding up with the details of how finely she was serving nurse out, at which Mary laughed heartily, evidently regarding it as a great joke.

But in order fully to understand what followed, we must here give a short account of who this girl Mary was.

She had formerly lived with Minnie's mamma as nursemaid; but being convicted of theft, Mrs. Langdon had dismissed her. Her mother, who was a widow with a large family depending upon her for support, was so distressed at her daughter's conduct, and begged so hard for her to be tried once more, that Mrs. Langdon, deceived by a professed repentance on the girl's part, again employed her; but when she found that instead of requiting her kindness with gratitude, the girl was continuing in her former course, her indignation knew no bounds; and this time Mary was discharged, with an intimation to the effect that she might think herself decidedly lucky to have escaped a prison.

Finding that no one would take as a servant a girl who could not have a "character" from her last place, Mary, in a fit of desperation, joined a band of so-called gipsies, who were at that time stationed near the place where she lived. She never forgot the grudge she bore to Mrs. Langdon, for having, as she reasoned with herself, deprived her of the means of gaining an honest living: for she, like many another, quite lost sight of the fact that she was reaping what she herself had sown, and was only too ready to satisfy the little conscience she possessed, by persuading herself that it was not her own, but entirely Mrs. Langdon's fault, that she had adopted this dishonest mode of living.

Minnie having thus been thrown in her way, she determined not to lose so good an opportunity of revenging herself on her former mistress, or, as she termed it, "paying her out." Her plan was to carry the child off to the gipsies, who the day before had left the forest for another part of the country, Mary having remained behind for the purpose of carrying on a little scheme which was more profitable than

honest. This commission she had now executed to her satisfaction, and was on her way to rejoin the caravan. She, therefore, set about persuading the child to accompany her, which she found no very difficult matter, for knowing Minnie's love of flattery, and her great desire to see the inside of a gipsy caravan, with a skilful wielding of these weapons, and sundry promises of nice things, she soon gained her point, and they started off, Minnie's hand fast locked in hers.

They had not gone very far when Minnie began to grow tired and sleepy, and wanted to rest; but Mary told her they would "never get there" if they stopped; so taking the child in her arms, they continued on their way. In this comfortable position she soon fell asleep, and upon awaking, was surprised to find it quite dark. Frightened at the darkness, and feeling very hungry, for she had been asleep a long time, she began to cry to be taken back to her mamma, on which the hard-hearted girl told her, if she was not quiet, she would put her down and leave her there in the road; which threat had the desired effect, and after a few rebellious sobs, she again fell asleep. When she next awoke, a very different scene presented itself to her view; she was in what appeared to her a very dirty little room. A very dirty woman was standing at a little stove frying some bacon; and, on making a closer survey, she found that, instead of being in her own pretty little bed with pink and white curtains, she was lying on a bundle of straw.

The woman turned round at this moment, and, seeing the child awake, said to her, "So you've woke up, little un, 'ave yer? I think it's 'igh time. Just dress yerself as quick as yer can." With which injunction she threw Minnie some dirty, patched garments.

"Those are not my things," said Minnie, her indignation overcoming the fear which she felt towards the strange woman.

"Dear bless me! we're mighty partickler, I'm sure. If those aint your things, they're the only ones you'll get! So you'd better look sharp and put them on, if you want any breakfast."

This mention of breakfast had a greater effect than any other threat could have done. Poor Minnie was very hungry indeed, for she had never before gone so long without food; and she began slowly to put on the clothes which the woman had given her.

When she had, with some slight assistance, finished dressing, the woman, bidding her follow, opened the door; and Minnie, to her surprise, found herself in the open air. Here a little gipsy girl was preparing breakfast, and the woman, setting down the plate of bacon which she carried in her hand, shouted out, "Hi, there! breakfast!" Upon which Minnie heard a sound of several persons running, and looking round, she perceived several men and boys coming towards them.

They all sat down on the grass, forming a circle; and the little gipsy girl, who had for the last few minutes been busily engaged watching the contents of a tin can which was suspended over the fire from

a tripod, after the trae gipsy style, now proceeded to detach the can from the hook on which it hung, and present it to an old man, who, having drunk from it copiously, passed it on to his next neighbour.

During this time Minnie had not remained unnoticed; the remarks made on her appearance were numerous, though not always of a very complimentary character. When they had finished their meal, Minnie was not sorry to find that none of the contents of the can remained, and, therefore, she must have water for her breakfast. How gladly would she have exchanged the hard crusts and water for some of the once despised bread-and-milk! but there was no chance of that, and she must eat what she had given her, or starve. As soon as she had devoured the scanty allowance of food, the woman sent her with the little gipsy girl to pick up sticks; which Minnie was very glad to do, if only to help to drive away the miserable feeling of loneliness she felt.

During the day, whenever any people passed within sight, Minnie was made to run after them and beg halfpence. The first time she was sent on this errand, she returned without having been able to summon sufficient courage for the purpose; but the woman beat the poor child so unmercifully, that she dared not do so again.

Before the end of the day, Minnie had become quite friendly with her little companion, who opened her heart so far as to tell Minnie to call her Polly.

That night Minnie's slumber was disturbed by the sound of men running about, and, on asking her little friend Polly what was the matter, she was told that one of the boys had been caught in the act of stealing and taken to prison, but he had managed to send a messenger (who had just arrived) to inform his friends they were in danger, and, as no time was to be lost, they were then preparing to leave the forest.

In about half an hour they had started; and by dawn next morning were many miles on their way.

The next time they encamped, it was in a field, on the outskirts of a little town, where, as Polly informed Minnie, they were to perform in about a week or so.

During the week which intervened between the encampment and the performance, Minnie was taught to walk upon stilts by the gipsy woman and little Polly, who was quite an adept at the art, and who gave Minnie many valuable hints on balancing herself properly, and other important points in stilt-walking, and which were of such great assistance to her that, at the expiration of the time allotted, she had become quite proficient.

The performance, which took place every day, consisted of all the latest juggling feats, to melodies on the Pan-pipes, with a rather heavy drum accompaniment, dancing, and stilt-walking.

To Minnie this acting was worse than any of the other hardships she had to endure; and no amount of blows could induce her to carry round the tambourine, which office therefore fell to Polly's lot.

While Minnie was thus being carried from place

to place, made to beg, and even taught to steal, what were her friends doing?

When the nurse awoke, and did not see her little charge anywhere in sight, she jumped up in great haste, and began looking about the forest for her; but when the sun went down, and no Minnie appeared, she was in a panic of alarm. She rushed frantically about from place to place, searching behind bushes and trees, with a lingering hope that the child might be in hiding; and it was not till it began to grow so dark that to stay any longer was time lost, that she left the forest and turned her footsteps homewards.

When, after arriving there, she had told her sad news, the utmost consternation prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were so overwhelmed with apprehension, that the nurse's carelessness remained unreprieved; and the poor woman's agony at perceiving the sorrow she had occasioned was so great, that a sharp rebuke would have been a relief.

In a very short time, a number of men had been collected, and provided with lanterns; and headed by Mr. Langdon himself, they set out in search of the child. Arrived at the wood, they scattered, appointing a meeting-place at the other end of it; but their efforts, like those of the nurse, were without result. Mr. Langdon, before leaving the wood, made inquiries concerning the gipsies, a party of whom he knew to have been for some time stationed there; but learning that they had left the day before, he at once gave up all hope in that quarter.

After looking up every nook and corner in the village, Mr. Langdon, having sent messengers in every direction, weary and dispirited, returned home, in order to prepare a description to send to the constabulary. Here fresh trouble awaited him. Mrs. Langdon, who at the best of times had delicate health, had sunk under the terrible blow, and was now very ill. Mr. Langdon endeavoured to soften the tidings of his failure, by telling her of his plan of sending a description to all the town-criers in the kingdom, which he said could not fail to find their lost little one.

But though large rewards were offered, and a minute description given, yet, so far, they had been unsuccessful; and, indeed, had any one passed her by, he would hardly have recognised in the little brown gipsy-child—for the woman had stained her skin and hair with a preparation she always kept by her—or the gaudily-dressed street-performer, the child of the wealthy Mr. Langdon.

As day by day passed, and no news could be obtained of her child, Mrs. Langdon's illness so rapidly increased as to seriously frighten her husband, who determined to call in the family doctor instead of the village apothecary, who was now attending her, and in order to prevent delay, for he lived at a great distance, resolved to be his own messenger.

At the time of which we write, the post was very slow, and, also, not very certain.

After a journey of two days, Mr. Langdon arrived at the town where the doctor lived. As he was

passing through one of the streets, his attention was attracted by a crowd of people, and by sundry exclamations, such as, "Poor child! Why, she's fainted! Don't she sham well?" and many others in the same strain.

Moved by a feeling of compassion, which was heightened by his own troubles, he made his way through the crowd to where a little child was lying, surrounded by several persons who were decked out as acrobats, and to whom the child, judging by her dress, evidently belonged.

Her friends seemed very unwilling for Mr. Langdon to interfere, but, without noticing their compunction, he lifted her in his arms, and—could it really be?—in the little cold form which he embraced, he recognised his lost darling.

Turning abruptly towards the man and woman, who appeared the leaders of the party, he demanded of them when, where, and how they had obtained the child; and they, seeing the turn affairs had taken, began a long tale of their having found her, and claimed the reward that had been offered—although they had detained her, hoping the amount might be increased—all which Mr. Langdon cut short by giving them in charge to a constable, who at that moment came up to know what the "row" was.

The physis which Mr. Langdon carried home with him, in the shape of his little Minnie, worked a marvellous cure in her mamma. As to Minnie herself, she soon recovered her strength under the different treatment she received at home; and though she had meant to "serve her nurse out," at the same time she received a lesson which she did not easily forget.

L. M. C.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 704.

"CAIN. ABEL"—Gen. iv. 1, 8, 14; Heb. xi. 4.

1. C anA John ii. 11.
2. A biB..... Exod. xiii. 4.
3. I sraelitE
4. N aBaL..... 1 Sam. xxv. 3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who Jeremiah to the princes brought?
2. Whom God and Rimmon both to worship sought?
3. Whose son was over those who tilled the land?
4. What wandering race to drink no wine were found?
5. The town where Solomon a navy made.
6. A king whose call five other kings obeyed.
7. What Syrian captain fell with all his host?
8. Who brought to Hezekiah Rabshakeh's boast?
9. Where dwelt the priest, father of Joseph's wife?
10. What priest to Egypt fled to save his life?
11. The place where David took a golden crown.
12. To whom was Paul, with care, by night brought down?
13. Who in his exile help to David brought?
14. What giant fain would have with David fought?
15. The land where Jephthah from his brethren fled.
16. Who angered Asa by the words he said?

We ask not worldly fame or wealth,
No earthly vain reward;
This one petition we present,
"Increase our faith," O Lord!

THE WIFE

Saturday, August 8, 1868.



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"Then Alice had to be won over."—p. 733.

AN HOUR'S REVENGE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A TRUE STORY WITH MANY MORALS. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

SO Austin became my confidential servant, and well and faithfully he did my work for more than two years. He was still rather sullen to the men, and they sometimes complained of having two masters instead of one; but I was firmly resolved that nothing should prevent him from keeping the post, and being as happy and well

off in it as I could make him. Yet I don't pretend to say that it wasn't giving away money, or that he was really required in the least about the place, nor yet that I should not rather have served him in any other way than one which brought my sin under my very eyes perpetually. As for Alice, she soon held up her head again; but we kept as far from one another as we could. I had installed them in a snug little house that came along with my new farm, fully a mile from where I lived. Austin managed that side almost entirely; but whenever I went across for appearance' sake, she would slip quietly up-stairs, to rock her baby's cradle, or lie down to sleep away a headache.

At the end of two years, when the poor fellow's first soreness had nearly passed away, his old farm came under the hammer again. Over-improvements, building stone walls where wooden fences would have done, and all kinds of fancy work, had eaten away the new owner's capital; and just when it was in good order, and the house beautifully rebuilt, he found himself unable to reap the fruit of his enterprise. It was a sore disappointment to him, but it was good news for me. I went to Austin and implored him not to let the chance pass. The place had got a bad name and would go cheap; he should repay me whatever it cost within ten years at the farthest; and although I had spent a good deal lately, both in buying land and in building, my credit alone would bring in as much capital as we should require.

When, when had I been so happy as his grateful consent made me? I rode home that evening on the same horse and along the same road as after firing his hayrick, but everything seemed changed as by an enchanter's wand. The smell of the honeysuckles and the meadowsweet, the ripple of the trout-stream a field away, the occasional sheen of the moonbeams on a tree, the light of innumerable stars—all these mingled with one glad thought, that I should be almost innocent again, for Austin and Alice would go back to their old house, and as for the money they would have to pay me, it might go by and bear compound interest until their daughter's wedding-day. Neither of them would be likely to refuse her leave to have it, and so all would be right again. I was so glad and relieved, that it seemed impossible to go to bed, so I turned my horse's head, and rode to the little mount that overlooked the coveted farm. There lay the new house in the sheltered hollow beneath where the old one stood, and the gables, and red bricks, and slated roofs made me actually laugh aloud, they were so much better than ever the old one was.

But it is a false idea that we can shuffle off either our crimes or their consequences so easily,

or bring a clean thing out of an unclean. Just when we wanted to borrow money, came the crushing tidings of Napoleon's great victory at Austerlitz, that left the paralysed Continent at his feet, and enabled him to turn all his strength against England, which his own fleet and that of Spain were then combined to assail. Credit was hopeless for a while. Timid people buried their money in their back-gardens, until the glorious news of Trafalgar came like a burst of sunshine in the dark sky. But it came too late for us. I rode all round the country-side, reminding the richer people of Austin's misfortune, and begging them not to bid against him. Many people promised out of the inherent goodness of their hearts, and a few more because they were afraid to bid for anything. But, sir, this is so dark a story, that I am glad to say that far the most were influenced by genuine kindness, and two or three even lent me fifty or a hundred pounds to help our object.

We should have been quite secure about the result, but for one old acquaintance and school-fellow of ours, whom we both disliked even then, and had entirely broken with long since. A libertine, and yet a miser—an ignorant, short-sighted, and yet most cunning man—he had never been known to spend a penny except for the indulgence of his own bad passions, and then he would go to any length. He was rich, too; and when we had requested a third party to call upon him and explain the case, he had replied, with a sinister smile, that Austin and Austin's master had always been dear friends of his, and he should certainly take this opportunity of obliging them both at once.

Sir, to shorten the story, he bought the farm over our heads; and Austin went up to him, with a livid face, and muttered between his clenched teeth, "Mr. Gillespie, if you repented of all your sins as heartily as you shall repent this one, it would be good for you by-and-by."

Just three weeks afterwards, Gillespie's ricks and farmhouses were all burned to ashes, and thousands of pounds' worth of property were consumed. A stick and a handkerchief of Austin's were found in the next field, and, as he would have been suspected in any case, he was arrested at once, and lodged in the county gaol.

Poor Alice sought me out for the first time since she broke with me, and implored me to save him, if I could. I asked eagerly where he had been that night, and learned enough to convince me that he had done the deed, and that Alice knew it.

"But," said she, "he never would have thought of such an act, if some one had not done the same to himself, and filled his mind with bitterness that was not natural to him."

This plea was quite enough for me, and I bade her be perfectly at ease, for Henry Austin should be rescued at any cost.

Then I hurried up to London, engaged the services of the shrewdest practitioner at the Old Bailey, and was rewarded with the assurance that only a miracle could save my friend's life, the case being so clear, and the resolution to put down arson—so the crime is technically named—so strong.

Wild, wild was the storm that raged within me for two days. If things took their course, Austin's punishment would be strictly legal, and I might, perhaps, marry Alice Day after all. Yet that was impossible, indeed, for even now I scarcely dared so much as to look her in the face. But if things took the course I was silently pre-meditating, then his life would be saved indeed, but only at the cost of mine. No matter; I deserved that long ago; and I had no young children to live for, nor any Alice Day. With the third day came determination and calmness, for I had fixed upon a course that was indeed fraudulent and false, but not so utterly base and malevolent as the deed I had done two years ago. At least, my repentance for it before my God has never been so crushing and remorseful.

The first thing to do was to draw the lawyer into my scheme, and he consented, with many exclamations of astonishment, as well as a shrewd stipulation for a large extra fee. Then Alice had to be won over, which was a much harder task, and only managed by telling her everything from the beginning. Her chief duty was to inform her husband that something very strange would happen upon the trial, but no person would really be in the slightest danger, and he must remain perfectly silent. This he promised more readily than if he had been entrusted with the details of our simple plot.

The day of the trial came, and our counsel fought every inch of ground with the invincible courage of a first-rate lawyer, doing battle against deadly odds. But his skill and perseverance were utterly powerless to shake the evidence, to convince the judge, or even to hoodwink the jury; and when the evidence for the prosecution was complete, he handed me a slip of paper with these words: "There is no way but your own. Do you repent?" I added one word—"No," sent

it back and was called as a witness for the defence.

Did I know how Austin's stick and handkerchief came into Mr. Gillespie's field? Certainly I did: it was I who dropped them there. When? The night of the great fire. It was I who kindled it. Gillespie had behaved like a brute, out of personal spite toward me, and I had resolved to punish him. I took Austin's things to puzzle the police, thinking he would easily prove his innocence, and their attention would be distracted. I confessed, because I would not see him hanged for my deed; I did not confess before because I wanted to see would he escape.

All this time the court was as still as death, and when I ceased there was a heavy sigh, as of men who had lost their breath. Every one looked at the prisoner, who had once seemed about to speak, but been hushed by a warning gesture from Alice, who was standing opposite, and he had now leaned down upon the front of the dock, with his face between his hands.

I was instantly taken into custody, and hurried off; and a verdict of acquittal was at once given in for Austin. A week afterwards I formally pleaded guilty, but my sentence was commuted to transportation for life. The Crown could have seized the property of a felon, but was forestalled by my wary lawyer, who had drawn up a deed of gift, by which everything was settled upon Alice and her children long before the trial began.

I have often heard from them since, and learned that a heavy narcotic was administered to Austin to keep him away from my trial; that the children are thriving; that they have bought the old farm for the second son, who is named after me; and that Gillespie was so frightened when Austin got out of gaol, as to sell everything, and settle in the south of Ireland. They send me every possible comfort.

But it is not from them, nor from my self-sacrifice, which was a lie and a sin too, that I have my best comfort now. I am waiting to be called home to One who understands our temptations, and forgives every one that trusts Him.

Look, sir, the sun is rising just as my tale is told. And wasn't that the bleating of a sheep? We shall catch them before an hour is out. Let us eat a good breakfast, to make us strong.

ALEXIS.

ABOVE THE GRAVE.

IN the sleep that seems of death,
In the calm of heart and head,
Faintly breath pursuing breath,
Deathlike dreamed he o'er the dead.

Slowly o'er him, one by one,
Came the watching stars through night;
Slowly with the parting sun,
Faded life and fading light.

From the grave did that cold clay,
Through the sod beneath his breast,
Fix on him the spell that lay,
O'er it of eternal rest.

Who can tell the moment when
That above and that below,
Shrines, or shells, or shreds of men,
Did to fatal kindred grow!

Slowly o'er them, one by one,
Went the watching-stars from night;
Slowly in the east, the sun
Touched him with its harder light.

Ere that sun again had set,
Ere those stars could look again,
Those two parted forms had met,
Shrines, or shells, or shreds of men.

J. S. W.

THE ABIDING COMFORTER.

BY THE REV. H. V. H. COWELL, B.A.



OUR blessed Lord, anticipating his return to the Father, said to his disciples, who were about to be bereaved of his loved presence, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." And we know how, in accordance with this promise, the Holy Ghost came, at the season of Pentecost, with mystic flames and mighty wind, and filled the chamber where the apostles were assembled. He came not to sojourn, but to stay, as the Teacher, Strength, Solace of the Church.

Let us think a little of this Abiding Presence, thus graciously given. Notice, then, that it is a *person*, and not merely an influence, that was promised by Christ. Jesus spoke of the Holy Spirit as *another* Comforter, thus likening him to himself, and lifting him to the same level.

And, indeed, the very name implies personality. The gentle zephyr, murmuring among the trees, and fanning the fevered brow, can refresh; the dying falls of some sweet strain suffice to soothe; the impressive architecture, softened light, and majestic music of a cathedral may be able to

"Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes;"

but only a living, loving *person* can comfort.

We ought to think of the Holy Ghost, then, not as a vague, diffused principle, imparted to the Church, but as a tender Friend dwelling with us; as one whom we may "grieve;" one against whom we may sin.

But now let us learn what the title given Him by our Lord implies. There is a richness in it on which we shall do well to dwell.

The word "Comforter" connotes more than Consoler, which is the only sense attached to it in modern usage. In older English, it was equivalent to *Strengtheners*. Thus Wickliffe renders, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," by, "I may alle thingis in him that *comfortith* me." Even this word is narrower than the original Greek term, *Paraclete*

(or *Advocate, Counsellor*), one who stands by the side to advise, encourage, prompt. But, as Archdeacon Hare remarked, in his "Mission of the Comforter," "If we understand the word *Comforter*, not merely in its secondary and common sense, as Consoler, but also in its primary and etymological sense, as Strengtheners and Supporter, it would be difficult to find any word in our language so well fitted to express a range of meaning corresponding to that embraced by the Greek *Paraclete*." While, then, we need not regret the employment of the word "Comforter" by the translators of our version of the Bible, we must attach to it the fuller meaning I have indicated.

We will look, then, at some of the ways in which He assists us. He comforts and helps those who mourn over their sinfulness by revealing the Saviour, and applying his grace to their souls. It seems strange that He who bears the title "Comforter" should be the source of sorrow. But so it is. He convicts of sin, and so causes "godly sorrow." But he produces sorrow only to prepare the way for the influx of a deeper joy than has ever been felt before. He only breaks the heart that he may open it to receive the balm of Gilead. When he finds a soul subdued, either by a general sense of sin, or by "one fatal remembrance" that flings its shadow over life and mars all happiness, he reveals Him to us whom he anointed "to comfort all that mourn." He comforts the distressed sinner by showing the Saviour. As I sat meditating on this subject, a beam of light broke suddenly through the clouds and fell on a head of our Redeemer that hangs in my room. As it brought into distinctness the deep traces of agony on that marred countenance, and revealed to my mind the words, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," I saw a striking illustration of the work of the Spirit. He brings into prominence the mediatorial work of the Saviour, and fixes our attention on it, as the ray of sunlight flickering on the face on the wall flashed it into view.

But there are times, when it is not so much the guilt as the power of sin that appals. At such

times the Holy Ghost strengthens us to resist evil, and helps us to overcome, as we could not do unaided. As the Evil Spirit, possessing the demoniac, made him so strong that he could not be bound physically, so the Holy Spirit, strengthening us by the infusion of his grace, renders us so strong that we cannot be held by the fetters of sin—cannot be led captive by Satan at his will. So are we endued with power from on high.

But again. The Holy Ghost comforts those who groan under perplexed emotion, by enabling them to articulate their feelings. There is a relief in the very translation of sorrow into words. We speak rightly of giving vent to our feelings by putting them into speech. It is a great relief to tell our friend our troubles—a greater still to confide them to our God. But there are times when we are stricken with a spiritual dumbness; and this when we most need relief. We often sympathise with the poet, as he sat on the shore of the Bristol Channel, within sight of the churchyard where his friend lies in the cold grave, and sang—

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold, grey stones O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

We would that our feelings could be shattered in sobs and speech; but silence binds them as a frost. At such times the Holy Spirit, who knows us better than we know ourselves, comes to our aid. Our fellow-men cannot do anything for us; vain comforters are they all at such periods, for there is no medium of intercourse between us. Then the Spirit “helpeth our infirmities,” and “maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.” Lips may be mute still, but the heart has its own voiceless language, which can be heard on high; and in this our Paraclete speaks in us, while Jesus stands “an *Advocate* (*Paraclete*) with the Father,” pleading for us. For there are two kinds of advocates—one sort pleads, and another acts only as chamber counsel. The Saviour corresponds to the one, the Spirit to the other. While Jesus stands in the most holy place to give efficacy to our prayers, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, prompts those prayers, and brings into our souls, agitated by the crowding of a multitude of thoughts, a delicious peace.

Moreover, He comforts those who mourn over the common sorrows or special sadnesses of life, by giving his personal sympathy, and by imparting a supernatural strength. St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, describes himself as “sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” This description is applicable,

not only to the apostolic state, but also to that of all Christians. The children of God are not exempt from the ills that flesh is heir to. David lost his child, Job his estate, Daniel his liberty. Our Lord prepared his disciples to expect distress. “In the world,” he said, “ye shall have tribulation.” He added, however, “But in me ye shall have peace.” That peace he imparts through the Spirit.

When the heart is flooded by bitter griefs, the blessed Spirit rises through our sadnesses

“Like fountains of sweet water in the sea.”

When the heart aches with a sense of solitude, and a man feels isolated, by reason of his idiosyncracies making events impinge on his personality with some speciality that separates him from human sympathy, the Comforter can relieve, because he searches into our spirits, and brings to bear on them his tender solace according to our circumstances, applying to our hearts his own deep personal sympathy, witnessing to our sonship, sanctifying to us our trials, and bringing to our remembrance all the words of love that the Saviour has spoken.

When we have to bid a long farewell to a friend, or to some nearer one still, linked to us by the strong bond of family life—when the world’s hollow commonplaces strike cold upon our hearts, the “love of the Spirit” can lessen that loneliness which nothing earthly can alleviate.

When we are worn by the ordinary trials of life, or when our strength is sapped by some special sorrow, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, can fill us with a fresh power. Cast on his strength, a new might is given us; so, with St. Paul, we learn to glory in our infirmities, because when we are weak, then are we strong, through the promised Strengtheners.

I would put, then, to my reader the question of Eliphaz: “Are the consolations of God small with thee?” I would point out to any one in such a state that he must answer in the affirmative the promise made by our dear Lord, and would urge him to seek the gracious presence of the Comforter.

Other helpers may fail us, but the Comforter is omnipotent; other friends may be separated from us by space or death, but the Holy Ghost is given to abide with us for ever. He is ready, with his intimate knowledge, abundant love, delicate gentleness, all-sufficing power, to stay, encourage, strengthen our souls, till the earnest which he gives us of the rest and joy of heaven passes into the fulness of blessedness in that home of our souls where “all tears are wiped away from all eyes.”

ROUND THE WALLS.

I.



O life upon the landscape,
No sound within the camp;
But round about the city walls
A weirdly rumbling tramp;
And now and again a solemn strain
From horns of sweetness rare,
With tones as soft as distant bells
In the evening hour of prayer.

On went the Pilgrim Children
With a gladly-solemn mien;
So silent and so mighty
A throng had never been.
Forward marched the armed men,
Far back the rereward trod;
And amidst, the white-robed trumpeters,
And the golden Ark of God.

The forty years of proving
Have crawled them slowly past;
Of those that lived the first of them
Scarce one hath seen the last:
They only know from mould'ring lips
The ever-living lore:
The wonder-worked deliverance,
And all the woes before;

The pestilence and darkness;
The ministry of death;
The throng between the walls of wave,
Then freedom's first long breath;
The food of angels daily rained,
The march—the foe—the din—
The cross uplift, and the slow wild drift
Through the Wilderness of Sin.

And now their journey endeth
Those broad old walls about;
The trumpets blare exultant blasts,
With joy the people shout:
Great Jericho is fallen,
And last, a voiceful band,
With eager haste they spurn the waste,
And tread the Promised Land.

II.

A march as of the ages,
A ceaseless beat and roll,
For now a vision weird awakes
Slow throbbings in my soul.
I hear the wondrous tunes of Time
That round me faintly float;
Those melodies whereof a life
Heareth but one stray note.

I see the Pilgrim Children
March round a city's walls,
And o'er that vast and lowly throng
A heaven-sent halo falls.
Forward, a band with sword in hand,
Rereward, the peaceful-shod;
And ever amidst, the Holy Men
With the Covenant of God.

The weary generations
Have plodded and gone by;
So many, that the time is near
When death of them shall die:
And life of them shall live afresh,
And lie in chains no more,
For they shall have deliverance
From all the woes of yore.

The past, a sombre landscape,
Shall loom beneath their eyes,
And plunging seas of troublous mood
In gleaming seethe arise:
The daily-needed strength of Heaven,
The foes without, within;
The bright cloud-rift, and the Cross uplift
In the wilderness of sin.

Soon will the round be ended,
The sands of Time run out,
The trumpets sound the city round;
And saints of God shall shout,
"Great Babylon is fallen!"
And crowned, and harp in hand,
They, jeyful-paced, shall leave the waste,
And gain the Promised Land. B.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

CHAPTER VI.



WHEN, on a memorable occasion, the apostles directed the attention of their Divine Master to the magnificence of the Temple, as then it stood before them in all the freshness of its renovated dignity, "See," one of them exclaimed, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" (Mark xiii. 1.) That disciple, in his brief exclamation

on behalf of the Temple, pleaded two distinct claims for the admiration of all beholders: "See," he said, "what manner of stones" are here; "see," also, "what buildings are here!" He distinguished between the "stones" that had been used by the builders, and their "buildings" as works of architectural art; and he claimed for the "stones" themselves their own distinct and independent tribute of admiring commendation.

The walls of Jerusalem, as they appear at this day, were rebuilt almost from the ground about the middle of the sixteenth century by the Ottoman sultan, Selim I. In the long interval—nearly fifteen centuries—between the capture and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and this rebuilding, such walls as the Holy City may have possessed at various periods of the Christian era, were the productions of a succession of reconstructions and reparations. Now, when in ancient times Jerusalem was destroyed, the object of the destroyers unquestionably was to prevent any possibility of its reappearing in history in the character of a formidable and almost impregnable stronghold. The victors, accordingly, were careful to raze to the level (or, perhaps, in places even below the level) of the rock-plateau on which they stood, the stupendous walls that had enclosed and fortified the city. This overwhelming destruction, however, did not necessarily imply the complete demolition of the walls throughout their entire range, from their very foundations. And exactly on spots of supreme interest and importance to students and lovers of the Bible, the unconscious conquerors of Jerusalem would most readily permit the lowermost portions of the ancient walls to escape the general catastrophe. This is particularly the case with the walls that enclosed the southern and the western sides of the Temple area—the “Haram” of the modern city, shown in the shaded portion of the accompanying diagram (No. 1), of which the southern and the western walls in question would severally stand on the lines *D E* and *E F*. The foundations of these walls were scarped in the solid rock at a great depth below the level of the surface of that portion of the plateau of rock which the walls themselves were designed to enclose, within what may be designated as a *facing* of solid masonry. We have already seen (page 634) how Lieutenant Warren has followed the wall, at the angle *E*, downwards, nearly 100 feet below the present surface of the ground, till he came to the foundation on the solid rock. At angle *E*, and both to the east and to the north of it, the walls, from their rock-foundations upwards till they rise to the level of the enclosed Haram area, *form a case to the rock itself*; and, consequently, they could not take any part in the construction of fortifications, until they should be raised above the level of the rock which was thus enclosed within them and faced by them. The lower portions of these walls, accordingly, were left standing by their ancient destroyers, as the rock within them was left standing. And, it may be added, that the western enclosing-wall of the Haram—of the Temple area, that is, which is the wall on the line *E F* of the diagram No. 1—being a wall *within* the city, and, therefore, a wall which

could at no time take any part in the circuit of the external defences, would naturally be regarded with less jealousy than the external walls themselves; and hence it is easy to be understood how it has come to pass that the lower portions of the wall *E F*, below the level of the Haram area, together with portions of ancient structures immediately connected with it, should be found still existing, and in such admirable preservation.

Here and there, near the present surface of the ground, the existing wall which encloses the Haram is partly constructed of blocks of stone of enormous magnitude, which indicate what “manner of stones” they were that were quarried and wrought into their noblest masonry by the masons and architects of Israel. And the indications thus given by the visible portions of the Haram walls, have been confirmed and developed in a truly remarkable manner by the explorations that Lieutenant Warren has carried on so successfully by means of his deep shafts and his prolonged galleries. Buried far out of sight, long forgotten, and yet all the time carefully preserved beneath the accumulations of ages, the grand old walls that alone were considered worthy to enclose the rock which should sustain the Temple still remain, in their ancient massive strength and solid magnificence, from their rocky foundations upwards, at one point almost to the height of 100 feet. The stones that form this wall vary from 3 feet to 4 feet 6 inches in height, and many of them are upwards of 20 feet in length. Close to the south-west angle (at *c* in diagram No. 1), one stone measures 38 feet 9 inches in length, by 10 feet in depth and 4 feet in height. The manner in which these gigantic blocks were dressed by the ancient masons, gave to masonry constructed with them a very bold, and, at the same time, a very peculiar appearance. The face of each stone, having been levelled, was either left rough, or so finely picked as to be almost smooth, or sometimes even chiselled over, according to the taste of the time or the amount of labour that the destination of each stone was considered to require for it; then a narrow border, or “draft,” in breadth from 2 to 6 inches, was chiselled round the four sides of each stone to the depth generally of from one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch, and wrought quite smooth. The term “bevelled” has been applied, but incorrectly to masonry constructed of stones having these marginal drafts, in advance of which the central area of each stone has a slight projection. “Lieutenant Warren found that in some of the lowest courses of the Haram wall, near the south-west angle, the stones differed from any that had been seen higher above the rock-foundation. Speaking of the buried courses of the masonry of the Haram wall near the south-west angle, which he had exposed, Lieutenant

Warren says: "The first three courses are similar to those above ground at this point, that is, they are great squared stones without bevells (or sunk drafts), in height about 3 feet 3 inches. The courses fourth to ninth appear to be similar to those at the Jews' Wailing-place, but the first five are very much worn, though their bevel can be distinguished: their height, 3 feet 9 inches. The face of the ninth course projects 3 inches beyond the draft. The tenth and remaining courses differ from any seen aboveground at the present day. The faces of the stones appear as when they were brought from the quarries, roughly dressed into three faces, and projecting in some cases 18 inches beyond their drafts, which are about 4 inches to 6 inches wide, and most beautifully worked. The stones are fitted together in the most marvellous manner, the joints being hardly discernible."

The extraordinary excellence of the workmanship bestowed upon these immense blocks of stone, and the admirable skill displayed in setting and fitting them together, are amongst the most remarkable characteristics of this magnificent old masonry; and they do not fail to bear a becoming testimony to the grandeur of the ideas entertained by the men, who could project and mature such a style of building as this.

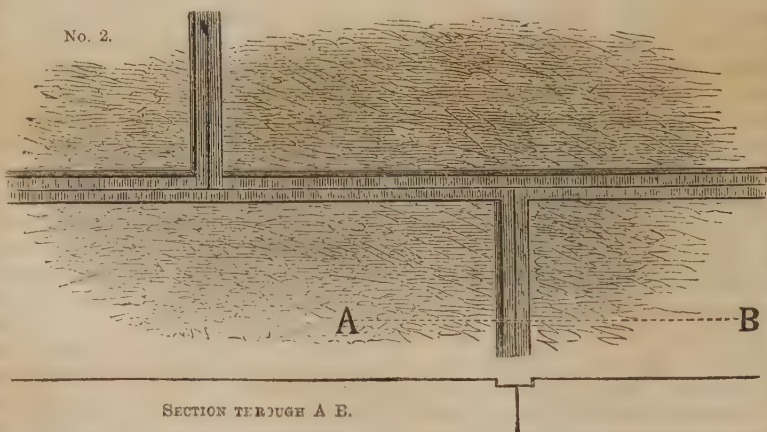
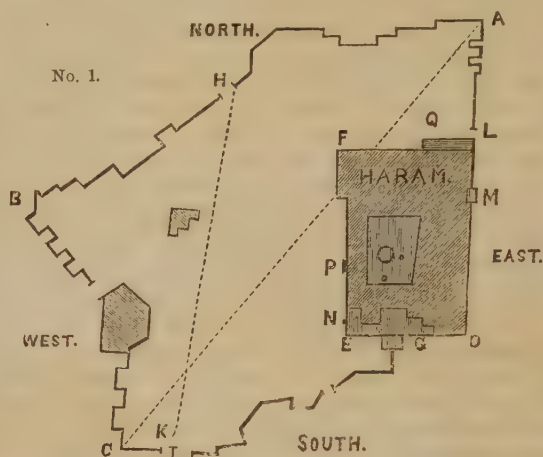
The "draft" chiselled about the margins of the bevelled stones is shown in the annexed sketch (No. 2).

Brief but very significant notices of the true character of the "stones" that the explorers have found still forming the lower courses of the

Haram walls, are given by the sacred historians. Thus, in 1 Kings, v. 17, 18, it is written: "And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers." Again, in 1 Chron. xxii. 2, when making his preparations in anticipation of his son's building, David is said to have "set masons to hew wrought stones to build the house of God;" in the 15th verse of the same chapter also, "hewers and workers of stone" are particularly specified; and, in 1 Chron. xxix. 2, David declared to his people that, together with other precious and costly materials, he had prepared for the "holy house" that Solomon should build, "all manner of precious stones, and marble stones in abundance."

In like manner, when speaking of the Temple which he had "determined to build," Solomon himself said: "The house which I build is great: for great is our God above all gods." And again, in explanation to Hiram of Tyre of the magnitude of his own preparations, the wise king of Israel added — "for the house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great" (2 Chron. ii. 5—9). With true Oriental feeling, the

surpassing grandeur of the sacred edifice was to be symbolised in the grand scale of the constructive masonry: the "holy house," that should be "wonderful great," could be built worthily only of blocks of stone of such wondrous size that the most simple-minded observer of them would involuntarily exclaim—"See what manner of stones are here!"



of stones are here!"



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

“And now their journey endeth
Those broad old walls about.”—p. 742.

Whatever difference there may have been, both in architectural style and also in their dimensions, between Herod's Temple—the Temple of the New Testament, and the original Temple erected by Solomon, it may be accepted as certain that both edifices stood upon the same site, and that they differed from one another rather in their architecture than in their magnitude and grandeur. To both buildings, without doubt, the words of Solomon were equally applicable, since both certainly were "wonderful great." And this greatness becomes in no inconsiderable degree enhanced when the extent of Jerusalem itself is taken into consideration. Josephus tells us that Herod's Temple was a square, measuring 600 feet on each side; this would represent an edifice quite three times as large as our York Cathedral. At the present time the Haram area at Jerusalem contains 35 acres of ground, and is nearly one mile in circuit; and the area of the entire city, including the Haram, now is 209½ acres, or about one-third of a square mile. Thus the Haram now occupies one-sixth of the whole area of the city. If one-half only of the Haram area be assigned to the actual site of the Temple, that

sacred edifice still would have occupied one-twelfth of the area of the present city. And Jerusalem within the walls certainly was not much larger than the present city, either in the time of Herod the Great, or at the earlier era of Solomon.

I may here give the exact measurements, taken in straight lines from angle to angle, of the walls of the Holy City as it now exists, such measurements, of course, not including any projections of the walls. These measurements, in straight lines, are: along the northern side, from A to B in the diagram No. 1, 3,930 feet; the eastern side, from A to D, 2,754 feet; the southern side, from D to C, 3,245 feet; and the western side, from B to C, 2,086 feet. Thus the whole circuit of the city walls, measured in straight lines from point to point, is 12,015 feet, or 4,005 yards—that is, 2½ miles and 45 yards. The longest diagonal line within the walls is from A to C, from north-east to south-west, and this measures 4,795 feet, or 162 yards less than one mile. The principal street, three-fifths of a mile in length, runs from the Damascus Gate in the north wall to the Zion Gate in the south wall, from H to K in the diagram.

(To be continued.)

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CAPTAIN JACK'S COURTSHIP.



THE best thing we can do, under the circumstances, Alicia, is to get married."

This bold proposition was made by Captain Jack, as he and the widow sat at breakfast.

"Considering how long I have been attached to you, Alicia," continued he, helping himself without stint to the good fare on the table, "and how faithful I have been, it seems to me as if it were the least thing you could do."

"Really, Captain Jack, I think you are more audacious than ever!" replied Mrs. Brooklyn, with a little giggle.

"I was always bold, my dear. Just hand me the mustard, will you? Thank you. Now then, when is it to be?"

"As if I had not a whole host of lovers!" cried the widow, still giggling.

"So much the worse for them, Alicia; and the better for me."

"That is as it happens, Captain Jack."

"Who are your lovers, Alicia? Sir Hugh Macbriar, of course. I always thought there was no end to that poor old gentleman's folly."

"Old gentleman, indeed!" exclaimed the widow, bridling, and nodding her head.

"When I knew him," said Captain Jack, calmly, "he was exactly ten years older than my father."

The widow bridled, and nodded furiously. Captain Jack took no notice.

"Wants a nurse—that's it, Alicia. Well, let him go to the hospital and find one!"

"Really, Captain Jack!" again began the widow; but he cut her short.

"Then I suppose there is another fellow on the carpet—a young man just on the eve of bankruptcy."

"I tell you what, Captain Jack——"

"Don't interrupt me, Alicia. I know what I'm about. His name is Raymond Sylvester."

The widow could not gainsay it.

"Well, his motive is apparent enough! It does not require any great shrewdness to see through him!"

"I am sure he is a very nice young man!" exclaimed the widow.

"Very nice! and his family are all very nice!" replied Captain Jack. I am told their debts are, perhaps, under fifty thousand. Of course, it would be a flea-bite to you."

"What do you mean? What have I to do with anybody's debts?" cried the widow, angrily.

"Only that when you marry a man, you would not like his family to be bankrupt, Alicia," said Captain Jack, with the utmost gravity.

The widow munched her toast in indignant silence.

"There has been no question of marrying," said she, at length; "only you are so very ridiculous!" and she broke off in a giggle.

"So much the better; because, you see, Alicia, it is my duty to protect you from those designing individuals, who are on the scramble to get your money. Now look at *me*. I want nobody's money; not I!" and he threw himself back in his chair, and folding his arms, sat—about as good-looking and audacious a specimen of humanity as could be found anywhere.

The widow could not forbear a little glance of admiration.

"My motives are as pure as the driven snow!" continued Captain Jack, waving his hand aloft. "I have loved you, Alicia, all my life. The moment I heard that you were free, I flew to your side. No matter whether you were rich or poor: I should have come all the same. It was *you* I wanted, Alicia—your own dear, beautiful, enchanting self; yes, it was *you*!"

Strange to say, the widow believed him. The effect of this little peroration was a gentle sigh, which sounded hopefully in the ears of Captain Jack.

"I am brave," continued Captain Jack, in the same high-flown manner. "I stand at nothing. I could board an enemy's ship amid a storm of bullets; I could stand at the cannon's mouth. But, alas! what can I do? The laws of our country forbid that I should shoot Mr. Sylvester through the head!"

"Mercy on us!" cried the widow, with a little scream.

"Which I would do for *your* sake, Alicia," added Captain Jack, tenderly.

"I am sure I want no bloodshed on my account. I am all for peace and quietness," said the widow, with another of those hopeful little sighs.

"That's right, Alicia, and so am I. ~~But~~ your heart, the British lion is as good-tempered a fellow as ever lived, when you don't run in his teeth!"

The widow thought it best here to munch her toast in silence.

"As for me," continued Captain Jack, again throwing himself into an attitude, "defeat is death, in a case like this. Here is my poor hand, Alicia. Take it, and I am blessed; refuse it, trample on my years of devotion, and I am gone—gone in the twinkling of an eye."

The widow looked up in alarm.

"Gone," continued Captain Jack, still in his most telling attitude, "to the *Antipodes*!"

"Really, Captain Jack——"

"From which bourne," continued Captain Jack, rhapsodically, "it is not likely that I shall ever return!"

"Oh, Captain Jack, pray don't go!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooklyn, clasping her hands, and becoming hysterical.

"Do you say so, Alicia, and will you take my hand?" cried he, stretching what he called his sun-burnt paw, out to her.

The widow blushed, and giggled, and cried a little, and was evidently very much wrought upon.

"Take it, Alicia, take it!" cried Captain Jack, tragically.

The widow giggled louder, but she did not make any movement.

"The Antipodes," continued Captain Jack, in the same tragic tone, "is, in fact, the farthest point on the terrestrial globe. When I have reached the Antipodes——"

"Oh, you must not go! I shall not let you!" cried Mrs. Brooklyn, in a voice of alarm, and approaching her hand just half-an-inch in the direction of the sun-burnt paw.

"Then you take my hand?"

"I did not say that. I have had no time," faltered the widow, looking down.

"Alicia, you have had heaps of time. What have you had but *time*?"

The hand approached still nearer.

"My feelings will not bear to be trifled with. There is no knowing what may be the result. I may shoot——"

The widow screamed again.

"Oh, pray don't shoot anybody!" cried she, eagerly, and approaching dangerously near to the precincts of the "paw."

In another minute her hand was in the grasp of Captain Jack.

"Bless you, Alicia!—bless you!" and he kissed it rapturously. "Then you will be Mrs. Jack?"

CHAPTER XLIV.

JOHN! JOHN!

"I THOUGHT the poor lad would be driven half crazy amongst ye."

This venomous little speech was aimed at Rachel by Dame Humphreys, who had brought her knitting, and was keeping Rachel company while her husband was away.

Rachel sat on the opposite side of the fire. Her work was in her lap. She had not the heart to answer Dame Humphreys.

"You see, it's not what he's been used to," continued the old lady, the pronoun *it* having no especial antecedent; "he's been used to things going easy like, and if he had but——"

She stopped. There was a look in Rachel's face which stopped her.

"Anyhow, he's sore cut up, and there's no knowing what turn he may take," concluded Dame Humphreys with a sniff.

Poor Rachel was sick and sore at heart. She had not so much fortitude as usual. Her troubles seemed to come upon her like a rushing torrent, and, for once, she burst out weeping.

Dame Humphreys was not a bad-hearted woman, in spite of her stings. She was alarmed at what she had done.

"I am sure I did not *mean anything*, Rachel," she began to say—a form of speech much in vogue among the stinging tribe of individuals. "Pray don't cry. But there, you're just worn out, that's what it is!"

Rachel dried her tears quickly. The least word of kindness made her forgive in a moment.

"I think I *am* worn out," said she, taking up her sewing with a trembling hand.

"I'm sure I am, what with John's worrets, and the trouble of his having to leave the farm, and the thing altogether. But there, it's no good greeting after spilt milk. We must e'en take it as we find it!"

Rachel's trembling hand went on with its work; but her heart was very sore indeed.

She could have met the trouble bravely in itself. The mere fact of the misfortune would not have unnerved her. But there was another shadow that flung its dark length upon her heart.

That was the real sorrow!

She would not whisper it to any one. When Miss Graham came, as she did, directly the news reached her, and when she said, as innocently as could be, "And your husband, I suppose he bears it bravely?" Rachel made an evasive answer. Not to her dearest friend would she have hinted the existence of any defalcation in John!

But in her heart she knew it! Between herself and her secret soul, the gaunt spectre stood up and proclaimed its existence. She knew she had been deceived in the character of the man in whom she had trusted. She knew he had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

These are sad crises in the lives of men and women, and it had come quick on Rachel!

But her heart was full of its first love. When, presently she heard him coming, she got up and hurried out to meet him.

"John, dear John."

Her voice was full of affection. She was so rejoiced to have him home. But her joy clouded over when she saw his face. She knew then, that he had come home a disappointed man. She did not say so. She slid her hand into his, and they walked in silence to the house.

He might have spoken. It would have been kinder. But the expression of his face was that of black and sullen dejection. Even the sight of his mother did not rouse him. And when, at length, he did speak, he cursed his ill-fortune, and used language that made both the women tremble.

Dame Humphreys looked pale and frightened, and cried a little, and gathered up her knitting to go home. She had no moral influence with her son, or it might have stood in some stead at this juncture. As it was, she thought only of getting out of his way.

When she was gone, and John's passion had expended itself, Rachel hoped he would be himself again; but her hope was not realised. He sat brooding and sullen. He would not tell her anything, except that the London lawyers had made a fool of him. He would not eat, though she set food before him. And then he declared that he would go to Newbury, and have it out with one or other of them!

By "them," he meant either Isaacs or the Sylvesters. Rachel would have stopped him. She would have put her arms round him, and held him,

while she prayed and besought him to be calm. But her strength failed her. A faintness came over her when the danger was the most imminent.

Perhaps he did not see it, or it might have been the turning-point when the wave of misery began to recede. As it was, he went out, and Rachel was left alone.

If ever she had felt deserted, it was now. For a time she wept abundantly. Then she laid herself on the little sofa, and rested her aching head on the cushion. She thought he would soon come back. She thought his passion would soon be cooled; and she did not apprehend any worse evil than what had happened in his leaving her. When it grew dark, she lighted the lamp, and took down a well-worn volume, and began to read. It was the volume in which Rachel had long been used to look for comfort—her Bible.

She was greatly comforted as she read. They who tamper with the Scriptures, little think of the mourners who must go away unconsoled, should these waters of comfort be dried up.

It was getting late, but John did not come. Surely he would not leave her all night alone? Should she go to his mother's and inquire? But it was eleven o'clock, and Dame Humphreys went to bed at nine. And if she were to go, and John were to return meanwhile? Besides, the night was dark and rainy. She had gone outside the door to listen. How silent and dreary it was! She called "John! John!" as if she would bring him back. But no John answered.

It grew later and later still. The clock struck—one—two—three—four. Rachel sat and heard it. Still John did not come!

How very terrible it was to sit there alone, hour after hour, a prey to every imaginable conjecture. Her fire had gone out, and she shivered; and it was dark. Still she sat on—listening, watching, waiting. Would the morning never come? Heaven only knows how she passed through that night!

But it came at last, the first blessed streak of dawn! Now she could see the familiar objects round her. Now it was day; and the day rarely fails to bring hope, even to the most wretched.

Oh, how unlike the mornings that used to be!—the bright fire, the clean hearth, the cheerful breakfasts. Now, what confusion—what desolation—what despair!

She got up, and tied on her bonnet. Her limbs were cramped—her head ached. A kind of numbness had come over her. But she sped along, as swiftly as her feet could carry her.

Soon she had reached Newbury. A few minutes after, she was at Dame Humphreys's door. She opened it. Her nerves were strung up to the highest tension. She called out, in a shrill, eager voice, "John! John!"

Surely he would come to her. It was cruel and wicked to have left her. But she would forgive all—forget all—so she might once more see his face, hold him in her arms, and feel that he was safe.

It was quite early, and Dame Humphreys was still in bed. When she heard the cry she got up quickly, and throwing a shawl round her, opened the door and looked. The face she saw was Rachel's, as she stood in the passage: and she knew something was sorely amiss, to make Rachel look like that.

In a few minutes she had hurried down-stairs. She guessed, by the kind of intuition that happens to people at such times, what it was Rachel wanted. Ere Rachel had time to speak, she had said, "No, no; he is not here! I have not seen him! He is not here," repeated she; for Rachel's eyes were glancing into every corner, as though she disbelieved it—as though John *must* be there!

When the whole truth stared her in the face, with all the evil suggestions belonging to it—when she knew that her husband was not there, then her strength, almost her very life, seemed to fail her. She sank down, and became for a few moments unconscious. She was roused by the outcries of Dame Humphreys: for Dame Humphreys had not the self-control that she had. Even in this dire distress, Rachel, as by instinct, assumed the character of comforter. When her agitation had subsided enough to let her, she proposed that she should go back to her home.

"He may be come," she said, her heart misgiving her while she said it—"he may be come."

She hurried away; her poor aching feet could hardly bear her along; but she made shift to reach her once happy home. There, it was all desolate and lonely. Everything was just as she had left it. The fireless hearth, the neglected room, the silence, the dreariness, caused her a bitter pang. No; he had not been! As if impelled by the anguish of suspense, she called out his name again and again; but he did not answer: he had *not* come back!

CHAPTER XLV.

"HE MIGHT POSSIBLY BE A MURDERER."

JOHN HUMPHREYS left his own home in no very pleasant state of mind. He had not done well, or wisely, in letting misfortune goad him into a kind of madness. He had better have met it bravely, and like a man. He hurried on, scarcely knowing what purpose he had in view, or on whom he should first wreak his vengeance: for vengeance was in his heart, like a black drop that poisoned his whole moral system.

"If I could meet with him, I'd just give him a piece of my mind," muttered he, as he strided along; and the *him*, in this case, referred solely to Raymond Sylvester.

It even occurred to him, at this late hour, to attempt to bully Raymond into a concession. He had not strided along any considerable time, before he came in sight of the house on the common. Then, I grieve to say, his rage seemed to get the mastery over him. He clenched his fist, and muttered furious words, and was as much unlike the kindly, genial John Humphreys of better days,

as possible. Revenge is an ugly companion for a man to take to his bosom!

It was a lonely spot where he stood. There was the bare, bleak common, without a creature in sight. The road that wound by, at a distance, was lonely too. Few persons passed by that way. Yet, as John Humphreys looked, one solitary individual was approaching. He scarce noticed the circumstance at first. But when the individual came nearer, a strange light leaped into his eye, a strange expression came into his face; for here, solitary, unprotected, and at his mercy, was Raymond Sylvester. He stood and waited. There was a gate close by, and he went and leaned against it, his arms folded. He fancied, if Raymond saw him, he would turn out of the way. Much did he know of the Sylvesters!

Nearer he came and nearer. John could see him now, quite plainly. Yes, it was Raymond!

The light blazed fiercely in the eyes of John Humphreys; but he tried to be calm. When Raymond was close at hand, he stepped forward and confronted him. He thought Raymond would be alarmed, and seek, at once, to make terms. But Raymond merely raised his eyes—they had been fixed on the ground, as if he were thinking intently, and said, "Good night to you."

Then he would have passed, without caring for an answer; but John Humphreys had planted himself in his way.

Would he be alarmed now? Would he scent mischief? I think not. A look of irritation came into his face. There was all the imperious ring in his voice, as he said, "Will you stand out of my road?"

"No, sir," replied John, in a tone it was impossible to mistake; "no, sir; not till you've listened to what I have to say."

"What is it?"

The proud head was never raised more proudly. Fear! There was not an atom of it.

In spite of himself, John felt it was hard dealing with the Sylvesters. Force might have met with force, and grappled with it; but the unquenchable light of that dark eye made him quail. Did he think he could bully Raymond? Never was there a greater mistake! "I shall settle the matter when I please. I shall not be dictated to by *you*, John Humphreys!" and the mouth was set like iron.

What could he do but let him pass? He was furious, but he was held in check. There was a something opposed to him, harder than adamant, and that he could not deal with, with all his *thw*s and sinews. It was mind against matter.

By this time it was getting dark, and perhaps some thought of home softened him. Perhaps he remembered Rachel, and his heart smote him. At any rate, he had turned towards the place where Rachel was. The road was still lonely; but one other individual was in sight—not Raymond, he had gone his way unscathed. The person now in view was Isaacs.

The black drop began to bubble up again. The

dignity of the Sylvester had been his safeguard. But Isaacs had no dignity about him; he was on John Humphreys's own level.

"Well, Humphreys, a pleasant night to night! Going home?"

"Yes, I am going home."

John spoke in a surly tone; but the other did not take warning.

"Got anything out of him?" and he pointed with his thumb in the direction taken by Raymond.

John made no answer.

"I'd have done some business, if I'd been you. Bless you! surely you weren't afraid of him."

"Mr. Isaacs," said John, trying to speak calmly, "I am going this way, and you was going that. Perhaps you'll hold to your first plan, will you?"

"Not exactly. You see, I want a word or two on business. There's no getting sight of you now-a-days."

John held his peace.

"About the sale of your furniture," began Mr. Isaacs, coolly.

John made a quick movement forwards. It was getting very dark, or the man might have seen the extent of his folly.

"Mr. Isaacs, I tell you plainly, I am not in the mood for business. Let me alone, will you?"

Again John quickened his pace; but the burly man kept close at his heels.

"It is your own fault, John Humphreys. All you had to do, was to hand me over the money. You could not expect me to be the loser."

"And what have I lost, pray?" asked John, in a suppressed tone; "house, and home, and everything!"

The burly man laughed.

John turned round upon him. The expression of his face was getting dangerous.

The burly man laughed again.

"You've no pluck, that's where it is. Now, if it had been me——"

"Mr. Isaacs," cried John, fiercely, "you had best not hang on to me. My blood is up."

"Nonsense! Do you think I am such a coward as you are?"

Coward! The word fell like a live coal on tinder. All the pent-up fury blazed forth.

John Humphreys had been a peaceful, well-conducted man, from his youth up. He had never raised his hand against his fellow, or broken any of the laws of human society. But human nature is frail, and it is not wise to tamper with evil.

The Scripture says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." John had not resisted, and, for the moment, he was in the power of the Evil One.

And now see what follows.

There was a blow struck fiercely, and without reflection or warning. There was a sound of something falling heavily to the ground, and then there was a silence more appalling than can be described: for in the silence something whispered to John that he might possibly be a murderer!

(To be continued.)

"FALLEN THROUGH A ROCK."

PART I.



LITTLE boy and girl were at play on the sea-shore, gathering shells and pebbles, and building wonderful castles of sand, which, when raised to a certain elevation, were sure to slide slowly

down, leaving only a sandy mound to mark where they had been; like the hopes of more mature years, often built on less substantial foundations, which glide from our grasp as soon as formed.

The boy was about eight years old, his sister two years younger. Being at length tired of their quiet play, and forgetting that they had been desired by their mother not to go out of sight of the house, they ran along the shore for a long way, pursuing one another, until they found themselves further from home than they had ever before been in the same direction. After a long time the level strand ceased, and they were obliged to ascend a bank gradually leading to the verge of high cliffs, down which the children feared to look, lest their heads should become giddy.

The clouds grew dark, but in the excitement of the race they did not observe the increasing gloom, until a few heavy drops of rain warned them that it was time to seek shelter. Immediately they turned, and

tried to retrace their steps; but having wandered so far, it was now impossible to discover the path which led towards their home, and soon they lost themselves amongst the huge cliffs and rocks overhanging the sea, whose waves raged and foamed beneath in a terrific manner.

"Edward," said Helen to her brother, "what shall we do? Everything looks dark and frightful, and we are not getting nearer home."

"I do not like that low moaning sound from the sea," replied Edward. "Let us sit down under this great rock, and think what we shall do next."

Accordingly they seated themselves under a shelving rock, which afforded some shelter from the rain, now falling in torrents.

"Oh! how I wish we were at home," cried little Helen. "Will it soon be over, Edward?"

"I do not know," he answered; "but I wonder where we are, and which is the way back."

"Call out very loud; perhaps some one would hear, and take us home."

"No, Helen, the winds and waves are making such a noise, no one could possibly hear our call; but don't be frightened, I'll protect you, and when the storm is over, we'll try to find our way among the rocks; but, indeed, I do wish we had remembered what

mamma told us, and not left the beach where she said we might play."

As he spoke, a loud peal of thunder crashed overhead, and reverberated among the surrounding cliffs. Helen, in an agony of fear, threw herself into her brother's arms, and burst out crying. He tried to comfort her as well as he could, but did not feel very happy himself as to their situation. Presently a vivid flash of lightning was seen, then another and louder peal of thunder rolled above. Helen trembled violently.

"Oh! dear Edward, do let us hide from it, it is so terrible."

He rose, and taking her hand, they left their place of shelter. Wearily they clambered the slippery rocks, each moment fearing to see another fiery flash, or hear the awful roll of the thunder. On, on, vainly supposing they could fly from the tempest which was raging around them, over barriers which at another time they dared not have crossed, until their way was impeded by some broken branches of trees, thrown down in an apparently careless manner between two rocks. Edward advanced and hastily pulled some of them aside, in order to make room for his little sister to pass, when a few loose stones on which he stood gave way beneath his feet, and he disappeared through a chasm between the rocks. Helen heard his scream as he fell, and saw him vainly clutch at the branches, which broke in his grasp, and in a moment he was gone from her sight. So quickly did it all occur, that she only knew he was in danger by that scream, which long afterwards rang in her ears.

She called as loudly as she could, "Edward! Edward! where are you? Oh! come up again to Helen! What shall I do without you, and where—where are you gone?"

It was useless; her cries were drowned by the noise of the tempest. She advanced as near the fatal spot as she dared venture, and saw an opening in the rock partially concealed by branches and brushwood laid across the top, on which were placed a few loose stones. She was too much frightened to attempt looking down this horrid pit, but continued calling her brother's name, until, becoming more and more terrified as she felt herself utterly alone, she set off in the opposite direction from that by which they had come. Each succeeding peal of thunder caused her to quicken her pace. She scrambled over the slippery rocks as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, often stumbling and falling, until, at length, fairly exhausted, she sank down, exposed to the pitiless rain and storm.

How long she lay in this condition, she could not tell. It might have been several hours before her father found and carried her home, in a state of insensibility.

But Edward—where was he? Every search was made. His father and uncle (at whose house he was staying at the time of this unhappy occurrence), having left Helen to the care of her mother, renewed the search, sending messengers in all directions, until the darkness of the night obliged them to desist. The last hope was that, when Helen should be

sufficiently recovered to speak, she would be able to give some account of the fate of her brother, or some clue which might lead to the discovery of his place of concealment, though it was much feared he had fallen from one of the high cliffs.

When the party of searchers arrived at home they found the little girl much better. She had had a refreshing sleep during their absence, and was able to sit up in bed; but her eyes still had a frightened expression, and her cheeks were flushed with the feverish glow which usually follows a chill and excitement, such as she had gone through. Her father eagerly questioned her with regard to Edward. She related, pretty accurately, how they had forgotten their mother's prohibition, and left their play on the sandy beach, and had been running races, until they strayed so far they could not find the way back; and then she ended with—

"Oh, papa! it was a terrible storm—great heavy rain, and such bright lights, and fearful noise! We ran away to hide. It seemed as if the rock we leaned against would fall and crush us; and when we ran, Edward fell into a rock."

"What do you mean? Did he fall over a rock into the sea? Speak, child!"

But Helen was frightened at her father's vehement manner; she thought she had displeased him, and not having yet recovered the terrors she had endured that day, she commenced sobbing and crying most bitterly. It was long before she could be sufficiently pacified to be spoken to again on the subject, at least with any hope of receiving an intelligible answer. At length her father resumed, in a soothing tone—

"Where did poor Edward fall, dear?"

"He fell through a rock," she murmured; "through branches and stones, down into a hole in the middle of a great rock."

And this was all the information they could gain of the lost boy. When further questioned, she still repeated the words, "He fell through a rock." His friends could only understand this to mean that he had fallen from one of the cliffs; but vain were all their efforts to discover the truth. Helen was brought to the place where she had been found, and shown all the neighbouring rocks, in the hope of ascertaining the spot where her brother had disappeared so mysteriously; but she failed to recognise the place. No branches or stones were to be seen in the position she had described, nor anything at all resembling an opening in the rock. Edward's fate, therefore, still remained in uncertainty. Each day his parents dreaded to hear that his body had been found washed in by the waves, or lying, a shapeless mass, under some gigantic cliff; but they were obliged to remain in a state of suspense, until, as time passed on, all hope of his existence entirely ceased.

Little Helen drooped for a time, her health became delicate, and her joyous laugh was seldom heard as of old; but by degrees she recovered her usual strength and spirits: for sorrow at her age is but short lived. At the end of the summer she, with her parents, left her uncle's house, not having received the slightest

intelligence of Edward, and returned to their own now sad and desolate home.

And where was the lost one all this time? As Helen said, he *had* fallen through a rock. How terrible was the sensation of descending, helplessly, through that deep, dark chasm; but ere he reached the bottom of the abyss, he felt himself seized in a rough grasp, and thus saved the violence of the shock. He was placed on firm footing; but, for a few moments, was so bewildered, he was unable to stand without being upheld by the powerful arm in which he had been caught. At length he became conscious of a dim light glimmering through the obscurity, and several figures moving about; also, a number of large bales of goods, piled round the walls of the cavern—for a cavern it was into which he had fallen, and one well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. At one side, a narrow and winding passage led to an outlet, about halfway up a steep cliff, hidden by a shelving rock, which overhung the sea. A rope ladder, which could be hauled up or lowered at pleasure by those within, gave easy access to the cavern, from a boat at high water. The opening at the top was used by the smugglers for lowering large bales of contraband goods, which they were in the habit of secreting there. One man was, in the first instance, let down in the same way, in order to be ready to fling the rope ladder to those in the boat.

As Edward, in a bewildered state, leaned helplessly against his preserver, he was startled by hearing a rough voice exclaim, in angry tones—

"This comes of leaving the top of the cave open. How often have I ordered it to be closed, after each load is lowered?"

"Well, captain," replied one of the men, "we made it up, as well as we could in a hurry, with branches and stones. The storm was so bad, we thought no one would be passing, and it takes more hands than we had to heave that large piece of rock."

"Go," replied the captain, with an oath, "four of you, and put the cap on the hole quickly. Where that boy came from there are more, never fear; he didn't come alone."

With these words he advanced, and, in a threatening manner, demanded, "How came you here, boy? and who was with you?"

"I fell down through the rock," faltered Edward. "My little sister was with me. We lost our way, and were trying to run from the storm. I was pulling away some branches to let her come on, when I fell, and came down here."

"Where is your sister now?"

"Oh! I do not know, I am sure. She will never find her way. Please put me up again, that I may help her to get home."

"How old is she?"

"Just six years."

"Will she do us any harm, think you, men?"

"No," replied the man against whom Edward leaned; "she is too young."

"Did she see where you fell, boy?"

"I think not, for she was not very near me; but she will wonder where I am. Perhaps she has gone on running—she was so frightened at the thunder—and I shall not be able to overtake her. Oh! take me up quickly, or she will be lost!"

"I don't think it's all safe," said the captain, addressing his men. "When you go to replace the stone, take a look about for the child, and bring her here, if you find her; that will be the surest way, for children of six can talk. Off with you at once. What are you standing gaping at the child for, as if he was a wonder?"

The men left the cave, and soon were heard overhead, moving the large slab of rock over the opening, so as effectually to conceal all traces of its existence. As soon as they had accomplished their task, they rejoined their comrades in the interior of the cavern.

"And now," said the captain, "what is to be done with this boy?"

"Fling him down the cliff!" said a savage voice. "He must not be let live, or we are ruined."

"Perhaps the young one wouldn't prate," said the man beside whom he stood, and who had continued to support him all this time. "I'll be bound he never could find his way here again if we let him off."

"Stuff and nonsense, Bill!" answered another voice. "Do you think the child's a fool, or a dummy? He'd talk, surely, and show the very spot he fell down; or, if he couldn't do that now the stone is on, he'd let out there was such a place about here. Isn't he listening to us now? doesn't he know about the hole? and hasn't he seen everything here? I say with Joe, he mustn't live."

"Fling him down the cliff," repeated Joe, "and have done with him!"

"It might be dangerous," said the captain. "How do you know his body wouldn't drift in, and be found?"

"They'd think he fell in of himself," growled Joe.

"No, no!" replied the captain. "I have kept clear of blood so long: I'm not going to begin now; and with a child, too!"

"Well, then, captain, if you won't chuck the brat over, I say the safest way is to leave him where he is, when we go off to-morrow."

"Ay, ay!" said every voice but one; "that's the plan! We'll have nothing to do with killing him; he'll die soon enough of himself; and his bones will tell no tales."

"Well," observed Joe, "I wouldn't be the first man to come in, in the dark, when we return with the next cargo."

"Ho, ho! Are you turning coward? Afraid the child's bones would jump at you, eh?" and there was a savage laugh at Joe, who had never been known to express a fear of anything before.

Bill was silent. He laid Edward down in a corner; and, after having extinguished the lights, they all lay down to take a few hours' sleep.

Edward cowered, trembling, on the rocky floor of the cabin; until, at length, worn out with terror and fatigue, he also fell into an uneasy slumber.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, August 15, 1868. —



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.)

"There was hardly a patch that had not its associations."—p. 755.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

SO this is the house that Jack built?" said I, meditatively, as I paused and looked at it from the gate.

Jack had early developed an original character.

At three years old, he was seen hard at work in his little garden, and, being asked what he was about, replied, he was digging a pit-hole to bury his aunt. Whether this was with malicious and

murderous intent, or from simple imitativeness of the sexton, did not appear; but, probably, the latter.

His next memorable *not* was more consistent with our usual ideas of benevolence. Hearing his grandfather lament that he was going to be turned out of his house, "Never mind, grandpapa," said he, "I'll build a house with a room for you in it."

"Oh, indeed," said his grandfather, stroking his head, and chuckling; "I hope I may be able to wait for it."

Thenceforth Jack's house became a frequent source of family wit. "Oh, that will be when Jack's house is built!" was tantamount to saying, "When to-morrow comes," or "when the sky falls in," or "when it rains cats and dogs and pitchforks."

The aunt for whose demise Jack had so considerably prepared, had a little girl named Frances, a few years his junior; and these two were great confidants and confederates. Seeing her busily engaged in manufacturing a patchwork quilt, he told her that if she was a good girl, and looked sharp, maybe it would be finished in time for his new house. Frances devoutly believed in this house; and, many a time, sitting side by side on the grass, or on the hearthrug, with their heads close together, did they confabulate on how many rooms it should have, what the furniture should be, and what the style of housekeeping. Puddings every day seemed to be the principal item.

One day Jack found Frances with her dewy eyes surcharged with tears, over a half-sheet of paper, which, to keep her quiet, had been given her to write a letter. She neither knew how to write or to spell: Jack had attained a little proficiency in both; so, with his right arm round her neck, and his right hand guiding her fat little fingers, while his left steadied the paper, he helped her to complete an epistle of two or three lines; and a pretty picture they would have made at it.

At an early age Jack was transferred from the dame-school to the grammar-school, where, in due course, such were his abilities and good behaviour, that he became head-boy. His master, with whom he was a favourite, taught him not only the rudimentary branches of education, but drawing, mapping, trigonometry, and land-surveying. His father being a builder of good repute, these acquirements promised to be very useful to him; and he went through the Latin Grammar too.

Frances now saw much less of Jack, and their relations were less confidential, for he had grown fonder of boys than of girls, and was addicted to rough games; but she kept on at her counterpane. One day Jack saw her at it, and said—

"That's for my house, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you like," said Frances. "I thought you'd forgotten all about it."

"Oh, no; only I don't talk about things. The boys would laugh at me."

"Am I to live with you?" said Frances, timidly.

"Yes, to be sure. That is, if my aunt will let you. But, perhaps, she won't."

"I wonder if she will," said Frances, pensively. Then she asked him to make her a new pattern of a hexagon, because the old one was worn out; and he got his compasses and a card, and did it in superior style.

To her great regret, she soon had to remove with her mother into a new neighbourhood, a few miles off; and strong was the pang to her young heart when she had to say "good-bye" to Jack. For his part, he was jolly; but seeing her cast a wistful look back at him, like a young Chryseis, he bawled out, "Keep on at the counterpane," which much consoled her.

They saw no more of each other for many months, and meanwhile Jack grew into quite a big boy, and was very helpful to his father. When they met at Christmas, Frances sidled up to him, hoping for a renewal of the old *entente cordiale*. She found at once that he now considered himself all but a man, and her but a child. He was even so derogatory as to give her a little chuck under the chin, saying, "Well, old woman, how are you?" and turned away without waiting for an answer.

Frances's mild nature was outraged; I will not say she resolved to pay him out some future day, for she was too guileless and forgiving to be capable of such a thought; but she was wounded, for she knew she was neither old nor a woman, and that before she could be an old woman, she would be a young one; and she felt it was no matter to Jack whether she were an old woman or not. So there was a certain distance between them: she never so much as named counterpane or house; and as for Jack, his great passion now was for reading such books as "Self-Help," "Lives of Engineers," "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and "Robinson Crusoe." He read the grammar-school master's library through and through, and invested every spare shilling in cheap editions of popular classics in wretchedly small print.

Eighteen months passed, and effected considerable difference in both. John had grown tall, and broad, and stout, and strong, and was a valuable help to his father, and cared very little for womankind. Frances had sprung up into an exceedingly pretty girl, and, having spent some time with a cousin who was a dressmaker, knew all about the fashions, carried herself well, and was more self-possessed. When she and Jack next met, and he was struck dumb by her altered appearance, it was she who began the attack, by crying, gaily—

"Well, Jack, what about the house?"

"Oh," said he, in some confusion, "I'd forgotten all about it. I've other things to think of now."

"Yes, and so have I," said she, alertly. But she collected patches, all the same, of her female acquaintance, whenever opportunity offered.

"How much less you talk, Jack," said she, "than you used to do!"

"I'll tell you what it is, Fan," said he; "I'm unsettled about my future course. My father wants me to be his partner some of these days, and I know it would be a very good thing for me; but I want to see a little of life first."

"I'm sorry you are going to be unsteady," said Frances.

"There you go now," said Jack, "just like a woman. Flying off at a tangent, with only half an idea in your head. I'm not going to be unsteady; I like sticking to business, but I don't want to be always in one groove, as my father and grandfather have been. I should like to look at the trade in other places——"

"Other parts of England?"

"Ay, and abroad. Now, Frances, why should you be ready to cry? I should come to no harm; it would do me good, if my father would let me try it."

"You won't go without his leave?"

"I hope I know my duty better. So don't look dismal about it."

There was a very good opening in Australia just then, which Jack had heard talked of, and this it principally was which had unsettled him. He was becoming restless and discontented, when something happened which was a great blow to the whole family.

The timber-yard caught fire one windy night, and there being a scarcity of water, and the nearest fire-engine being out of order, not only all the timber was burned, but the house caught fire too, and the family escaped with little but their lives. Jack's father was a ruined man, for he was not insured, and nearly all his substance was gone. The shock was so great to Jack's mother—whom he carried from her bed in his arms, wrapped in a blanket—that she hardly seemed likely to live. Things were as bad as they well could be; but relations and friends came forward to help them in their distress, and though their help was not great, their sympathy was most acceptable. One offered them shelter till they could see their way a little; others advanced small sums of money; Jack's father was energetic, and sure he should by degrees be again able to support himself. Meantime, it was decided that Jack could not do better than go to Australia; and thus the desire of his heart was accomplished with his parents' full con-

currence, instead of in defiance of their wishes. What a good thing he waited for it!

Some years passed. Jack thrived, and sent home money. Meanwhile Frances lost her mother, and went to live with an uncle in the seafaring line. The poor girl was not very happy. She had no one near her to sympathise with her much—most of her time was passed quite alone—she never heard anything of Jack. Now and then the fancy would take her to spread the patchwork counterpane on her bed and muse over it—there was hardly a patch that had not its associations, sweet or bitter.

"Fan, when do you mean to marry?"

"When my counterpane is finished, uncle," she would say; but she took care not to finish it, any more than Penelope would finish her web.

"Fan, you'll die an old maid, if you snub all the young fellows so."

"I shan't mind. I prefer being with you."

She had quite made up her mind that Jack must by this time have found himself a wife, and had settled down for good in Australia, and she felt sad and forsaken; but she did not blame him, neither would she forget him.

One stormy January—we generally have storms in January—there was an unusually heavy gale, which caused lamentable shipwrecks and disasters at sea. All the people of the fishing village where Frances lived were out on the cliffs or on the sands, to render assistance if they could to a large ship which drove ashore at the mouth of the bay. Some sailors escaping from the wreck in their boat, had nearly landed, when it capsized, and they were all carried out to sea by a receding wave. Every one was immediately engaged in succouring those who could swim. Not only were heroic deeds done by the mariners, but their good clergyman caused a rope and lantern to be fastened round his waist, and had himself let down the face of a sheer precipice, and by his exertions saved fourteen lives.

The women were not behindhand. One old woman, whose husband was old and past work, but who had gone out that night as pilot to the wrecked ship and been drowned, received into her house, at the very time this sad news was brought her, five shipwrecked sailors, whom she clothed and fed.

Frances, whose bonnet had been blown away, leaving her long, fair hair streaming in the wind, flew to help some other women who, with a rope and lantern, were pulling one of the shipwrecked crew up the rocks. They succeeded; the poor, drenched fellow, his clothes torn to ribbons, was safely raised and set on his feet. He staggered, and looked around, bewildered. Frances gave a scream of joy. "Oh, Jack! is it you!" she exclaimed.

Jack caught her in his arms, thereby wetting her all through, and eagerly kissed her. "To think of *your* saving me, Fan!" said he. She did not try to save any more after drawing that prize; there were plenty of assistants left to look after the others. Sobbing and laughing, she led him home to her uncle's, made a rousing fire, supplied him with dry clothes to put on while she made him something hot; and, by the time her uncle returned, they were seated by the fire, happier than they had ever yet been in their lives.

Jack had been true to her all along—his affections had never wavered; but he thought it no good to speak or to write about it while he had his fortune to make. He had made it, now—which is to say, he had realised enough to make a new start in business at home, in the old style, with a house and wife of his own.

"As to waiting till I'd got enough to keep my carriage and live like a lord," said he, "I had no notion of doing that. What should you and I do in a carriage? We would much rather go on foot. And if I had waited to double my earnings, who knows but what you would have married, meantime?—there would have been a pretty job!"

"No, Jack, there was no danger of that."

Her uncle took his pipe from his mouth for a moment, and said to Jack, with an expressive look, "It's not been for want of asking. She'd have nothing to say to 'em—leastways, till she'd finished her counterpane, which she's took good care never to finish."

Next day, Jack hurried off to see his father, who

had safely received all his remittances, and banked them. How joyful the meeting was, need not be said. Jack was no prodigal son, who had wasted his substance with riotous living, but a real good son, who had lain hard, fared hard, and worked hard for his father, as much as for himself. The foundations of a new business, much on the scale of the old one, were soon and prosperously laid, and Jack, in the very first instance, told his father that he was engaged to marry Frances—the dear, good girl who had waited for him all these long years, and pulled him up the cliff with a rope. Every one thought it just and fitting, and the very least that he could do; so there was nobody to forbid the banns.

Thirdly, Jack accomplished the early wish of his heart, which had accompanied him through life: he built himself a house. "How often," said he, "when camping out in the bush with no bed, no food, no water, no tobacco, have I lain on the hard ground, with a little hollow scooped out for my hips, and diverted myself all night by planning my house, even to the minutest details, till I felt neither hunger nor thirst, nor cold nor sorrow! The fancy sketch would not have been complete, without the 'maiden all forlorn' yonder, to take the head of the establishment."

I burst out laughing, for Mrs. Jack was as unlike a forlorn specimen of womanhood as could possibly be imagined; and she laughed too, and looked prettier than ever. They took me all over the house that Jack built, which certainly was the completest thing of the kind I ever knew.

A WORD UPON SLIPPERY PLACES.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



SLIDES on the pavement may be exceedingly amusing to the juvenile community, but they are intensely annoying to ordinary wayfarers. To fall on your back with a sharp smack, to lose your hat and your spectacles, to afford amusement to the bystanders, and to have that momentary flash of sparks in your eyes, which is the accompaniment of a sudden crack on the skull—all this is more than unpleasant: it is dangerous. But far away up the pass of the "Mer de Glace," whilst, in a more dignified sense, walking on ice, you have a danger of another kind—one which, whilst it braces your nerves, and keeps alive all your faculties, has death lurking behind it—death, grim, cold, and awful! Bodies sleep now in silent places, the white snow their shroud, and the descending avalanche the covering of the graves of travellers lost on the ice.

Very often has Alpine climbing been made use

of as a symbol of the Christian's pilgrimage. The Christian wayfarer always walks on ice, and has need evermore to use with frequency and fervency that beautiful prayer, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." Most difficult is it to preserve our foothold, and, as the apostle says, "having done all, to stand." Paul had seen so many fractured souls, so many dashed to pieces on the slopes of self-indulgence, that he looked upon the persistent course of a finished Christian life with thanksgiving and joy.

He who walks on ice should ever walk circumspectly—should remember that up the mountain-steep of his pilgrimage there are very many concealed crevasses, where others have fallen and perished. This life ascent onward and upward, so full of dangers, is apt to be entered on carelessly, because it is sometimes supposed to be an easy thing to be a Christian. There are those who, instead of stimulating to watchfulness and prayer,

rather hush anxiety by injecting into other minds the notion that safety is secured apart from personal endeavours after the Divine life. Just as if the mariner letting the vessel drift whither the winds and tides bore her, might feel assured of safely reaching the port at last; and just as if the guides carried men up the Alps, instead of being the leaders who it is the travellers' painstaking duty to follow. Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life," has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. Thus it is that God will bless our endeavours, but not our idleness. The toil of the upward pilgrimage must not be eased, inasmuch as we are made perfect through trials and sufferings.

Slight trips are dangerous in this slippery way; the downward path is so easy for us all. The first thing for every traveller to do, is to bind the strong cord of Divine truth about his loins—to ask the great Leader of souls to hold him up, and keep him safe, so that he may be able to say: "When my foot well-nigh slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."

Accumulative evidence is to be found in the memoranda of every man's experience, that the path of human life is very dangerous. The Bible, in warning us of the slippery places, has its handmaid in human experience. We have all seen many maimed, and some destroyed, on the slippery slopes of pride, vanity, covetousness, sensuality, and vice. The young Christian, like the venturesome mountain-climber in early ages, has sometimes too much enthusiasm patiently to learn; but a little more experience will show that the utmost vigilance is necessary to preserve the soul from the perils of temptation.

He who watches a fleet of vessels put out to sea, may well wonder how many will reach the desired haven safely. He who watches the exploring expedition—whether it be McClintock by sea, or Livingstone by land—may well wonder whether they will attain the wished-for end; and he who watches the beautiful beginnings of the Divine life in the young, may well wonder how many will endure unto the end.

Though the whole of our path to heaven is slippery, it is abundantly evident that some places are more slippery than others; and it may be well to keep our attention on some of these.

Slippery places are our successful places. Adversity makes us wary and watchful. We keep our eye open for the rocks and breakers in the storm. We store our bag with precepts and promises, and toil diligently with the staff up the rugged way. The rain is heavy, the heavens are black, and friends are few—we then depend on God—we then are instant in prayer. But success means a clear day, a crisp air, and a bright sky; with the life-blood bounding instead of crawling through

our veins. Prosperity banishes despondency, and often blinds us to duty. We try to do without God! He is not in all our thoughts. Less anxiety makes us feel less dependent; less fear makes us less watchful. We are cheerful, and self-reliant; and the toilers up the hill behind us, hear the merry echoes which accompany our joyous march. We get a check now and then, however; for as we read God's Word, we see two vultures seated on the dead body of Demas, who fell just here, "having loved the present world."

If God grants our requests, satisfies our desires, fills the basket of our plenty, and withholds no good, then we should beware lest we forget God. We cannot pass over those remarkable words—"They soon forgot his works; they waited not for his counsel, but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert; and he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." How memorable, too, those other words, needful to be pondered by the generation in which luxury so much abides: "Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God." Of all slippery places, the glib, smooth path of prosperity is perhaps the most slippery of all.

Slippery places are storm-swept places. See how careful the guides are where the black ice is smooth as ebony, now that the rapid storm has swept all impediments from its glassy surface. What a type of life! When the storm of bereavement, or sorrow, or sickness, or poverty, has swept over us, and we emerge into new health, new fortune, and new relationships of duty, then what a *reaction* too often occurs in our religious history! It is common, indeed, to think that such passages of personal history must purify us; but how often fresh mercies are seized upon with the avidity of a returning opportunity, in which we forget the dim chamber, and the doubtful question of recovery, and the mystic voices of memory, and the dull, leaden roar of the breakers on the shore of the eternal world, by which our barque veered so closely that the keel *almost* grated on the sands! The after-time of affliction is full of temptations to renewed indulgences—to the over-zealous pursuit and enjoyment of earthly things; and so slippery is it, that when tribulation has passed away, we need especial watchfulness and prayer.

Slippery places are smooth-trodden places. That path is the smoothest which is the most trodden by the multitude. I do not say that there are not many specific dangers incident to solitude, for when we are alone the world may be

shut in with us. The hermitage may contain a heart that is no hermit, but that treads all the forbidden paths of unhallowed thought and desire. Still, there can be no doubt of the exceeding great danger of following a multitude to do evil. Men will cheat, and equivocate, and lie in companies, when they would tremble to do it in their individual capacity. And men will enter upon courses of profligacy in parties, when they would find conscience too much for them if they attempted the course alone. The broad way is a very slippery way; many there be that go in thereat. We have, indeed, such confidence in ourselves that we reason thus: I can go with others without being like others; have I no individuality, no personal power of self-command and self-restraint? Can I not see the dancers in the town of Vanity Fair without becoming giddy with delight?

There is a kind of bumpitiousness in morals as well as in other spheres, and there is no question but that many have fallen into gross sin through an overweening self-conceit of their own powers of resistance. If temptation fell upon us as sparks on the sea; or if we could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath *nothing in me*," then the matter would assume a different shape; but, as it is, we need all of us to guard against a haughty spirit of confidence in ourselves.

The path of flattery is a slippery path, and, walking with the multitude, there will be found plenty to whisper to this weak side of our hearts. The path of genius is a slippery path, especially if there are voices tempting us to cease from labour and from care. The path of acknowledged reputation is a slippery path; and if we are publicly complimented on our virtues or our gifts, our very graces will soon become our worst snares. The path of common indulgence is a slippery path. We see multitudes giving little heed in their enjoyments to self-restraint; and it is possible to drain the chalice of pleasure with others before we awake to the danger which lurks in the intoxicating draught. To follow a multitude in dress, demeanour, and pleasure, is dangerous in the extreme.

Yes, the grand old Book warns us that to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, to sit in the seat of the scornful, or to stand in the way of sinners, is to tread on ice so slippery, that our moral downfall is only a question of time! Companionship is good, but it should consist in friendship with the devout and earnest—then it is

valuable in the extreme; for the cord which has sustained many souls in the Alpine journey has been the tie which held them to some godly companionship. Yes, such friendships are helpful in the best sense, and they are always to be made in the selecter circles of the self-denying and the devout. The popular path is often one of noisy, talkative, frivolous life, where God is forgotten, and where the senses are the lords of life. Such paths are slippery paths indeed.

Be it remembered that we have none of us immunity from temptation and trial. It is blessed to endure it, far more so than to escape it. Slippery paths may be safe paths to us all. The path of prayer makes them the paths of safety. Nothing binds wool round the feet like prayer. We are never so shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace as when our lives are sanctified by the hallowed influence of devotion. Prayer preserves us from little slips in our conversation, as well as greater delinquencies in our conduct. The path of obedience is also the path of safety.

Some men try to ascend the Alps by opposite sides, and some by short cuts of their own. Thus men try to achieve success in religion, and essay to get to heaven in their own way. There is but one way, and but one guide; and beginning at the cross for pardon, we must take Christ's life for our imitation all through. If we take the footprints he has left in the difficult passes of temptation, we shall never go far wrong.

The path of revealed truth is also the path of safety. In these days, when men are seeking to find, in a philosophical sense, a kind of self-redemption—when the intuitional philosophy is leading men to look to the soul within rather than the Saviour without, it is surely high time to awake out of such mystic sleep, and to remember that it is the hiding of *God's Word* in our heart which neutralises temptation, and saves us from the fascination and force of sin.

Such are some of the slippery places of life, and such some of the safe ways of escaping danger in them. It will be a blessed thing to get safely home at last, to find no avalanches above us, no ice beneath us, no toilsome ascent, or dangerous pass, or hidden crevasse before us. Safe at home!—what music is there in the sound! And surely there is no sweeter picture of the better land than that which is suggested to us by the soldier laying down his arms, and the traveller putting away his alpenstock and his knapsack, for ever and for evermore!

HOLIDAYS.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. CARR.

HORTLY the subject of holidays will be agitating the whole community. Houses of Parliament shall have broken up, courts of law shall have closed, blinds shall have been drawn down in city houses, because their inmates are off for the holidays! Country houses, with smooth-shaven lawns, will receive some; others will be drawing in draughts of reviving oxygen by the breezy sea-side.

The most exalted personages will have thrown off their importance and reserve. An archbishop will be discovered, with wide-awake and loose necktie, on the Splügen; a lord chancellor will be seen climbing Mont Blanc, alpenstock in hand and a green shade over his eyes: all the world will be off for its holiday.

There are few, we trust, who are pent up all the year round, and who see little of nature save the strip of blue sky that roofs the narrow streets whose very stones they are well acquainted with, who are not able to get away somewhere in the holiday season—to the sea-side and homely pleasures of Ramsgate or Hastings, to the downs of Devonshire, the purple hills of Scotland, or across the Channel to the romantic lakes of the Emerald Isle, should their purse or their ambition fail to carry them farther—to Alpine valleys, the art-treasures of Rome, or the sunny haunts of Naples.

We do from our very hearts sympathise with those whose peculiar circumstances preclude them from taking such a holiday at some period of the year; who are not able to get away from close atmospheres, dusty purlieus, weary miles of bricks and mortar,—away to the fresh flowers and fields, to meandering streams, to the sea-side, with its bright waves running in over the golden sands. We hope, for the sake of our common humanity, for the sake of the innocent and pure joys that such rambles entail, that the number of those who know not what a holiday means, is very small indeed. We are aware there are some curiously-endowed creatures who care nothing for a holiday; whose monotonous life to them is a very pleasant one, spent between their ingle-nooks—nests, it may be, built in the narrowest and dingiest of London streets—and their places of business; whose only exercise, from one end of the year to the other, is the mechanical walk to and from these places. May there be no shades of children, waking the echoes of such homes with their inconsonant laughter—children who never look upon a daisy or a buttercup, who never ask, “What are the wild waves saying?” May such homes be

devoted to old bachelors, with their easy chairs, slippers, and pipe, and we leave them to enjoy their holiday after their own fashion.

In prospect of our holiday-time, we would say the first thing is to *deserve* it. We shall enjoy our recreation doubly if we feel that we have earned it, and thus enter upon it with a good conscience. Hard work for eleven months will make the twelfth doubly dear as a holiday. The very thought that we have worked so hard will enhance our enjoyment, as, free from all care, we are climbing the heathery mountains of Scotland, or making our way across the Grinzel.

Secondly, we should say *enjoy it*. Let us enter upon it as a piece of business. Let us pack carefully, discarding the useless, and encumbering ourselves only with what we feel to be absolutely necessary. Let there be no starting in a hurry; let us calmly and wisely consider beforehand what our plans are, and having made them, let us stick to them. No small part of the pleasure of holidays is the anticipation of them; the marking out of the tour on the map, the consulting with our friends as to the best route, best hotels, best guides, &c. Long winter nights may be thus pleasantly diversified by chats at the fireside anent the summer or autumn tour.

And when actually off, we should seek for a thorough unbending. No cares of business should follow us; all that is to be settled beforehand, and “black care” left behind. We should determine also to make the best of any little mishap, any misadventure that may befall us during our holiday. Let there be good humour throughout. Wet days will come; guides will disappoint; an extortionate bill will be presented here and there. These are some of the unavoidable accompaniments of a holiday tramp, and provision should be made to meet them. A pleasant book stowed away in the knapsack will often while away the tedium of a rainy day; or such a day may be devoted to notes in the journal, or to the preservation of botanical specimens, the arranging of fossils, rocks, &c., should our taste lie in that direction. As to bills, most travellers can guess pretty well what their expenses will be, according to the character of the establishments where they put up. Now and then we may fall into the hands of the Philistines; but a little arrangement beforehand will frequently enable us to avoid such unpleasantnesses.

We shall enjoy our holiday all the more if we feel we have been the means of giving a holiday to others. By all means let employers strive to give their servants and dependants a run some-

where. It will make their own holiday all the sweeter, to know that Jones has taken his family to Brighton for three weeks; that Smith has gone down to visit his friends in Yorkshire; and *they* will be all the better servants for the favour. It is a great mistake to spur the willing horse to death. It is a true proverb, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

What shall we say of the married man who is content to leave his wife and little ones *at home*, while he goes off alone to amuse himself? How can he feel happy in the midst of Switzerland, or in the wilds of Norway, when he thinks of the little pale faces peering through the dusty panes; or the mother, with all her household cares upon her, enduring the monotony of the hours? Better far to take a holiday nearer home, engage lodgings at some second-rate watering-place, if needs be, and see the children "playing on the shore," happy and gleeful, as they make sand pies, and the mother recovering her bright smile, as she watches them from some shady nook, her heart glad in their gladness.

The third rule we would lay down for our holidays is this—*profit* by them. Do not strive to do too much. Let the *body* profit. Remember it is recreation you are seeking. The bow is to be thoroughly unbent. It is a great mistake that many persons make of determining to see everything—to do everything. What a miserable word is this "*do*," in this sense! "We *did* Mont Blanc; we *did* the Rhine." "We *did* the three lakes yesterday," said a friend to us lately, in Killarney; "and we are going to do Mangerton to-day."

Take things easy. Let your holiday stand to you instead of apothecary's physic and doctor's bills. Remember you are laying up a stock of health and strength for another year. Do not come home with a fagged body, enervated by overwork, long walks, heavy climbing, and little rest. Short stages, with sufficient repose, and one or two hearty meals in the day—this is the true philosophy of holiday-making.

Cultivate the eye as you journey; cultivate the ear; store the memory with the recollection of things observed and felt, so that you may have lively impressions of your holiday for the rest of the year. How much pleasure did Wordsworth secure from the single remembrance of "a host of golden daffodils" seen once in his travels!

"I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

We have all need of *rest*. The physical worker needs to rest his body; the mental worker needs to rest his mind. The very institution of the Sabbath-day seems to suggest the holiday. In the mysterious language of Scripture, the Almighty Architect of the worlds "rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made." Our blessed Lord recognised the necessity of rest when he said to his disciples, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." And here we would say to our readers, make it a point to rest on Sundays. In the little secluded church hid away beneath the shadow of the lofty mountain, seek the presence of God. Worship will be all the sweeter because of the associations. When you bend your knee beneath the humble roof, you will feel that you are worshipping that great Being who has given you the evidences of his existence, power, and greatness in the sublime scenery with which you are surrounded.

Give rest to the *mind*. If your business requires severe mental toil during the year, put up in your knapsack some pleasant literature wherewith to while away an idle hour now and then. Let it be, if possible, a book suited to the scenes of your holiday.

We feel we would be failing in our duty to ourselves and our readers, if we did not say to them, above all books let THE BOOK find a corner in your knapsack, and take it out now and then and read a portion of it—a psalm amid the mountain solitudes, a chapter in the gospels of a Sunday evening. Let some message of comfort or exhortation find you morning by morning, ere you set out for a day of fresh enjoyment and recreation. And thus that highest portion of our being shall profit by our holiday. Determine not to return without some spiritual good, as well as some physical and intellectual good. Let those spiritual powers—

"That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometime impaired,"

be renewed. Take opportunity of some of the lonely hours, that, no doubt, will be yours through your coming holiday, of reviewing the past. Contemplate what progress you have made in your Christian course, what temptations you have grappled with and overcome. Commune with God in the mountain solitudes; acquire fresh spiritual strength; gain higher views of God's character, his power, love, grace; so shall you return from your holiday, renewed in body, mind, and spirit; with fresh zest for your duties, with pleasant memories of your five or six weeks' holiday, and with the bright anticipation, that if health and strength are spared you for another year, you will start off again "to fresh fields and pastures new," in search of change and recreation.



(Drawn by W. L. THOMAS.)

"I taught his lessons, and knew his pleasures."--p. 762.

STRANGERS NOW.

A H me! at twilight I sit and ponder
 Over my path through the days gone by:
 I understand where I used to wonder,
 And sometimes smile where I used to sigh:
 If age knows so much that youth never guessed,
 In heaven we surely shall learn the rest!

Often and often, when days grow chilly,
 When dead leaves shiver and drop the while,
 I sit and think of my brother Willie,
 And then I sigh where I used to smile;
 For youth brings us gold, and we think it dross,
 But age must sit down and bewail its loss.

I carried Willie to mother dying;
 I took him to her when she was dead;
 I lifted him up, and soothed his crying,
 Missing her name from the prayers we said:
 I taught his lessons, and knew his pleasures,
 And kept his prizes among my treasures.

At last, when my head wouldn't reach his shoulder,
 Willie went out from our sheltered nest:
 And his open forehead grew broad and bolder,
 And his blue eyes flashed with a glad unrest:
 And my soul was filled with a yearning pity
 Over my brother in London city.

But my life grew out of its quiet story,
 And broke to melody quick and glad:
 So when Willie came in the sunset glory,
 Though he was touchingly grave and sad,
 I forgot to seek with a tender spell,
 To win the troubles he longed to tell.

Ah, me! but changes were coming slowly,
 A shadow dropping across the sun;
 And very soon it was darkness wholly,
 Near mother's grave was a newer one:
 The Lord had taken away my glory,
 And my life returned to its quiet story.

Then, oh for the love I had checked and chilled!
 But who can gather the faded flowers?
 And who can drink the wine that is spilled?
 And who can ransom the wasted hours?
 Once Willie had sought for my love in vain,
 And he never has turned to my heart again!

He's a little cold, but he's always kind:
 I see him, sometimes day after day,
 But his soul is ever concealed behind,
 And I know his life just as strangers may.
 If our mother's heaven we ever share,
 Will my Willie love me again up there?

I. FYVIE.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MRS. BROOKLYN'S CONFIDENCES.

A LOME, Mr. Sylvester, let us make ourselves as cosy and as comfortable as we can."

This speech was addressed to Raymond by Mrs. Brooklyn at the commencement of another tête-à-tête.

"It is such a long time since you have been to see me," continued she, plying her needle with great industry; "I began to think myself quite forsaken."

Raymond had before his mind, clearly enough, the thing which was appointed for him to do; and here might have been an excellent opening: but the words did not flow forth with the freedom that might have been expected.

"And how is dear Alice?" asked Mrs. Brooklyn, with a little gush.

"Quite well, I thank you." And then he remembered that the words were not strictly true. Alice was beginning to fade away, like a flower in the chill breeze of autumn.

His mind went back to her and to his mother. He could hear his mother's words repeated to him, again and again, ere he set out that morning:

"It is not a matter of months now, my son, but of days!"

Yet, with all these memories, and with this wealth

spread out before him, he was never further from his object than now.

An inward voice, which had haunted him all along, told him that the course he had been pursuing was unmanly and dishonourable. It hinted there was a better path, and a truer policy, to be carried out. And then there came a yearning desire to be free from these trammels, and a loathing of the whole system of the Sylvesters.

He had these moods often, though none knew it; and the struggle would be so great that the manacles which custom had forged were in danger of being broken.

"I am afraid you are out of spirits this morning," said Mrs. Brooklyn, noticing his abstraction.

"Oh, no—no!" said Raymond, making an attempt to rouse himself.

Yet something was amiss, and had been a long time—something grievously amiss.

Why was he sitting here, in idle case, when the voice of Providence was calling to him from that golden field out yonder, and bidding him work while yet it was day? Might he not obey that voice, even though he were a Sylvester? Might he not, by these better means, call down a blessing on the doomed house to which he belonged?

"Everybody has troubles," began the widow, a moment after, in a little gush of confidence. "I

am sure, I have had my share. When I was a girl, no one knows what persecutions I went through!"

Raymond looked surprised, as well he might.

"Yes. Of course I don't say these things to everybody," and her work dropped on her lap, "but the fact is, I never should have married poor dear Brooklyn of my own accord."

"Indeed," said Raymond, more surprised than ever.

"I don't say them to everybody," repeated the widow, as if determined to impress the fact upon him.

"All persons have not the delicate sympathy that you have; and it would be casting pearls before swine."

Raymond bowed politely. He could do no less.

"But I did not marry him," again began the widow, "poor dear Brooklyn I mean—I did not marry him for love."

She stopped and heaved a gentle sigh.

Raymond began to feel his embarrassment increase.

"Love, you know, Mr. Sylvester, is—is—in fact," added she, wiping her eyes, "I need hardly describe to you what love is."

Raymond was speechless.

"There was too great a difference in our ages to render such a union desirable," continued the widow, again wiping her eyes. "I did my duty to him, in spite of my trials and vexations; but all that has passed away like a dream!"

And then came another sentimental sigh.

Raymond marvelled to what all this tended. In his perplexity he raised his eyes to the spot where the portrait of the deceased Brooklyn used to look down from his place on the wall; but, to his amazement, Brooklyn was gone! And not only was Brooklyn gone, but a usurper had come into his place.

There was the bronzed, handsome face, and bold, mischievous eyes of Captain Jack—an individual of whose existence Raymond was as yet unconscious.

For a moment, the representative of the Sylvesters thought himself in a dream.

Mrs. Brooklyn saw the look, and it gave an impetus to her communications.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Sylvester," continued she, in the same confidential strain, "but long before I became acquainted with Brooklyn, I had a lover."

Raymond's gallantry here made him remark that he did not wonder at it.

The widow smiled, and shook her head, as if to deprecate the assertion.

"Yes, I had," continued she; "and he loved me—oh! I cannot describe to you"—with a vehement gush, and a clasping of the hands—"I cannot describe to you, dear Mr. Sylvester, how he loved me!"

Raymond said there was no occasion. He could quite believe that such would be the case.

"And as for me," continued the widow, with increasing confidence, "I assure you, Mr. Sylvester, that but one person in the whole world has ever won my heart,—my real, entire heart—and that person is Captain Jack!"

Raymond had the greatest difficulty to keep from laughing.

"Captain Jack, the friend of my earliest years, my playmate, my companion, my associate in almost everything. He has come back from sea, you know," added she, with a suddenness that was quite startling. "Indeed," said Raymond, beginning to feel the end of the clue.

"I thought he was dead. My poor, dear, darling Jack!" and the handkerchief was pressed to her eyes. "But he was not," added she, withdrawing it with great celerity, and nodding expressively at Raymond. "He was just as much alive as you are."

The clue began to get more palpable.

"He had gone abroad in despair, because I was not allowed to marry him; my friends did not appreciate his various excellences. But I am my own mistress now, and can do as I choose. Poor Jack!" And here came a sigh of extreme softness and sentiment.

Raymond ventured to ask if Captain Jack was in England.

"In England! I should think he is. He is at Brooklyn, in this very house!"

And the fact was proclaimed with great glee.

"Of course," continued the widow, looking down, and twisting the corner of her handkerchief, "I cannot help the disappointment that will, in fact, be felt. Dear Sir Hugh will take it very much to heart, I am sure; and there are others that I might name who will feel aggrieved. But I am not responsible for the views they may have entertained; I never gave them any encouragement—that I know of," added the widow, ending her sentence in rather an ignominious manner.

"Certainly not," said Raymond, cheerfully; it is astonishing how cheerful he felt. "And you must allow me to congratulate you very sincerely, and to wish you and Captain Jack every happiness."

"Thank you," replied the widow. But there was a touch of pique in her voice, too.

She was a good-natured woman on the whole; but she would have liked him to feel some little sting notwithstanding.

Soon after, Raymond took his leave; indeed, he had stayed too long already. And then he began to think of his mother. He was thinking of the wan, handsome face, and the eager eyes, and the desperate, actual strait to which he and his should be reduced, when, as he crossed the hall, the door opened, and an individual whom he had never seen before, sallied out.

This person was dressed in sailor's costume, and had a short pipe in his mouth, which he did not remove as he made the remark—

"So, I suppose, you are Mr. Sylvester."

Raymond bowed.

"And I—it is quite as well that you should know it—I am Captain Jack."

Raymond bowed again.

"An old lover of Alicia Pierpoint, and who intends to marry her as soon as he can."

"So I suppose," said Raymond, smiling. He did not feel the least inclination to quarrel with Captain Jack. "And I wish you all the happiness this world can give."

Captain Jack took his pipe from his mouth with one hand, and offered the other to Raymond.

"Thank ye. I thought there would be a jolly bit of a row between us two; but I see you're not a bad sort of fellow. Will you be friends?"

"With all my heart," said Raymond, laughing.

"That's right. Beautiful woman, isn't she?" And the pipe went into his mouth again.

"Very," said Raymond, walking towards the outer door of the mansion, and impatient to get home again.

"And as good as she is beautiful. Ah, sweet Alicia!" And he cast his eyes to the ceiling with a rhapsodic air.

They had now reached the outer door, and Raymond's horse was brought by a groom. In another minute he would be gone.

"I say," exclaimed Captain Jack, laying his hand on Raymond's arm, "don't you be downhearted, now, about Alicia."

"It would not be of much use if I were," replied Raymond, trying to speak gravely; "no rival would stand a chance against you, Captain Jack."

"Thank ye," replied Captain Jack, touching his cap; "you are a sensible fellow, Mr. Sylvester."

Raymond laughed. Then he wished Captain Jack good morning, and rode away, leaving him absolute master of the field.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

"Now," said the inward voice, getting stronger and louder, "now is your time to cast off your old shackles, and begin life afresh."

"Yes," replied Raymond debating the matter in his own mind, and responding more and more to the inward monitor, "I would gladly begin life afresh. My life, such as it has been, stares me in the face, as a thing to be ashamed of. But how to begin?" And the future, with all its complications, met him, like an enigma to be solved.

"How to begin; and is it not too late?"

"Never too late to mend!" was the familiar phrase prompted by conscience.

Never too late to mend!

Other men had toiled up as steep a difficulty. He could think of some, at this moment—men who had overcome, at last—not by sitting in slothful ease—but by that mighty agent, *industry*.

Industry was not an attribute much prized by the Sylvesters. But how noble it was! What a precedence it took by ancient right! "If a man will not work, neither let him eat," was the inspired assertion of an apostle.

"Well, then! he would begin at once. In the face of the dangers that threatened him; in the face of poverty, and ruin, and disgrace—he would enlist under the banners of *Industry*."

This resolution was not so sudden as it seems. It had gradually been ripening into purpose, though no one knew it.

The failure of the Brooklyn enterprise was like some friendly hand that snapped his bonds asunder.

As he drew near the house, he saw a figure in the distance. His heart beat quickly. He guessed, by a kind of intuition, that it was his mother. He could see her quite plainly, now, and he knew that anxiety had led her to come. Tears sprang to his eyes. He was full of loving pity for the proud, cold woman whom many avoided with fear and dislike. If all forsook her, he would not. Yet he was about to shake off allegiance to her creed!

When he came close to her, he was shocked at her appearance. Dark circles were round her eyes. Her face was unnaturally pale. She looked as if she could neither eat, nor sleep, for the anxiety that consumed her.

"Well," said she, trying to speak with her usual self-possession, "is it good news, Raymond?"

"It is not quite as you hoped, dear mother," replied he, soothingly, and taking her hand.

"What!" and she drew away her hand with a quick gesture; "what! not as I hoped? Have you not been to Brooklyn?"

"Yes, mother, I have been to Brooklyn."

He was walking beside her; his horse's bridle over his arm.

"And were you too late? You have been half-hearted, Raymond," said she, reproachfully. "You thought the sacrifice too great! You, who should have shrunk from no alternative, have failed me."

"I will never fail you, mother, God helping me!" said Raymond, with great tenderness.

"Then why have you come back without bringing a hope of succour? when the old house totters to its fall—when it may be too late to-morrow!" And she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

He had never seen her so moved before. His heart was full of sorrow, not regret. Be things as they might, he could not entertain a particle of regret.

He knew she would not regard the matter in the light in which he did. What he considered the depth of degradation, she looked upon as an act of virtue. It was useless to argue in that direction. But he must offer some explanation. He must make some reply to the questions she heaped upon him. And he told her he had a rival.

"Rival!" and she caught angrily at the word. "What rival could stand before my son—and a Sylvester?"

Raymond, even at this distressing moment, could scarcely suppress a smile as he thought of Captain Jack.

He told his mother that it would have been a useless humiliation to press his suit on Mrs. Brooklyn, under the circumstances; and he hinted what those circumstances were.

Still, she was not pacified. She told him he had too much at stake to be easily discouraged; and she said that, "even now——"

But he cut her short. He said she must banish that thought from her mind for ever. And, as he said it, his mouth was set like iron.

She did not speak for a few moments. Once she looked up at the old house. It was a look that

touched him to the heart. He could scarcely bear it. But he did not retract. He never would.

"Then we are lost!" she said, at length.

They had entered the house by now, and were in her private room. He had placed her a chair, and taken her shawl from her. Never had his manner been more respectful, or more tender.

"All is not lost," he said, "if we meet the evil patiently, and bear the punishment of our misdeeds." Here he spoke in obedience to the inward voice. Then he told her what he intended to do. He said he had long felt a secret shame and sorrow at the course he was pursuing—a course unwise, and, if he might use the word, *dishonest*.

She started; but he went on without regarding her. He knew the remedy had come too late to avert the evils of the past. He told her of families, ancient and honourable as their own, who had guarded against the possibility of such evils, by the practice of *industry*. Homely words in the ears of Lady Sylvester.

Other men, he told her, had risen from the lowest ranks, and taken the first places in the land—all by the means of industry.

Industry was the ladder by which to climb to fortune; the weapon by which to subdue adversity. Industry brought peace, and honour, and independence. It was the very foundation of a nation's greatness.

Raymond's speech was eloquent, but it failed to meet the approbation of his mother. Such sentiments were in direct opposition to her creed. Long before he finished, she had arrayed herself against him with all her might. She would not have the family disgraced, she said, under her very eyes. If he chose to forfeit his birthright, and lose his position, he should do so at a distance. And the tie between mother and son, which no adversity could sever, seemed in danger of a rupture.

He told her he had resolved to carry out his plan—obtain, in fact, employment; only that he forbore to use the word. His object in remaining on the spot would be to afford to his mother and his sister all the comfort and protection in his power. He would get the means, he said, of building up a new home when this should fail them. It was simply right and honourable for him to do so; base and dishonourable to sit with folded hands, and let the ruin do its worst.

She did not think so. Certain ways of conduct were required of persons in their position. When had he ever heard of a Sylvester working for his bread? And she laughed scornfully.

He was silent, but not convinced. He meant for the future to earn *his* bread; and no one should prevent him!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DAME HUMPHREYS HEARS THE NEWS.

DAME HUMPHREYS was not a woman who took things greatly to heart. When Rachel was gone, she began to argue with herself that, after all, there might not

be so very much the matter. John was "put about"—this was her expression—and he might have gone on some business concerning the bond, and not have been able to get back as he expected.

Rachel was easily alarmed, poor thing. She hadn't the presence of mind that *she* had—meaning *herself*—Dame Humphreys.

Comforted by these reflections, the old lady sat down to her morning's cup of tea. She tried to convince herself that, by this time, John would have come back, and that he and Rachel might be breakfasting together at the farm, and talking over the night's panic. She thought Rachel would be sure to send down a messenger, and let her know that it was so.

But no messenger came; and, in spite of her philosophy, Dame Humphreys began to be uneasy. In fact, when an hour had passed, and still no tidings were sent her, she trotted up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and set off for the farm.

She had scarce reached the end of the street, when the ill news, that flies apace, met her. One of her favourite gossips, Betsy Pryor by name, was carrying it in hot haste, and with considerable additions of her own.

"Ah, poor Mrs. Humphreys! And how do *you* do?" was the opening salutation of this individual.

"Very well, thank you, Mrs. Pryor. Pray have you seen John?" for if John was anywhere in that neighbourhood, he was not likely to escape the prying eyes of Betsy.

"No, indeed! I haven't; and a good thing too," replied Mrs. Pryor, mysteriously. She was bursting to tell; and yet she did not want to frighten the old woman quite to death.

"Why is it a good thing, pray?" asked Dame Humphreys, sharply.

"Because he's every reason to keep out of folks' way, seeing what a dreadful thing has happened," replied Betsy Pryor.

"Oh, Betsy! for the love of Heaven do speak out!" cried poor Dame Humphreys, terribly alarmed.

"You haven't heard, then. Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry; but it's the talk of the town by now, and no help for it. They say he's killed old Isaacs!"

"Killed! *My* John!—my own boy!" gasped Dame Humphreys, as pale as death.

"Well, he mayn't be dead; and, now I come to think of it, he isn't quite. But John hit him so hard, that he isn't likely to get over it. They say his head—"

"Oh, hush—hush! I won't hear it. I can't believe it," shuddered Dame Humphreys, stopping her ears; "it isn't true!"

"I am afraid it is, Mrs. Humphreys. You see, John left him for dead; but, as soon as he could speak, he sent for the police, and told 'em who did it, and set 'em on hard and fast. John's sure to be took, if he hasn't got out of the country."

"Oh, my son!—my son!" cried the poor old woman, in a tone of deep affliction.

"It's very bad, I know," said Betsy Pryor; "and I

was just a-coming to tell you. Now, shall I step up and tell Rachel?"

"Oh, no—no! I am going to Rachel." And, for the first time, a tide of real womanly sympathy set in towards the "girl" whom John had chosen to marry.

How should she be able to break the dreadful news to Rachel?

Trembling all over with agitation, she hurried on as fast as her limbs could carry her. All she thought of at this moment was Rachel.

When she reached the house, at the first sound of her footsteps, out came Rachel. Her face had in it all the misery of hope deferred.

"No, my deary, it's only *me*," said the old woman, sorrowfully. Her tone of voice was kinder than it had ever been to Rachel.

"Oh, mother—mother! he is not come!" cried Rachel, in a kind of despair.

"I know—I know! but I've got tidings. Now, sit ye down, and don't ye tremble so. There's a good God above us," said Dame Humphreys, solemnly, "and I'll hold ye hand, and just tell ye all about it."

Rachel sat down. Her face was very white, and she shook like an aspen-leaf. But she shook still more when Dame Humphreys told her.

She told her as gently as she could; but such an ugly fact did not admit of much disguise. John had, to say the least of it, committed a crime that might be his ruin.

"I don't doubt but he was provoked into it," said Dame Humphreys, endeavouring to extenuate his guilt as much as she could; "and happen he did not mean to hurt the man; but, you see, his passion was up, and the thing was done in a moment, and couldn't be called back again. That's where it is, Rachel."

Rachel did not speak. She had turned her face away, and hidden it with her hands.

Dame Humphreys thought she would give her a little time to recover. It was no good saying anything, she argued. And there was plenty to be done. Rachel, she dare say, hadn't had bit or drop, and the kettle did not boil. A cup of tea was a great

panacea for human woe, in Dame Humphreys' opinion; and she set to work to get it. When the kettle boiled, and the tea was made and poured out, she said—for Rachel still sat motionless—"Come, my deary, try and drink a cup. It will do your poor head good."

Rachel withdrew her hands from her face. Oh! what a sorrow-stricken face it was!

"I cannot, mother"—it seemed a comfort to her to use the word—"I cannot, till I know——"

She shuddered. Dame Humphreys guessed what she meant.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Rachel: I'll just send Jim down the town, and he shall bring us word."

"Oh, yes—yes!"

She spoke with a feverish anxiety. Dame Humphreys again guessed the depth of her anxiety. It was lest Isaacs should be dead.

While Jim was gone, the tea remained untasted, in spite of all that Dame Humphreys could do. Once Rachel put the cup to her lips, but she could not swallow. "My throat seems closed up," she said. Then she went down the field to watch for the lad's return.

At length a speck in the distance gave hope that the messenger was coming. Rachel laid her hand on her heart. Even when he was near enough she could not ask him. Her pale lips refused to form the words. It was like the sun shining from behind a cloud, when the lad's cheery voice said, "All right, missis, don't ye put yourself about. He aint got half his deserts!" Rachel burst into an hysterical cry.

"I'd have licked him right enough, I know," exclaimed the redoubtable Jim, "if it had been me. But poor master's so tender like, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Then it is not so bad! Oh, thank God for it!" cried the poor wife, still weeping hysterically.

"Bad! I should think it isn't. You see, he were stunned like, that was all. But there aint a better man in the country nor master!" exclaimed Jim, conclusively.

(To be continued.)

"FALLEN THROUGH A ROCK."

PART II.



OW long Edward slept he never knew; but when he awoke all was dark and silent around. He was some time collecting his scattered senses, for all that had occurred on the previous day seemed like a fearful dream. At length he became fully conscious of the horrors of his situation, and all the preceding events flashed vividly before his memory. He sat up and tried to listen, but could only hear the sullen dash of the waves against the foot of the cliffs. There were no sounds of human life in that dense darkness in which he was involved; all was silent as the grave. He would have been thankful now to hear the tones of those harsh and savage voices,

which had frightened him so much the night before; but, alas! he was left alone to perish in this "living tomb."

Oh, what would his father and mother think, if they knew the situation of their child! They were not far away, and yet would never know of his miserable fate. He lay for a long time indulging these sad thoughts, until he became conscious of a feeling of hunger, and took courage to rise, and cautiously feel about, in the hope of finding some remnants of the supper he had seen the men partake of the night before; but in vain; he could not discover anything with which to relieve his hunger, and sank down where he stood in helpless despair.

A long time passed away, during which he fell into

a quiet, dreamy state of half-consciousness, from which he was roused by hearing a step approach;—yes, most certainly, a human footstep! He heard it distinctly, though he could not imagine how any one had entered his gloomy prison.

A new terror now assailed him, even worse than solitude, for he feared one of the savage beings into whose hands he had fallen had returned, perhaps unknown to the others, to murder him. Then, with a sudden feeling of joy, he fancied his father had discovered the secret passage, and was come to rescue him. This hope was speedily dissipated by hearing a strange voice call, "Boy, where are you?" He was afraid to reply, and lay quite still, but for the beating of his heart. Again the words were repeated. The tones were rough and harsh, yet there was a rugged kindness in them which somewhat allayed his fears, and he was encouraged to answer, though timidly, "I am here."

Guided by the sound of his voice, the man approached and placed a piece of bread in the boy's hand, which he ate eagerly.

"Now, come along," said the stranger, as he took him by the arm and led him a little way, until they came to what Edward supposed to be a narrow passage through the rock. Then there was a turning and a gleam of light—how welcome to his eyes, so long accustomed to the dreary darkness of the cave! A little further on, the light increased so much that he could see his companion's face, and recognised him as the man who had caught him in his arms when he fell the night before, and whom the other smugglers had addressed as "Bill." At last they stood on the verge of the cliff, upon a narrow ledge of rock. Edward's head swam as he gazed down the dizzy height; but he caught a glimpse of a boat beneath, as if waiting for them. "Now, my lad, look sharp!" said his conductor, pointing to the rope ladder he had just thrown over the edge, and the end of which was caught by the men below. He assisted Edward fairly to place his feet on the rounds; afterwards he had little difficulty in descending to the boat. Bill then hauled up the ladder, and having hid it away, he slipped a loop of rope over a projecting point of rock, and letting the end trail in the water, slid gently down, and rejoined his companions: they jerked the rope off the ledge, and rowed away. After pulling for a considerable time in silence, they came in sight of a large lugger, lying close in to the shore.

"Now, my boy," said Bill, "I have saved your life. I'm not very particular about most things, but somehow I didn't like the notion of a young fellow like you being left by yourself to starve in that black trap you managed to get into. I don't rightly know why I thought so much about it, unless it's because I caught you coming down; or may be it's that I have a son myself something about your size. However, I got round the captain, to take you on board; so you must come with us now, and make yourself useful."

Edward burst into tears. The prospect of having to go with these bad men, away from his home and friends, perhaps for ever, seemed to him almost as dreadful as death. He looked up imploringly in Bill's face.

"And will you not let me go back to my father, and mother, and little sister? they will all be so unhappy about me. Oh, I cannot live among those dreadful men who wanted to kill me! Let me go home, and I will never tell about the cave or where I have been—I will not, indeed, I promise; and I always keep my word. Oh! pray do let me."

"No, no, my boy; that won't do, so say no more about it. Trouble enough I had to save your life. It's better to be on board with us than starving in that black hole I took you from, isn't it? Be thankful for what I have done for you, and never let me hear a word more out of your mouth about going home. When we get to the other side of the water you shall stay with my wife and boy, and that will be the home you'll have; you'll be well off, and I'll teach you two boys to be sailors."

By this time they had reached the smugglers' vessel. They got on board, and Edward's fate was sealed. Poor child! he was very unhappy, and met with much harsh and savage treatment during the voyage, though Bill often stood his friend, and saved him as much as was in his power from abuse and ill-treatment.

The next three years of his life were spent with Bill's wife and son. He was made useful to them in every way possible for a boy of his age, and met but little kindness, except during the short visits Bill paid his family. Being of a robust and healthy constitution, he endured the many hardships to which he was subjected tolerably well; but his only pleasure was to wander off alone, when his work was done, to think of his distant home, and form plans of escape, to be put into execution when he grew older. This hope it was which enabled him to bear up under his present lot.

The time had now arrived when Bill considered the two boys sufficiently grown to be taken on the next voyage "to learn their business," as he said. Edward was not sorry to quit his present abode; he had a vague idea that any change of place might possibly lead to some opportunity of escape; but soon found that he was not allowed to quit the vessel on any occasion, and his life was so much harder, that he frequently wished himself back in the cottage of Bill's wife.

He made several voyages during the next two years, and twice returned to his native shore, though never permitted to land. On the third occasion, just six years from the time he had been carried off, the smugglers' craft again cast anchor in her usual place, and a boat's load of goods was sent to be stowed away in the old cave, which had still remained undiscovered.

Edward being now strong enough for hard work, went with two of the crew to assist in packing the goods inside the cavern: another party were to

remove the great stone from the top, and let the bales down by ropes to those within. When all had been lowered, the men agreed to go back to the vessel for another boat's load; but as there still remained much piling and arranging to be done, in order to make room for the rest, they left Edward to work during their absence, taking with them the boat, so as to render escape in this way impossible. They did not replace the stone, but hauled up the rope, and laid a few branches over the opening, according to the old plan, until they should return. Edward continued his occupation diligently by the light of a lamp always used on such occasions. The men were several hours away; but when he had arranged all as directed, he sat down and fell into a train of sad thought. He pictured to his mind all the misery he had endured just six years ago in the same place—his narrow escape of a dreadful death, and all the trials and hardships to which he had since been subjected. Then his thoughts naturally reverted to his family; he wondered what changes those years had brought to those he loved, and how much little Helen must be now grown, if she still lived.

For a short time we must leave Edward to his mournful meditations, and return to the objects of his anxiety. Six years had, indeed, made some change in his parents, they looked older and more careworn; the loss of their only son was a trial not easily forgotten. Helen had grown a tall girl of twelve, little altered otherwise, still bright and lively as when she was the laughing child her absent brother so often pictured to his imagination. They had resumed the custom of passing part of the summer at the seaside, which had been given up for a year or two after Edward's disappearance. It was the sixth year now, and the very season of his mysterious loss, when one lovely summer evening Helen and her father set out for a walk among the rocks. The sun had set, and it was beginning to grow dusk, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Papa! there is the very place, I know it so well, for I have seen it in my dreams!"

"What place, dear?"

"Oh! the place where Edward fell; do you not see the branches lying over it to conceal the hole, as I told you long ago? But why have I never seen it since, often as I have been here? Papa, I dreamed the other night that our dear Edward was in that rock still. Shall we try?"

"You know, Helen, that would be impossible; but we will examine the place."

They advanced cautiously, and pulled away with some difficulty the branches laid over the mouth of the orifice. As they looked down, they thought they could perceive a gleam of light in the hollow rocks. Was it imagination, or did they hear a rustling sound, as of some one moving beneath? Helen's father motioned her back, as she tried to stoop forward, for the idea occurred to him that it might be a hiding-place for smugglers, who were supposed

to infest that part of the coast; but an irresistible impulse forced her to call out—

"Edward, Edward, are you there?"

"Yes," answered a voice out of the depths of the rock. "Who are you who calls my name?"

"Helen, your own Helen, and our father is here also. Oh, come up to us!"

"Alas! I cannot," replied the voice. "I am in the power of smugglers; they have taken their boat, and left me no chance of escape."

"I shall call help to get you out," said his father, now speaking for the first time; for he was so bewildered by the sudden joy of finding that his son still lived, he could not think of anything else.

"Do not go, father," replied Edward; "it will be too late when you return, the men are coming back soon; they will take me to their ship; now is my only chance. I will try and make a high pile of boxes on which to stand; if we had a rope, you might draw me up; perhaps they have left one there by mistake. Look."

"Yes," said Ellen, "here is one, fastened firmly to the side of the hole, it was hidden among the branches."

"I remember," he answered, "I saw them haul it up, that it might be out of my reach. Now, fling the end down."

In breathless haste they did as he desired. He seized it frantically, as a drowning man grasps his only hope of escape, and was drawn by his father's strong arm in safety to the top. Once more he stood a free boy on his native land.

By what means the smugglers supposed he had effected his escape, we know not; but so much did they dread detection after this time that, though they still continued to visit the coast, they were obliged to give up the use of their favourite and most secure hiding-place.

We may be sure that Edward, his father, and Helen lost no time in making their way to his uncle's house. And who can describe the delight of that happy meeting; the joyful surprise to his mother, as she clasped to her heart the dear one she had so long mourned as dead? And who can describe, also, the air of happy triumph with which Helen said, as she held her restored brother's hand—

"Did I not tell you, six years ago, that he had fallen through a rock? and from that very rock we have now drawn him. Surely, papa, God was very good to have guided our steps there this evening, and at the only time it was possible dear Edward could have been released from the smugglers' cave."

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE SLAIN UPON A ROCK OF THE SAME NAME AS HIMSELF.

1. Another name for Hosea.
2. The father of Hadadezer.
3. A stone of help.
4. One who showed kindness to David at Mahanaim.

THE BIVVER

— Saturday, August 22, 1868. —



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL AND WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

DOES modern Winchester remind visitors of Ithen? She wore a rich traditional garland: the days when the city was the queen of the south and the capital of Alfred's kingdom, sitting like a crowned lady on the fair banks of the the ancient Britons had named the place "the White City;" colonists from ancient Germany (Belgæ) had increased her power; the conquering

Romans recognised her as the "Venta Belgarum;" the Saxons acknowledged her claims, and made her the capital of Wessex; Egbert, Alfred, and Canute had dwelt within the walls; five kings received the crown of England in the cathedral; and for many ages "the White City" seemed likely to become the capital of Britain. Its castle, built by the "stark" king, William I., might have defied an army; royal palaces, noble mansions, magnificent monasteries, and sixty churches made her an architectural marvel. Prince Arthur's "round table" was lodged in the city, and all curious or credulous citizens might have read thereon the names of the mighty knights who upheld the banner of the great Pendragon.* Great, indeed, has been the change; Winchester has lost her crown, and imperial London marvels at the former ambition of her ancient rival. But the White City still bears the symbols of her early honours. The cathedral retains the beauty and grandeur which have impressed the hearts of many generations; "the college" is a name of power with "Wykehamists," and the ancient hospital of St. Cross still reminds us that a princely spirit of charity is not peculiar to modern times. William of Wykeham, bishop, lawyer, and statesman, the patron of art and promoter of learning, sleeps in his own rich chantry, beneath the magnificent cathedral which owes so much of its splendour to his genius.

Surely such a city can have no low or grotesque traditions connected with her histories? We are sorry to remind the reader that even the White City was supposed to have, at times, one black visitor, at the least. Through her streets and around her cathedral Satan was believed to prowl, in the form of a black dog! The good people of Winchester must not, however, regard this as an unparalleled stigma, for the same fiend, in the like form, was also repeatedly seen in Colchester. We fear that black dogs had a sad time of it in both cities, while such a superstition prevailed. Is it not somewhat strange that this terrible dog should have selected a place crowded with monks and friars? Can it be possible that white, black, and grey friars, to say nothing of St. Swithin himself, were unable to preserve Winchester from such visitations? Something must have been wrong, we fear.

If the Wintonians are ever tempted to regret the departed honours of their ancient city, the cathedral may well console them. The richness of the west front, the combination of massive strength, delicate beauty, and magnificent grandeur, and the east window glowing with rainbow splendours, or subdued to a "dim religious light," may well produce a feeling akin to admiring awe. When

was this grand pile erected? A rude timber church *may* have been raised here by the early British Christians, in the second century; this was destroyed by the pagan Saxons, but rebuilt by the converted Prince Kyngil in the seventh century. Three hundred years later, Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, completed a third structure, and dedicated the building to the famous Swithin. The Danes, honouring Odin much and Swithin little, partially ruined the church, which was again restored by Bishop Walkeylyn, about the year 1093, when the rainy saint lost his place as sole patron of the cathedral, which was then dedicated to St. Peter, St. Paul, and Swithin. This change was just, as Swithin had neglected (or was unable) to protect the building from Danish ravages. A succession of alterations, additions, and restorations were brought to a grand finish in the fourteenth century, when Bishop Edyngton, and the more famous William of Wykeham, expended time, money, and skill on the cathedral. The present pile may, indeed, with some exceptions, be regarded as the work of the extraordinary man who was alike courtier, bishop, chancellor, and statesman.

The visitor who wishes to examine the interior of the cathedral, will require days, if not weeks, for such a study. Do tombs and sepulchral memorials bring before him the life of other times? Then let him stand near those six chests, containing the bones or dust of Egbert, Canute, Emma of Normandy, of the red king, William Rufus, and of other once mighty men of old. Bishop Fox, whose pelican symbol may be seen near, collected these bones from their decayed and ruined tombs, and the observer may easily, like another Hervey, make his "meditations" on these receptacles of royal dust. Why is that recess beneath the arch called the "Holy Hole?" Because of the relics of "saints" once preserved there, which were supposed to shed a mysterious sanctity over the whole cathedral. In vain the enthusiastic antiquary now inquires for Canute's crown; the very circlet worn on the day when, in presence of the uncivil waves, he preached his far-famed sermon to flattering courtiers. It has vanished from its high place, and we shall not, therefore, ask impertinent questions about its fashion or ornaments. The niches, empty or occupied, would tax the learning and patience of an antiquarian hagiologist,* so numerous are these small stone lodgings of worthies now almost forgotten.

The once rich shrine of St. Swithin no longer attracts monks to the early mass; but this friend of King Egbert is yet known by name to thousands who might be puzzled to name his burial-place. The famous saint of Winchester has somewhat fallen from his high estate. How many English-

* Signifying "Dragon's head," a title of the chief British prince.

* A writer of the lives of saints.

men can now repeat the list of his miracles? How is this? Did not his very bones once work marvels? Did not the saint, long after his decease, heal the blind, make cripples move as merrily as grasshoppers, liberate prisoners from dungeons, send hungry wolves to sleep by the mere whisper of his name, and perform other feats, so marvellous that we hold our breath in astonishment? When will such days come again? Is it really true that, when officious men annoyed the good Swithin by attempting to move his bones from the north side of the churchyard into the cathedral, on the 15th of July, in the year 971, the indignant saint caused torrents of rain to pour down on the disturbers of his grave? Or shall we believe the other story, that Swithin himself reappeared in ghostly form, and insisted upon the speedy removal of his body, showing his approbation of the good work, when it had been duly performed, by healing such multitudes of cripples, that the church-walls did not afford space enough to hang the crutches thereon? Which is the true account? We really cannot help any of our readers in the matter; but for ourselves, we should like to hold both histories equally established.

Perhaps some lover of the rod and line may look with more interest on the grave of Izaak Walton, than upon the receptacles of Saxon bones, or the tomb of William Rufus. A Fleet Street draper, even if he should write "A Complete Angler," is not likely, in our times, to be honoured with a grave in a magnificent cathedral. No one however, will now quarrel with the respect paid to the memory of the angler, who would fix a worm on the hook "as if he loved him."

The great name associated with Winchester and its cathedral is that of William of Wykeham, and a short outline of his remarkable life must now be given. Our readers will bear in mind the fourfold character of this famous man, as architect, ecclesiastic, lawyer, and politician, whilst we pass rapidly from one event to another. He was probably born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324, and his name is generally thought to have been derived from his birth-place. As everything, however, must be disputed, there are antiquarians who affirm that the surname was borne by the father, while others are equally certain that this gentleman's name was John Longe; perhaps the most easy conclusion is that all are right. Mr. Longe may sometimes have been described by his place of residence, and his famous son may have preferred such a designation. Should the matter be ever hotly debated in any literary magazine in the year 2000, we hope that we shall be quoted as an example of perfect impartiality on so grave a subject. Young William seems to have early become the pet of Nicholas Uvedale, the lord, or "squire,"

of Wykeham, and governor of Winchester Castle. The youth became secretary to the soldier, and was thus introduced to the notice of Bishop Edyngton, by whom the clever young Wykehamite was made known to Edward III. The king had a sharp eye for ability, and soon discovered "all the talents" in the secretary of Governor Uvedale. William was at this period about twenty-two years of age, and in the course of the ensuing ten years the watchful warrior-king detected the architectural abilities, political insight, and love of learning, so largely possessed by the son of John and Sybil Wykeham. William received, in 1356, the appointment of superintendent over the royal works, and in October of the same year he became the directing architect of Windsor Castle. His "retaining fee" was one shilling a-day, and when on surveying journeys, two shillings. The pay was not, however, quite so beggarly as it sounds; some readers may remember that two shillings a-day was the sum formerly allowed to members of Parliament for English boroughs, and that certain towns so groaned under the heavy tax as to petition for exemption from the expensive honours of the franchise. Our architect's labours were not limited to "art pure and simple;" he was commissioned to "impress" masons, and other necessary workmen, at certain fixed wages. Imagine Sir Charles Barry, when superintending the erection of the Houses of Parliament, going about the country with warrants for the impressment of all obstinate masons and carpenters!

The royal architect had received the "lower" ecclesiastical orders before entering on his great work at Windsor, and soon managed to obtain from the king so many benefices and clerical offices that we must class him with the greatest of pluralists. He was a country rector, a prebendary, dean of the royal chapel at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a royal secretary, keeper of the privy seal, chief warden of many royal castles, and eventually Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in 1367. Perhaps the architect at one shilling a-day regarded these offices as a fair means of professional reimbursement. But Wykeham's course was not all smooth; he had supported the political views of the Black Prince, and was therefore attacked by the active supporters of the Duke of Lancaster, the famous John of Gaunt. There seems to have been no love lost between the two royal brothers; and their adherents were just as vehement as political parties ever have been, always are, and, we suppose, evermore will be. When the prince's friends were "in," Wykeham was safe; when these became the "outs," and the Gaunt party seemed resolved to expel all clericals from places of power, Wykeham yielded to the rising storm by

resigning the chancellorship. For six years the bishop was then left in comparative peace, until the death of the Black Prince, in 1376, when the storm again broke upon his head, in the awful form of an impeachment for illegal conduct while performing his multiplied public duties. Little was proved, but political foes are not very careful about proofs, and the result was, that William of Wykeham was deprived of all his episcopal revenues, and forbidden to come within twenty miles of the king. Things now looked very black indeed, and the bishop, perhaps, thought his sun had set. But after the death of Edward III. daylight came again, foes shook hands, "much regretted" past quarrels, and Wykeham soon regained most of his former honours and revenues. The king died June 21st, and the bishop's pardon is dated the 31st of the same month. The dates show how the power of his enemies fell at the death of Edward. The bishop did not, however, get a pardon for nothing, some profit was extracted from him. He bound himself to equip three ships of war, and to provide 300 trained soldiers at his own cost. The bishop probably grumbled a little, but he could not write to the newspapers; and matters settled down at last after the rough fashion common in the "good old times."

But was this famous man solely occupied for many years in political and party squabbles? Certainly not; amidst all this state warfare he was engaged in a threefold series of labours, as architect, educator, and reformer. The works at Windsor were steadily carried on till their completion, about 1374; his *twelve* episcopal castles underwent extensive repairs, for which he purchased stone from the once noted quarries near Quar Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. He seems to have had a species of enthusiasm for road-making, bridge-building, and church-restoring. Even the providing communion plate for poor parishes, and rich "vestments" for poorer vicars, cost him large sums. He is said to have given 113 "chalices," and 100 "pairs of vestments" to various churches. The changes made in Windsor Castle under Henry VII., Elizabeth, Charles II., William III., and George IV., have made almost a new structure of the old Norman fortress; but some ancient and time-worn towers will long remind imperially, and less exalted visitors, of William of Wykeham. Perhaps some will regard Winchester Cathedral as more likely to preserve the memory of this architectural genius; but the skill of others prevents him from receiving exclusive honours as a cathedral restorer, in which work he was aided by the taste of Bishop Edyngton and the skill of the architect William Winford.

We have called William of Wykeham an educator. This was shown by the zeal with which he urged on the completion of the grammar-school at

Winchester and his New College at Oxford. The plans for these noble foundations were formed in the midst of the bishop's political troubles, and he lived to see both in full operation. The school was opened in 1373, and the college on the 14th of April, 1386, when the warden and "poor scholars" walked in procession from their temporary halls, and entered "the College of St. Mary of Winchester, in Oxford," chanting the Litany. Whenever the Wykehamites have sung the *Dulce Domum* ("sweetly sing of home") around "the Domum tree," or have meditated on the plain advice written on the schoolroom wall, "Learn, go, or be whipped," or have gazed with sensitive recollections on the school-rod, formed of "four apple-twigs," in each case they have doubtless ever paid high honours to the name of their great founder. The bishop's jewelled crosier, his gloves and episcopal ring, preserved in New College, are far less impressive memorials of their former owner, than the noble foundations originated by his grand liberality.

But, while Windsor, Winchester, and Oxford speak of the architect and the educator, it must not be forgotten that this energetic man was also a reformer of abuses. The princely* Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, worried this bishop in his day, as it has perplexed the Court of Chancery in our own time. The master of St. Cross had no objection to continue the due number of prayers for the founder's soul, but he grieved much over the jugs of ale and the hundred dinners a-day to a set of shoeless beggars. To appropriate the good things of the charity to his own use and comfort, seemed a natural, if not a highly laudable, proceeding. William of Wykeham took a different view of the matter, requested a sight of the account-books, and even hinted that "the poor of Christ" were being defrauded. This was more than the master of St. Cross could bear; he stood upon his dignity: "it was not the custom" to show the account-books, and he really must, with great respect, decline to furnish accounts. Now there were no Charity Commissioners in those times, so William of Wykeham became his own commissioner, and instituted a suit on behalf of the poor. The master fought like a Trojan for the spoil, battled the case in every court, and finally appealed to the Pope. The bishop at last conquered, and the poor, the halt, and the blind received again their rightful portions.

William of Wykeham combined in a remarkable degree the active and the contemplative habits. Twenty years before his death he began to make special preparations for the event. He selected his burial-place in the cathedral, appointed "chantry priests" to offer up prayers for his

* In 1854 the income of this charity amounted to £16,000 yearly.

soul, endowed a *night* service, at which "three charity boys" were to chant litanies in his behalf, and for the souls of his father and mother. His will bears date the 4th of July, 1403; all the details of his funeral were described, and the alms to be given to the poor were specified, in August, 1404, and on the 27th of the following September, at eight in the morning, the greatest of Winchester's bishops died at White Waltham. The body was brought by various stages to Winchester, alms were given in the name of the departed to the poor of every place through which the bier passed, and fourpence was bestowed as

a final dole to each poor person present at the funeral.

The prayers for the dead are no longer chanted for William of Wykeham, or for his parents, in yon triple-arched chantry, where his body rests; but his memory needs not the orisons of monks: Oxford and Winchester are his memorials, and Windsor's "proud keep" still suggests the name of its architect. He was not the head of any great intellectual or moral revolution, but he holds, nevertheless, a high, place among the able and energetic men who quicken the life of nations and elevate the character of a people.

W. D.

LIFE A RACE.



HE comparison of our life to a race is made repeatedly by the Apostle Paul; and nowhere with greater force and point than in the opening of the famous twelfth chapter of his Epistle

to the Hebrews, where he exhorts Christians, by the example of the heroes of the Old Testament, to emulate the faithful of bygone days, and run with patience the race that is set before them. In the opening of the celebrated eleventh chapter, the apostle had given a formal definition of what faith is, describing it as the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and then, as if he felt the utter inadequacy of any formula of words to convey an idea of the real nature and power of the marvellous principle of faith, he recalls the triumphs it has won in the persons of Old Testament worthies, as the best mode of explaining its operation, and enabling others to appreciate its power: and the conclusion he draws is, an encouragement to the Christian to run with patience the race that is set before him.

The allusion to the crowd of witnesses that surrounds the Christian, as through the dust and heat he presses onward to the goal, was no doubt suggested by the feature in the Grecian games which lent additional honour to the athletic contest. The struggle for the victor's crown took place in the sight of assembled Greece; and not the least incitement to the competitors was the presence of the heroes who, in past times, had won the same honour, and now sat beholding others contending for the coveted prize.

And so with the Christian. He may be running his race in some humble way, where he thinks no eye beholds him, and there are none to sympathise with his struggles; yet all the while he is really encompassed with a cloud of witnesses, who, though passed away themselves from the arena of contest, still look with sympathy on those who

now follow the course they once trod themselves in sorrow, and toil, and tears. Now there are three lessons this remark of St. Paul may teach us:—

I. Life is a race to be run. II. We are each to run the course set before us. III. We are to run it with patience, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

I. Life is a race.

A great many people seem practically to regard life as a period of existence to be got through somehow or other—as if humanity were a number of stray created atoms, with power of reproduction, flung upon this globe by chance; and that, finding ourselves here, we must make the best of it, and pass life as agreeably as possible, taking care, however, in some way to put ourselves right for a future existence.

Now this is altogether an erroneous view of human life. Every man and woman has been put here for some great purpose; every one has been given a work to do, a race to run, a battle to fight, and a victory to be won. And that man alone is living truly, and as God would have him live, who is actively engaged in fulfilling the purpose for which God has placed him here. There is no exception. Every human being that has been born on earth has had some race before him to run—some work that he is intended to accomplish. God has given us all our life-work, and it is ours to do that life-work bravely.

II. We must run the race that is set before us: not the race we may fancy would be pleasantest, or easiest, or most attractive, but the race that God has set before us. There are a great many idle, purposeless, workless Christians, who excuse their idleness by groaning over the position in life or society in which they have been placed. They have no opportunities—what is there that they can do? If only they had more money, or higher position, or wider influence, how much they would

do! what busy, active, earnest people they would be! Such people want to learn that it is the race set before them they are to run. We might choose some pleasanter race, if it were left to ourselves; but in the end not half so good. Does not the commander on the neighbouring eminence know better how the regiment should be disposed, and where each man can best contribute to the success of the army, than the individual soldier in the midst of the smoke, and toil, and roar of battle? And so it is with us. We individually are bad judges of when it is best for us to fight, and in what course it is best for us to contend. We can each see only a very small portion of the great battle-field, and, surrounded with its din and turmoil, can only faintly guess at the great Captain's purpose. May we not trust Him? Does not He know best? Has He not promised that *all things* are working together for good? *All things together*—not each individual, but the whole great aggregate; not each isolated waif for his own good, but *all together*. We must not look too closely at isolated individual efforts and their immediate results, but to that which God is accomplishing in the Church and the world by the united efforts of all who are striving in the cause of truth, and goodness, and Christ: and that united effort of Christendom will only be successful by each one doing his own work—running the race that is set before him. If only the mist could be removed, and our vision enlarged and purified, we would every one of us see even now that each one has the race to run best fitted for his own moral improvement, best calculated to make him contribute most effectively to the success of the Master's cause. All of us shall see it to be true when the toil is over, and the victory won, and the dust of battle that clouded us and dimmed our sight clears away; for *now* we see as through a glass darkly, but *then* face to face.

III. The race must be run by each one of us with patience. Never in the world's history was there a greater need of bearing this characteristic of the Christian race of life in mind than there is now. The whole frame of society seems to be throbbing with a mad passion for success. Ordinary prudence, and ordinary reasonable progress, are considered eminently unsatisfactory. Men must make large fortunes in the smallest possible space of time. We seldom hear them putting the simple question, *Is such a course right?* and then abiding by the conscientious answer to that question, in their adoption or rejection of the course of conduct under consideration. And this chiefly results from the mad desire of immediate results—the absence of patience in running the race of life. The facts of Nature and the history of the world alike tell us that God gives the grandest results to protracted and patient, and not to spasmodic,

work. The growth of a month may be prostrated by the storm that howls in baffled fury through the oak, whose life and power has been developing for years. The popularity won in a day has proved as brief as its acquirement was sudden; while the fame of those who have toiled through thankless years has been immortal. The world's patient workers have been the world's real regenerators. Paul might have accepted the sacrifices proffered to him by a Grecian mob, had he longed for immediate honour; but he loved truth better; was content to run his race with patience; and he has a nobler earthly reward in being enshrined in the big heart of Christendom. Luther might have had high place and honour among kings and emperors and popes, if only he would have given up that mad heresy of his, and let the Church sleep on her sleep of superstition and spiritual death. But it was the right and not the merely expedient course that he resolved to follow; and running with patience the race set before him, he eventually won the crown. It is true all the world over, and this truth—as every other truth concerning humanity—reaches its highest point and displays its greatest power in the life of the Perfect Man. The most patient life that was ever lived on earth, and the most patiently endured sufferings that were ever borne, were the life and death that redeemed the world. It is a grand achievement for any man to learn this—to make up his mind to run the race set before him with patience, and he can only learn it by following Paul's advice, and running the race, “looking unto Jesus.” How many noble lives have been wasted in looking at the others contending in the race, criticising their movements; and speculating on the probabilities of their ultimate success! How many precious lifetimes have been squandered in watching our own running, and thinking of the satisfaction with which spectators must regard the grace of our movements in the race! It is fixing the eye on such things as these that spoils many a life-race. Let our eye be fixed on the Master; he trod the same race before—not a roughness on the way but he has toiled over, not a thorn in the path but has pierced his blessed feet; and as we gaze on him waiting to receive us when the race is done, he gives us a returning glance of sympathy to cheer us in our course. It may be very trying indeed to hear the shouts of applause which greet the sudden and unexpected success of some one whom the world delights to honour, and who had no scruples in running any course that most quickly led to the reward; it may be a hard thing, while others are rushing hotly on and grasping golden honours in life, for us to run our race with patience—but will not the Master's “Well done, good and faithful servant,” make amends for all?

RELIGION IN THE RANKS.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.



CHRISTIANITY is not without its witnesses in the ranks of the British army as elsewhere. God never leaves himself without a witness on earth.

The good seed sometimes takes root,

and brings forth fruit, even in the most unfavourable soil. It is so in the army, where very many things tend to lead the mind away from God, and to check the growth of true religion in the soul. More is being done at the present day for the religious instruction of our soldiers than has ever been done before; nor is the improvement of their social condition overlooked. The number of chaplains has been greatly increased; there is an active body of Scripture-readers, who may be daily met in our barrack-rooms and hospitals; tracts are freely distributed to all who are willing to accept them; soldiers' institutes have sprung up in almost every garrison town; the soldier's pay has been largely increased; he is better fed, better clad, and better attended to in every way than he ever was before. The influences thus brought to bear upon our army have not been without their effect: there is less immorality, less irreligion, among our soldiers than before; their social position is improved; the mortality amongst them is diminished. All this may be freely conceded, and yet it cannot be denied that only a very small proportion of our soldiers make a consistent profession of religion, or have become members of any Christian church.

The causes of this indifference to religion are patent enough to all who are conversant with the habits of our soldiers. There is a kind of traditional belief among them that a soldier cannot be a Christian; and, of course, when the soldier believes that he cannot be a Christian, he will never try to be a Christian. This belief is imprinted on the mind of the young recruit as soon as he joins by the veteran, whose own life tends to prove that the belief is well founded. The recruit is only too willing to accept a belief which seems to justify every excess in which he may choose to indulge. He thus becomes, in turn, the contaminator of others—the medium through which this evil belief is continued and transmitted in the ranks. Everything opposed to this belief he hates and denounces. A professor of religion in the ranks he believes to be a hypocrite, whom he is bound to denounce and expose; in doing so, he may count on the approval and sympathy of the majority who hold the same views. A soldier who professes to be religious must, therefore, have the firmness of a rock in withstanding the

fierce attacks of the traditional impiety to which he is daily exposed.

The married soldier is, in a great measure, exempt from these attacks. He has a home of his own, where he may live as he chooses: if he worships God, he may do so, none daring to make him afraid. He is not exposed to the ribald jests or the coarse ridicule of his godless companions: his home may consist of only one room, but it is still his home, where he may set up his family altar and worship God after his own fashion. The best men in the army are to be found among our married soldiers; but, unfortunately, the number of married soldiers bears only a small proportion to the whole strength of the British army: it does not exceed one-tenth; and there are obvious reasons why it should not be increased. In some of the Continental armies, where the period of service is much shorter, marriage is altogether prohibited—in our own army it is rather tolerated than encouraged. One fact in favour of the married men deserves to be known: they are rarely to be found in hospital, and scarcely ever from illness incurred through their own misconduct. They are the backbone, as it were, of the Church in the army.

If people knew the whole life of a single soldier, where and how he lives from day to day, they would be surprised, not that there is so little, but that there is so much religion in the army. As regards material comfort, the barrack-room leaves but little to be desired—it is spacious, well-ventilated, and clean; but it is far from favourable to religious or intellectual culture. The picture which Cobbett gave of life in a barrack-room was derived from his own experience, and is in no respect overdrawn or exaggerated. It is difficult for a soldier to read, to pray, or to meditate in the midst of ten, twelve, or fourteen men, from eighteen to forty years of age, who, as a general rule, have little taste for study, prayer, or meditation. One bad man in a barrack-room may make every one around him uncomfortable by profane swearing, by ribald songs, and other means of annoyance. There is absolutely no escape from him, for the barrack-room is the soldier's only home—his bedroom, his sitting-room, his dining-room, his retiring-room, his study, his oratory. If unhappy or uncomfortable there, he is tempted to worse haunts than even the barrack-room. If he is of a studious or religious disposition, how can he be happy or comfortable when surrounded by a dozen men, most of whom are engaged in gambling, swearing, larking, boxing, dancing, or

playing at single-stick? And yet it is a remarkable fact, that in almost every barrack-room is to be found one man, if not more, who is moral, religious, thoughtful, and studious—the recklessness, the folly, the irreligion of his comrades seem to have the same effect upon him as the drunkenness of the Spartan slaves upon the Spartan children. We knew a private in the Scots Fusilier Guards who mastered Arabic amid the noise and confusion of a barrack-room, and mastered it so thoroughly that he was able to act as interpreter to some Turkish sailors who had to appear at the Westminster Police-office. He then, under our guidance, devoted his leisure hours to the study of French, and soon learned to read it with ease, and to speak it with some degree of fluency. All this was done amid the noise and tumult of the barrack-room. But few soldiers possess the same degree of perseverance, or, we may add, the same amount of natural talent. We knew another soldier, a private in the Artillery, who studied Hebrew and Greek for the purpose of reading the Old and New Testament in the original, and succeeded in his object, though he never attained to a minute or critical knowledge of either language. He gave a guinea every year to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and instead of spending his money in dissipation, like many of his comrades, he expended it in the purchase of books. It must be admitted, however, that these are exceptional cases; there are few soldiers who spend their leisure hours in studying Arabic, French, Hebrew, or Greek, or who subscribe to our religious societies. Nor would it be fair to infer that what was done by one might be done by all. No one will affirm that every shepherd-boy might construct an orrery, because James Ferguson did so while tending his sheep. Such facts prove merely that natural genius and indomitable perseverance enable men to rise superior to the most unfavourable circumstances. If we could only persuade our soldiers to read their Bibles in English, we should be content, though they remained ignorant of Hebrew and Greek.

A truly Christian man will be respected in the ranks as elsewhere; but he will have a severe ordeal to pass through in the first instance. He will not be accepted as a Christian till he has proved himself to be so; the proof is in most cases very trying to his patience and powers of endurance. He is treated at first as a canting hypocrite, who presumes to give himself airs, and think himself better than his fellows. He is the object of many rude practical jokes, of cutting sarcasms, of jeering mockery. If he ventures to kneel down to pray at night, he may deem himself fortunate if he is not assailed by a shower of heavy boots, or disturbed by the singing of ribald

songs. If he loses his temper, he loses his character as a Christian; if he submits tamely to such insults, he is treated as a milksop, whom any one may insult with impunity. The ordeal he must pass through is necessarily a severe one; but if he remains faithful to the end, unscathed by the fire of persecution, he attains a position of influence among his thoughtless companions, and often sways them for good. A man of this stamp becomes most useful as a medium of communication between the chaplain and his charge; he knows the character of the men; he induces some of them to join the Bible class; he points out those who are not altogether lost, and who may be won over to good by a kind word or a kind act. One thing you may safely count on, whether he be an officer or a private, he is not a half-and-half Christian: he is thorough in all that he does and undertakes. There is no neutral ground he can occupy; he has taken his side, and he must stand by it. He must stand with his sword unsheathed—the enemy may be upon him at any hour.

It is a great matter to provide some quiet place where Christian soldiers may escape from the noise of the barrack-room, and meet together for the study of God's Word and for prayer. There has long been a felt want for such places of refuge; and of late years there has been a movement to meet this want. The commanding-officers of regiments are always willing to give the use of the schoolrooms in the evening to such soldiers as choose to meet for religious instruction under the guidance of the chaplains; but few seem disposed to profit by this privilege. The cause of this apparent neglect may be learned from the following incident, which occurred during a recent war, when the writer accompanied the forces to the field. There was one particular station he could visit only once a week, as our army was broken up in detachments and scattered over a large tract of country. A number of Christian soldiers, in one of the regiments at this station, expressed a wish to meet together for prayer during the week, and they were offered the use of the schoolroom. The writer was disappointed to find that they had not availed themselves of this offer, and inquired why they had not done so. They assured him that they met regularly for prayer, and invited him to attend one of their meetings. He readily consented, and he was conducted to a solitary spot about two miles from the camp. An intricate path led through the bush to a clearing, about twelve yards square, seated round with wattles; the bush rose so high on every side that a stranger, unacquainted with the secret, could never have suspected the existence of such a place. There were more than twenty men seated on the wattles with open Bibles in their hands: some of them had never been seen at our



"Son and daughter, must I go
Far from ye, with nought around me
Save the starry dead?"—p. 778.

prayer-meetings before. It must have been a work of considerable labour to clear away the bush and to form this open-air oratory, which was not so comfortable or convenient as the school-room. They had to walk a considerable distance, and the place afforded no shelter from storm or rain. They were evidently much pleased with it, however, and all their religious exercises were conducted with much solemnity and propriety. On our way back to camp, our guide explained why they preferred the clearing in the bush to the schoolroom. "You see, sir, every one who goes to the schoolroom is seen, and becomes a marked man; for they are always on the lookout to see who are turning *saints*, as they call it. We old soldiers don't mind it a bit; we are used to it, you know; but the young lads who would like to come, don't like the idea of being jeered and laughed at. That kept back a good many of them, I know; so we old hands laid our heads together, and thought it would be a good job to have the clearing in the bush: and a good job it has proved too. We have a good many new members, who would never have gone to the schoolroom. We manage it in this way. If I see a likely lad, who is at all serious or well-disposed, I say to him, 'Harry, won't you come out for a stroll this fine afternoon; I know a nice walk through the bush; don't be afraid, there's no danger of our being spotted by the enemy.' Well, Harry says he is not a bit afraid, and out we go. I am always on the watch, you know, and, when the right moment comes, I tell him I think him a likely lad, as I have had an eye on him for some time, and I would like to take him with me to our meeting; if he don't like it he

need not come back again, only he must keep our secret and we will keep his. Harry promises, of course, and I take him to our meeting, where every one bids him welcome. He likes it, and is sure to come back again; no one has ever turned back or told our secret. Well, Harry may hap to know another likely lad, and he brings him too; so our number is always increasing. Now, I have told you the reason why we took to the bush."

And thus we parted with this amiable company of bush-rangers, who had taken to the woods from far different motives from those which influenced the outlaws of ancient or modern times. Their open-air meetings were kept up till the close of the war, and we have reason to believe that they are not discontinued in the far-distant colony to which their promoters have been removed. The truth is, that soldiers of a serious turn of mind are so sick of barrack-life that a change of locality, apart from other reasons, is a positive pleasure to them. They like a place where they can enjoy a little seclusion, where they can escape from the din and noise of their more boisterous companions. We have known a chaplain attempt to open a Bible-class in barracks, when the attendance has been so small that he has at length been obliged to give it up. The same chaplain, on opening a class for the same men at his own private house, found that he had not a room sufficiently large to accommodate those who wished to attend. The only difference was the locality; but the locality, as we have shown, is a very important consideration, which ought never to be overlooked in the formation of classes for religious instruction in the army.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY a cottage sat one eventide
 An old man: withered and grey was he;
 His son was resting by his side,
 A blooming bride upon his knee;
 Bright and low, and lower yet the orb'd day went
 down before them;
 Deep and deeper yet away, the world through starry
 darkness bore them.
 And the father said:—
 "Thus the life-light quits my soul,
 Wears the radiant chain that bound me;
 Toward the spectral deeps I roll;
 Woe is me, ah! bitter woe,
 Son and daughter, must I go
 Far from ye, with nought around me
 Save the starry dead?"

Upon a supreme summit bright,
 Above a paradisaical star,
 Three spirits dazzled in the light
 Of universes gazed afar.
 Vast and rich, and richer yet the radiant spaces
 spread around them;
 Deep and deeper yet away, the throbbing depths of
 Being wound them!
 And exclaimed the three:—
 "Death and fear for evermore
 Have vanished from our spirits' vision,
 Space is ours from shore to shore;
 From sun to sun existence turns
 In endless gloried godlike dreams,
 In realms of bliss and thought elysian—
 Our soul's home is—infinity."

T C. IRWIN.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FRANCIS HEATHERLY GETS TIRED OF NEWBURY.



LL is not gold that glitters," is an ancient saying of undoubted veracity; and in no case was its veracity more proved than in the case of Francis Heatherly.

He was a man to whom Fortune had only recently been kind. He had worked on in obscurity—chained, as he boasted, to his desk from Monday morning till Saturday night. He had been brisk and busy, all his life, till just lately. He would have been brisk and busy now, perhaps, if it had not been for one thing, which, like the fly in the ointment, spoiled his prosperity. This it was which changed the whole current and purpose of his life. I mean his love for Josephine.

He had always underrated women as a class. He had sneered at the blind god and his artillery; and now the blind god had his revenge. He had smitten Francis Heatherly with one of the keenest of his shafts.

Most of his time was spent in walking up and down the street where Miss Graham lodged, and in voluminous confidences made to his note-book. He filled a dozen note-books in no time. He even became poetical. Sometimes Josephine was a rose, sometimes a star, sometimes a seraphic being, who was raised far above this mortal economy. In fact, there was no end to his rhapsodies.

The worst of it was, he had not the least bit of encouragement. Once he wrote her a long letter, using every persuasion and argument in his power. A wonderful letter, he thought it, written in a clear business-hand, and expressed with the utmost perspicuity. But it had no effect whatever. Josephine might have inhabited a different sphere, as far as mutual sympathy went.

He sometimes tried to forget her. He felt angry at her obduracy. Were there not other girls quite as pretty? And, after all, who *was* Josephine, that he should be so frustrated? A lonely woman, living in humble lodgings, and earning her bread! He would go into society, and lose all remembrance of her.

But this plan did not answer, any more than the other. It is true, the Newbury girls were pretty; but the word *pretty* did not in the least express the style of Josephine's beauty, any more than it did that of the Madonna of Raphael.

Sometimes he thought he would amuse himself by building a grand mansion in the country. But what was the use of that? He hated the country. He had no aptitude for country habits or pursuits. He would be bored to death without Josephine. Ah! that made all the difference. With Josephine, town and country would be equally delightful!

As it was, he began to be very much bored. He had nothing in the world to do. He was not a

studious man; indeed, he never opened a book from choice. And he did not ride, or sport, or care for the amusements which are so necessary to men of leisure.

When the Josephine episode was wearing to a close—as it naturally would do in time—the fact stared him in the face, that he was in danger of being very dull. How would it be if he went abroad?

The idea was not displeasing to him. He had never been out of England, and it would be a nice occupation to whirl from place to place, seeing new sights. Besides, another thought suggested itself to his mind. He might have the chance of getting one more interview with Josephine. Of course, it would be only courteous and proper to wish her good-bye; and, when she knew he was going, who knows but she might relent? Yes; and actually, at the eleventh hour, consent to be Mrs. Heatherly!

Full of this new hope, he rose one morning in capital spirits. Though his arrangements were not completed by any means, he thought he would present himself without delay at Prospect Cottages. On the success of this final interview, the whole expedition would hinge.

He made his toilette with elaborate care. As he did so, it occurred to him to wonder at Josephine's persistent refusal of him. He was really a very good-looking fellow, he thought, complacently.

A couple of hours after his early breakfast, he found himself at Josephine's door. Then he began to get nervous. What if he were not admitted? But that was a false alarm. He was admitted, and at once.

The little servant, who waited on the lodgers, opened the door of Josephine's room; and, behold! there was Josephine herself.

She was sitting at work as usual at the table by the window. When she saw Mr. Heatherly, she rose.

"Don't let me disturb you, pray, Miss Graham," he began to say. "I have no wish at all to intrude. I only want a few words with you."

Josephine, having done what was strictly necessary, sat down again and took up her work.

Yes, she was as different from the Newbury girls as could be!

"If she would only marry me," thought he to himself, "what a happy man I should be!"

While he thought it, Josephine was picking up beads on the end of her needle, for the further adornment of a pair of watch-pockets.

He would have liked to sit and look at her, for a time, and do nothing else. "Bathe his spirit," as he told his book, "in the pure delight of her presence!" But this placid enjoyment would not altogether do. He had an inward presumption that Josephine would soon get tired of it. No, he must say what he came to say, and the sooner the better.

"I came to tell you, Miss Graham," he began, "that I am getting tired of Newbury."

"I am sorry for that," replied Josephine, picking up her beads.

"Sorry—you sorry!" exclaimed he, ecstatically. "Oh, Miss——"

"Sorry on this account," interrupted Josephine, determined not to be misunderstood: "there is so much for a man of your wealth and influence to do, in a town like Newbury."

"Do! I have nothing on earth to do," said Francis Heatherly, in a tone of despair. "What is there for me to do?"

"A great deal, if you were disposed to avail yourself of the opportunity," she replied, steadily picking up her beads. "There are the schools——"

"I hate schools!" replied he, abruptly.

"And the poor," suggested Josephine.

"Don't mention them, Miss Graham. I never hear the word *poor*, without being reminded of a squalling baby, a tub of soapsuds, and a string of wet clothes across the room."

Josephine looked very grave.

"Except, indeed, *you* wished——" began Francis Heatherly, betrayed into tenderness.

"It is for your own sake," she interrupted, coldly; "and because wealth brings responsibility. I can have no further wish in the matter."

Francis Heatherly sighed.

"I think of going abroad," he began, a few minutes after; "it seems to me as if I were not wanted here."

Josephine did just what he most wished. She raised her eyes and looked at him. What beautiful eyes they were, to be sure! In all Newbury there were none like them.

He began to think a little sentiment would answer better than anything.

"I am a lonely man, Miss Graham. I have no friends or associates. My home is solitary. No one cares for me; whether I go or stay."

"You are a comparative stranger," she replied—touched, he vainly fancied, by his complaint; "but friends are easily made in a kindly, hospitable town like this."

"Then you would have me stay—you wish it?" he exclaimed, hastily and prematurely.

"I wish! I can have no wish in the matter," replied Josephine, going back to her beads.

"Ah!"—and he put on his most lack-a-daisical air.—"you are very cruel, Miss Graham. But I shall not trouble you long; I am going away."

"What! at once?"

"Yes. I dare say I shall be gone to-morrow."

She said nothing: not a word.

"Miss Graham," he began again, "as I am going away—out of the country, in fact—and may never have the chance of saying it any more, I want to ask you—don't look angry—for an expression of annoyance came to her face, "if you are quite sure that you will not relent?"

Josephine shook her head.

"Because, if you will—and it is the last time—if

you will, I shall just be the happiest man in the world; and I need not go abroad," continued he, hurrying on, to prevent her from speaking, "but we will settle down like a pair of turtle-doves, and not care for anybody!"

Josephine could scarcely keep from laughing; but she shook her head notwithstanding; and shook it with an air of such resolution, that Francis Heatherly was fairly crushed, as regarded all hope of her ever relenting. It was no use his sitting there languishing and sighing; Josephine would not have anything to say to him!

CHAPTER L.

LADY SYLVESTER MAKES A MISTAKE.

"AND now, my deary," said Dame Humphreys, wiping the tears from her wrinkled face, "now you will go in and have some tea."

"Oh, yes; I will go in, and God be praised!" again repeated Rachel, fervently.

In the sense of joy for a great deliverance, minor trials are forgotten. Rachel, for the moment, could think of nothing but the fact, that her most distressing fear was relieved. Very soon, however, the gaunt shadows, that must be met, began to gather round her.

Her husband's absence still remained a grievous and bitter trial. All kind of painful mystery gathered round it. He might, and, indeed, no doubt did, flee in a moment of panic, and thinking that Isaacs was dead. Her heart was sore troubled as she pictured to herself the horror that would seize upon him. Where had he fled to? What was become of him? How was it possible to undeceive him? These questions were brought vividly before her, and how could she answer them?

Dame Humphreys tried to persuade her that John would come back. "He'll never leave house and home on a venture," she said; "depend on it we shall have him back by night."

But Rachel had not the same hope of it that the old lady had. She thought John might have left the country.

If he did not return for the sale, Dame Humphreys said, she should fear so too; but she would keep up her spirits till after the sale.

The sale was fixed to take place on the next Thursday, and it was agreed that Dame Humphreys should take up her abode at the farm till then. It would not be right to leave the place while the furniture remained in it. But when the sale was over the house would have passed into other hands. Rachel would then have been homeless, were it not for the good offices of her mother-in-law.

"Of course you will come to me," Dame Humphreys had said.

A new tie seemed to unite these women, sorrowing for a son and a husband. For John did not come. In vain anxious hearts yearned after him day by day; in vain wistful eyes were ever looking out for him; in vain affectionate preparations were

now and then made for him; in vain the hope woke with morning light, and waxed faint and weary with the evening shadow; in vain prayers were offered, and tears wept. The blank sense of absence was not removed. He did not come!

"I shall about give him up now," said the old lady, her head drooping on her breast.

It was the last night of Rachel's stay in her home. To-morrow was the sale.

The old lady had bore up bravely till now—in fact, she seemed almost the strongest of the two; but John's continual absence, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred, began to tell upon her.

"I am an old woman," she said, pathetically, "and trouble has come at the wrong end of my life."

As she sat by the fire, her head drooping, and her poor wrinkled face ploughed into deeper furrows, Rachel began to perceive, with dismay, how sorely the last few days had changed her. In fact, if this grief and anxiety went on, there was no knowing what the end would be.

Every possible inquiry and search had been made. It was not Rachel's custom to sit with folded hands. All had been done that could be, but without a particle of success. It was hinted by some consoling friends that John had made away with himself; but Rachel would not give ear to the suggestion a moment; no more would Dame Humphreys. Dame Humphreys spoke very well on this point.

"John knows what's right," she said to Rachel, "and depend on it, the proper feeling will come back in his trouble. He'll seek his God, not go farther from him."

In the meantime the sale came, and the house went, and still there was no trace of John. And now began that actual daily struggle with affliction that tests the strength and endurance of the soul. Rachel's whole life was one deep and silent grief. But for a time she contended against it. She did not lose, even now, her activity or her industry. She would not, on any account, be dependent on Dame Humphreys, and her husband's affairs had gone, as people said, to rack and ruin. She took up a business which she had some knowledge of, and tried to turn it to account. She worked with her needle at plain sewing and dressmaking, and whatever she could find to do. But it soon appeared that a more important work demanded her attention.

Dame Humphreys began suddenly to break up. There is no doubt her trouble about her son told fearfully upon her. From being brisk and active, she would sit brooding for hours. She would rarely go out. She would be always thinking of her son. She had a little likeness of him, and one day she brought it out, and hung it up over the chimney-piece. A few old tattered letters that he had written when a boy, and that had been put by in a drawer, were always being brought out and read. She would have the daily paper looked over carefully from end to end, in the vain hope that there might be some intelligence of John. Her nerves were always wrought up to a painful pitch. She would start at the least sound.

Her poor wistful eyes had always a question in them about John. Whatever attempts were made to amuse her, her heart never quitted its sorrow.

Tears, as she once said to Rachel, had become her meat night and day. Yet it was evident she had given up all hope. At first, such expressions as these were constantly being used: As soon as John comes back; such and such an arrangement will do till John comes back. But after a time, you never heard such a thing hinted at, as John coming back.

It was clear to Rachel that he had left the country. She never said so; but she knew that Dame Humphreys thought it too: for Dame Humphreys' health and spirits seemed to die out with her hope. She grew decrepit and broken down. Her friends and neighbours scarcely could believe she was the same.

"Ah, poor thing!" they said to Rachel, "she'll not be long for this world."

Rachel had, very soon, to give up all her employments, and attend only to nursing Dame Humphreys. She herself was worn almost to a shadow. You would wonder her strength held out so well.

"Two people destroyed because of us!" said Alice Sylvester, in hot indignation, to her mother.

"Nonsense, Alice! as if we were answerable for John Humphreys' wicked conduct," replied Lady Sylvester.

And then, she said, in a tone as if the vastness of the condescension would heal every woe, she said she should pay a visit to Dame Humphreys.

It was not often that her ladyship entered the house of mourning. Dame Humphreys was sitting by the fire, though the day was warm. Her head drooped on her breast. She would sit thus for hours, without raising it, or uttering a word. Poor patient Rachel sat beside her, her work in her hand, and the large-printed Bible open before her. The room was very silent; when, suddenly, came the clatter of the Sylvester horses down the street. The noise disturbed the old lady. A moment after, the horses stopped, and she looked up at Rachel in alarm. Her thoughts were ever recurring to John. Rachel saw that, in her face.

The door of the house stood open, and Rachel could see the footman alight, and hand out her ladyship. Then Lady Sylvester, in her trailing robe, walked majestically into the room.

There was no need to wait for an invitation when she, on a rare and magnanimous occasion, deigned to visit Dame Humphreys.

The old woman looked up at her with a keen, sharp expression. "Be you come to tell me anything about John?" asked she.

About John? The question rather staggered her ladyship. She thought her mere presence would sweep away every other idea.

"Because, if you are not," said the old woman, with great asperity, and setting the Sylvester dignity at open defiance, "you had better go away again!"

For once, Lady Sylvester was struck dumb with surprise; and a kind of shame too, if she had chosen to confess it.

"You had better go away," continued Dame Humphreys, getting more and more excited; "you have ruined my boy with your dishonest ways, and brought down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. What do we want with the Sylvesters here?"

Lady Sylvester did not answer a word. She turned round and stepped back to her carriage.

"It was a *mistake*," said she to herself; "these kind of people are not capable of appreciating us!"

The great, important *us*, standing out large as life!

CHAPTER LI.

"FAMILY INFLUENCE."

DECISION has in it half the ingredients of success. A purpose formed, is a purpose half carried into effect. This remark holds good in the case of Raymond Sylvester. His character had in it some elements of greatness. He had resolution, energy, tenacity of endurance, and self-control. He had no luxurious habits to overcome, or battles to fight with self-indulgence. He had been abstemious, active, and self-denying at all times. The purple was worn, not as soft clothing, but as a badge of his position.

Once free from the hold of prejudice, Raymond came out a new man; and there was no dallying with his lately-formed resolve. He set himself, at once, to consider what was to be done.

His total want of experience met him at the onset. No hermit of the desert knew less of the ways and means of the work-a-day world than he did. The world, in fact, which lay outside his narrow sphere, was like a piece of complicated machinery that stunned him with its noise and velocity; a machinery, nevertheless, with which he must have to do.

His ideas, at this juncture, were still of an exalted nature. He began to think of government appointments, and rich, warm berths, to which he fancied his position and birth entitled him; and, as a natural consequence, he ran over the list of his friends. It was a small list, when all was said and done. Straited means and crumbling fortunes had forced the Sylvesters into a kind of seclusion. Ever on the brink of ruin, they dared not launch out with the pretentiousness of earlier years; and so it chanced that, one by one, their family connections had dropped off. Raymond could think of but one relative likely to do him service, and this relative was his mother's cousin, the Earl Lynthwaithe.

His lordship would never have attained to the title if—as the old Lord Lynthwaithe observed, with great bitterness—if Margaret had been a son.

But Margaret had not been a son, and through this mischance the title lapsed.

The Margaret in question, or, to speak more correctly, Lady Margaret Lynthwaithe—the most imperious beauty that ever lived—became, in course of time, Lady Margaret Sylvester, popularly called my Lady Sylvester; and Pride, as the public opinion said, was matched with Pride.

To Lord Lynthwaithe, then, Raymond resolved to apply. He knew the peer was a man of large and brilliant connexions; and though no special intercourse had been kept up, still his help would surely not be denied to a son of so illustrious a house. Raymond was still somewhat entangled in the myths and fables of the past.

At any rate, he would lose no time. It appeared very important to get into something suitable, he told Alice, at once: for he had taken Alice into his confidence.

"Oh, yes, Raymond; and I am so thankful that it has come into your mind," said she; "but, pray, don't be too grand."

"No, Alice; but you would not have me go into a trade;" and there was a touch of the old spirit in his voice.

"There are honest and better people than we are to be found in trade," she said, with bitterness.

"But, Alice, I cannot lose my status. Think of my education. A young man does not go to Eton to end his career by selling tea and sugar."

"If we had sold tea and sugar," she replied, the same touch of bitterness in her tone, "we should have been more worthy of respect than we are now, and not have so many debts!"

"Don't be cross, Alice."

He said it in his old familiar tone. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Dear Raymond, I have not patience to think of it!"

"It will soon come to an end, Alice. I shall get a famous berth somewhere, and then you shall come and live with me—you and my mother. Don't look so incredulous; I am really going to work."

"And not be too grand?"

"Oh, no!"

"That's right, dear," and she went to him, and kissed him.

"Alice," and he gently detained her, the colour coming and going in his cheek, "Alice, there is one thing I want to say to you before I go."

"What is it Raymond?"

He looked down and said, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes, "I should like Josephine to know what I am going to do."

She was silent. A stern look came into her eyes. When she spoke, her voice sounded hard and cold.

"I have been ashamed to face Josephine!"

He said nothing more. He stood a few minutes looking down. Then he roused himself. But he said no more of Josephine, nor did she.

It was resolved—for the conversation went back to its old topic—it was resolved that Raymond should go up to town the next day, and try to obtain some employment.

Alice did not appear very sanguine about the advantages to be derived from Lord Lynthwaithe's patronage.

"I would be as independent as possible," she said. "God helps those who help themselves."

(To be continued.)

WISE IN HER OWN EYES.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.



AGNES CLAYTON and her little brother Bobbie had each a flower-bed of their own in the pleasure-ground, that lay just before the drawing-room windows at Clayton Hall. The children were very proud of their little gardens, and vied with each other in their efforts to keep them neat, and full of sweet, bright flowers.

Bobbie was but seven years old, and Joe, the garden boy, sometimes helped him to dig up the ground when it was hard and dry from want of rain; he showed him, too, the best places in which to sow the little packets of seed given him from time to time by his mother. But Agnes, who was full ten years of age, rather despised any advice or assistance, and felt quite sure that she knew as well as Joe or any one else how to sow mignonette, or train up sweet-pea.

Every Sunday morning Bobbie and Agnes each gathered the very best flower from their little gardens, and laid them on the breakfast-table as a gift for their father and mother. Sometimes a bit of sweet-smelling wallflower, or a little cluster of lily-of-the-valley, might be found lying at each end of the table on the white damask cloth; sometimes only a little spray of sweet-briar, or a few heads of lavender; but whatever they had best at the time was always treasured up for the Sunday morning gift.

In the centre of each of these flower-beds stood a small red rose-tree, and as it was now the month of June, there were several tempting little buds peeping out here and there through the leaves.

"I know the flower I'll have for mamma next Sunday," cried Agnes, gaily, one fine Wednesday morning, suddenly throwing down her rake and skipping about on the grass: "it will be the best of all we have had yet."

"What is it? Show it to me," answered her brother, raising up a very dirty face from his work. Bobbie always contrived to smudge his face over with clay in his efforts to keep his little plot of ground free from weeds.

"Come here," said Agnes; "just look in there at that beauty!" and drawing aside a branch of the rose-tree, she disclosed a little bud much further advanced than its companions, with streaks of red already bursting through the green covering of the bud. "Now," added the little girl, triumphantly, "now have you anything as lovely as that in your bed? In spite of all Joe does for you, I don't think you'll beat that."

"I don't know," replied Bobbie, soberly; "but I'll try."

Soon an exclamation of delight from Bobbie told Agnes plainly enough that another treasure had been discovered, and she ran hastily across the grass to her brother's garden.

"Look," cried Bobbie, with sparkling eyes, raising in his turn a branch of his rose-tree, "look, Aggie! another just like yours bursting through the green. Won't it be jolly? I do believe they'll be the first red roses in the garden."

Joe came along the gravel-path trundling his wheelbarrow, and was immediately invited to a view of the rose-trees.

"Why, Master Robert, you are a great pair of gardeners, you and Miss Agnes," said he, smiling and touching his cap. "Those buds will be the first in blow in all the garden."

"There, I told you so," exclaimed Bobbie, in triumph, "and they'll come out both together."

"Of course I knew they'd be the first," replied Agnes, throwing a little grandeur into her voice that Joe might have a proper opinion of her cleverness. "Roses are scarce at this time of year; but, Joe, we intend to make a present of these to papa and mamma on Sunday morning, when they are full blown."

Hereupon a puzzled expression passed over Joe's face, and he scratched his head to relieve his mind.

"I'm thinking," he said, presently, "that those buds will never be full blown by next Sabbath morning."

"Nonsense, Joe, of course they will. Don't you see the red colour coming already?" answered Agnes, quickly. She could not bear that her plan should be so suddenly set aside, and her knowledge of gardening called in question.

But Joe could not be got to change his mind. "They'll not be in full blow before next week," he repeated, decidedly, nodding his head as he spoke; "but if so be you choose to cut them, they'll be a pretty pair of buds enough by next Sunday morning."

But this did not satisfy Agnes. "Joe," she persisted, "could we not help them to open faster; might we not pick them open some way with our fingers?"

"Lay never a finger on them, Miss Agnes, or they'll never blow on Sunday or any other day," responded Joe.

"Well, we might try with a penknife ever so gently," suggested Agnes.

"No, nor a penknife neither. Don't meddle with them at all. Take my advice," said Joe, returning to his wheelbarrow.

Every day after this the children visited their gardens, and watched anxiously the buds that would not open quickly. When Saturday came, Agnes was in despair to find the flowers still half closed.

"I don't see why we might not help them a little," she said, nervously, to her brother, grasping the branch as she spoke. "I am sure it could do no harm to draw down those green bandages with our fingers, and let the flowers come out."

"Oh, Aggy, stop. Don't you remember that Joe said it would kill them," cried Bobbie, eagerly stretching out his hand to save the flower.

Agnes let go the branch. "It is always 'Joe said this,' and 'Joe said that' with you," she retorted, in anger; "you never think for yourself. But perhaps I may have a full-blown rose in my garden to-morrow, perhaps I may, Bobbie, in spite of Joe's grand advice.

The sound of the wheelbarrow approaching rapidly over the gravel-walk caused the colour, for some reason or other, to mount high in Agnes's cheeks, and, without another word, she turned away, and, running up the grass slope, entered the drawing-room through the door of the conservatory.

But though she ran away from Joe and the flower-bed, she did not forget either of them. Every hour she thought with vexation of how her troublesome bud would not bloom out at once into a full-blown rose, if it were only just to convince Joe and Bobbie that she could be right as well as they. Yes, Joe, and even little Bobbie, had given her advice about it. Advice to her!—she who had always prided herself upon managing her garden so well, and needing no help from any one! So ran her thoughts.

That evening, at about six o'clock, when Bobbie was busy over his mug of hot bread and milk in the nursery, Agnes, hastily finishing her supper, made her way unperceived to the garden. With trembling haste she leaned over her flower-bed and grasped a branch of her rose-tree. One quick glance over her shoulder to see that no one was looking, and she began her work. Drawing away the green covering of the bud, she unfolded the delicate rose-leaves within. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed, in delight, as she carefully spread out one or two crimson leaves. "Won't Bobbie be surprised? Ah! but I wish they were not so sticky and crumpled! It's very hard to divide them. Oh, what's that?" she cried, suddenly, in her alarm letting go the branch, which swung back into its place, leaving two of the sticky, crumpled rose-leaves in her fingers. It was only a thrush in the garden-hedge; but Agnes feared every interruption now, because she knew she was doing foolishly. Nevertheless, she grasped the branch again, and completed her task. All the delicate young leaves were obliged to unroll themselves beneath her fingers, until, fearing discovery should she remain any longer, she hastened back to the house, scarce giving herself time to bestow a glance on the effect of her work.

"What a lovely rose-bud!" said Mr. Clayton, when he entered the breakfast-room on Sunday morning, and found Bobbie's offering, still wet with the early dew, lying beside his plate. "Why, Bobbie, you are quite a clever gardener!"

Bobbie's face glowed with pleasure.

"And am I to have nothing?" inquired his mother, smiling. "Where is Agnes? Has she quite forgotten me?"

"Oh, no," answered Bobbie, brightly, "Aggie has another beauty for you, mamma, just like mine. I saw her going to fetch it from the garden. She will be here in a minute."

But the minute passed over, and Agnes did not come.

Bobbie ran into the hall, and out through the glass-door, to look for his sister. He soon found her. Poor Agnes was sitting on the door-step, her face buried in her hands, and at her feet her rose-bud. Poor thing! It was no longer a blooming beauty; nothing but a wretched, dying, ill-used blossom. The leaves that were last night so rich in colouring were all blotched and torn, and their delicate green covering, turned backwards, lay drooping down the stalk.

As the glass door opened, Mrs. Clayton heard the sobs, and hastened after Bobbie to find out what was the cause of so much grief. There was no need for a long explanation. The faded flower almost told the story.

"Never mind about the rose-bud, Aggie, dear," said her mother, kindly, when she knew what had happened. "Come, and I will choose another sweet flower out of your garden for myself. But I hope my foolish little girl will not be too proud another time to take the advice of those who are older and wiser than she is. People that are wise in their own eyes generally find that they have been only very foolish after all."

Agnes only grasped her mother's hand in reply, but she did not soon forget the lesson taught her by Joe and her withered rose-bud.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 736.

"Increase our faith,"—Luke xvii. 5.

1. I rijah	Jer. xxxvii. 12.
2. N aaman	2 Kings v. 18.
3. C helub's	1 Chron. xxvii. 26.
4. R echabites	Jer. xxxv. 6, 7.
5. E zion-geber	1 Kings ix. 26.
6. A doni-zedec	Josh. x. 3.
7. S hobach	2 Sam. x. 18.
8. E liakim	2 Kings xviii. 37.
9. O n	Gen. xli. 45.
10. U rijah	Jer. xxvi. 21.
11. R abbah	2 Sam. xii. 30.
12. F elix	Acts xxiii. 23.
13. A masai	1 Chron. xii. 18.
14. I shbi-benob	2 Sam. xxi. 16.
15. T ob	Judg. xi. 8.
16. H anani	2 Chron. xvi. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 768.

"Oreb,"—Judg. vii. 25.

1. O see.....	Rom. ix. 25.
2. R ehob.....	2 Sam. viii. 3.
3. E hen-ezer	1 Sam. vii. 12.
4. B arzillai	2 Sam. xix. 32.

THE BOYVER

— Saturday, August 29, 1868. —



(Drawn by H. Woods.)

"I took him in his little chair to the warmest spot I could find."—p. 787.

A WATERY WEAKNESS.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

A H-H-H! There, don't you take no notice of on it sometimes, and the perspiration on it always. my groaning, sir; that's my back, that is, Nice bit o' green swade, though, as any in the and all along of that bit of lawn-mowing and sweep- county—spongy, and springy, and clean. Deal o' ing, with the sun on it sometimes, and the rain worrit though, to get it to rights, what with the

worms a-throwing up their casties, and them old starlings pegging it about and tearing it to rags, and then the daisies coming up all over it in all directions. There aint nothing like daisies: cut their heads off, and they like it; spud 'em up, and fresh tops come; stop 'em in one place, sir, and they comes up in another. I can't get riddy of 'em. That bit o' lawn would be perfect if it wasn't for the daisies, sir; but they will come up, and like everything else in this life, sir, that there lawn aint perfect. They will come, you know: they will live, and you can't kill 'em. They aint like some things in this life that won't live, do all you can to make 'em.

There, don't you take no notice of them; they aint tears, they aint; that isn't crying, that's a sort o' watery weakness in the eyes through always being a gardener all your life, and out in the wet. Only, you know, when I get talking about some things living do all you can to kill 'em—such as weeds, you know, and daisies; and of some things not living, do all you can to make 'em, like balsams in frosty springs, you know—I think about my boy, sir, as was always such a tender plant, do all I would, and about all the plans I'd made for him, and all cut short by one o' the sharp frosts as the good Master of all sends sometimes in every garden, whether it's such a one as this, sir, with good shelter, and a south aspeck, and plenty of warm walls for your trained trees, or the big garden of life, sir, with the different human trees a-growing in it; some fair plants growing to maturity, and sending out fine green leaves, well veined and strong, well-shaped blossoms of good colour and sweet smell, fair to look upon, sir, and doing good in this life; sturdy, well-grown trees of men, and bright-hued, tender, loving plants of women; some with tendrils and clinging ways—the fruitful vines upon your house, sir—and many clustering blossoms of children; and bad weeds, and choking thorns, and poison-berries, and all. Life's just one big garden, sir, and when I stick my spade in like this here, and rest my foot on it, and my elber on the handle, and my chin on my hand, I get thinking about it all in a very strange way, oftens and oftens.

Say I get a bit of ground ready, sir, and put seed in, sir. That's faith, aint it? I put those little tiny brown grains in, and I know in all good time, according as the great God has ordained, those tiny grains will come up, and blow, and seed in their turns. Not all though, sir; some gets nipped, and never comes to anything, spite of all your care, some slowly shrivels away, and those that do are generally the best.

That's the watery weakness again, sir. Don't you take no notice of that; only, you know, whatever I get talking about seems, somehow or other, to work round to my poor boy as we've laid

in the earth over yonder by the old church—a human seed, sir, sowed in corruption, to be raised in incorruption, eh, sir, eh? Those are the words, aint they? And that's faith, too, you'll say.

We were quite old folks when we married, you see, not being able to afford it early in life, and when that boy was born, being an odd, old-fashioned gardener of a man, I was always looking upon him as a sort of plant sent to me to bring up to as near perfection as we can get things in a garden that isn't Eden, sir. And there I used to sit at dinner hours or teas having my pipe, as made the little thing sneeze, but kept away blight, you know: and then I used to plot and plan as to how I'd work him; how, every now and then, I should, as he grew, carefully loosen all the earth about his tender young fibres, and give him some of the best, well-mixed, rich soil when I repotted him, shaking it well in amongst his roots, giving him room to grow, every now and then, by putting him in a larger pot, watching carefully for blight, taking away all green moss, giving him proper light and air, and all the time while it was nursery gardening, treating him as his tender nature required.

Light, rich, loamy soil I meant him to have as soon as he was fit to go on a border, and then I meant to train him, sir; ah, that I did! I'd made up my mind that no one else should touch him, but that I'd train him myself. A weed shouldn't come near him, nor slug, nor snail neither, if I knew it, but I'd cover him over, and shelter him from all frosts, and then watch him grow and grow in the light and warmth of God's beautiful sunshine. And let me tell you that you people who live in your big towns don't know the real pleasure there is in seeing a young plant grow day by day, putting forth its wonderful leaves from out some tiny bud, where they have lain snugly shut up from the winter's frosts, then the beautifully-painted flowers with their sweet scents. There, sir, when I go to bed every night, in my humble fashion, I thank God that I was made a gardener, with the chance through life of watching his wondrous works, and how he has ordained that man, by industry and skill, can change the wild, worthless weed or tree into the healthy, life-supporting vegetable or fruit. And yet I don't know but what I'm doing you town-dwellers a wrong, for I've seen many a pale face in your close, crowded courts watching patiently over some sickly, sun-asking flower in a broken pot, watering it, maybe, with a cracked jug, and then I've longed to put that pale face down in such a place as my garden here—I call it mine, you know, though it's master's—to watch it brighten, and see, as I've often seen before now, the tears of joy come into the eyes of that pale face because things were so beautiful. There's nothing like gardens, sir, to make people good and pure-hearted, for

there's something about flowers that leads the thoughts up and up, higher and higher. There's religion in gardens, sir, and I think if you put beautiful flowers within reach of people, sir, you do them more good than by showing them grand buildings and sights. There's a something in flowers, sir, that makes its way to the heart—not only in the grandest blossoms, but in the simplest; and I aint going to set up for a prophetic person, sir, but I mean to say that as long as this world lasts there will always be a tender love in every human heart for the little, gentle, sweet-scented violets. I've lived in big towns myself, and seen the girls with their baskets full of fresh-gathered blossoms, nestling amongst green leaves, with the water lying upon them in big, bright beads, and when, being only a poor man, I've spent my penny in a bunch of the fragrant little blossoms, and held it to my face, what have I breathed in?—just the scent of a violet? Ah, no! but God's bright country—far away from the smoke, and bricks, and mortar—and health and strength, and then it would be that a great longing would come on me to be once again where the wind blew free and the sun shone brightly.

That was, you know, when I went up to London to better myself, and didn't; thinking, you know, to get to be gardener to some great man, or in one of the societies, but there wasn't room for me.

I've heard about some poet saying something about a man to whom a primrose by the river's brim was a yellow primrose, and nothing more. I wonder what sort of a man that was, who could look upon the simplest flower that grows, and not see in it wonder, majesty, grandeur—a handiwork beside which the greatest piece of machinery made by man seems as it were nothing. But then, sir, that's always the way with violets and primroses, they always have a tendency towards bringing on that watery weakness. They do it with hundreds, bless you, if given at the right times. They're so mixed up with one's early life, you see, and with days when everything looked so bright and sunny; and with some people, I suppose, that is the reason why they act so upon them; while with me, you see, there's something else, for when I think of them, I can always see two little bunches lying upon a little breast, with never a breath to stir them,—bright blossoms, smelling of the coming spring-time, but soon to be shut from the light of heaven, and buried deep, deep with that seed to be raised where chill winds never come, where the flowers are never-fading, and where the light of love shines ever upon those thought worthy to enter into that garden of life everlasting.

For it was all in vain, sir: it was not to be. I made all my plans, I took all the care I could, I meant to train and prune and cut out all foreright

and awkward growths, I meant that boy to be something to be proud of; but it was not to be: he was not to blossom here,—this did not seem to be his climate; and though I wouldn't see it, sir, there was the plain fact, that there was a canker somewhere out of sight where it could not be got at; and though I tried, and the doctor tried, all we knew, it was of no use, and at last I was obliged to own that my little fellow was slowly withering away. I used to have him out in his little chair in a sheltered spot, when there was sunshine, and give him a bunch of flowers to play with; but at last he grew too weak to be taken out, so I used to take him some flowers home, and it was always the same, he would hold them in his hand till they withered away, and then cry to see how they were faded.

And at last there came a day when he did not seem any worse than usual. It was one of those soft, bright, warm, spring days, that come in all at once, setting the buds bursting, the birds building, and your heart seeming to drink in a kind of joy from the soft breeze. I'd been to dinner, and was going back to the garden, to finish a bit of nailing in over there upon the south wall, that ought to have been done long before. Well, I'd got to the door, when my poor little fellow burst out crying to go with me; and at last, seeing how bright and warm it was, and how sheltered he would be there, under the sunny wall, we wrapped him up, and I took him in his little chair to the warmest spot I could find, gave him some violets and primroses, and a crocus and snowdrop or two, and then I was soon up on my ladder, nailing away, laying in young wood there, moving a branch here, and, being fond of my work, and soon interested, I was sometimes a quarter of an hour together without looking at our little fellow; but I was down four times to pick him a fresh flower or two, and the last time I was down I thought he seemed a little drowsy.

At last I got off to move my ladder, and had my foot on the round to get up again, when I looked at the little chair, and started to see that my boy was lying fast asleep, when, for fear of cold, I caught him up, and carried him towards our cottage; but I had not gone half-way, before a strange shudder seemed to run through me, and I stopped short to look in the little face, saying something that I knew would make him smile if he heard it; and then, hardly knowing what I did, I rushed home with my light burden, whose little hands were tightly holding some of God's early gifts of spring against the little breast now growing colder and colder.

No, sir, he didn't hear me; but there was just the faint dawning of a smile about his little mouth: for God is very kind to some of those he loves, and there was no sign of pain there as he went to

sleep. And I can't think that I'm wrong, sir, in always fancying my boy where never-fading flowers bloom, for he was too young to have ever angered his Maker; and besides, sir, did He not say, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Don't you take no notice of me, sir: that's a watery weakness; but, now, just look there, sir,

I went over every bit of that lawn reg'lar, last week, and then there wasn't a bit of daisy to be seen; while now, here they are coming up in a bunch. But it really is the case with flowers, sir, that those you want to kill and get rid of won't die, while those you wish to save— There, don't take no notice of me, sir: it's only a watery weakness.

BRUTALITY TO BRUTES.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

IN the simple Old Testament times and manners, our first introduction to Rebekah is by her graceful act of equal hospitality to Eliezer and to his weary beasts. No welcome from the lips of high-born London lady could exceed the courtesy depicted in the kindly words: "And when she had done giving *him* drink, she said, I will draw water for *thy camels also*." This was justice as well as pity. The need of the camels was equally pressing, perhaps more so, than that of their master. They had served *him*, it was only honest requital that he should serve them. The kindness of Rebekah acknowledged the claim of both.

The right of the domestic animals to our consideration is founded on *the nature of things*. With all his god-like faculties, who is more helpless than man himself, when stripped of the aids which he constantly receives from those numerous classes of inferior creatures whose qualities, powers, and instincts are so admirably and wonderfully constructed for his use? If in the examination of their natural instincts, we could discover *nothing else* but a singular adaptation to man's wants—if the lower animals presented no organs for their *own* gratification, no sensibility to pain or pleasure, no grateful appreciation of kindness, no capacity for suffering from neglect or injury, no senses analogous, though inferior, to our own, there might be some paltry excuse for simply making the best use for ourselves of the property in and dominion over them, which God has bestowed upon man; but when it is remembered, that it requires no extensive acquaintance with the science of natural history to perceive that the infinitely just and impartial God of Nature has provided every creature on earth with special organs and sensations for its *own* use and enjoyment, as well as, in the case of the domestic animals, for the service of man, then it is clear that God intended their rights to be as sacred, and as entitled to respect, as our own. Almost every sense with which man is endowed is equally theirs. Seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, the

sense of pain and pleasure, emotions of love and anger, and sensibility to kindness or oppression, are inseparable characteristics of *their* natures as well as of our own. Moreover, all our experience and observation tends to show that pity is on the side of policy—that the inferior animals are most useful when least abused—and thus in this, as in every other case, our duties and our interests are obviously identified. Mercy in all things is the best policy in man, as it is the highest attribute of God. Is it not a cruel contradiction then, which some maintain, arguing from the peculiar instincts of certain animals—such as the alleged antipathy between the bull and the dog, and the ardour of the hunting-horse in the chase—that any creatures were made and ordained to be tortured? It might be as fairly contended, from the wars and oppressions between nations and classes of mankind, that men were ordained to fight, and be oppressed. In both instances, whether of animal torture or of human wrong, it is a transgression and departure from the law of their being. It is a gloomy attestation to the existence and baneful operation of sin in the world. It is a spectacle to abase us, to make us blush, and weep with them that weep. Our original creation, and that of the animals, are both of the earth, earthy; dust we are, and unto dust we both return. The only difference between us constitutes a stronger plea in their favour—viz., if they have no after life, as we have, this is an additional reason why their short life that now is, should not be unnaturally made shorter, or oppressed, because they cannot be compensated in a future world. God forbid! He whose "tender mercies are over all His works," gave them their charter in His creation equally with our own. His precept is—"And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so"—and it must be so. Their right to the fruits of the earth is precisely the same as our own—viz., the original grant of the Divine Proprietor, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and not

only so, "all the beasts of the forest are his," and so are the sheep upon a thousand hills, and a strict account of our dealings with them, their God and ours will require at our hands.

Besides, St. Paul reminds us, "every creature of God is good;" good after its kind, good for its natural use; and therefore none can be despised nor oppressed, without the sin of contempt against their God and ours. Wanton injury, or gratuitous cruelty, inflicted even on those creatures which, like the alligator, tiger, or serpent, are obnoxious to human safety, is a reflected offence against their Maker, and a trespass upon the purpose contemplated by their creation. All of them have a purpose to fulfill, for "the Lord hath created all things for himself." It is true, dangerous beasts may be legitimately destroyed. It is clear from the language of Scripture there are "brute beasts made (or appointed) to be destroyed." Their very destruction supplies the provision for other creatures. There is every year an interesting illustration of this economy of life promoted by death, witnessed in the gardens opposite my house in Chelsea. There is an acacia-tree, which every spring is denuded of its leaves by swarms of caterpillars, which cover the whole tree from the trunk to its remotest twig. When the caterpillars are full-grown and fatted with the spoil of the green leaves, they are at once removed by innumerable birds, as they afford the softest and most suitable food for their young ones. After a time, the seemingly dead tree again puts forth a fresh mass of foliage, and the young birds, which had been fed by its destroyers, unconsciously sing the praises of God among its hospitable branches.

If there were no wise arrangements by which the birds and beasts of prey subsist upon each other, their prolific progeny would consume all the fruits of the earth; myriads of them would be constantly dying by inches, and their innumerable carcases would so putrefy the air, that the earth would become one universal scene of festering corruption and death. Hence God in his wisdom and mercy sacrifices their lives by millions for the life of man; consequently, it is as ungenerous as it is gratuitously wicked for men to multiply their tortures. Even the vermin that excite our predicted enmity and disgust; "the poor beetle that we tread upon, which in corporal suffering feels a pang as great as when a giant dies;" the meek worm that turns upon the heel that crushes it, not in anger but in anguish, the writhings of whose physical agony assume the appearance of an impotent resentment; and the pretty insects that float upon the invisible wings of the sunbeams—all are the humble ministers to our health and comfort. Like Nature's scavengers, they remove by consuming the carcases of the dead and dying creatures, which would otherwise poison

the air, and soon render the atmosphere one mighty sepulchre wherein to entomb all animal vitality. That was a gracious sentiment uttered by a popular writer, as he gently put aside out of harm's way a little insect which he had captured, "I will not kill thee; the world is large enough for us both."

Again, the Holy Scriptures summon our attention to a rich variety of moral and industrial lessons, which we may glean, if not too proud to stoop to such tutors as quadruped instructors. There is the hint of fidelity from the dog, gratitude from the ox and the ass, diligence and forethought from the ant, watchfulness and perseverance from the spider, and parental care and tenderness from them all. But if we could learn *nothing* from them, could get nothing; if, on the contrary, they merely disputed with us, as competitors for the possession of the earth, and of its produce, apart from any exchange or return whatever, still we should have no right to blame their Creator, much less to hurt or destroy them with unnecessary cruelty, because their right to life and food is as clear, divine, and holy as our own.

The third general ground on which *we denounce cruelty to animals, is its brutalising influence on the cruel themselves.*

This effect was so well understood by the ancients, that cruelty of this kind was severely punishable by their statutes. One of the laws of Triptolemus was—"Hurt no living creature" ("Archæol. Græc.," bk. i., chap. xxvi.). The child that tyrannises over the lower creatures, betrays the first index of a despotic and cruel man to his fellow-creatures. When the monster Domitian was first advanced to the imperial throne of Rome, he amused himself with tormenting and killing flies; his subsequent career was to torture and destroy his subjects. Our great moral painter, Hogarth, in delineating a series of youthful profligacies which issued in a barbarous murder, introduces the culprit in his childhood tormenting a wretched dog. Well may the poet warn us:—

"Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule

* * * * *

By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man.

And he that shows none, being ripe in years,

And conscious of the outrage he commits,

Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn."

St. Paul admonishes us to "resist the beginnings of evil." On this principle, a Christian parent will check his child for killing or tormenting the meanest insect. To make a sport of suffering in any shape, has a hardening effect upon the heart, impairing the natural instinct of sympathy, which is as indispensable and distinct a sense of the human mind, as the sense of touch or taste. Let this tender fraternising quality become blunted or

vitiated, the child grows up a monster, not a man. How many a name of the homicide or murderer, written on our calenders of crime, was first smeared in the gore of tortured insects, like a bloody ensign on the window-pane of its profaned home!

To delight in suffering of any kind—to revel in the convulsions of a baited bull, or in the racked sinews of a frantic racehorse, or the pantings of a hunted fox or hare, or the cruel mutilations of a dog or cock fight, or in the fierce struggle for life of the badger or otter, or in the bitter impaling of a fish—which sports once disgraced our national character, and some of which still indulge and stimulate the venatory instincts in man's fallen nature, occasioning a vast amount of gratuitous animal suffering, all tend to brutalise and debase the mind. The poor brutes avenge their wrongs by the retributive degradation of their oppressors to a level with themselves, like a tyrannical slave-owner becoming to himself a slave. If a gracious and loving God exercised his power over us, as man abuses his power over his inferior creatures—if the ruling hand of our heavenly Lord and Master always dealt with the scourge, and his word was ever accompanied by a blow, this earth of ours would be an antepast of hell, or as miserable a drama of hopeless thralldom as man often makes it for the poor helpless creatures who depend upon us for their food and ease, protection and shelter.

We involved them in our sin, surely they should share in our mercies. Well may St. Paul exclaim: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now—waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body;"—waiting for that philanthropic, glorious crisis, which will be the end of pain and penalty, and the last chapter in the chronicles of sin and sorrow. Then in the glowing stanzas of Isaiah: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:"—and why? "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" and under its filial waves of universal amnesty, reconciliation, love, and adjusting mercy, "death shall be swallowed up of victory."

Thus it is the rule and tendency of the knowledge of Christ to evoke universal peace and fellow-kindness, and to extend the yearning of its bowels of mercy, far as the Redeemer's kingdom is to reach, over "everything wherein is the breath of life," reverencing the sacred spark enkindled in

the skies, even where it is found burning in so mean a shrine as the organisation of a glow-worm.

When I pass on the highway a lean, over-burthened ass, crouching, alike from want and weariness, under a load disproportioned to its strength, and mark its ruffian driver beating with a bludgeon its head and loins, till the miserable beast, half frantic with agony and bewilderment, at a loss which way to turn, falls down as if to seek rest in death, and lies as though it *were* dead, insensible to the storm of infuriated blows by which its inhuman tyrant in vain endeavours to goad it on its legs again—when some sympathising passer-by venturing an appeal to spare it, is met by a volley of oaths and abuse, during which diversion the animal has a momentary respite—when I have marked the patient and forgiving look, and the big tear, like a man's, trickling down the creature's face gently and silently, as if it even wept meekly, lest a more obtrusive sign of misery should provoke a fresh infliction—I have remembered Him, who rode in his lowly majesty into Jerusalem, sitting upon one of them, and thought there was a day coming when his almighty power, that opened the mouth of an ass "to rebuke the madness of the prophet," would make the memory of their wrongs speak a fearful judgment in the condemnation of their oppressors!

Might there not have been something significant of the general tenor of these reflections, in the appointment of a domestic cock to be the unconscious minister of rebuke to Peter, the fowl's unconscious fealty to its lowly office contrasting strongly with the unwatchfulness and blasphemous denials of the apostle? There are many who, remembering their participation in the barbarous pastime of the cock-pit or other cruel sports, may well repent, and be ashamed of the low and vulgar inhumanity of such sins against God in the persons of his suffering creatures. There are many—perhaps some among our readers—whose unfaithfulness to Christ, whose forsworn vows of obedience to his Gospel, whose grievous backslidings and denials of their Lord and Saviour, whose pusillanimous dread of his cross, envenomed by the scorn, the wormwood, and the gall of the ungodly, has left them no other fitting posture except the son of Jonas's, who, when the cock crew, went out and wept bitterly. With this practical moral let us close. If all the rest of our reflections be forgotten, let this be remembered. Then with the soul's imbibing a Christian spirit—the humane accompanies the devout—we shall have no heart to ignore the dues of a groaning and travailing creation. We shall rather groan and travail with them. As St. Paul has put it, "Not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within our-

selves, waiting for the adoption." We shall pray, and long, and sigh for the on-coming day, when the music that struck its first sacred note in Bethlehem, shall charm an expectant universe in tune to its sweet minstrelsy, and "on the bells of the horses shall be holiness to the Lord."

Instead of cruel, indifferent, heartless thoughts concerning all creatures doomed to die, for the safety or the food of man, let us lift an eye of faith upon the appointment, as a perpetual homily and

illustration of the one grand covenant atonement for the sin of man, by the blood and righteousness of their Maker; and let us be humbled at the reflection that, "for us they suffer and for us they die." The sin that made man mortal, infected with his doom of death all living things, but as the representatives of all things living went up into the ark of Noah, the antitype of that fact, is their ultimate interest in the salvation of the Ark of Christ.

NECESSITY AND LUXURY.



O two persons are, perhaps, exactly agreed upon the boundary-line which should separate the absolute necessities of life from its luxuries. With the very poor, habituated to scant clothing, restricted to hard and meagre fare, and limited, too often, to the barest decencies in the way of household accommodation, the things needful to mere existence may be summed up at a figure inconceivably small in the opinion of those more happily provided with the good things of this world. Taking into account alone the covering of the body, the distinction is assuredly a somewhat wide one between the simple garb of an English cottager and the innumerable swathings of an Oriental: such an amount of clothing being frequently carried by the latter as to render any attempt at walking abortive, the effort to move the limbs resulting in a heavy swaying of the entire figure from side to side—a species of locomotion described by an eye-witness as "one of the most singular misdirections of human energy that wondering man ever saw." To what absurdities of costume, indeed, we may, by fashion, or the gradual force of luxurious habits, become at length the slaves, is almost incredible; and it behoves us to look earnestly about us, and to bring ourselves to a knowledge of man's real wants in this respect, as well as in the article of food and other equally important matters, before we shall become so morally blinded by usage as to lose the sense to see and comprehend what alone is truly needful to our well-being. It may be said that it does not become any one member of society to prescribe to his neighbours what he may himself consider to be the sum of their actual necessities. These may reply—

"Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts."

Be it so. All that is insisted on is, that every one should try to ascertain for himself, with

some degree of certainty, the point at which his actual wants end and his mere indulgences begin. Every man is the better for such self-discipline. Were each individual in the human hive in his turn to become a worker, instead of playing the drone, he would be better able to judge for himself what are his own capacities of endurance, as well as better able to discern how very little of the honey of this world's wealth is really essential to the sweetening of his labours. It is well, occasionally, for the post-captain to quit his stand on the quarter-deck and take a spell at the oar, if only to strengthen his thews and sinews, and acquaint himself of what mettle he is framed. Of the prisoners in the Afghan war—among whom was at least one lady, the heroic Lady Sale, bred up in the lap of luxury—we are told that they were reduced, not only to the necessity of washing their own linen, but, as their clothes wore out, were only too thankful to receive as a gift from their captors a piece of calico, together with a little flax, which with their own hands they were obliged to spin into thread before they could convert the humble material afforded them into wearable garments.

Now, there are very many worthy women in the middle ranks of life who think it no particular hardship to make their own apparel, even to their best visiting dresses; yet there are few, we believe, who would not at first sight consider that a little silk or cotton, ready twisted or reeled to their hand, as positively necessary to the success of their delicate manipulations. Yet the raw material, in the hands of those whose teaching had been in the hard but chastening school of adversity, was found to be sufficient to meet the exigences of the time; and the maker and wearer of those humble garments lived to return to her native country, respected and honoured for her graceful and cheerful yielding to the force of unfavorable circumstances which the voice of duty had called her to endure.

When, in the reign of the Czar Peter the Great, the legions of Russia marched to the Crimea and

seized on the stronghold of Perekop, the royal head and director of the enterprise was quietly earning an appetite for his noonday meal in a ship-carpenter's yard at Amsterdam: doubtless, the labour he delighted in "physick'd" the pain of being absent from his army in such an hour of conquest. Even the heir of England's throne has not disdained to take a turn at the chisel and the saw—as royal a method as we know of making "good digestion wait on appetite." Perhaps the happiest moments ever tasted by king or kaiser have been those when, casting aside for a brief space, under the impulse of some earnest purpose, the barren luxuries of the great, and assuming the labours of the lowly, the hand has found out its cunning, and the freshened mind has gathered up its strength for the work of common men. None, save those who have tried it, can conceive how sweetly rest comes after toil, even though the worker lie stretched on the bare ground—sweeter far than the half-repose snatched amid the tossing of "restive sloth" that "finds the down pillow hard."

During some brief space, then, stolen from a life of luxurious self-indulgence, it is well that every man should take work upon him, to earn the bread he eats with the sweat of his brow, and feel for once the warmed blood sent healthfully coursing through his veins beneath the spur of aroused self-exertion. He who does so will find his account in many an after-suggestion of usefulness. Those who have had their eyes once well opened to even a single one of all the many delusions which obtain on the subject of the necessities of life, will be able to look with cleared vision on the true state of things around them. They will be brought to know that the imaginary wants of their own more artificial life in an age of over-civilisation have no existence in the stronghold of nature, and that what is "one man's meat is another man's poison." It will be found that that which is the chosen fare of the luxurious man is received with positive distaste by him who "dwells with humble livers in content." Turtle may be an aldermanic necessity, yet we are at fault if there be not some stomachs that would turn with loathing from the unaccustomed luxury. Less in his element were a field-labourer at a feast in Guildhall, than a wandering Bedouin chewing his grass stem in an Arab tent.

Even selfishly speaking, habits of discipline thus acquired will not be without fruit. They who have made themselves masters of the uses of toil may never, it is true, have to exercise their faculties in a precisely similar direction to that in which their experience was gained. They may never have to turn ship-carpenters on their own account, nor to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, nor be forced to put to sea in a coracle, and "bale out death with a pipkin;" but they

may be driven by adverse winds of fortune to exchange their black cloth for "Oxford mixture," the silk gown for the alpaca compromise, the luxuriously laid table for a board of more humble fare; they may, under the forceful whip of circumstances, be chastised into a knowledge that limbs were given for use abroad in the world's highways, and not for cradling in the lap of self-indulgence. Then, should a household be suddenly thrown into disorder, should unexpected loss of means entail the necessity of retrenchment, he who has once made himself acquainted with his own real requirements, will be enabled without difficulty to sift clear the indispensable from the needless, and, braced and strengthened, rather than depressed, by adversity, will cheerfully take up new toils, finding gain, rather than deprivation, in the putting away of some of those accustomed luxuries whose enervating influence was never suspected until their forcible withdrawal left clear the field for wholesome energies to grow. Let us all look to it. We are, for the most part, far too much the slaves of our own fancied wants. The craving for luxury is, of all desires, the one most apt to "grow with what it feeds on."

So much, then, for the uses to ourselves of a true knowledge of our real needs of life. Next, let us consider what is the value of that knowledge as affecting our dealings with those around us. Out of our savings in the way of cast-off superfluities what rest to the weary toiler, what comfort to the sick and suffering, might not be afforded! What to us would seem but an insignificant sum withdrawn from a needless and idle expenditure, would be positive wealth to the indigent and labouring poor at our doors. At seasons of extreme cold or of great dearth especially, when the needs of life are greater, and work more scarce than at most others, and when sickness, consequent on a lowered temperature, will press hardly on all who are unable to provide for themselves the clothing and the food needful to their existence, the helping hands of those richer and more prosperous might fittingly and graciously be stretched out to the relief of the suffering. No better channel is open for the expression of our own thankfulness for the better means given to us. It was a saying of the pious Madame de Miramion that "the road of the hospitals is the path to heaven." Let us walk it, then, untiringly, and let our charity be, as was said of that of a countrywoman of our own, "as the dropping of fruit all the year round." Even when we have done all in our human power for the relief of the oppressed, much of suffering and of sorrow must still remain unmitigated and unconsolated with which a Higher Will than ours can alone deal in tenderness and mercy. A beautiful expression of our mere human powerlessness to redress the evils of mortality beyond a



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

“The fatherless forgot their discontent.”—p. 794.

certain point is recorded of the good and charitable Hedwiges of Hungary, the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some poor peasants came to her in tears, complaining that the servants of her husband had carried off their cattle, and that

they were suffering from the worst ills of poverty, and consequent starvation. Hedwiges went to her husband and obtained instant redress. "The cattle have been restored to them," said Hedwiges, "*but who shall give them back their tears?*" E. L. H.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

I.

NOT dead, because in memory he lives,
And all men speak of him with softer breath;
But gone before, until the grave-bed gives
Her dead up to the Lord of life and death.

II.

The great ones grieve; but not alone his peers;
The cottage fire hath burned with lower light,
And peasant eyes have known unusual tears;
Strong hearts have bowed in sorrow since that night.

III.

Helping the helpless, on his way he went;
The children kept for him their brightest beams;

The fatherless forgot their discontent;
The widow blessed him in her grateful dreams.

IV.

But now the hearth is desolate and cold;
Hunger is standing at the wretched sill;
The sheep have lost the keeper of the fold;
The fatherless are greater orphans still.

V.

The widow, weeping o'er her infant son,
The oft-told tale of misery tells o'er,
And whispers to her sleeping little one,
"Surely he is not dead, but gone before."

BURTON WOLLASTON.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

"A CHECK."



WITH regard to his mother, Raymond was in decided disgrace. She would not hear any more of his *sentiments*, as she called them. She declined to discuss the points.

At her age, she told him, she was not likely to desert her old principles, and the principles of her race. It made rather better of it when he told her he was about to pay a visit to Earl Lynthwaithe. But her anger against him, and her disappointment with regard to him, almost neutralised the assertion.

She did not see him off the next day, or say a word of kindness. Alice did both.

Raymond made it his first business to call on his titled relative.

Earl Lynthwaithe was a man who was more to be found in public, than at home. He had lost his wife, and his only son was travelling abroad with a tutor. Raymond had not seen him more than half a dozen times in his life. Before the Sylvesters were driven to give up their house in town, there used to be a few rather chilly family dinners exchanged between the cousins. But, on the whole, Lady Sylvester had no special liking for the man to whom the title had lapsed. It would have been her crowning ambition to have it appertain to her son: even now, in her secret heart, she often speculated on the possibility of it coming back. The merest shred of possibility, and without, as Raymond used to say, a leg to stand

on. But there were no bounds to her ladyship's aspiring tendencies!

Lord Lynthwaithe was at breakfast when Raymond called, and, on the score of his relationship, the young man was admitted without delay.

"Though I have only half an hour to spare," said he, giving Raymond two of his fingers. "Never was a public man so over-worked as I am!" And even while he spoke he was glancing his eye over some document which had just been brought to him.

"My cousin is well, I hope," added he, a minute after, and looking up at Raymond. "Won't you take some breakfast?"

"No, thank you," replied Raymond, to whom the difficulty had occurred of opening his mind to so pre-occupied a person as his lordship.

"I had some thoughts of running down this autumn for a little shooting. Newbury stands where it did, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; it stands where it did.

But by the autumn where would be the Sylvesters?"

Lord Lynthwaithe, after this slight attempt at doing the hospitable, had gone back to his document.

The half-hour was verging rapidly to a close. Unless Raymond seized the present opportunity, there is no knowing when he would get another. He therefore plunged boldly into the subject, and having considerable tact and skill, he put the case before his lordship in a few words. He ended by preferring his request for his lordship's good offices.

During Raymond's speech Lord Lynthwaithe's atten-

tion was painfully distracted between the correction of the document—the proof-sheet, in fact, of one of his own addresses—and the desire to give some decent consideration to Raymond's affairs. I am afraid the proof-sheet got the best of it.

"The fact is, my dear fellow, I am overrun with petitioners. The whole kingdom would hardly be too much to divide among them."

"I thought, as I had the honour to be a relative," began Raymond.

"Oh, of course—of course! and I will do what I can: you must leave it in my hands. By the way, I am sorry I cannot ask you to dine; but you will not be leaving town at present," and his lordship rose.

Raymond rose also, there was no help for it.

"Of course I shall be very glad to see you, when I am at home," said his lordship, ringing the bell, and ordering the carriage to the door. "Can I convey you anywhere this morning?"

"No, thank you," replied Raymond, scarcely able to conceal a touch of disappointment.

"Well, then, good morning to you. I regret excessively having to be so unceremonious, but public matters are imperative, and we have two committees this morning. *Adieu!*" and he waved his hand smilingly.

Raymond, full of vexation, made his way into the street. Delay in his case was the thing to be most dreaded. If he had to wait for that rich berth, he perhaps should lose the chance of getting it.

He was standing in the street, looking absently after the carriage of his titled relative as it disappeared round the corner, when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"If I guess right, sir, I am speaking to Mr. Sylvester."

The man who spoke was a stranger to Raymond.

"Because," continued he, taking what looked like a writ from his pocket, "I have a little business with you, if you have no objection."

"What is it?" asked Raymond, his face white, and his lips quivering.

"It's this, sir: I arrest you for debt!"

CHAPTER LIII.

LADY SYLVESTER IS FORCED TO RETREAT.

It was a proof of the severity of Lady Sylvester's displeasure, that she never once, during the day of Raymond's departure, mentioned his name; added to which, she seemed wholly absorbed in some business matter of her own, and Alice saw very little of her. But the next morning, this business appeared as if settled; for, soon after breakfast, Alice, who was quietly working in her own room, received a summons.

"Her ladyship wishes to speak to you," said the attendant of Lady Sylvester.

It was habitual to the family to live in a constant state of alarm; and an undefined sense of ill made Alice step hurriedly to her mother's apartment.

Lady Sylvester was, to Alice's surprise, surrounded

by various packages; and a casket, containing the old family jewels, stood on the table before her.

"Dear mother, what is the matter?" asked Alice, anxiously.

"Nothing to make you look so scared, child. Sit down, and listen to me," said Lady Sylvester, in a tone of great composure.

Alice sat down. She trembled, in spite of her mother's words. She felt sure that something of importance was going to happen.

Lady Sylvester closed the casket, and sat down, too.

"Alice," said she, "I am about to take a step which, though it may appear abrupt, has been well considered by me. I have looked at it on all sides, and am convinced that nothing else remains for us to do."

"What is it, mother?" asked Alice, fearfully.

"It is to leave Newbury; and at once."

"What! to leave the old home, mother!" cried Alice, with surprise, and yet with a certain sense of relief. If the policy might be altered with the change of residence, all would be well.

"Yes. It is impossible to hold on to it any longer. I have tried, Alice, and stood my ground to the last; but things have gone hard with me."

She paused a moment. Alice knew that she was thinking of Raymond.

"I have resolved to leave quietly, and without letting our removal get wind. We have many enemies in Newbury."

"Victims!" thought Alice, bitterly. "And where are we to go, mother?" asked she, aloud.

"That has been a matter of consideration, Alice; but I have come to a decision. There is but one refuge open to us, where we can go; I mean the Grange."

"The Grange!" and Alice started in dismay; "you do not surely mean the Grange, mother?"

"I do, Alice; I mean the Grange."

"But it is in ruins; it is a mere desolation. I cannot bear to think of it," and she shuddered. "Oh, mother, do not take me there," added she, in a tone of entreaty; "let us find some bright, cheerful dwelling, no matter how humble, where——"

"I do not like your humble dwellings, Alice; nor will you get me to live in them," replied her mother. "Our position requires certain things of us. The Grange may not be altogether what we like; but it is our own house. There is a prestige about it, say what you will. If we take up our abode there, it will merely be a retirement from one part of our possessions to another; any other move would involve a going-down in the world; and that I shall resist to the last."

"But, mother," and Alice struggled as for life against the purpose, "you cannot realise the state of the Grange, or the utter dreariness of its surroundings. Let us go abroad; let us go anywhere, rather than there!"

"You are a silly child, Alice; and if it were left to you, the dignity of the Sylvesters would never be upheld. I tell you I have seen the Grange but

lately; and that preparations are being made for our reception."

"Oh, mother!" and Alice sat with a face of blank despair.

It was sad enough here—with loneliness, and disgrace, and danger on every side; but there, the loneliness would close round them like a shroud: there, in those vast dilapidated rooms, surrounded by marsh, and fog, and swamp—for the situation was notoriously unhealthy—they would be absolutely lost. And all to keep together the last faint shred of the worn-out purple!

But when her ladyship had made up her mind, it was like the law of the Medes and Persians. Alice knew it was vain to argue or resist; yet for a time, in her despair, she resisted. She besought and implored her mother not to take her to the Grange.

But Lady Sylvester was inexorable. There was no alternative, she said. The mortgagee was about to seize on the house, in default of payment: for the house, like everything belonging to them, was involved as deep as could be. It was quite time they withdrew, before absolute ejectment came; and to no other place would she go, in the wide world, but to the Grange. And she said it in a tone that admitted of no further parley.

There was another motive for her resolution. She had determined, with the power of her iron will, to crush out all thoughts or hopes connected with Harold Blake. She had kept a keen watch on Alice. One letter had been intercepted and burnt; and Harold, unknown to her, had been dismissed without audience, or even admittance.

On this point nothing could shake her. Their fortunes, she said, were under a temporary cloud. Alice was young, and beautiful, and a Sylvester. There is no knowing to what elevation she might not attain. And Harold Blake was the overseer of a silk-mill!

Raymond, even, kept firm to this fallacy. He had not retracted all his errors, and this was one. He had chimerical ideas of the future, as far as Alice was concerned; and he set his face against the suit of Harold Blake.

It never occurred to either of them that, perchance, the battle might be too hard; and the delicate organisation unfit to prosecute it to the end. They forgot how changed she was; how she drooped and faded; and how the iron was entering into her soul. How sad was her youth; how drear the prospect before her. They forgot that the human heart has been known to break, and sorrow to kill; they forgot this!

CHAPTER LIV.

WHAT RUINED MARTHA.

"Is Lady Sylvester at home, pray?" asked a rather determined-looking man, who had just rung a loud peal at the front door of the old house.

"She is at home; but that's no reason why she should be called to chance-comers," replied the butler,

with some asperity. "And that's your way, round you corner," and he pointed to the back part of the premises.

"My way is straight *forwards*, and that's the best for us all," replied the man, nothing daunted by the coolness of his reception. "You'd best just tell her ladyship she's wanted."

The butler paused. It was generally felt, through the whole establishment, that evil days were close at hand, and dangers were lurking everywhere. In fact, the establishment had grown to realise that it was on the eve of dissolution.

"Perhaps you had better step in, and I'll speak to my lady," said the butler, after some hesitation.

"Ah, do," replied the stranger, with the smallest possible amount of respect for the Sylvester dignity.

He waited a few minutes in the hall while the butler was gone. He was shabbily dressed, and his boots made a creaking noise as he walked up and down. He had not cared to remove his hat.

"Which shows he does not know his place, whoever he is," thought the butler, as he made his way to Lady Sylvester's apartment.

Very soon he came back again. "My lady wishes you to call again, when Mr. Sylvester has come home," was the message delivered.

"Then her ladyship, for once, won't have her wishes gratified. I mean to see her now, this very morning. You may go and tell her so."

"What a silly child you are, Alice!" said Lady Sylvester, as the girl's face grew ashy pale. "The least thing frightens you. Look at me. I am as cool and collected as I ever was in my life."

Alice did not speak. She had shrunk into a corner, and sat there trembling, not with fear—her mother misjudged her—but with shame and anguish.

She knew that some disgraceful scene was coming—that some work of ruin and dishonesty had been going on, and was about to be dragged to light; and this made her tremble.

When the man's heavy foot was heard on the stairs Lady Sylvester laid down her pen. She was writing directions for the several packages which stood outside, and which were intended for removal to the Grange. Then she leaned back in her chair. She did not flinch a hair's breadth. All the pride and the resistance of a whole line of Sylvesters was expressed in her face as the man came in.

His eye glanced round the room, first at Lady Sylvester and then at Alice. After what appeared a moment's consideration, he removed his hat.

"Well, my lady, so I've got speech of you at last," he began.

"Perhaps you will let that speech be as brief as possible," was the reply of Lady Sylvester.

"That's as happens, my lady. I've got a goodish long story to tell. With your leave I'll tell it sitting down."

A flush of anger came to her cheek, but she said nothing. The man sat down.

"Happen you'll want to know my name, and what

business I have here. Well, I'm not ashamed of my name. It's James Meadows, and I was born in Newbury."

Lady Sylvester cast down her eyes a moment; then she raised them, the unquenchable light burning as brightly as ever.

"My daughter kept a shop here, in this town. It mayn't interest you to know that I set her up in it. I'd worked hard, and saved a bit of money, and, thinks I, I'll invest it in a good thriving business, and my girl shall manage it. She was a first-rate woman of business, was my poor Martha."

It did not interest her ladyship in the least. She had taken up her pen, and was writing directions.

"So I sets her up, and goes and lives in Yorkshire, along with my wife's relations. And all would have gone well, for the girl worked early and late. I call her the girl, though she was over thirty a good bit. It's a way I've got."

Lady Sylvester went on writing her directions with great industry.

"She worked early and late, and she'd have done well, and saved money soon, but for one thing, and that thing has ruined her—*debt!*"

Alice gave an involuntary shiver. Gradually the man had ceased to address Lady Sylvester, and directed all he had to say to her. There was no lack of sympathy or of interest, here.

"Not that *she* got into debt," continued he; "it's not in our way. We never owed a sixpence, and no one was ever the loser by *us*, or would have been. It was *you* that did all the mischief. It was *you* that ruined my poor Martha!"

Lady Sylvester laid down her pen. "Is this all you came to say?" asked she, coldly, and without an atom of sympathy.

"No, my lady; but I'm a coming to it, if you'll have patience and hear me out. You went on having things and not paying for 'em, till you got deep into her books. Not too deep, mind ye, if you'd been honourable; but you wasn't!"

Alice hid her face in her hands. It was just the thing she feared. Perhaps worse even than that.

"You wasn't; and so it was like working in the fire. She, that's my poor Martha, got poorer instead of richer. In fact, you took the bread out of her mouth; that's what you did."

"All this is very unnecessary and impertinent," exclaimed Lady Sylvester. "I have tolerated your intrusion so far; but really, there are bounds to my endurance. When my son returns——"

"Ah! that's just it," interrupted the other. "I want to speak to you about your son."

Her attention was arrested now, in spite of herself. There was a quiver of the iron mouth, and the eyelids that had not flinched were a trifle lowered.

"You owed us three hundred pounds. The shop has to be shut, and my girl is ruined. You won't hear our complaints, or listen to what we have to say. Well, one day I get the news that Mr. Sylvester has took himself off. This is more than I can bear. It's the egg, my lady, as has broke the horse's back. It is easy to guess what course I should adopt."

The quiver was plainly to be seen now. A white ghastly look spread itself over Lady Sylvester's face.

"I went to the police, and set 'em on. I would not have let him slip if it cost my last penny. I sent after him to London. Well, I've just heard that he's been took."

"Taken! my son——"

She checked herself: it was an outbreak of feeling that, for one moment, had been uncontrollable.

"Yes, my lady, your son, and they've lodged him pretty safe in gaol by now!"

She did not speak this time. She got up, opened the window wide, and then sat down again.

"If I hadn't done it, another would. There's a dozen writs out to my knowledge, and the bailiffs will be in by night. That's all I came to say, my lady;" and he rose.

Not a muscle of her face moved as he looked at her, which he did steadily. There she sat, as proud and as defiant as ever. She was sitting thus, when he left the room.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



LITTLE Bob and Milly Pringle lived down the cellar stairs of a very high house in Cherry-Tree Court.

If you should ever happen to find yourself in the middle of Newgate Street, and you would like to see Cherry-Tree Court with your own eyes, you have only to take the first turning to the right and the second turning to the left, and you will be sure to discover it—or a place very much like it; but as you would not be justified in taking that trouble, I will place my memory at your service, begging a few moments' attention in return.

Cherry-Tree Court! does it not sound charmingly?

It reminds you of clusters of pretty white blossoms that scent the air, or later on of those fascinating red bunches of cool fruit that tempt your thirsty lips and your eager little fingers. And so you think you would like to have a Cherry-Tree Court all to yourself? Well, come and see.

This is Cherry-Tree Court. It is a narrow strip of pavement, with a shallow gutter running down the centre, and a row of tall, tumble-down houses on either side, looking as if they were intended as props to a very small roofing of sky. This is what is called a "blind alley;" that is to say, it does not lead to any other thoroughfare than that we have just left, but is closed up by a building as tall and

dilapidated as the rest of its brethren. And where is the cherry-tree? Some years ago there remained a stump to tell its story of blossom, fruit, and decay; but one hapless day many longing eyes, such as are now peering at us over soapsuds and lazy broom-handles, were cast towards the relic, and there was a storm of dispute over various claims to the possession of it. This was unexpectedly settled by the most daring of the parties—none other than Mrs. Pringle—who got up at dead of night, perseveringly sawed the little stump from the ground, and rolled it down the hole in front of the cellar window of the end house, where it was chopped up into firewood, so that there is now nothing left of our cherry-tree but the name at the corner, and even that is nearly obliterated by the smoke and steam from the eating-house next door.

And this is where little Bob and Milly Pringle lived. Mrs. Pringle kept a mangle, and over the grating that protected her cellar window she had a board hung up, which contained a highly-coloured picture of a mangle, with the legend—

MANGLING
DONE HERE

which plainly shows how Mrs. Pringle earned her living, and that she worked hard for it. She was a widow, poor woman! and Bob and Milly were all she had to care for and to care for her. You will be glad to hear that they were generally very good children to her, and helped her a little in her work; but sometimes they thought themselves wiser than their mother, and got into trouble for their pains; and what I am going to tell you about, was the great incident of their lives.

It happened on the ninth of a cold, murky November, when the street flags were very muddy, and the fog was very yellow, and upon this Lord Mayor's day Jack Frost was king. Woe to those whose fingers were ungloved, and whose boots were unsound! the nipping monarch pinched them well, you may be sure; and as for noses! they are his lawful prey, and are always within his grasp.

This morning Mrs. Pringle was up betimes—indeed she always was—and declared to Bob and Milly her intention of getting done very early to-day.

"Why, mother?" asked Bob.

"Because it's Lord Mayor's day, my dear," replied Mrs. Pringle, with the pride of a citizen.

"And will there be a Lord Mayor's Show to-day?" pursued little Milly.

"Of course there will, my child," answered her mother; "and I am going to see it to-day. Your aunt, Milly, has two windows in her house which will give a good view of it all; and she has kindly offered to let me have one of them to myself."

"But may we not go too?" asked Milly, with some apprehension.

"Oh, yes, both of you may come with me; that is, if you are good children while I am out this morning."

"Oh, won't it be fine!" exclaimed Bobby, dancing round the mangle, and Milly clapped her hands for joy. It was a great thing to look forward to, for the only shows they had seen were a monkey show, and "Punch and Judy."

"Oh, mother, dear!" added Bobby, "do tell us what it will be like."

"I haven't time to tell you all about it," said Mrs. Pringle, "for it is a very large show indeed. Imagine a thousand Punch and Judies, and it's bigger even than these would be."

"Oh, what a monster show it must be!" chorussed both the children.

"Indeed it is," continued Mrs. Pringle, warming with her subject. "There are hundreds of soldiers, on horseback, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and volunteers in green and grey; and watermen in red coats and badges, carrying the most splendid flags you ever saw; and then there are the men in armour—"

"What's that?" interrupted Bobby, open-mouthed with astonishment, for he had not heard of such a thing before.

"Why, my dear, the men in armour are the brewers' draymen, who are chosen to wear the heavy coats of mail because they are such burly fellows. These iron coats of mail used to be worn by soldiers many—many years ago, to protect them from the enemy's blows; but that was long before guns and cannons were thought of. And they look such a funny set! Then there are bands of music, playing more tunes than ever you heard in your life on the street-organs that come to this place; and there are lots of fine carriages, with grand people in them; but, last of all, and finer and grander than all, is the great state carriage containing the lord mayor himself, who takes his hat off, and bows, and smiles to all the people."

The grandeur of this description was so overwhelming to the two children that neither spoke for some moments, and then they could only say "Oh!" and "Fine!" and such expressions, over and over again.

"And now, children," said Mrs. Pringle, putting on her bonnet, "I am going to take home some things. I shall be sure to be back long before the time comes for us to go to your aunt's, so do not be afraid I have forgotten you, if I don't come back as soon as you think. Above all, do not leave home till I return; and take no notice of any rumours that the Lord Mayor's Show is 'coming,' for there are some people who like to say so 'for a joke,' as they call it." So saying, Mrs. Pringle lifted the great basket upon her head and trotted out.

To say that Bobby and Milly were prepared to wait the return of their mother with the utmost calmness and patience, would be as much as to say that they were more than human; and that would not be true, for the two children were very ordinary little specimens of humanity. Bob's blood seemed turned into quicksilver, for he seemed all over the room at the same moment, and his sister was scarcely less ener-

getic in her anticipations. Every now and then they would turn to look at the clock—for Bob perfectly understood the oracle. It was a large old Dutch clock, whose measured tick-tack resounded loudly when the mangle was not working. Very soberly and deliberately went the pendulum this morning in the impatient hearing of the children, and they began to think that the clock must be going slower on purpose; it was such a hard-sounding, leisurely beat, hardly a quarter so fast as that little strange pendulum thing which throbbed so rapidly in their own breasts.

"I am sure it's going slower and slower," said Bob. "I shouldn't wonder if it wants oiling."

"Wants oiling?" echoed Milly.

"Yes; I see mother oiling it a long time ago, and 'praps it's got thirsty again."

"A clock getting thirsty! Oh, you funny Bob!" laughed little Milly.

But Bob began to think where he could find the oil and feather, and was looking amongst the pots and pans to find it, when both were startled by hearing a sudden rumble in the distance.

"It sounds like thunder," said Milly, under her breath.

"Why, you silly girl, there's never no thunder in November. I'll tell you what it is," added Bob, hurriedly, as a second rumble sounded, this time a little nearer, "it's drums!"

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as my name's Bob!"

"But it isn't the Lord Mayor's Show, is it, Bob, dear?" asked Milly, now becoming very much excited.

"I—I do think it is!" exclaimed Bob. "Who knows? The clock may have been going too slow, and mother may be kept waiting longer than she thought for."

"It *has* been a long time," said Milly, anxiously. "What a pity!"

"It's a shame!" cried Bob. "But I don't mean to be done out of it."

"What can we do?"

"Do! why do you suppose mother could expect us to stay in when we hear the show passing? Let us make haste and see it while we've a chance."

"But," demurred Milly, "mother said we were to be sure not to leave the house till she came back for us; so it would be wrong to go."

"Wrong fiddlestick!" was Bob's precocious exclamation. "Come along, and don't waste time in talking about it. We shan't see it at all if we do not run."

Ah, Bob! you were running away from your own conscience then, although you could talk so glibly about what "mother could expect." He took care to give Milly no time for reflection; so he seized her hand and pulled her up the stairs.

"Look sharp," he bawled; "it will be ever so far away in another minute."

They soon made their way to Newgate Street, where they found an unusual bustle of people and traffic of carriages. Several policemen were standing

about the road and bawling to the drivers to "clear out;" but the people seemed to be going their ways in pretty much the same manner as usual: and all beside that Bob and Milly could see, was a glimpse of red coats on horseback, which were fast disappearing round the corner to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."

"Oh, Milly, it's all gone by!" said Bob. "Let us run after it and catch it, if we can."

So saying, he took his sister by the arm and dragged her up the street, jolting her and himself against the elbows and knuckles of the foot-passengers; but they felt that they could run a much heavier gauntlet for the chance of seeing the wonderful show. In this way they got to Cheapside, from whence the carriages had already been banished; and where the people were strolling about the roadway. But, strive as they might, they could only see the backs of the red coats, and Bob was ready to cry with disappointment. As they neared the Guildhall, the concourse grew into a dense crowd, which occasionally swayed about so recklessly, that the two wanderers began to fear for their own safety.

"Oh, Bobby—Bobby dear! let us go home," sobbed Milly, "it's no use stopping here any longer."

"Don't go blubbering in that way," returned Bob, roughly, for he was beginning to think he had acted very foolishly throughout; "I'll tell you what, though, I shall ask that big policeman whether it's all over."

So saying, he went up to a tall man in helmet and blue clothes; and gazing up to him as one would gaze up at a very threatening cloud in the sky, said, "Please, sir, is there going to be any more?"

"More o' what?" snapped the policeman. He had no time to waste on small boys, for there were many grown-up "boys" there who required a good deal of vigilance to keep them in order.

"More Lord Mayor's Show," explained Bob, trembling at his own temerity in holding a conversation with so stern a limb of the law.

"Pooh! my young shaver, it aint begun yet—they's only the sogers a-goin' to the 'rongdevoo.' The Lord Mayor won't start for another hour; a look here, youngster, you'd better be clearing off, and take yourself and your sister out of harm's way."

Bobby now saw what a silly thing he had done. Only the soldiers going to the— What did he call it? And now the only thing to be done, was to make the best of their way home again. However, the resolve came too late. At that moment the blare of more trumpets sounded in the distance, and there was a blind rush round the corner to see what might be coming. Milly felt herself dragged away from her brother, and carried violently along by the force of the crush, and mercilessly tossed about hither and thither. For a little while she was conscious of the shouts and yells of the mob, mingled with cries of "stand back," and other remonstrances from the policemen; then she came violently to the ground, and knew no more for a time.

And where was Bob? He felt himself carried away

by another tide; but very soon was fortunate enough, by dint of dodging and ducking, to get clear of it—but—he had lost Milly! He went in the direction in which he thought she had gone, but nowhere could he find her. He called “Milly! Milly!” but he could scarcely hear his own voice in the fast increasing hubbub. It was now Bob’s turn to “blubber;” but all the blubbing in the world would not help him, and he knew that; so after a fruitless search in any but the right direction, he resolved to run home and tell all to his mother—if she had come back—who would know what was the best thing to be done.

How guilty and wretched he felt as he sneaked through the court, and crawled down the stairs! He now began to realise more than ever the evil he had done, and the grief he would bring to his mother. She was not yet returned when he arrived there, but in another moment, when he looked up through the grated window, he saw her cheery face, which looked unusually sunny then, with the anticipation of the treat her good little children would have that day.

“Now, Bob, my dear,” said she, as she came in and laid down her basket, “we will have something to eat, and make ourselves tidy and be off; just tell Milly I want her.”

“Oh, mother—mother!” said Bob, crying afresh, “Milly’s lost—she’s lost!”

“Milly lost, child! how is that?” asked Mrs. Pringle, her face turning white with apprehension.

“Oh, mother! I’ve been very wicked,” sobbed he; “we heard a drum, and I thought it was the show—I took her with me—and there was a crowd—and I lost her!”

“You naughty, naughty child!” exclaimed the distracted mother; “come with me, as fast as you can, to the place where you lost her—every moment makes it worse for her.”

With breathless speed they ran towards the spot where the crush took place; but before they had gone through Newgate Street they met a small knot of people following a policeman, the very one to whom Bob had spoken, who carried in his arms a fainting child. There was a rough bandage round the white face, and the blood was still dropping through the matted hair. What a sickening and pitiful sight for the eyes of the people!—what a horrible and heartrending sight for a mother! It was Milly.

“I am a taking of her to the hospital, mum,” said the policeman; “they’ll soon make her all right at Bartholomew’s. Somebody gave her a blow by accident with his cudgel and hurt her head—but cheer up! bless yer, she’ll be all right.”

But the mother said nothing: she only motioned to him to give her the child, and come along with her to the hospital. On she went, with a face as white and rigid as marble, Bob following her steps, not knowing how to bear the agony of his self-reproach; only feeling that he would give anything

to have been the sufferer instead of his sister, whom he had led into all this pain and trouble.

Arrived at the hospital, a surgeon was quickly in attendance, and examined the hurt.

“It is very severe,” said he, gravely, “and I fear it will be fatal.”

Poor, poor mother! She tried to say something, but her strength all at once forsook her, and she dropped on the floor insensible. It was some minutes before they could recover her. In the meantime the little child was fast dying, and had some sort of consciousness now. “Mother—mother!” was her last feeble cry, which proved more efficacious to the swooning one than any other restorative, for she sprang up, crying, “I am here, my child, my darling!” and looking upon the face of her little one, saw that she was not suffering now.

The bereaved mother began wailing out to her dead child, and would not be separated from the body. All at once, however, she altered her tone, and broke out into little fragments of lullabies and baby-songs, and spoke caressingly to Milly, as though she were once more a babe on her knee. At this the doctors looked pained and anxious, and the onlookers and attendants wept, while Bob looked on bewildered, as though he saw a dream.

“Poor thing,” said a kind-looking nurse, answering the inquiries of the chaplain, who had just arrived; “the trouble has turned her brain.”

“And who is this?” asked the chaplain, tapping Bob on the shoulder.

“Her son, I think,” said the nurse. “He hardly understands it all yet, poor boy.”

“Oh, please don’t call me poor boy,” cried out Bob; “it is all my fault that this has happened; and I wish I was dead too!”

“Hush—hush!” said the chaplain, “you must not say that. Now come and tell me all about it,” added he, leading the sobbing boy to one side of the room.

Bob confessed all that he had done, to the good clergyman, who spoke gravely, but soothingly in return. “It is a lesson dearly bought,” concluded he; “you have lost your sister for ever, and turned the brain of your poor mother—at least, for a time. This will teach you that the smallest acts of disobedience may bring the greatest misery upon yourself and others.”

I must bring my story quickly to an end. As Mrs. Pringle’s only relative was too poor to keep him, Bob was sent to the poorhouse. His mother had to be taken to an asylum, until her mind should regain its balance and her body its wonted strength, which, the doctor hoped, would be the case in a month or two.

And Milly—I speak of her last, because you will be sure to think of her longest;—Milly has been removed from Bartholomew’s Hospital, but not to the desolate home in Cherry-Tree Court. Little Milly’s body is sleeping in a very tiny grave; and little Milly’s spirit is singing in one of those far-away mansions, where there is no more sorrow, nor waudering, nor any manner of pain.

THE BIVVER

Saturday, September 5, 1868.



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"Aggy knelt down and gave Nelly's message."—p. 804.

NELLY'S MESSAGE.

POOR little Nelly sat alone in the drawing-room, trying to imagine she was not very dull; but the gilt-framed mirrors that hung 'neath the lustres held each and all a different opinion.

What they reflected was, a very desolate little figure and a very blank little face, though both looked very young, and both were very pretty.

You see, she was a very young married woman to

be left alone, night after night, as Geoffrey would leave her, and she could not spend her evenings with Aggy in the nursery, because little Aggy's nurse rather frightened Aggy's mother, whose visits were expected to be paid at stated times.

Presently a latch-key is heard in the door, and the owner of the key comes up, and the mirrors reflect a tall, handsome figure and a very handsome face, albeit the expression is somewhat conceited.

"All alone, Nelly?—poor little woman! Where's Aggys?"

"In bed," says Nelly, shortly. It is a little aggravating when you have been left alone five nights out of a week, to be compassionated with on the sixth. "Where should she be? and do not call her Aggs."

"Too like eggs, eh?" says Geoff, stretching out at full length on a sofa. "Poor little woman, what a deal she did think of her baby."

This being delicate ground, Nelly took her dainty little feet gingerly off it.

"Do you dine at home to-morrow, Geoff? Bob has sent us some grouse, and I thought if you did, I'd have them cooked."

"To-morrow," says Geoff, emphasising his words. "Well, no, not to-morrow, Nell. To-morrow, as it happens, I'm engaged at the club. Don't think of me, however, in your arrangements. You and Aggy can eat the birds."

And the next day Geoff dined out at his club, and Aggy and mamma had an early little dinner; a chop for Aggy, and a bread-and-milk pudding; and Nelly and her child composed a little game. I am not prepared to say that Nelly herself enjoyed her dinner. Like many other girls, she entertained a rooted objection to underdone meat, bread-and-milk puddings, and slops of all kinds; but such things were good for the little one beside her, and Aggy would not eat without mamma.

And at breakfast next morning, Geoff both eat and enjoyed the grouse. And thus Nelly's life went on in a dull routine; so dull that her brother Bob, lately returned from India, and coming about this time to visit them, had his kind heart considerably harassed by the cavalier treatment to which his favourite sister was becoming so used.

Nelly, though she said very little, certainly felt very much; and the quick-sighted Bob was not taken in with her many attempts to feign unconcern; and even little Aggy noticed how frequently misty were mamma's blue eyes—Geoff was so constant now at the gaming-house, his neglect of his wife so complete.

Yet still, though he saw the evil, the power to remove it Bob felt was not his; but all too soon that power arrived.

It is night, very cold, very bleak, very icy, and a soul is passing out of the world.

A slight young girl, white as a very snow-flake, is lying in the midst of a grand, massive bed, her pretty hair loose on the pillows.

"Sensible now," say the doctors; "she may see her child if she wishes, sir,"

And Bob assenting by a motion of his hand, they bring her in Aggy.

"Aggy," said the dying girl, raising herself in bed, "listen to me, darling, and try to understand, because mamma's very ill, and it hurts her to talk. Papa is away now, I know, but he will come back again, and will want his little daughter to make him happy. When he does not want you, stay with Uncle Bob; but when he is quiet and grave, when you think poor papa is sad, go and sit in his lap, and love him, as you do with mamma when she's well. And then, Aggy (and now, though the words were still said to the child, Nelly's blue eyes were fixed on her brother), then if papa speaks, as sometimes he does, as if he were not always good, and so were not always happy, tell him mamma's last words, that she gave them a message to Aggy." And then, in the presence of death, the dying girl gave to the little one beside her the last words she should send to her husband on earth.

Very softly, very slowly were they uttered, that the little listening child on the bed might remember them all through her life.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

How faint grew the dear voice! what a mere thread of life was keeping poor Nelly on earth!

"Aggy darling, kiss mamma; Bob, you will take care of my child."

And the mother, folding her daughter in a last embrace, passed away from this world.

Weeks went on, and Geoff stayed at Paris, where he had been at the time of his wife's death, not caring, perhaps, to visit his home now that the wife that had loved him was dead.

On Bob alone fell the charge of Aggy. Poor Aggy, too young to see through her mother's words, how the note that had rung through them was death, and who would now very sorely be missing mamma.

So thinking, Bob met on the stairs this very same desolate little Aggy.

It was usually a gay little face, sparkling over with sunshine, and with liquid dark eyes.

"Wo! hi! step there, little beauty. Where are you going?"

"Don't top me," said the child. "I can't play with you now. I'm looking about for my pretty mamma."

And the mother was lying in her grave:

Bob sat down suddenly on the stairs, and put up his hand to his brow. Who was he that he

should tell the little child she had lost her mother; that the baby-voice might now ring through the house, and the "pretty mamma" not run out at the sound? Yet, if not on him, on whom must it fall? So the young soldier, with all his courage ebbing away in the most unregimental-like manner, took up Aggy on his knee, and commenced, perhaps, one of the most painful tasks he had ever undertaken.

"Aggy, you mustn't go 'looking about' any more."

Here Bob caught his breath.

Aggy opened her eyes wide at this intelligence, as denoting surprise, but otherwise took it quietly enough.

This encouraged Bob, and he went on again.

"She's—mamma's—gone away; but, Aggy, you must be good, or I shall just put on my red coat, and get out my sword, and be off into battle."

This was a prodigious threat. Bob was a very great pet of little Aggy's. The merest allusion to red coats and war, sent up her arms clinging round his neck, and her soft face nestling against him.

"Well, well, then you must be good."

Baby lifted up her face from his shoulder, and her lovely dark eyes were swimming in tears, and her rosy lips quivering painfully. The cry seemed inevitable now, and Bob resigned himself to his fate, but Aggy made very little noise.

Bob got up presently, and, setting the child down with some force, ran up to his own room, and then the key turned in his door.

And thus for some time things went on in this way. The servants sent up what dinner they pleased, and particularly bad taste, it struck him, they had; and, as before it had been with the mother and child, so now Bob and the little girl were company for each other. Only sometimes a chance remark of Aggy's would send Bob flying up to his room, to reappear later, with all his lightheartedness very obviously forced.

Weeks rolled on, and Bob, partly on account of his own health, which would not stand the continued sojourn in hot climates, but much more so from a remembrance of his favourite sister's dying charge, sold out of the army, and, paying his brother a certain liberal sum for his board and lodging, took now entirely the charge of little Aggy. Bob's idea of the charge of a child was a bath in the morning, pinafores all day, and a constant looking after the hands; and, it is needless to observe, that with notions like these, the taking care of Aggy was a doubtful sort of pleasure. Bob, however, went through with it bravely, till, when Aggy grew into a grave little girl, with ordinary features and glorious eyes, Geoff took it suddenly into his head to send her to Paris.

"Good-bye, Uncle Bob," said his disconsolate

little niece. "I will give you my cat, and my dog, and my bird; but you must not stroke pussy's hair the wrong way, and you must be sure to remember to take Bouncer for walks, and you must always give Dick his groundsel on Mondays and Thursdays, Uncle Bob."

"Good-bye, Aggy," Bob replied, gravely. "I hope you will keep your curls in good order, and give some thoughts to the mending of your gloves, and always remember that to keep hands clean, the only known plan is to wash them."

"And you will take care of my things, Uncle Bob?"

"As surely, my child, as you attend to my wishes."

And certainly in their utter neglect of injunctions, they both kept their promises equally well.

After this, Bob's life was a blank, till the passing years brought round the day on which Aggy was expected.

Expected at nine, and at seven there was the table laid, groaning with good things most tempting to a traveller.

Then Bob, stirring up the fire into bright blazes of light, drew up his own large easy arm-chair, and sitting himself down in it, fell into a reverie. And the ghosts of the past rose up before him. Nelly standing in the light of the large chandelier, tossing up her baby, all her soft hair turned to gold, her blue eyes deepened in colour, and the happy flush of a very young mother on the transparency of her cheeks.

How pretty she had looked! what a contrast she had made to her dark little baby! So thinking, Bob fell asleep; and when he awoke there stood beside him that dark little baby. A girl of very fair average height, with a pretty rounded figure, and a very sweet face. The same liquid dark eyes that Bob so well remembered as belonging to his pet, and something of the charm of expression which had been essentially Nelly's. And this, even more than her frank, winning manners, very speedily replaced the girl in her old place in Uncle Bob's heart.

You would hardly have guessed from Aggy's manner how Aggy still grieved for her mother; but one night Bob, going up later to his own room, passed Aggy's, and heard how softly, and under her breath, the girl was sobbing out her heart.

"Mamma! mamma!" he heard her say; "oh, mamma, if you could only come back!"

Ah, "if," indeed! Bob knew something of the agony of that feeling. If she could only have come back, the loving young mother, the sweet, gentle wife.

But that was just what could not be.

Through all the troubles of their lives they could never again turn to Nelly. Never more

would her sweet voice and eyes work their mission of love on the earth.

Yet Nelly was not forgotten.

Though now long years had passed since last she had tossed up her baby, since last she had spoken to Bob, her image was still fresh with her brother and child.

But though Aggy remembered her mother, by Geoff she seemed utterly forgotten. It was not till the close of his long, ill-spent life, and he lay on his death-bed, that her influence fell on him also. Wild with despair, he then uttered words that chilled Aggy only to hear, for they were utterly without hope.

"Oh, Uncle Bob!" cried out Aggy, "if I only knew better what to say."

"The message, Aggy, *now* give your father Nelly's message."

"A message from Nelly?" said Geoff; "a message from Nelly to me?"

"I have kept it all these years," said Aggy, hurriedly, "because—because the time that mamma spoke of never came; but I think it is come now, papa. Oh, I think, I hope it is come!"

"Quick, Aggy—quicker my child!"

And then, with the angel of death standing by, Aggy knelt down and gave Nelly's message.

"In my Father's house are *many* mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

Oh! words that were first uttered so very long ago, how clearly we see that your power cannot die. What Aggy's love, what Bob's life, had not done, the inspired words effected, even as long ago, on that bleak, icy night, his dying wife perhaps had foreseen.

The look of despair passed away from Geoff's eyes, the face that had always been handsome, even when disfigured by the traces that his many different passions left upon it, became radiant, as with a new hope.

Aggy, bending over him, caught his last words.

"Ah! Nelly, yes, you are right! *Many* mansions, and a place in them even for me— Oh! my God, who has given me so much, and for whom I have done so little, forgive me now."

And with this realisation of Nelly's last wish, the aim of Bob's life was accomplished.

• COBWEBS FROM A CROMWELLIAN MANSION.

A KNOT of mischief-making maidens, playing at hide-and-peek

With the sunbeam and with shadow, into cornerway and creek;

In a rambling, mouldy mansion, where without the shadows fell,

And within the spider revelled, since the day of good Cromwell.

Was it not a rare good pastime, skipping through forgotten rooms,

Bringing up those buried wonders, from their filmy, cobweb tombs;

Opening casements, never thinking, that the hands that closed them last,

"Earth to earth" had long since mingled, and were with the buried past?

Books that had been read and written, oh! so many years before;

Keepsakes kept for "auld acquaintance," fall to dust upon the floor;

One, a bookmark worked on ribbon, with a braid of golden hair—

"Forget me not"—how mockingly the motto paleth there!

Crumbling carpets, torn tapestry, where the moth hath reigned supreme;

Oaken faces in the ceiling, such as haunt a childish dream;

Mirrors dim, and damp, and dusty, falling from their faded frames,

Once gave back in gorgeous grandeur, noble knights and stately dames.

Childish forms in ancient fashions, crumbling from the canvas fold;

Just to think their joyous laughter once awoke those echoes old;

That they plucked spring's dewy blossoms, gathered summer's rosy sheaf;

Saw *their* children gather round them, in the sear and yellow leaf.

Now those children, grown to girlhood, full of merry laugh and song,

Shake the clinging dust and cobwebs, till they rest their curls among;

And methought, they fell prophetic, mid those raven tresses fair—

Of the spider-web that Time is weaving, oh! so surely there.

Thus the passing years will gather names unto its record still;

Curls will droop and bright eyes glisten, and youth toil Fame's frozen hill;

We forgetting, they forgotten, soon ourselves will be forgot;

Thus the wheel of life is whirling man unto the common lot!

Let us aim to leave behind us, not a name in trophied state,
Where the passer-by alone will read our name, our age, and date;

Carve it though in hearts that love us, they the faithful, fond, and kind,
And we live a double lifetime in the lives we leave behind.
A. M. N.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

IT has been shown by writers on natural theology that the world we inhabit is adapted, with consummate wisdom, to be the dwelling-place of beings constituted as we are; that He who made the world as it is also made man as he is, and exactly suited the one to the construction of the other—that the world was made for the inhabitant, and the inhabitant was fitted to the world. Dr. Whewell has admirably demonstrated the fitness of the heavens and the earth to the physical organisation of man; while Dr. Chalmers has shown their adaptation to his moral constitution. The same wisdom is evident in the arrangement of mankind into families. That parents and children, brothers and sisters, the old and the young, should live habitually in each other's society as a family, is so calculated to promote their highest interests, to check and root out the evil tendencies of each, and cherish their virtues, as to show that the family arrangement is from God. The sternness of man's constitution is liable to defects which can only be effectually remedied by the companionship of woman, and the tender susceptibilities of women are apt to lose their grace, and degenerate into other forms, if restricted to their own society. So that the highest moral perfection was aimed at in that first social law, promulgated "in the time of man's innocency," "They two shall be one flesh." "Neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord" (1 Cor. xi.). Each unconsciously moulding the other for good; not that the man becomes effeminate, or the woman manly—

"Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker they must grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
She, mental breadth."

But it is in the work of preparing children for the eventful duties of coming life that the wisdom of the family management is especially seen. When we remember how helpless a child is, and how many are his wants, the loving tenderness and gentle forbearance with which he must be treated in each stage of development, we shall admire the goodness and wisdom of God in making provision for this arduous and delicate

task in the depth and fervour of parental affection; and it is rendered still more evident by the extreme difficulty with which any substitute can be found to repair the child's loss if either parent should be taken away.

In the Jewish law the religious training of children occupies an important part of home duty. When the Lord had enjoined the Israelites to love him with supreme and constraining reverence, and that his laws should be graven in their hearts, he added, as the code of their national education, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates" (Deut. vi. 7—9). Thus their training was to be carried on in the daily, ordinary intercourse between parent and child. It was to form the matter of easy and pleasant converse with their children in the house, when they walk with them in the street, or fields, when they sit to rest, or rise up for labour, when about to sleep, or when awaking for the day's duty; the whole habit of the parent's life is to be rendered instructive to the child, and his observant eye quick to make the commonest events tributary to good—finding maxims of wisdom "in the running brook, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

Water will not rise higher than its original level. Parents will seldom train their children beyond their own moral standard. The family takes its tone from the parents, and the children unconsciously grow up according to it. Like produces like. The family life shapes the life and character of the children. Exceptional cases may occur, but children ordinarily fall into the mould which, wisely or unwisely, their parents form for them. The copy may be set unconsciously, but the children grow up to resemble it; their opinions, habits, manners, and even looks and intonations of voice, are formed at home. As the

children of healthy parents are usually endowed with good constitutions, which, if rightly cared for, may be expected to issue in robust and vigorous development, so the children of Christian parents, when brought up "in the admonition of the Lord," may be expected to imbibe their spirit and walk in their steps. The precept and the promise can be fulfilled only by godly parents, to "train up a child in the way he should go," so that "when he is old he will not depart from it." Experience shows that the children of such parents, who have received right training are likely to turn out well. The presumption is that, through God's blessing upon such parents' wise discipline, example, and instructions, their children will occupy an honourable position in this world, and live in the diligent preparation and hope of a better.

These results occur with the settled uniformity of a law. God threatens to visit the iniquities of the fathers on the children; but that retribution falls on the children in aggravated weight because they neglected the warning against their parents' iniquities, and reproduced them in their own misconduct; while the mercy of the Lord is upon children's children, because each generation was brought up in his faith and fear, and copied the example of their parents' piety. It was permitted to Abraham that, blessed himself, he should be a blessing to others. But, instrumentally, the blessing came to Isaac, through the wise and religious training he received from Abraham. "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him." And so with the other patriarchs. And where families have, from generation to generation, been blessed with sterling personal piety,—where the parents and grandparents have been God-fearing, wise, truth-loving, frugal, industrious, conscientious, there is a strong presumption that their children will grow up in the same way, and transmit these blessings to coming generations. "The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee" (Ps. cii. 28).

This shows the great necessity of making a wise selection in marriage. There was a far-seeing wisdom in the prohibition to Abraham, that Isaac should not marry any of the idolatrous daughters of Canaan; and, afterwards, Moses forbade that a Jew should marry out of Judea: no heathen woman, however beautiful, or rich, or upright, was to form an alliance in a Jewish household; Ruth, for special reasons, was an exception. And the law, in spirit, still holds good. No small amount of the unhappiness, sufferings, obliquities, and morbid experiences of human life is to be attributed to the disregard of the great laws which God has laid down to provide for the physical, moral, and social well-being of families. Many

a family is stricken with sorrow, and pressed down with years of intolerable anxieties, which, humanly speaking, might have been spared, if, in the greatest event of their lifetime, they had only asked direction of the Lord, and if they deferred to enter on so solemn a relationship until they had sought the just and reasonable sanction of some wise Christian counsellor, able to expound the will of God, and administer advice on a step so difficult, so responsible, and if once taken never to be retraced.

No parent will expect his children to be perfect, nor must he be disheartened if they are overcome by failure. Life is a conflict in which the most skilful combatants are not always successful. The battle may go against us, and we suffer the shame of defeat. But the difference between one man and another lies in the power of recovery. Anybody may fall; but only some speedily spring up again, and walk more warily for the future. Every one is tempted with evil, and prone to fall; but if he falls, it is not every one that recovers himself, and learns wisdom from his downfall. Now the children of godly parents, wisely trained by their example and teaching, are endued with a power of recovery; the latent springs of good are called into action; and the still, small voice of conscience is listened to and obeyed. Godly sorrow works repentance, repentance leads to forgiveness, and forgiveness brings strength. "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." While the children who have had no such early training, when they yield to evil have no such power of self-recovery, but are apt to go from bad to worse, and, but for some marvellous interposition, fill up the measure of their iniquity.

The innate disposition and propensities of children vary. The germs of their future character lie within the bosom, but as yet so faintly developed and immature, that even the eye of parents cannot as yet comprehend them. The most sagacious parents, who watch their children with unintermitted anxiety, are unable for awhile to understand them, to "know what manner of spirit they are of." Mothers are usually more discriminating than fathers. Their love is gifted with keener intuition and they are less liable to err in discriminating judgment. It is never said in Scripture, "Mothers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged;" but fathers are cautioned against undue severity. Men are stronger in understanding, and support their conclusions with an array of reasoning which no woman would attempt; but nature has given women clearer intuitions to discern the right conclusion. This wise-heartedness makes judicious mothers peculiarly well qualified to deal with the every-day faults and failings of chil-

dren. The mother is with them all along, and with considerate sympathy marks the rise and out-growth of the mischief. The father returns home, occupied with care and jaded with the day's worry, and is confronted all at once with the aspect of the developed wrong-doing. Of course he is apt to judge prematurely, and visit the offender, perhaps unjustly, with the marks of paternal displeasure. These things are not forgotten.

Childish follies are not to be treated as grave faults. Many things manifest themselves in the exuberance of youthful spirits, which will disappear by the force of natural causes. There are states of mind, as of the body, through which children have to pass. Certain diseases are incident to their years; you reckon upon them, and know that when one is over, still another has to come. Many of the failings of children are only the natural developments of power incident to their age. Some of their affections are strong, while mental powers are weak; the understanding and conscience have not yet taken their place in the child's self-government. He is impulsive rather than thoughtful; likes and dislikes are stronger than right and wrong. Some faculties are more developed than others. Swayed by fancy, the child wants power, and mind and body are alike unformed. All you can do with either is to train gently and wait. By-and-by things will assume their symmetry; time alone will correct many failings and supply many deficiencies; and conscience, through God's blessing on your wise training, will assert her supremacy and put things right.

The object which parents should ultimately aim at in governing their children is, to train the children rightly to govern themselves. Self-government is, after all, the perfection; all other government is but the scaffolding, reared often at vast expense while the building is in construction, but taken down as soon as the erection is complete. It is but the support to which the sapling is attached for awhile, but removed when the young tree can stand the storm alone. It is true that some trees are never able to stand alone, but require permanent support; and there are many people who sway to and fro under any impulse, and yield piteously to the power of temptation, who might have been preserved in their uprightness if they had some one stronger than themselves to lean upon. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

But others suffer from being over-governed. If as the child grows up you keep him constantly

under your eye, and regulate every action by the word of command, instead of treating him as a wise and self-conscious agent, able to choose the good and refuse the evil, you are just making the child an obedient machine; and so long as your voice is heard directing his actions, the proceedings of his everyday life will be uniformly correct. But let circumstances separate you, and the child then growing up find himself alone in the thick conflict and temptations of life; perplexed and embarrassed by strange scenes, his helplessness attracts observation; snares which he never was trained to escape soon entangle his feet; and the sights of evil of which he never heard, and was never taught to shun, betray him to sinful acquiescence. He falls into evil, not so much because he was depraved as because he was ignorant. He did not mean to sin—nay, he meant not to sin—but he found himself sinning before he was aware. If, at that critical moment, when temptation was presented, his parent's voice had warned him to beware, he would have fled instantly from the scene of danger; but left to himself, he had neither the quick discernment to see his danger, nor the power of self-government to repel the temptation with righteous and resolute indignation. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

The supreme object of parental government, then, is to teach and accustom the children to govern themselves. It is not by a continuous, persistent, unrelaxed government over them that they are prepared to enter on the arena of life and acquit themselves with comfort and success, but by instituting such government *in* them that they may know for themselves what to do and what to shun, and where to look for strength, wisdom, and deliverance, when the conflict waxes hot. Taught by little and little, and learning self-government while under their parents' eye, and while they can avail themselves of their parents' counsel, we may expect them to grow in wisdom to discern and power to fulfil the demands of duty. The playful fancies of childhood will then give way to the hopeful tendencies of youth. As youth passes on, the character assumes more manly traits, the eye is clearer, the judgment more matured, the will has more regal power, and conscience is seated more firmly on the throne. The young man feels himself under everlasting obligations to his parents, who, with infinite pains and watchful care, formed him to be what he is; and, above all, offers the homage of his heart and life to that ever-gracious Being, who gave him such parents, and added His blessing to their wise and godly discipline.

PITILESS.

RIGHT and left the flood is flowing
Of the dreamless city;
Right and left, when the sun is
glowing,

When the soft west wind is blowing,
When the bitter snow is snowing,
To and fro are the people going;
No time is for pity.

They are full of pride and plenty—
World-worn forty, hopeful twenty,
Through the sleepless city.
Is not one, or eve or morning,

Beggar-born, or beggar-scorning
Careless youth, or maiden pretty,
Unto whom my woe is warning,
Can give passing pity.

God hath made us all, hath given
Strength and food for want and hunger;
And these weary hands have striven,
When these weary years were younger,
In the plenteous city.
Strength is gone, but hunger still
Feeds upon this bosom, till
God and death take pity.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

THE CLOUD THICKENS.

THEY were both silent, the mother and the daughter. The blow seemed to have stunned them. Alice came to her mother and stood beside her. It was the last scene upon which they were entering, and they knew it.

A simple, every-day circumstance roused them. The great gong sounded for luncheon. Lady Sylvester rose. "Come, Alice, we must keep up appearances."

"Oh, mother, I cannot!"

"Yes, you can. Our race ought never to be seen at a disadvantage. We will go down as usual, and then I know what to do. We will retire—before" (her voice failed somewhat) "before any further mischief happens. We will set off for the Grange."

Alice shuddered.

"It is our only refuge, Alice. We are doomed to it. Lean on me, child; I am stronger than you."

"Dear mother, I can stand alone;" and Alice smiled mournfully.

The luncheon was set out as usual, in the great dining-room, and the two women sat down.

Alice could not force herself to eat. But Lady Sylvester carried matters with a high hand. She made desperate efforts to appear as usual. She entered into conversation on indifferent matters, and abated not a whit of her ancient spirit.

"A wonderful woman," said the voice of the public, "was Lady Sylvester!"

She had ordered the carriage to be at the door in half an hour. She was resolute to carry her point. She had sent many articles away already, and a handful of worn-out furniture was there, as a matter of course, the house having been partly furnished. The place was deeply retired, and that was what she wanted. Anything, so that she might get away from Newbury!

Alice rose from table as soon as she could, and went to her room. Her heart was racked with anxiety and

sorrow. Not for herself did she mourn, but for Raymond. How intolerable would be his position! What utter ruin would come upon him! How keenly did she feel the separation! If she could but have gone to him, the solace would have been great. She was sorry, now, that she did not dissuade him from going to London.

"His conduct will only be misrepresented," said she, bitterly. "No one will give him credit for a single good intention."

Lady Sylvester had not thought much of Raymond, and what thoughts she had concerning him, ran in a different groove. She blamed him in her heart. She accused him of supineness, and of having allowed the means of rescue to go past him. She felt sure that he had not prosecuted his suit with the needful ardour and industry, else he would have succeeded.

"When did a Sylvester sue in vain?" said she to herself, with bitterness. "Never!"

The whole burden now fell on her shoulders. She, and she alone, must bear up the pillars of the sinking house. Well, she was thorough-bred, and knew how to endure.

She did not yield up the point, even now, nor did she think of any compromise of dignity, or any deviation from the course she was pursuing. She had arranged her plans with reference to the crisis that had come at last upon them, and it did not take her at a disadvantage. Though for the moment startled, she was soon as cool and as collected as ever. Nor was she troubled with remorse, or even a passing feeling of sorrow, for the ruin they had caused to so many.

What were the whole multitude of sufferers compared to *them*, the Sylvesters?

All her schemes now centred in the retreat to the Grange. Once there, and the old house abandoned, as by a sheer necessity, she fancied she should find a refuge. Angry tongues might clamour, but prying eyes could not behold their humiliation.

She rose from table with the determination to set



(Drawn by L. STRASZYNSKI.)

"Strength is gone, but hunger still
Feeds upon this bosom, till
God and death take pity."—p. 808.

out at once. But a delay arose from the beginning. The butler, having watched his opportunity, desired to speak with her.

"If your ladyship has no objection," said he, respectfully, "I think we had better look out for fresh situations."

We meant the whole of the establishment. Lady Sylvester knew that perfectly well.

She had an answer ready in a moment. She said she intended to go, for a time, to their country residence. Her daughter's health required it. And as a second establishment might be inconvenient, there could be no objection to the man's request.

She spoke in a tone of unconcern, as though no other motive, than the one stated, could possibly be suspected—as though their affairs were clear and straight as noonday.

The man still hesitated. She was sweeping by, as though nothing more remained to be said. But the most important part of his speech had to be spoken.

"If you please, my lady, I am sorry to detain you, but I have been in your service nearly all my life. I am an old man now, my lady, and not so well able to work as I used to be."

He paused in a kind of embarrassment. She looked at him with that air of supreme indifference that she was wont to assume to those whom she considered to be her inferiors.

"During all that time, my lady, I have never received a farthing of wages."

Still she looked at him with that cold, indifferent air.

If it was so, and she said it in so many words, he had been under the patronage of the Sylvesters.

"That is true, my lady," said the man, waxing more and more earnest; "but patronage will not keep me from want in my old age. I should be much obliged if your ladyship would pay me before you go."

Before she went! What unparalleled insolence! To be dunned by her own servant. Her eye gave that peculiar flash it always did when she was angry.

"I cannot speak to you now," she said, "or, indeed, at any time on these matters. My son is from home. Your best course is to see Mr. Carlton."

The man gave a sigh of despair. Lady Sylvester pretended not to hear it. She passed out with great dignity.

"Is the carriage ready?" she asked of another domestic, who seemed as if waiting for her at the head of the stairs.

"Yes, my lady—no, my lady," replied the girl, in an agitated manner.

"Because I am going out. Tell Miss Alice I am waiting for her," said Lady Sylvester, stepping forward.

"Oh, my lady! don't you know what has happened?" cried the girl, clasping her hands in a kind of terror; "they have put an execution in the house!"

Lady Sylvester stood against the old oak balustrade of the staircase. For a moment, she put her hand upon it, as if to steady herself. It was the only sign

she gave that the news affected her; and that sign was a transitory one. She recovered herself, in a moment, and, in a steady voice, bade the girl find the old butler, and send him to her. Then going into her room, she wrote a few lines to Mr. Carlton.

"In as clear and bold a hand as ever she had used in her life," was the remark made by the lawyer on this occasion.

The note, when folded and duly fastened down, was delivered to the butler by her ladyship's own hand.

"You must wait for an answer," said she, as calmly as though she had been sending out a note of invitation. This done, and Mr. Carlton summoned in a peremptory manner, she went to her room. A few moments' retirement was absolutely necessary; for nature could no longer endure the strain upon her energies. The forced calm was breaking up; and the woman so proud of her self-repression and her iron will, sank down on the floor, and lay there in an abandonment of grief terrible to behold.

But the paroxysm was soon over. She rose, and gathered up her long hair, twisting it round and round in a massive coil. Her hand still shook a little; but it would be as steady as ever it had been, ere long. The reign of repression and of iron fortitude was coming back. She was again herself—Lady Sylvester.

The lawyer arrived sooner than even her ladyship expected. He had met the butler on the road, and taken the note from him. The news had reached him of Raymond's arrest; and he was on his way to the old house on the common.

"Not that I can do any good," he thought, as he went; "but I cannot forsake the poor ladies in their distress."

"Now, Mr. Carlton," said her ladyship, in an imperative tone, "I want to retire from this very unpleasant affair, and the storm which a revengeful man has brought about us. And I wish to retire at once—*immediately!*"

The lawyer began softly to rub the back of his head—his habit under peculiar difficulties.

"And where may your ladyship be intending to go?" he asked, mildly.

"To the Grange."

"I beg pardon—where did you say?"

"To the Grange." This was spoken angrily and defiantly.

The lawyer made a dead pause. Lady Sylvester chafed against it with unusual irritation.

"We need not stay here," she said; and she looked at him with an expression of iron resolution that nothing could shake.

"Now," continued the lawyer, assuming a business-like tone, "I see no objection to your withdrawal, for a time, to any place you like. I object to the Grange, simply for your own sakes, and on the ground of its being barely habitable. But if her ladyship has made up her mind—"

"Which I have done," interrupted Lady Sylvester. "Exactly;" and the lawyer bowed deferentially.

"Then you can go there, provided nothing is recovered. The law is strict on these points, and the claims are numerous, as you must be aware. You must be prepared to abandon everything, even your jewels."

Lady Sylvester winced a little at this. Alice quitted the room abruptly.

Very soon she came back with a small casket in her hands.

"Here are all the valuables I have," said she. "I would not, if I could, retain one of them."

"There is another thing I regret having to mention," said the lawyer, politely. "Of course your affairs will be in confusion for some time. I cannot arrange them in a day. And there will be very little allowed for your immediate wants. You will kindly bear this in mind," added he, glancing towards her ladyship, who was still at the window.

She turned slowly round to him. "What do you mean?" she asked, haughtily.

"I mean—you will excuse my plain speaking, but the estate is literally eaten up with debts. Now the creditors are aroused and clamorous, I fear that nothing of it will be left."

She turned back to the window without speaking.

"I will do what I can," continued Mr. Carlton, hurriedly. "I only made the remark to impress on you the necessity of the strictest and severest economy."

And then, feeling that the conversation was treading on rather delicate ground, he began to hasten the preparations for their departure.

The old coachman was to drive them to the Grange, and then bring back the carriage. Carriages, horses, everything was to be sold. Beyond the actual necessities of clothing, they had to go literally empty-handed.

This was a bitter pill for her ladyship to swallow. She did not shake hands with Mr. Carlton. From some cause or other, she chose to regard him as an enemy. She gave one look up at the windows of the old house—one hurried look; but it told what was passing within. It was like the glance of a defeated general, at the fortress he has been compelled to abandon.

But she carried it off bravely. She began to speak already of the affairs being soon settled; and the temporary humiliation over. She did not seem to bestow even a passing thought on the disgracefulness of their fall.

It was a dreary journey. The road soon quitted the smooth turnpike, and led down almost inaccessible lanes—not rural and pleasant, but bleak and open on either side—to a wild waste common, that had scarce an atom of pasture. No houses or villages were even in sight. They met scarce a human being during the whole of the ride.

Alice did not speak many words. Once, when a white spectral-looking building appeared in the distance, she gave a kind of shiver. She knew it was the Grange.

Standing desolate and decayed; a sullen moat,

with green, stagnant waters winding about it; a waste, neglected garden, with rank grass and weeds, and a few worn-out shrubs; a broken flight of steps, leading to a kind of terrace overgrown with weeds, and a dilapidated statue at either end: a place utterly forlorn and lonesome; telling of past greatness, but of present ruin. This was the Grange.

The great iron gates were too rusty with disuse to make it an easy task to open them; but the old coachman succeeded at length, and the carriage made its way along what was called the drive, but which, like the rest of the place, was overgrown with weeds. Then it stopped before the decaying steps of the terrace. Lady Sylvester alighted.

Alice got out as quickly as she could. There was a strange, horror-stricken look on her face. She glanced fearfully up at the white, ghostly mansion which was to be her home.

"It will not be so bad as you think, Alice," said her mother, still reassuring her. "We can make some improvements; and there is a kind of grandeur about the old place yet. See! that is the crest of the Sylvesters over the doorway; and the motto, 'Noblesse oblige.'"

The contemplation of this motto seemed to afford her ladyship a vast amount of satisfaction.

They had now entered the vast empty hall, in which was literally nothing to be seen. The blackened ceiling and damp walls struck a kind of chill even into her ladyship.

"We will go forward, Alice," she said, hastily; "some of the rooms have furniture."

A woman, who was to be the entire representative of the Sylvester establishment, came out to meet them. Guided by her, they entered what was called the drawing-room.

It was a long, low apartment; the paper and paint of which had done its duty some time ago. In places, both of them were nearly obliterated. The creaking door worked uneasily on its hinges; the narrow windows, which looked out on the moat, were, some of them, broken; the scrap of carpet on the floor; the few shabby articles scraped together to supply the immediate necessity; the gloom—the darkness—the utter desolation, struck Alice to the heart.

She sat down, as if unable to proceed a step farther.

"Alice, my child, do not give up!" cried her mother, in a tone of real distress: "for my sake do not!"

"I will do what I can, mother," replied Alice, faintly, and bursting into tears.

CHAPTER LVI.

A VOYAGE PLANNED FOR CAPTAIN JACK.

THERE is a great deal of meaning in that well-known term "good luck." Captain Jack thought himself, and was thought to be, the most lucky man that ever lived. With no capital to begin life with, except a pair of handsome eyes, and a share of what is popu-

larly called "impudence," he had contrived to climb to an elevation, unattainable by many a more striving and, perhaps, a better man. He was now the affianced husband of the richest woman in the county. But, smooth as the course of love was running, there were still some shoals and quicksands to be avoided. It is not to be supposed that the Pierpoint family had withdrawn their objections to Captain Jack; far from it. No sooner had the news spread far and wide enough to reach their ears, than the storm of opposition began to rage again. Letters came thick and threefold, containing all the expostulation that could be used. "We must do what we can to prevent Alicia from making a fool of herself," was the popular mode of expression. But Alicia considered that she was the best judge in that matter. She would hold to her dear Jack, she said, to the last drop of her blood!

The person, however, who considered himself most aggrieved by the approaching marriage, was Sir Hugh Macbriar. When he received the intelligence he was in town, immersed, as was supposed, in politics. But even politics, now and then, give place to love. Sir Hugh thought the injury too deep to be passed over without an attempt to redress it.

One fine morning, to the surprise of every one, he made his appearance at Brooklyn Hall, intent on demanding satisfaction of Captain Jack. Not in the old-fashioned style of bullets, but by quite as stringent a process.

"I will let him know that there are some bounds to his insolence!" said the irate baronet.

He had travelled all night; but that did not prevent his breakfasting tête-à-tête with the widow. Captain Jack had taken up his quarters at the best hotel in Newbury; and had not yet become visible.

"It is as shocking a thing as I ever heard of!" said Sir Hugh, with more vehemence than could be believed.

"I don't see anything shocking at all in it," replied the widow, twisting the corner of her handkerchief. "When people love each other——"

"Don't let us talk of love!" cried the baronet, putting up his hands, "for goodness' sake, madam; don't let us talk of love! Do you suppose for a moment that Captain Jack——"

"I won't have a word said against Captain Jack," said the widow, so stoutly, and she maintained her point so resolutely, that Sir Hugh began to feel his nocturnal expedition might not unlikely be a failure.

However, he was determined on one thing. He would not leave the place till he had seen and spoken with Captain Jack.

"If nothing else will do, I'll bribe him," thought the baronet. "A scamping fellow like that can easily be bought off with money."

Intent on this scheme, he strolled into the garden in search of his enemy. He very soon found him. The first sunshiny corner he came to, stretched all his length on a bench, was Captain Jack.

Sir Hugh stood looking at him with stern displeasure. "So you are come back then?" said he at length. "And a great pity it is too!" continued the baronet, severely.

"You must ask Alicia about that," replied Captain Jack, "my wife that is to be, next Thursday fortnight."

Sir Hugh's face grew excessively red. "Captain Jack," he began, "I am come, not to appeal to your honour, or your sense of propriety, or any of those—those feelings which are found in the breast of—a gentleman. That, sir, would, I am aware, be useless." He paused, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "But I am going to appeal to your—your pocket," continued the baronet, with a stress on the word that might have been offensive to sensitive ears. But Captain Jack's ears seemed rather tickled with the sound of it.

"I have a proposal to make to you," continued the baronet, eagerly. "I am not a rich man; but I would become a beggar, rather than a lady, whom I regard with such respect, should be sacrificed. I will pay you a sum of money, on condition that you leave the country, and resume the roving life so suited to your habits and disposition. This I will do, Captain Jack."

"Name your figure," replied Captain Jack, who was sadly addicted to slang.

"Sir, I will give you a thousand pounds, on condition that you go back with me to London, and that I see you on board some ship ready to start from the docks."

"Much obliged to you," said Captain Jack, touching his cap.

"You agree to the conditions then—you will go?" exclaimed Sir Hugh, eagerly.

"Oh, yes! I will go, provided you give me the money," said Captain Jack, looking about for his stick.

"Come, then, I leave in an hour!" cried Sir Hugh, joyfully. It was quite unnecessary, he thought, to have another tête-à-tête with Mrs. Brooklyn; most important to get Captain Jack out of the road.

Captain Jack did not appear so refractory as might have been expected. He got up, and walked by the side of Sir Hugh. Now and then he gave his pocket a slap, as if in anticipation of the bribe.

Sir Hugh was resolved not to lose his man. He kept him close under his eye until the carriage was ready. When the carriage was at the door, he made Captain Jack step in first, which that gentleman did without the slightest reluctance. Sir Hugh was altogether in earnest. "I will give you the cheque when you are fairly on board the vessel," said he. An arrangement with which Captain Jack seemed perfectly contented. "Half knave, half fool!" thought the baronet, contemptuously.

Arrived in London, Sir Hugh, still keeping his man closely in hand, made his way to the docks. A vessel was about to sail for Australia. He knew that; and Australia was in fact the Antipodes. What could be better than Australia?

The docks were reached; the master of the vessel communicated with; the passage-money paid; and Captain Jack hauled—to use his own expression—on board. By this time, Sir Hugh had grown somewhat fatigued by the forced march he had attempted. He

had a mortal dread of the vessel getting under way. Consequently, he said to Captain Jack, "And now nothing remains but to give you the money."

The vessel gave a terrible lurch. Sir Hugh, frightened and agitated, put the cheque all duly signed into Captain Jack's hand.

"Thank ye!" said Captain Jack, putting it in his pocket.

Sir Hugh, still frightened, stumbled down the ladder into the boat, glad enough to escape with his life.

Captain Jack left on deck, with the continent of Australia looming before him, gave another slap to

his pocket; then, casting a keen glance round, he dropped over the side of the vessel with the agility of a monkey. In a few minutes, he had swum safely to shore, and, while Sir Hugh was jolting back to his house in a cab, Captain Jack had reached the station on his way to Brooklyn.

A few days after, the following announcement was made in the *Times*:—"On the 3rd inst., at the parish church, Brooklyn, Alicia, widow of the late Samuel Brooklyn, Esq., of Brooklyn Hall, to Captain J. Haines"—that was our friend, familiarly called Captain Jack.

(To be continued.)

PRYING FLORRY.



AMMA, why does the clock go tick, tick, in such a funny manner? I don't tick."

"No, Florry, of course not; you are not a clock."

"But is it not its heart beating,

mamma?"

"No, my dear! It is a little wheel going round which makes that noise. If you are a good girl, I will show you the inside of a clock some day."

"There, that is just like mamma," soliloquised little Florry May, "she always says she will show me things at some other time. I want to see it now. I have half a mind to take a peep for myself. Mamma is going out directly, and no one will know."

When Florry was quite sure that her mamma had gone, she stole into the drawing-room, where there was a timepiece, and, mounting on a chair, she proceeded to lift off the glass shade. In doing so, she knocked it against the corner of the mantelshef, and cracked it; but she thought she would not stop before she had seen anything, and she could put on the shade the other way, so that the crack would be on the other side.

The first thing that attracted her notice was the key, and having seen her mamma wind the timepiece up, she thought she would try her hand at it; so, placing the key in the little hole, she commenced turning it. At first it went rather easily, but in a few seconds it would not move at all. Florry tried with all her might, and at last succeeded, when suddenly, whizz—whizz—whizz went the clock, making a most terrible noise. It was in vain Florry covered it over with her pinafore to prevent it screaming, as she thought; but it seemed to her only to scream the more, and she was just about to replace the shade and make her escape, when she fell to the ground with the shade in her hands, which was smashed to pieces.

At this juncture the servant came running in, and when she found what had happened, she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Florry! I'll tell your ma. You're always in mischief, you are. There, don't stop there, making that noise" (for Florry was crying); "come along—do, and mind you don't go meddling with anything else!" saying which, she took her up-stairs, telling her she must stay there till her mamma came home.

When Mrs. May had heard the tale of her little girl's naughtiness, she was very much grieved, and, though it pained her greatly to do so, she told her that, as a punishment, she would not be allowed to leave her room till the next morning.

But this adventure, I am sorry to say, had but very little effect on Florry. By the time the punishment was over, the impression it had made on her mind was gone also, and her inquisitiveness led her into a trouble of a much more serious nature.

The next time Mrs. May went out, Florry, tired of doing nothing, thought she would have a look round her papa's study, and see if she could find anything there to amuse her.

She turned over several bright-covered books, and looked at the pictures which some of them contained; but, as there were not very many within her reach, she soon abandoned this source of amusement, and was just about to help herself to some of the pretty wafers she had found on her papa's desk, when her eyes fell on a letter lying on the table.

She immediately fell to speculating as to what the contents could be. "Perhaps," she thought, "it is from Aunt Lucy, asking me to come and stay with her a little while; she said, last time she was here, she should invite me to see my little cousins some day. Oh, I am sure it is from Aunt Lucy. I wish I knew though! Shall I open it? I wish I might!"

All this time Florry had been giving the seal sundry little tugs, and now the envelope was broken just above the fastening. This temptation was too strong to be resisted, and, without thinking of the consequences, she finished breaking the seal, and took out the letter, which, on unfolding, she found to contain a piece of very thin paper, with some printing on it.

She then endeavoured to read it; but it was not from Aunt Lucy, and the writing was so funny, and the words so long, she could make nothing of it.

The next consideration was, what to do with the letter. If her papa or mamma found out that she had opened it they would punish her, she knew; and if she left it on the table, they would certainly find her out.

What was to be done? Already she had begun to feel the consequence of her fault. She did not dare tear

it up, for fear any one might find some of the pieces, and, being summer-time, there were no fires, except in the kitchen, and the servants would be sure to ask her what she was doing if she attempted to burn it before them. Then, what could she answer them? The only thing to be done was to put the letter into her pocket, and carry it about with her till she found an opportunity of ridding herself of it.

All the rest of that day she could eat nothing, and when she went into the drawing-room to bid her parents good night, they both noticed how quiet she seemed—so different from her usually lively manner.

The next morning, while she was sitting with her mamma at lessons, her papa entered the room, exclaiming—

"I suppose that letter has not arrived yet, has it?"

Then, as Mrs. May answered in the negative, "I can't think how it can be. It is a most glaring piece of negligence. I must write and see about it."

All this while Florry was in a state of mind almost unbearable. She thought surely her reddening cheeks would betray her, and she put her hand in her pocket, almost expecting to find that by some unknown agency the letter had found its way out; but her fears on this score were soon dispelled, for the letter was there quite safe, and she did not again loose her clasp of it while her papa remained in the room.

After tea her mamma sent for her from the nursery, and told her that her papa had just heard from the gentleman from whom he had been expecting the letter, who had informed him that he had sent it two days ago. Mrs. May was going to question the servants, but first she asked Florry if she had seen, or knew anything about it; to which Florry answered—"No." A little while ago, Florry would have been dreadfully shocked at the bare idea of telling such a wilful falsehood; but now she reasoned with herself it was necessary; so soon does one fault lead to another.

Mrs. May then questioned the servants; but the only information she gained was that Jane, the housemaid, had taken in a letter the day before yesterday, answering to the description given, and had placed it on the table in her master's study.

Thither they proceeded, and commenced a search for the missing letter; but no trace of it could be found: and as Jane—who had been greatly annoyed at perceiving the significant looks that passed between the other servants—would take no part in the proceeding, her mistress's suspicion fell upon her.

The days passed on as heavily for poor Jane as for Florry, for when it was made known that the lost letter had contained a cheque, no doubt seemed to remain in any one's mind as to where it could have gone; and her fellow-servants, who were by no means sparing in their remarks, seemed to take delight in the poor girl's trouble. Notwithstanding, she being conscious of her own perfect innocence, although surrounded by distrust and suspicion, I doubt not was really much happier than the little girl, who had apparently not a single thing to trouble her. For

Florry was by no means happy; the dread of being found out, the idea of her wickedness in letting some one else bear the blame of her fault, and the knowledge that the loss of the letter was the cause of much trouble to her parents—all these things weighed on her spirits, making her feel depressed and thoroughly miserable; her appetite became worse every day, and soon was such as to make her parents think it advisable to call in the doctor.

When Florry heard of this, she was very much frightened, for she had a sort of notion that the doctor would be able to see directly what was the cause of her pale looks and loss of appetite; and she made up her mind she would get rid of the hateful letter at any risk, and then, perhaps he would not be so likely to find her out.

While wandering about the house, as it had lately become her habit to do—for she could not play—she happened to see a drawer standing open, and quite empty. This drawer was in Jane's room, and Florry thought this was just the opportunity she needed, for, as it was empty, she settled it in her mind that no one used it, and, therefore, if she closed it no one would think of looking in it; so, putting the letter in the furthest corner, she very carefully closed the drawer, and quitted the room. Now, she thought, she was free from discovery, and she would be, comparatively speaking, quite happy again. But the matter could not be so easily disposed of, for Jane, going to the drawer—which she had only turned out in order to re-arrange—found the letter, which she at once carried to her mistress.

This seemed to Mrs. May conclusive evidence against the girl; for, having forbidden her children to enter the servants' rooms, how could she believe Jane's tale? It was so very improbable that any one would put the letter in her drawer, after having kept it all this while, and though both Mr. and Mrs. May were very loth to do so, they believed it to be their duty to give her in charge. Poor Jane, therefore, in spite of her tears and protestations, was carried off and placed in the county gaol, there to await her trial.

When Florry perceived the dreadful consequences her first fault had entailed, she was almost persuaded to tell all; but, unfortunately, her fear of punishment overcame her good intentions, and it remained untold. She grew daily more and more unwell, and though the doctor gave her a great deal of very nasty medicine, it seemed to do her no good. All day long she tossed restlessly to and fro; the burning thirst, parched skin, and dreadful pain in her head, being hardly worse than the pain of mind she experienced. Her mamma scarcely ever left her bedside. Oh, how Florry longed to tell her good, kind mamma all about it! but she could never summon the courage.

Poor little Florry! she only just escaped death; and when, after a long, weary period of danger, the fever left her, she was very weak indeed. She lay all day long with her eyes closed, even the soft light of the darkened room being too glaring for her poor, weak eyes.

Then the doctor put a bandage on her eyes, giving her mamma strict injunctions not to let it be removed, and Florry heard him say something about "the only chance," "very great care," and other snatches of like sentences. Poor little child! she little guessed the calamity that was about to befall her.

For days Florry wore the bandage; and though it was very, very unpleasant, and she begged very hard to have it taken off, only just for a few minutes, her mamma remained firm.

One beautiful spring day, Florry had been sitting up, for the first time, in a great easy chair. Such a lovely day it was! just like summer time; and the scent of the roses and spring flowers came in so deliciously at the slightly-opened window—how Florry wished she might take off the bandage, and look at them! it was so long since she had seen any.

While she was indulging in this fit of musing, the doctor arrived; and after feeling her pulse, and satisfying himself that she was going on capitally, he told her he was going to take off the bandage. Florry clapped her hands with delight; but he told her she must be very quiet. Then he took it off; and Florry looked up to see her mamma's face, but she could not: it was so dark she could see nothing.

"Oh, mamma!" said Florry, "do bring a light; I want to see your face, and it is so dark I cannot. I did not think it was so late."

"My poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. May; and burying her head in Florry's lap she sobbed aloud.

"Oh, mamma! what is the matter? Oh, please don't cry, dear mamma. Oh, don't cry so!" said poor little Florry, the tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, Mrs. May, you must not give way like this," interposed the doctor: "you promised me you would be brave; and now you have made my little patient cry—the very worst thing she can do. Why, she will lose her only chance if she does that. I think I must call nurse."

"Oh, no—no!" said Mrs. May; and in a few minutes she had regained her composure.

The doctor then whispered to Mrs. May that he would light a candle; and doing so, he placed it close to Florry's eyes, and asked if she could see anything. No, she answered; she could feel the heat, but she could see nothing. Then he took her in his arms, and placed her on the bed; arranged her pillows so nicely, and told her she must try and go to sleep.

This Florry was very glad to do; for she was so weak, that the exertion of sitting up had made her feel very tired. When she awoke, she heard her papa and mamma talking together by her bedside. Her mamma was crying again. "I wonder what makes mamma cry so," she thought: "perhaps it is about the letter. When papa has gone, I will tell her;" and then, without opening her eyes, she lay waiting till her papa should leave the room. Presently, she heard her papa say—

"You know, my dear, there is hope. Blind people have often been cured, and——"

But Florry did not wait to hear the last of the sentence. Starting up, she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma

—mamma! am I blind? Is that the reason it looks so dark; and that I cannot see your or papa's face? Oh, mamma, dear, I am not blind, am I?" and poor little Florry burst into tears.

"Hush, my child, you must not cry like this; it is our Father who has sent us this trouble; and you know He does it in love: for the Bible tells us that He is love."

"Oh, mamma! He is punishing me for my naughtiness. I took the letter, and I put it in Jane's drawer, because I was so afraid you would be very angry with me if you found out that I had taken it. Will you forgive me, mamma?"

"You have offended God, my child, and you must ask him to forgive you." And then Florry's mamma knelt down by her little girl's bedside, and asked their Father to forgive his little repentant child.

Gradually Florry's sobs became less violent and further apart, and when, a little while afterwards, nurse came to see how she was getting on, she found her fast asleep in her mamma's arms.

As Florry grew better, she found it very hard to bear, not to be able to run about and play as her little brothers and sisters did, and not to be able to see any of the pretty flowers she was so fond of; but she thought it made it almost worth while being blind to discover how very kind and thoughtful for her comfort every one was. Even her papa, of whom she had always before been so frightened, was so very tender with his little blind girl, taking her out, and leading her about so kindly, always choosing such nice quiet lanes, and soft grassy places for her to walk in!

During this time poor Jane had been taken from prison, and you may be sure that Mr. and Mrs. May did not forget to make her full reparation for the injustice they had unwittingly done her. Then Florry asked her to forgive her, and Jane was so much touched by the sight of the little pale face and sightless eyes, that she could not think of refusing. And so Florry was made very happy, for she hardly dared hope that Jane, whom she had wronged so much, would forgive her.

When Florry was strong enough, her parents took her to a very great physician's in London, to see if anything could be done for their little girl; and then Florry had to undergo a very painful operation, which she bore so remarkably well that all her friends were astonished, and not one of them but agreed that, though she had lost her sight, she had gained something which made them love her a great deal more than they had done before, when she could see as well as any other little girl.

But the operation, I am sorry to say, did not cure her; and though other means were tried, they all failed; and Florry knew that never again would she be able to see.

You must not suppose, however, that this was no trouble to Florry. It was a very great one, and there were times when she felt very rebellious indeed; but, as the years passed on, she had very often cause to thank God for sending her an affliction which had served to endear her so much to those around her, and draw her so much closer to himself. L. M. C.

NEW BOOKS.

THE associations of the mess-room or the drill-ground do not seem to be such as would very tenderly cherish a taste for poetry. Here, however, is a small volume of poems* which, as the title tells us, were written in barracks; and upon this bare statement the author has made no comment, for he has forborne (and, we think, judiciously) to bore his readers with a preface. He is truly military in his taciturnity, and is content that his poems should speak for themselves and him. But to the readers of *THE QUIVER*, at least, Mr. Butler needs no introduction, and the former will find included in this collection some old and, we trust, pleasant acquaintance. Notwithstanding the martial front which the title-page bears, there are only two or three pieces of a corresponding character. Flowers, birds, fields, forests, and waters are the writer's more frequent themes; and never did a warmer devotee haunt the sweet places of Sylvia. What is still more to be commended, he endeavours to turn his observations of Nature to some good account. As he tells us in his last poem, "The Lantern-Bearer,"

"Wherever in his path he finds
A flower, he sings of it to you;
And from the coil of life unwinds
The lovely and the true."

The tendency of the present is to dress up an idea in a profligate magnificence of language, and to force some simple, but intrinsically beautiful, thought or fancy to stagger along under an overpowering ballast of tinsel. There is a fashion in poetry as there is a *mode* in dress, and we cannot help thinking that at this time there exists between them a tolerably faithful analogy. In some instances Mr. Butler has not been free from the taint; but, as a rule, the poems under review are exceedingly simple in tone and diction, and from this very circumstance their effect is sure and impressive. Poetry cannot be played with. One thought should arise spontaneously out of another; nothing strained by grasping, or weakened by fumbling; "the iron struck while it is hot," a definite shape assigned it, the blows are firm and well-directed, and no idle taps given when the idea has been completed. We are glad to see that Mr. Butler believes this. Hence the convenient brevity of the poems.

Here is an autumn picture, not so familiar to most of us but that we can appreciate the painting of it:

"Gold-tinted in the autumn sun, the autumn leaves are glowing;
Silently falling, one by one, while autumn winds are blowing.
More beautiful than in their birth, as Christians are in dying:
They softly rustle down to earth, while the forest boughs
are sighing.

"And while the elm-tree's ambered store, chestnut, and red-
brown beech
Are writing thus the solemn lore their fading beauties teach,

* "Poems Written in Barracks." By Alexander Hume Butler.
London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

Young children, winnowing the leaves, the fallen nuts are
seeking—
Spring leaves themselves, they little know what the autumn-
leaves are speaking!"

A touching little poem is that called "Teddy's Grave," and as it is a very fair specimen of Mr. Butler's familiar style, we quote as much of it as we may:

"O'er Teddy's grave the storm may rave,
And bleak winds loudly blow;
He will not hear, our Teddy dear,
He sleeps so sound below.

"On Teddy's bed the grass is spread
To keep our Teddy warm;
A daisy lies on Teddy's eyes
To hide them from the storm.

"When Teddy dear was with us here,
Before he made us weep,
Our mother oft, with music soft,
Sang Teddy dear to sleep.

"But now they've spread his cradle-bed
Among the churchyard flowers;
The angels ring the bells, and sing
A better hymn than ours."

We do not think that Mr. Butler has been supremely successful in his more ambitious attempts. His "Odes" contain many fine passages, but they are not well sustained throughout, and consequently fail in that dignity without which your Pindaric becomes merely a column of eccentric verse.

We have now done our best to show our readers what they may expect of the perusal of this volume, concerning which we wish that more of the legion of "poetry-books" that are published were as equal to their pretensions.

The perusal of the under-named interesting volume* conveys a full idea of the various evangelistic efforts made during the Paris Exhibition. It is well written, interspersed with anecdotes and illustrations, and contains a large mass of very useful information. The volume is arranged in the form of letters, and each letter is preceded by a well-selected page of appropriate verses from the best authors.

We have received the last volume of a periodical devoted to the interests of missions,† chiefly abroad. It comprises many well-written papers illustrative of the perils and successes of mission life; and readers will find in it a concise and valuable record of the work of God in heathendom. Of the biographical sketches, those of Sir James Brooke, Dr. Livingstone, and St. Patrick are well worthy a careful perusal. An account is also given of the Rev. H. Stern's labours and travels among the Abyssinians, which at this time are invested with peculiar interest.

* "The Standard of the Cross in the Champs de Mars. A Narrative of Christian Effort in Paris during l'Exposition Universelle." By V. M. S., Author of "The Standard of the Cross among the Flags of the Nations." London: James Nisbet and Co.

† "Mission Life; or, The Emigrant and the Heathen." London: Rivingtons.

THE GIVVER

Saturday, September 12, 1868.



(Drawn by J. A. PASQUIER.)

"At this moment there was a splash."—p. 820.

ALDA'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS. IN THREE PARTS.

PART I

AT the foot of the Mount Pirchiriano, some three kilomètres' distance from Susa, there stood, two centuries ago, the finest water-mill in

Piedmont, belonging to one Jean Iserau, a wealthy man, who loved himself first, his daughter Verena second, and his neighbours according to the grist they brought to his mill.

His father had been a wealthy miller before him, and left his business and his riches to his only son. As long as the oldest inhabitants in the valley could recollect, there had not been a single day that the mill had been idle, or the wheel ceased its labour. The sound of the mill-stream had become more familiar than the song of birds, and the face of Jean Iserau was as well known as the face of the sun itself.

The miller was neither a fanatic nor a bigot in his own religion. The heretic's corn must be ground, as well as that of the monks above, in the grim monastery on the summit of the mountain. And this bleak afternoon, in January, 1655, the miller stood gloomy and abstracted at the door of his house, as one Garcino, a rich tanner from Turin, poured into his ears the unwelcome tidings, that an edict had suddenly been promulgated in the town, requiring *all* Protestants to remove within three days, on pain of death, from the chief valleys of Piedmont.

This news did not please Jean Iserau. The heretics were honest and true in their dealings with him, and paid him well. At least one-fifth of his yearly profits must fall with their fall. He was a far-sighted man, too, this miller, and he could foresee a struggle bloody and long, war and all its attendant horrors, and not the least in his eyes, the destruction of property and lands, and laying waste of young corn-fields.

"What wilt thou do with thy brave son-in-law-to-be?" asked Garcino, as his eye rested with a newly-quicken interest on the figure of a girl seated on a hewn chestnut-tree, opposite the mill-wheel, but who had remained so wholly absorbed in the perusal of her book, she had not noticed his arrival. "Which will David give up, think you, his religion or his love?"

"Tut, tut, man! you have an eye yourself on the main chance," laughed the miller, uneasily. "Things may not be so bad, after all, as you would wish me to believe. David is an honest lad. I do not believe they would hurt one hair of his head, even if they had the power. Why, the monks themselves above in the monastery have been anxious to bring about this match;" and the miller pointed upward to the gloomy building on the overhanging cliffs.

"Ay, ay, I dare say; men snare foxes often, when it is unsafe to kill them in broad daylight."

"Thou hast the cunning of the fox thyself, Garcino," replied the miller, angrily, and turned away into his mill.

Garcino moved down the garden-path towards the spot where Verena still remained seated, wholly intent upon her book. His face was angry and dark, too, as the miller's; but he put on a smiling countenance as he approached nearer.

"Good evening, Verena."

The girl started up, screamed slightly, and dropped the book upon the grass.

"Ah! you frightened me, Garcino; you should not have stolen upon me thus." She stooped and picked up the fallen book, pushing aside the hand that would have assisted her, then re-seated herself distantly, and resumed her reading.

"You are cold this evening, Verena."

"Yes; the air is growing chilly." She drew her crimson shawl carelessly over her shoulder, but did not look up.

"I mean that your manner is cold."

"I cannot help it if it is," she replied, with something of the impatience of a worried child, who is interrupted in its favourite amusement. "If you have anything particular to say to me, cannot you say it at once and have done?"

"I have something particular to tell you, Verena, and a question which I would ask you."

"Not the old question," she answered, with an almost deprecating sincerity; then suddenly perceiving, as she looked up, a kind of gloomy triumph lurking in Garcino's manner, she continued with more excitement,—"Tell me quickly what you have to say. If your news and your question are to prove disagreeable to me, which I guess from your manner they are, the sooner they are heard and answered the better."

"Good—you shall have neither my news nor my question, my haughty young damsel," replied Garcino, with a sudden burst of anger. "You will learn them from dearer lips than mine, no doubt, before the day is over; but the news will be none the sweeter." And Garcino passed out through the garden-gate into the road.

For a few moments after his departure, Verena remained abstracted in thought, with her eyes fixed on a crimson gash in the grey sky, which looked as if a bloody sword had ripped it open; then she turned to her book again, and resumed the narrative which had previously entranced her imaginative mind.

Meantime the rift in the sky became wider and broader; and the sunset glow deepened on all around her. When next the girl looked up from her book, with a blush of triumphant joy over its conclusion, the distant Alps seemed to have caught her rosy enthusiasm. The naked stems of the chestnut-trees were like pillars of ruddy gold, and the mill-wheel revolving in tawny grandeur opposite, seemed to cast at her feet votive offerings of rubies and garnets.

"Oh! would that I could excel even St. Alda, the beautiful St. Alda, in purity and faith!" cried Verena, with a zealous clasp of the hands. "Would that God might choose me out as a favoured servant and saint!" She would have cast herself upon her knees in her enthusiasm, but that there was again a step upon the garden-pathway.

This time a well-known step, and looking round, Verena saw David Barolo, her betrothed, coming towards her up the vine-walk.

An almost imperceptible shadow of pain and hesitation crossed her face for a moment, and then laying her book on the grass beside her, she rose to meet him.

But it was no *shadow* of pain which clouded David's face this evening, as taking both Verena's hands in his, he drew her to him. It was the very substance of pain itself, the very essence of suffering, which darkened everything around him, and made this meeting with his best-beloved a martyrdom in itself. There was hesitation on his face, too, but the hesitation only of a manly heart, which shrinks from inflicting the pain it feels itself on one weaker or less able to endure it.

"Verena," he said, drawing her arm in his, and leading her towards the same spot where she had been previously seated; "let us sit down here and talk for a while before we go into the house."

"Yes, David," she replied, with a quick sympathy, "we will sit down here, and I will talk and you must rest, for you look pale and tired."

"I am tired of life, Verena, and of its many crosses," he replied, gloomily; "and yet," he added, after a pause, "we read that the good soldier must endure to the end."

"Why, you are not going to turn soldier, are you?" asked Verena with emotion, striving to guess also at the cause of his sudden discomfiture.

"No, my dearest, I was only quoting a text from the good old Book, the *best* Book, Verena, that ever was written—the best and truest, because it was written by God himself."

Verena was silent: she was generally silent when David spoke of this book—which was a sealed one to her; but she tried to look the sympathy she felt for his evident distress.

"Oh, Verena!" he cried, passionately, as if his grief had burst loose from the constraint he had hitherto maintained; and rare tears rushed into his eyes. "Do not look at me so sorrowfully; why does God visit with his harshest trials those who love him best? why were we not reared in the same faith—baptised into the one Church, that we might be blessed and happy in it now together?"

Verena trembled at this sudden and fierce appeal; and her face became as white as the hand which rested still in David's grasp. At length she answered, hesitatingly—

"If I knew what troubled you, David, I could answer you better; if it is the difference in our faith, is not the Church always open to receive those who wish to enter it?"

David looked away as Verena spoke; he was ashamed of the tears which clouded his eyes, and

yet which could not blot out the pleading purity of her expression.

"You are the most innocent Eve that ever sought to ruin man," he said, with a curious gentleness of voice. "But, Verena, though at this moment it is difficult to feel it, I *know* that my faith is even stronger within me than the love I have for you. It is the proof alone which can test its true value; and that proof I must give to my God this evening, when I say farewell to you *for ever*."

"For ever, David!—no, not for ever! Why, David, what have I done? what have I ever said?"

Here Verena's question ended in a sudden sob.

"You have said nothing, my love—my heart's darling. It is the decree of Fate—the decree of the government—and I must accept it also as the decree of my God. An edict has been published in the town, and all over the country this morning, that within three days every Protestant, of whatever rank or degree, must quit his home and lands, and retire over the Alps, into certain valleys appointed as places of safety, from the sword and vengeance which in all districts are to follow him, even to death."

"They *will* not—they cannot carry such an edict into effect: they have not the power!" cried Verena, indignantly.

"They have the power, and the will, and the determination. The government, for the hundredth time, is bent on our destruction and extermination. Why otherwise have they chosen a time when the valleys are flooded with waters, and the snow lies thickly on the hills? why else do they hunt us into a poor patch of country already overburdened? I tell you, Verena, your kind heart will bleed yet for the sufferings of our Protestant martyrs; and this parting of ours must not be for once, but for ever!"

David's voice had trembled so, he could scarcely bring his explanation to a conclusion; but now, the moan of pain which burst from the lips of his betrothed, filled him with a sense of shame for his own weakness.

"David—David!" she cried, piteously, "it is my fault—this sudden separation is my fault. Day and night have I not prayed to my God that I might love him always better than any one else—better even than you, my David. I prayed not an hour ago that he would make me a chosen saint and servant; and now, he whom alone I could love better is taken suddenly from me."

Verena could get no further. She leaned her head against David's shoulder, while with her hand she nervously plucked the bark from the stem of the fallen tree on which she was seated.

"Hush, my Verena! we must not blame God for too quickly or too slowly answering our prayers.

Some day, though long deferred, he may answer the prayer of my heart also."

"What is that prayer, David?"

"That the time may come, however distant, when your eyes, my Verena, shall be opened to the truth; and that casting yourself on Christ, and his sacrifice alone, you may throw off the false yoke that now oppresses you, and that we may become one in heart, and hope, and love. I have brought with me this evening a parting gift, Verena, which for my sake you must accept and value."

He drew a Testament from the pocket of his jerkin, and placed it in her hand.

"It is sin," moaned Verena, shudderingly withdrawing her fingers from its cover.

"God knows, if it were sin, I would not ask you to touch it."

"I dare not."

"For my sake," pleaded David, hoarsely; "even for my sake. It is God's own book, it is truth itself."

At this moment there was a splash, and sudden circles of water broke the quiet repose of the mill-dam. Verena looked up, and became aware of Garcino's face peering above the garden-wall.

"He has seen me, David. I dare not—I dare not touch it!"

David looked up also, and recognised him who, for Verena's sake, he dreaded most in the world. He instantly resumed possession of the Testament he had offered to her. He was no coward, but he dared not risk by his own gift a life more precious to him than his own. Before, however, he replaced the volume in his jerkin, he tore a few pages from its cover, and folding them up, held them tightly in the palm of his closed hand.

Verena meantime had raised her own favourite book from the grass, where it had lain so long unnoticed, and looking up at David, she urged timidly that though she might not accept his gift, he would accept one from her, even this precious volume of "The Lives and Miracles of the Saints," her most treasured possession.

"May I not also pray for your conversion, my beloved?" she said, in a voice almost below a whisper, fearing she might cause more pain.

David smiled as he took the book from her hand

—a kind, but incredulous smile. He saw the fear with which she had proffered it, and turned over a few of its pages, where strange woodcuts illustrated the wonderful miracles and stories which it related.

David stopped as he came to one which represented a girl throwing herself headlong from the summit of a precipitous rock.

"There—there!" cried Verena, excitedly, stopping his hand with hers, lest he should turn further; "that is the story I read this evening—the story of the beautiful St. Alda, who, committing herself to the care of the blessed Virgin, threw herself from an enormous height into the valley beneath, and came down unhurt. It was into this very valley, David—where the crucifix stands by our chapel-wall—from that very rock above our heads, she cast herself down. Oh, David, you could not read that story, and remain incredulous in the pity and protection extended to us by the blessed Mother of our Lord. Read that book, David, when I am far from you; and may she whose love and power it extols, turn your heart to accept the truth."

"And Pilate said unto him, What is truth?" murmured David, sorrowfully, as he looked into Verena's face. "Christ is truth, my Verena; 'there is none other name under heaven given amongst men, whereby we must be saved,' and pressing the pages torn from the Testament into the hand of his betrothed, he took his last farewell.

Verena watched his departure with a sick faintness, which rendered her steps uncertain and slow; but presently she turned towards the house. The sunset glow still rested on the distant Alps, the trees, and the slowly-turning mill-wheel; but the thoughts within the young heart were changed. Fear now reigned paramount, and the pictures fancy but awhile ago had suggested, were changed also.

The distant hills were flushed with vengeance; the chestnut-stems were flaming stakes; and the wheel was the martyr's wheel, from which dropped goutts of blood into the gloomy tank beneath.

Verena placed the forbidden pages in her bosom, and going within the mill, sank like a stone upon the ground.

(To be continued).

MARY THE SISTER OF LAZARUS.



HERE are, perhaps, no more remarkable words of commendation spoken of any one by our blessed Lord when upon earth, than those he spoke in reference to Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus, on the occasion of that woman anointing his feet, and wiping them with the

hair of her head. Referring to that woman, and the act of kindness shown to him by her, speaking to his disciples, he says: "She hath done what she could." Was there ever greater praise than this?

Let us turn to the history of the woman who obtained such favour in the eyes of Christ.

Our Lord meets her three times. He may have met her oftener; but we read of three meetings in the Gospel. The first occasion upon which he meets her is after his conversation with the lawyer, who had endeavoured to tempt him by asking him the conditions required of those seeking for eternal life, and which our Lord answered by repeating the parable of the Good Samaritan. It was at this moment that Martha complained of her sister; for Mary, adopting the position of the Jewish scholars whilst listening to their rabbim, or learned men, had sat down at the feet of Jesus, and suffered Martha to superintend alone the arrangements of the feast. In this respect she puts one in mind of Paul, who had once sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Paul sat for instruction at the feet of Gamaliel; but Mary listened to a greater master than Paul's—Jesus was mightier than Gamaliel. How applicable to her, whilst sitting thus, were the words of the Psalmist-King: "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

The second meeting of Jesus with Mary takes place upon the death of Lazarus. On account of the violence of the Jews, our blessed Lord had to retire to a place called Bethabara, beyond Jordan. While there, Lazarus grows sick. Messengers are sent to apprise Jesus of the fact. When he draws near to Bethany, Lazarus is dead. How do the two sisters act upon this occasion? In the eleventh chapter of John, Martha, upon hearing of the arrival of our Lord, is represented as starting up, and going forth to meet him, whereas Mary is represented as sitting still in the house, notwithstanding the intelligence. What a key to the respective character of these two women! Even with death and mourning in the house, Martha is still the same.

Impetuous, busy Martha! She was eager to see all and do all herself—she could not think it just that her supine and less active sister should earn more of the Saviour's love and esteem than she did. If, reader, you require proof of the eagerness and impetuosity of this woman's disposition, contemplate her now as she is running to meet her Lord. If you desire to see the domesticated and practical side of her character, go back to the feast, and behold her superintending its arrangements. And if you would discover what ability she had, how clever she was, how high and advanced the tone of her religious knowledge, turn to and attentively read the conversation she holds with our Lord, in the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, upon this very occasion. In that conversation she exhibits

an ability, a faith, and a knowledge of spiritual matters, which stamp her as a woman of no ordinary kind.

When, however, we come to look into Mary's character, we find a woman of a totally different type. Mary's ways and her disposition resemble those of the beloved disciple, St. John. She possessed many of those qualities which made him the most endeared amongst the Twelve. Her ways were loving, she was affectionate, she was gentle. Less practical, less worldly-minded than her sister, sorrow appeared to sink deeper into her heart, and affliction to overpower her more. Oh! look how keenly she felt her brother's loss—look how sadly she left the house, and proceeded to meet Jesus, when urged to do so. In fact, the woman's distress was such that Jesus was troubled at it—that he was vexed—that he groaned in the spirit, and that upon this, the only occasion, Mary opens her mouth, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," Jesus wept.

The third and last occasion on which Jesus comes before us in connection with this family, is the most interesting of all. The passover is nigh at hand. In a little village—the village of Bethany—a feast is being held. It is in the house of one Simon, a leper. Jesus is in the house, and present at the feast. His presence has attracted others. Martha has left her own house, and is present, rendering the peculiar services for which she is so remarkable; and Lazarus, who had been dead and now is alive again, is also there. So are the disciples. Supper has commenced, and where is Mary—the faithful, loving Mary? Has she forgotten her Lord and Master? Suddenly the door opens, and a woman enters. Neither St. Matthew nor St. Mark tells her name, but St. John does. The woman's name is Mary. What brings her hither? She had heard that the priests and elders were deliberating in Jerusalem upon the capture and death of Jesus; she had heard of his determination to go up to Jerusalem, and face every danger that threatened him. The presentiment of what he was about to do and suffer was before her eyes—future events had appeared in their forecast shadows. Restless fears therefore laid hold upon her woman's heart, and she now appears upon the scene—having hurried hither to pay the last tribute of a grateful love. Indeed, the thought may have crossed her mind that this might be the only opportunity she should ever have for exhibiting kindness to one who had done so much for her. She enters the room, bringing with her an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious. She breaks the box, and pours the ointment upon his head and feet. Then washing those feet with tears, she wipes them with the hair of her head. Oh, what a scene for the

painter's pencil! Try and realise it, reader. Down the centre of the room, we will suppose, runs a long table, upon which are placed dishes of various kinds of meat and fruit. At the head of the table reclines the form of the Son of Man, and close to him that disciple whom he loved so well. In the background are the attendants and women, bringing in fresh dishes, foremost amongst their number being the figure of the busy, impetuous Martha. And here, before her Saviour, on bended knees, is the saintly Mary, raining tears upon the feet of Jesus, and wiping them in her long, flowing hair. The disciples and the other guests are busy in the discussion of various matters; but there is one disciple that demands our especial notice, whose name is Judas. Always alive to the question of gain and money, this man's head is turned round, his eyes resting upon the good woman and her acts. Hear now the thought which passed through his mind, as he looked upon the scene: "Why," he says, "was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" . . . "not," we are told, "that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag, and bare what was put therein."

Given to the poor! How frequently we find the same excuse reiterated in the present day, whenever any great work of Christian piety is being done. The poor are sure to be uppermost in the minds of certain people then, and it not unfrequently happens that these are the very people who give least of all to the poor. This class of people will grumble in whatever way money is spent, even though none of the money so expended has been extracted from their pockets. Such people, for instance, cannot tolerate the expenditure of money upon the beautifying or the restoring of God's house, and whenever they hear of moneys being subscribed for the restoring or rebuilding of those grand old cathedrals, which the piety of a former generation raised up, which have outlived even the departure of the ancient faith from their shrines, and which, existing now, call forth the glory and the pride of England, their cry is, "Give it to the poor; build iron churches for the poor." If, however, it could be ascertained how much these very utilitarian spirits give to the poor, the result, we have little doubt, would show that the men most anxious for the restoration and improvement of God's temples, are likewise the men who give most to the poor. Here, in the Gospel narrative, we have Mary, who poured a rich ointment upon her Saviour's feet; and there is Judas, who carried the money-bag, and expressed such solicitude for the poor. Reader, from which of these do you think the poor would get the more sympathy and support? Ah! surely the poor, who know human

nature well—who can read the disposition in the face, would turn aside from this calculating and insincere professor, and lay their wants and sufferings at the feet of that good woman, who said so little, yet did so much,—who, as our Lord said of her, "hath done what she could." But what was the defence Jesus entered for her, when the disciples took up the strain, and echoed the words of Judas? "Let her alone," he says; "why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of as a memorial of her."

Only consider what esteem this woman had for our Lord. You may gather a slight and imperfect idea of it from the ointment she used. It was very precious, we are told. According to the computation of Judas, the ointment could have been sold for three hundred pence; but £20 or even £30 of our present currency does not perhaps adequately represent its value. Putting aside, however, the question of the costliness of the ointment, what are we to say of this act—this pure womanly act, of watering those weary feet and wiping them with the hair of her head? You will not say that it was bare pity which led the woman to perform such an office upon our Saviour. No; pity could never lead a woman to perform such a sublime act as that. You will not say that it was bare admiration. No; admiration would never lead to such an act as that. You cannot call it love. No; love would not impel a woman to perform such an act as that. You cannot say that it was the result of exalted veneration. No; even exalted veneration, powerful as it is, is powerless to prompt to such a deed as hers. You may put all these qualities together—pity, admiration, love, and veneration—you may combine them all, and yet the whole will be too little to represent the promptings of such an act as that. That act so true to nature, so tender in feeling, so rich in beauty, proceeded from virtues so rare, that it claims homage even in heaven. To the Second Person of the Trinity, to the Saviour of our lost and ruined world, it was left to embody that act in words: "She hath done what she could." Happy Mary! Wheresoever this Gospel has been preached throughout the whole world, this also that thou hast done—this glorious act of thine—has been spoken of for a memorial of thee. Happy! happy Mary! Thou art now immortalised on earth! thou art glorified in heaven! it was thou who didst anoint the Saviour's body aforehand for the burying. Almost two thousand years

have rolled away since then. The words of Jesus have come true—thy memory is green, it is embalmed for ever! Happy, happy woman! On thy bended knees, thou didst rain tears upon the Saviour's feet. Thou didst dry them with the

hair of thy head. The proudest and fairest of earth's daughters now envy thee that office. Of a truth, the blessing of Heaven did rest upon thine head! Its purity was in thine heart. Happy woman!

G. M. L.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER VII.

THE masonry of the walls which now enclose the Haram, as it is visible above the ground, and doubtless also the masonry of the buried upper portions of these same walls, is of varied character, due to the numerous reconstructions experienced by the walls themselves in the course of their strangely eventful history. In every instance, however, the work of reconstruction may be considered to have included the use, in a greater or a lesser degree, of the old materials, as they would be found lying ready at hand where they had been cast down. In such a great reconstruction as that by Herod, it may be assumed, if he commenced his work (as it is almost certain that he did) upon the lowermost courses of Solomon's masonry, that he would *assimilate* his work to what he found remaining of the masonry of the magnificent first founder of the Temple. Such assimilation can scarcely be expected to have taken place in any of the reconstructions that have succeeded to one another, subsequent to the destruction that followed the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, A.D. 70. In the earliest of these reconstructions, however, the old materials would naturally have been used again to a considerable extent; and it is probable, also, that the influence of the evident grandeur of the old masonry may have induced the rebuilders to endeavour so far to emulate their predecessors, as to quarry their new blocks of stone of very great size. But the rebuilders did not make any attempt to follow the noble example of earlier times, beyond using again the old blocks of stone, and quarrying fresh blocks in some degree approaching them in magnitude. No effort was made to secure for the reconstructed walls the beautiful regularity, the consistent harmony, and the peculiar effectiveness of the ancient masonry. Nor do the more recent builders appear to have possessed either the sound judgment or the technical skill which would have enabled them to build as their predecessors had built. They have left behind them the most conclusive evidence of their great want of judgment, in the choice of their materials, and of their inability to make the best use of the materials that were at their disposal—materials of so excellent a nature,

that many of the noble blocks of stone, which now appear fixed in the existing walls by unskilful hands, are still as sharp at the angles as when they were first finished by the ancient masons, while their sides are clean and perfect, and their marginal drafts not unfrequently bear the marks of the toothed chisels with which they were cut.

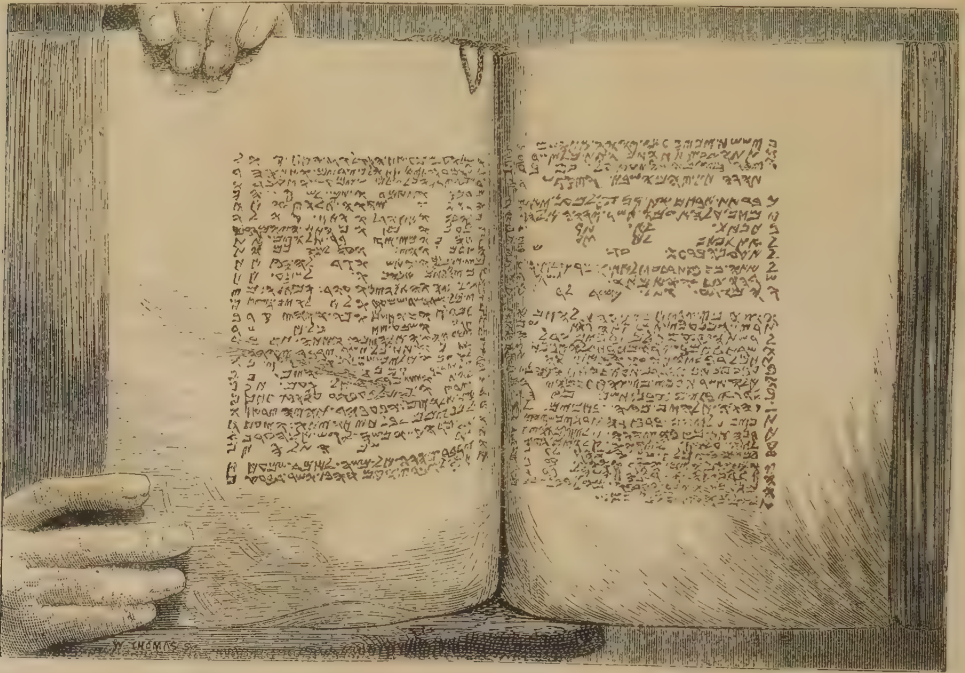
The excavations have already revealed original masonry, veritably *in situ*; still remaining, that is to say, in its original position as placed by its original builders—sometimes injured and worn, before the friendly accumulation of the earth and ruins at once protected and concealed it; and sometimes sharp, and fresh, and perfect as when it left the hands of those masons, masters of their craft, who worked under either Solomon or Herod. And as the excavations are carried on, it may safely be assumed that, in like manner, the accumulated earth and ruins will be discovered to have concealed and preserved other portions of the same ancient masonry. While we are awaiting further discoveries such as these, we may advantageously accompany the explorers a short distance round the exterior circuit of the Haram walls, and see what are the results of their careful and minute examination. We shall find that at one point the explorations that have been already carried on deep beneath the present surface, have led to discoveries not inferior in interest to the results of Lieutenant Warren's researches at "Robinson's Arch." (See Chapter IV.)

The south-west angle of the Haram wall, says Captain Wilson, when describing that wall as it now is visible above the ground—"the south-west angle, and 50 feet on either side of it, is the finest and best preserved (visible) piece of old masonry in the wall, and the stones have more the appearance of being *in situ* here than at other places . . . The bonding of the stones has been very carefully attended to, and the workmanship is admirable." At the distance of 39 feet from the south-west angle, proceeding northwards along the western wall of the Haram—proceeding from *x* towards *F* in the diagram, and at the point *x*, "Robinson's Arch" commences. The width of this arch, as I have stated, was 50 feet. From the arch onwards to the northern extremity of this western Haram

wall, various buildings, chiefly of modern construction, abut upon the great wall itself; and, consequently, in a great measure they effectually

under this lintel, led over the Tyropœon valley from the western city into the sacred enclosure at a low level, and, consequently, gave access to

No. 1.



TWO PAGES OF THE BOOK OF THE SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH, PRESERVED AT NABLUS, THE ANCIENT SHECHEM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FOR THE "PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND," BY SERGEANT PHILLIPS, R.E.

prevent the uninterrupted examination of the lower courses of the masonry.

the substructures that were beneath the Temple.

The first building adjoining the Haram wall, to the north of "Robinson's Arch," is the house of the Turkish effendi, Abu Seud. From the arch to this house, and in this house, as far as can be seen, there is, in the lower courses of the wall, a mixture of plain chiselled stones, and stones with a marginal draft; but, just beyond this, ancient masonry of a more decided character appears, in the form of an enormous lintel, which covers a gate-way through the wall, now closed up. The

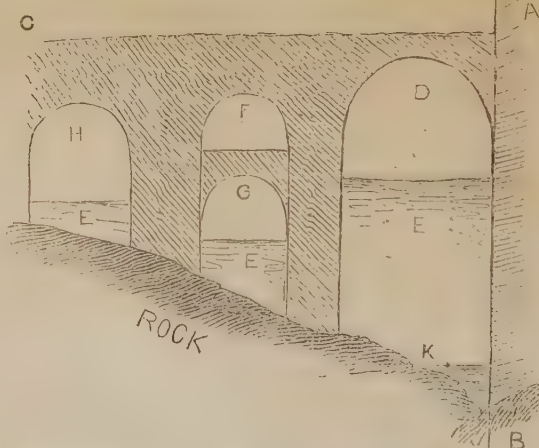
In ancient times another arch must be supposed to have carried the passage (or street-way) over

the valley to this gate-way; and also, without a doubt, another open way originally led along the face of the Haram wall, under the causeway arches, from north to south.

Immediately to the north of the great stone lintel is the "Jews' Wailing-place," or "Wall of Wailing"—that portion of the west wall of the Haram to which access is permitted to the Jews by the Turkish masters

of Jerusalem, that there, close to the sacred spot where their Temple once stood, they may mourn over the lamentable fortunes of the Holy City. The wall at the "Wailing-place" must be considered—at any rate, in parts—to be a very early

No. 2.





(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"The trees shall bend to welcome us,
The flowers shall clasp our feet."—p. 827.

reconstruction of ancient masonry. The stones are very large, and have the chiselled marginal draft from two to four inches broad, and not exceeding three-eighths of an inch in depth. The faces of these stones are finely worked; but the joints between many of them are coarse and wide. The stones themselves are placed without care or judgment, and "a few of the blocks are set on edge." The holes that are seen to have been cut in some of these stones were designed to receive the groin-points of vaulting-arches, which at some period were evidently built up here abutting upon the great wall.

The same style of masonry may be seen in a small garden adjoining the "Wailing-place," to the north. From this garden, also, the face of the Mahkama (or court-house) may be examined. This edifice, constructed with ancient materials, abuts on the Haram wall; and it is supported by a double series of arched vaults, apparently of different ages, but none of them, as it would seem, of any remote antiquity. Immediately to the north of the vaults which support the Mahkama is a great pool or cistern, which Capt. Wilson discovered to be in part roofed over with a noble arch of ancient masonry, in width 43 feet, and with a span of 42 feet—6 inches wider than the span of "Robinson's Arch." This arch, now known as "Wilson's Arch," which, like "Robinson's," springs from the Haram wall, is supported westwards by a massive pier, constructed of masonry, resembling that of the opposite portion of the Haram wall, and built after the same style as the lowermost courses of "Robinson's" western pier, discovered by Lieutenant Warren. "There are," says Capt. Wilson, "twenty-three courses in the arch, of equal thickness, which gives it an almost painful appearance of regularity." The stones of which this arch is constructed are in perfect preservation; and the arch itself, still standing uninjured, must always be regarded as one of the most remarkable existing relics of the Jerusalem of antiquity. It would seem to be certain that this archway has survived the general destruction by Titus, and that it is a genuine work of an age certainly not later than that of Herod the Great. Over this archway a second high-level causeway, parallel to that over "Robinson's Arch," led across the Tyropœon valley from the western city to the Temple and the adjoining edifices on Mount Zion; as the principal approach to the Haram area passes over this same archway now. If the surmise be correct, as there is every reason for believing it to be, that this archway has remained as it now appears from Herodian times, its perfect preservation after the taking of the city by Titus, as Captain Wilson has well observed, may be easily understood, from "its forming the best and readiest means of communication" within the city "for troops passing from

one hill to the other, and as such it would be of the greatest importance to the Roman garrison."

"Wilson's Arch" does not completely cover the pool, which, after Mahomet's mysterious charger, is named "Al Burak," up to its northern extremity: the remaining portion of the pool, accordingly, is covered by another arch of a perfectly different character, built of rubble-work of small stones, and not having so large a span—the work of a more recent period, and probably constructed when the pool itself was formed beneath the great old arch in the accumulated earth and ruins.

Captain Wilson was not enabled to carry out any further his discovery of the arch which bears his name: so that it was left for Lieut. Warren to resume the operations in this most interesting field for exploration. Warren entered in earnest on his researches in connection with "Wilson's Arch" towards the end of November last, when he at once sunk a shaft under the arch towards the south, "alongside the Haram wall, to see what it was like." At a depth of 15 feet he found the stones to be bevelled, of the usual size, and 3 feet 9 inches in height. At 26 feet his progress with his shaft was very slow, as he then found himself amongst the "débris of huge stones" that were "hard as iron." As he descended, he observed that "the stones in the Haram wall assumed the appearance of those found at the south-west angle." By Dec. 21st, notwithstanding the difficulty of the work, Lieutenant Warren had sunk his shaft about 45 feet below the surface; and from this point it would seem that the obstructions were more easily overcome.

As the excavations proceeded, fresh discoveries were continually made; until, early in February last, at which date for the present I take leave of the explorer at "Wilson's Arch," Lieutenant Warren had the satisfaction to report that he had discovered, not only *four more arches*, connected with Wilson's Arch and carrying on the causeway westwards from it, but also an extensive "system of vaults, tanks, and aqueducts," buried beneath the present surface of the ground, "in connection with, and to the west of, Wilson's Arch. They are apparently of similar age and construction, and are likely to throw considerable light on Jerusalem topography; in fact, it appears to me," writes Lieutenant Warren, "that this system of vaults is the key to underground Jerusalem; and, if we are not interfered with, we may reasonably hope very soon to have a good knowledge of the great embankment which runs across the Tyropœon valley."

With this paper we also give our readers a careful representation (No. 1) of an important manuscript—no less than the famous Samaritan Pentateuch, which was photographed at Nablus (the ancient Shechem). Its importance consists

in the circumstance that it is more ancient than any of the Hebrew MSS.; and also more complete and explicit in its histories. It is written in the Samaritan character, which is much older than the present Hebrew letter; and most likely was that in which Moses penned the original. Taking into consideration the extreme antiquity of the document, it is still wonderfully legible; and, indeed, may almost be taken as a literal verification of the truth that "The Word of the Lord abideth for ever."

In the diagram No. 2, A B represents a section through the Haram wall. A C is the present surface of the ground. D is "Wilson's Arch," covering the pool "Al Burak." F is the first "Warren's Arch." G is the sub-arch to F. H is the second "Warren's Arch." E E E, accumulated rubbish beneath the arches. K, running water,

flowing from north to south. From A to B is 88 feet; and from A to C is 112 feet.

Here we see how happily Lieutenant Warren is developing Captain Wilson's discovery of the true character of the ancient arch which now bears his name; and how the "underground Jerusalem" (to repeat his own striking expression)—the Jerusalem of antiquity, in part actually remaining to the present day, is gradually becoming revealed to us through the instrumentality of his explorations.

All further consideration of that "stream of water, running through the midst of the land," through the midst of the city also, deep in its subterranean channel, I must leave for a while; together with whatever inquiries may trace it to its source, determine its character, and follow it onward along its long-hidden way.

THE WORKMAN TO HIS WIFE.

COME, Mary, throw your work aside,
And let your troubles be;
Leave care, and toil, and smoke awhile,
And spend an hour with me.
We'll seek the cowslip on the bank,
The primrose in the lane;
And happy sights and sounds afar
Shall make us young again.

It's long, my love, since you and I
Have heard the blackbird sing,
Or caught by running brooks and woods
The glory of the spring;
It's long since you and I have trod
The paths where hawthorns blow;
Then, Mary, fling your work aside,
And let your troubles go.

The trees shall bend to welcome us,
The flowers shall clasp our feet,
The very bees shall hymn our praise
In murmurs soft and sweet;
The winds shall swell with ready voice
The chorus high and loud,
And we'll forget the world, my wife,
And all its busy crowd.

A thousand things await us, love—
Blue skies and balmy air,
Green fields whose very sight shall make
The heart forget its care;
Then never sigh, be glad to-day,
Throw sorrow to the wind,
Nor pause till we have left our ills
A summer's hour behind.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

MR. ISAACS APPEARS IN A NEW CHARACTER.

"MY eyes are failing me, Rachel. Are you sure you have not passed it over?"

"Quite sure," replied Rachel, with a sigh, and folding up the newspaper.

"It is very strange he did not answer that last advertisement, where it said, 'Absence is killing your mother.' If that does not bring him, nothing will."

"He did not see it," returned Rachel, putting on her bonnet. The *Times* had been hired for an hour, and she was going to take it back.

While she was gone, the old lady sat by the fire, her head drooping on her breast. Sometimes she muttered a few words; then she seemed to doze. But her whole demeanour was unlike herself.

Presently Rachel came back. "Mother, it is so bright and sunshiny out of doors," said she, trying to speak cheerfully; "will you go out a bit?"

"No, thank you, Rachel. I am sure it is very cold," said the old woman, drawing nearer to the fire.

Rachel closed the door, which she had left open to admit the pleasant gleam of sun that came in with her. Then she took up her work, and began to sew.

The old lady's head drooped again. "What a clock is it?" asked she, presently.

"Half-past three, mother."

"No later than that!" said the old lady, in a weary tone.

"Should you like a cup of tea?" asked Rachel, getting up.

"No, I don't want my tea. Sit down again, Rachel."

Rachel sat down. The sort of thing I am describing had gone on for some time.

Presently Dame Humphreys spoke again. "What a'clock is it, Rachel?"

"It has just struck four, mother."

"Only four! Dear me! how long the days are getting."

"Let me read to you," said Rachel, pityingly, and again laying down her work.

"Oh, no! I don't want that. I only want one thing, Rachel—my boy to come back."

She said it in a tone of such deep pathos, that Rachel could hardly bear it. Rachel, herself, was sadly changed since the days when she was a happy, hopeful bride. She looked old, and thin, and worn: for though six weeks had passed, no tidings had been heard of John.

Dame Humphreys sat a little time silent, her head drooping. Then she said, "I am sure it must be bedtime, Rachel."

"Dear mother, it is only five o'clock. I am going to get the tea ready."

"The clocks are so slow, Rachel," said the old woman, in a complaining tone. "I am so tired——"

"Will you go to bed, mother?"

"I think I will."

Rachel's eyes were moist with tears. She knew that Dame Humphreys was breaking up very fast indeed. She assisted her to bed. The most affectionate daughter that ever lived could have done no more for her than Rachel did. Then, when the weary head was laid on the pillow, she went down to get a cup of tea.

Some one went by the window, and then stopped. No! it was not John, though her heart seemed to leap into her mouth, and she turned as pale as death. It was not John. John would have come in at once; this person knocked at the door.

She opened it with a trembling hand. Her nerves were always wrought up to the highest pitch, and the least surprise startled her. She was startled to see Mr. Isaacs. He had quite recovered the effects of the blow, and was about again as usual.

The sight of the man through whom her husband had come to so much grief, was more than Rachel could bear. It affected her as any other shock would have done. She sat down on the nearest chair, and turning her face away, burst into tears.

Mr. Isaacs, in the meantime, stepped in through the door she had left open; then he closed it, and sat down.

Rachel turned hastily round. She felt indignant that he should have come. It seemed to her a gratuitous piece of cruelty.

"Don't be angry, Mrs. Humphreys," said he; "I am sure I'm very sorry for what has happened."

"But that won't bring me back my husband!" cried Rachel, still weeping bitterly.

"No; and I'm sorry for it. I was a bit hard on him. I've thought so since, many times."

Rachel was still weeping.

"Of course I'm not responsible for what he's

done," continued Mr. Isaacs. "I could not help his running away from his family; that was no fault of mine. You see the worst of poor Humphreys was——"

"I will not hear a word against him—not a single word!" interrupted Rachel, trembling with anger.

"No—oh, no—of course not. I wasn't going to say it either. I was only going to remark that it was a pity he went off so quick. He was in a panic, I suppose."

"He had never lifted his hand against any living creature in his life," spoke out poor Rachel, still trembling violently. "He was as good and peaceable a man as ever lived." And she burst out into another flood of weeping.

"Pray don't take on so, Mrs. Humphreys," said Mr. Isaacs, rather at a loss for the right form of expression.

"I may well 'take on,' as you call it, when my husband is gone," sobbed Rachel.

"He'll come back, you may take my word for it, some of these days," replied Mr. Isaacs, trying to cheer her up. "I am sure he needn't stop away because of me. I'm all right."

There was a decided comfort in this assurance, but at the time Rachel did not feel it, the wound smarted too intolerably.

"Now," continued Mr. Isaacs, drawing his chair a little nearer, and speaking in a confidential tone, "I'm come to give you a bit of friendly advice. I'm not a bad-disposed man in my heart; but business is business, you know, Mrs. Humphreys; and when a man thinks he's been taken in by rotten security, it's apt to drive him a little. I was driven to turn your husband out of the farm."

"It was very cruel of you," exclaimed Rachel, indignantly; "and God will judge between us some day. My poor husband never gave any one rotten security."

"Not with his knowledge, perhaps. But it's a matter of business, that is, and we need not go into it. I came to speak to you about the Sylvesters."

"Ah!" said Rachel, bitterly, as if the name conjured up a hundred painful associations.

"They've crashed up, you know. I only wonder they kept on so long. The young man is in gaol. He tried to abscond, but the police was after him, and they took him up in London."

"I am glad they did," said Rachel, still with unusual bitterness.

"And so am I. They all deserve their fate. No one will feel a bit of sorrow for them!" responded Mr. Isaacs, heartily. "But," continued he, a moment after, "it seems to me as if this were just the time for you to put in your claim. You have as much right to put in your claim as anybody else."

"If it would only bring John back again!" cried Rachel, with another burst of sorrow.

"But it will be all the better for John when he does come back," said Mr. Isaacs, briskly. "It won't be much, mind, and it will be a precious

long time coming. They say there won't be more than half-a-crown in the pound; but half a loaf is better than no bread, don't you see, Mrs. Humphreys?"

"Yes," replied Rachel, reluctantly. She felt a decided repugnance to this man mixing himself up with her affairs. Perhaps he perceived it. He was a sharp-sighted man enough. At all events he said, a minute after—

"Don't you suppose, now, that I'm come for any other purpose but to see you righted. It's no concern of mine at all. But the fact is, I have had a twinge or two of conscience, and I want my conscience to sit a bit easier. And I know you are a lone woman; and the old lady is not long for this world, poor thing; and she's got her money in an annuity; I happen to know that as well." And he nodded confidentially.

"You and the Sylvesters together have helped to break her down," said Rachel, warmly. "She was as hale and hearty an old woman as ever lived, before this happened."

"So she was, and I'm very sorry—on my word I am. But you are rather hard on me, Mrs. Humphreys. How could I help the poor fellow knocking me on the head, and then running away? Of course I couldn't. And another thing you forget. The blow might have made an end of me, and what would have happened then?"

Rachel gave a little shudder.

"So that, really, you ought to look at what somebody, in some book or other I once read, calls mitigations. And it's a great mitigation that I am ready to forgive your husband, and not take the law against him."

So it was. Rachel could not deny that.

"And now I want you to send in your claim. Carlton is the lawyer for the Sylvesters. And if you want any one to stand by you, I will."

"Thank you," said Rachel.

It was, as he afterwards told her, the first civil word she had uttered.

There was a decided consolation to Rachel in this visit of Mr. Isaacs, when she came to reflect upon it. To feel that his ill-will against her husband was removed, and that there would be no reckoning with him for that unlucky assault, was a great point gained. And also, in this hour of loneliness and weakness, to have a friend to speak up for her was another point of equal advantage. He had gone away, telling her not to trouble about anything, and that he should employ his own lawyer to get the money, without any cost to herself.

All this was very extraordinary, and remarkably kind.

"God must have put it into his heart," thought Rachel, tearfully.

All this time Dame Humphreys was in bed in the room up-stairs. Rachel wondered that the talking did not disturb her. She had been expecting, every moment, that the weak querulous voice would call down the stairs to know who was there; but it did not.

"Perhaps she is asleep," thought Rachel, and she stole softly up-stairs to look.

She had a tray in her hand, with the cup of tea and the toast all ready. She put it down on the table, for the room was still and dark. She had closed the curtains to keep out the light.

Very softly, and without making the least noise, she stepped to the side of the bed.

Dame Humphreys lay as if asleep; but it was easy to see, at a glance, what had happened. Rachel uttered no cry as she gazed at the pallid face on the pillow, nor did she faint, as some women might have done. Yet an awful certainty forced itself upon her—a certainty that admitted of no one single doubt. Dame Humphreys was indeed asleep; but it was a slumber that no mortal cry could break. Death had laid his hand on the poor aching heart, and stilled it. She was gone!

CHAPTER LVIII.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

"A GENTLEMAN has been waiting for you, sir, this last hour," said the clerk to Mr. Carlton, on his return from the Sylvester mansion.

"Waiting for me! pray where is Mr. Sowerby?" asked the lawyer, with some asperity.

"Mr. Sowerby is within, sir, but the gentleman declined——"

"Ah! that's just the way," interrupted Mr. Carlton, holding up his hands: "unless I run away from the town altogether, I might as well be in harness again. Where is the gentleman, pray?"

"In your private room, sir. He said"—and the clerk could not suppress a half-smile—"he said that his business was strictly confidential."

Mr. Carlton, still grumbling softly to himself, walked up-stairs; the card, which his clerk had given him, in his hand. "I am sure I don't know any such person," grumbled he, as he read it.

When he opened the door of his room, there came into view the well-got-up person, slight figure, and cold blue eye of Francis Heatherly. He came forward at once to meet the lawyer. "Mr. Carlton, I presume? Then I have the pleasure of speaking to the first lawyer in Newbury."

It was a well-timed compliment, and mollified Mr. Carlton considerably. His faculties being sharpened, he was not long in making the discovery as to who Mr. Heatherly was.

"I am sure it was very unpardonable of me not to recognise the name at once," cried he; for the status of his new client seemed to rise in no small degree. "But the fact is, I am getting old, Mr. Heatherly, and my memory is beginning to fail. If I could only retire altogether from business:" and he gave a hopeless kind of sigh as he thought of Mr. Sowerby.

"I am glad you have not retired," said Francis Heatherly, briskly; "because, you see, my business is of such a—delicate and confidential nature, that really, except to a gentleman of your experience, I should be reluctant to mention it."

"On my word, I wonder what is coming!" thought

Mr. Carlton: but he only smiled blandly, and begged his client would be seated.

"In the first place," began Francis Heatherly, glancing round, to assure himself that no one was there to listen—a very needless precaution, as it happened—"in the first place, I suppose you know that I am the inheritor of the late Miss Graham's property?"

Mr. Carlton smilingly replied that he did.

"It was an unjust will, as you must be aware," continued the client, warmly: he was thinking of Josephine. "By it, the most admirable young lady that ever lived has been condemned to poverty."

He was very much excited when he said this, and blushed to the roots of his hair. Mr. Carlton was not excited at all: he still smiled in his blandest manner.

"While I, who have no claim to the money, or, indeed, right to it, being about the twenty-fourth cousin, am rolling in the wealth which belongs to another."

"By law you have a claim, my dear sir; your legal right is indisputable," suggested Mr. Carlton, with some animation.

"Law is one thing, Mr. Carlton, *justice* is another," said Francis Heatherly.

The lawyer, with all his acumen, was not prepared to dispute the point. Besides, a very natural idea had occurred to him. "Are you acquainted with Miss Graham?" he asked, raising his eyes to the countenance of Francis Heatherly.

Francis Heatherly's eyes dropped under the mild but inquiring gaze of the lawyer.

"Well, yes, I am," replied he, abruptly.

"A confession which explains everything," thought Mr. Carlton.

"I am acquainted with her, and—and—in fact I—" He stopped: with all his boasted powers, as set forth in his note-book, he was scarcely able to express what he wanted.

The lawyer attempted to fill up the gap. "It seems to me," he said, suggestively, "that your kind intentions towards Miss Graham would be very easy to carry out. Why not, as she is so admirable—why not—excuse my plainness; I am an old man, you know—why not marry her?"

"Ah! that is the worst of it, Mr. Carlton; she won't have me."

He said it in a tone of deep dejection.

"Not have you, my dear sir!"

"No; she won't."

"That is very extraordinary," resumed the lawyer, a few moments after. "Pray what are her resources? if I may ask the question."

"You may ask it, and welcome. She has none!"

"No resources!"

"Not except what she earns. She makes watch-pockets, and kettle-holders, and such things, and then sells them."

"You don't say so!"

"But—do; how else is she to live?"

"And yet she refuses you?"

"Refuses me point blank!"

"Perhaps there is a rival in the case?" suggested the lawyer.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Francis, vehemently rebutting the assertion; "I am sure no gentleman goes there, I have made inquiries on purpose to find out."

The lawyer smiled to himself. There was a little episode in Josephine's history, that was well known to the inhabitants of Newbury; he did not think it necessary to make Mr. Heatherly acquainted with it. Nor did he suppose that the interview was intended to refer solely to his client's disappointment in love.

"Now," resumed Francis Heatherly, recovering his briskness, "I'll tell you what I think of doing: I am a man remarkable for my strict justice, my integrity has never swerved from the line and plummet. I must put forward that assertion to explain what will follow."

The lawyer began to tap softly on his silver snuff-box. It was evident he had nothing to say to this.

"I do not think of giving up the whole of my property." Mr. Carlton started, as if a pistol had gone off at his ear. "Not the whole! that would be sheer folly, and I am not foolish—I have always been considered rather wise."

Mr. Carlton began softly to tap again.

"But I think of making her an allowance: I wish to leave her in the enjoyment of a comfortable income!"

"Leave her!" repeated the lawyer, ceasing to tap.

Mr. Heatherly's tone had so relapsed into the tragic, that he might have been referring to his own dissolution.

"Yes! leave her: the fact is, I am sick of Newbury!"

"Indeed! that is a great pity."

"I am! What is there for me to do here?" ("Now I cannot marry Josephine," was the concluding argument; of which, however, he said nothing.)

"I should have thought, with your wealth and position," began the lawyer, blandly.

"Nonsense! what good does my wealth do me? Don't you see I am a broken-hearted man?" and he leaned back in his chair, with an assumption of extreme despondency.

"Allow me to remark, Mr. Heatherly, that there are other young ladies in Newbury worthy of your regard," suggested the lawyer.

"Oh, no! that is no consolation. Perhaps if my heart had been free"—and he called to mind certain visits paid now and then at a certain house, where a pair of bright eyes had been wont to welcome him—"but that's all over now; I shall go back to Dorsetshire."

"Is that your native county, may I ask?"

"Yes; I have a few friends there, who care for me," said Francis Heatherly, in a dismal tone.

"Come, come, my dear sir, you must cheer up; it will never do for us to lose one of our most influential men," said the lawyer, with a touch of flattery.

"Oh, nobody will miss me; nobody will care where

"I go to!" continued the disconsolate lover, meaning that Josephine would not care.

"You will think better of it to-morrow."

"No; I shall perhaps be gone to-morrow."

"Then you wish the business settled at once?"

It was not to be supposed that Mr. Carlton would endure this sort of thing much longer.

Francis Heatherly roused himself at the word business.

"Yes, certainly; that was what I came about: I think I have explained to you how matters stand."

"Perfectly so: I only wait for instructions," replied the lawyer.

"Well, then, I wish to settle on Miss Graham the sum of two hundred a-year."

"And a very nice thing too." He was secretly glad that such an arrangement had been thought of. He had always been sorry for Josephine; and he had had his own opinion of the way in which she had been dealt with.

"For her life," continued Francis Heatherly, solemnly, and as grave as a judge.

"Exactly, for her life; and, as I said before, a very nice thing too! But as for leaving the county, my dear sir," continued the lawyer, writing down his client's instructions, "you will think better of that."

"Oh, no; I have quite made up my mind To-morrow will see the last of me in Newbury," said Francis Heatherly, tragically. He had told his notebook so, and he meant to keep his word.

(To be continued.)

VELVET-HEAD.



THE house was infested with rats. They visited each room, and were to be met on the stairs: in a word, they were everywhere. What was to be done to banish these unwelcome guests? One remedy alone remained untried—a

cat. The children were delighted. Papa did not like the idea, but seeing there was no alternative, he gave a reluctant consent to the addition of a kitten to the family circle. Soon after, cousin Harriet came to pay a visit, and to the children's great joy, drew from beneath her cloak the prettiest little black and white pussy they had ever beheld. Even papa, when he came home, noticed the playful stranger, and admitted he had never seen so interesting a specimen of the feline race.

A great discussion then arose, as to what the new favourite should be called. "Minnie," was first proposed, but unanimously rejected, as being too common. A number of other names were mentioned, but some objection found to each, until it seemed likely the kitten would remain pussy, all her life, when little Amy said:—

"What a pretty black spot she has on her head, so very smooth and soft. I will call her Velvet-head."

"A good name, and uncommon too," exclaimed Arthur, the eldest boy.

"Yes, yes, it is settled," was the universal cry, "let that be her name."

Now Velvet-head had some adventures in her youth, and hair-breadth escapes too; such as being locked up for nights in presses and boxes, in which she had a peculiar talent for hiding.

One evening she fell asleep in papa's slipper, and just when he was going to put it on, he heard a faint mew, and saw a tiny tail.

"You never could imagine," he said, as he carried her to the children, "what a funny sleeping-place she found for herself. Why do you not make her a comfortable bed, and spare my slippers?"

The children laughed at the idea, and as soon as he was gone, Helen exclaimed, "Indeed, Velvet-head

ought to have a bed. I wish we had a basket, and I would make a nice soft cushion."

"I will give my doll's cradle," said Amy; "it will be quite large enough even when she is grown up."

And so the cat's cradle was brought, and placed near the parlour-fire, and every night the kitten was put to bed. Sometimes it was hard enough to find her, for she had a trick of keeping out of the way at the right hour, like some silly children who like to sit up late.

Arthur had a mischievous school-boy friend, who, on one unfortunate occasion, seeing Helen's scissors on the table, and being alone with Velvet-head, thought it would be fine fun to clip her whiskers; and had just accomplished cutting off one, when the door was suddenly opened, and Helen entered, followed by Amy. The latter burst into tears at seeing her pet so disfigured. Helen was too old to cry, but she felt very indignant; and it was a long time before she could bring herself to pardon the offender.

At length these kittenish days passed away, and Velvet-head became a large handsome cat. No rat now dare enter her dominions. She was respected and dreaded by the mice, and beloved by the children. Aunt Martha, indeed, who occasionally visited at the house, was her inexorable foe. "I cannot endure cats," she used frequently to say. The children could not understand why; but supposed their aunt must have some good reason for disliking so useful a class of animals. There is no doubt that one morning pussy was caught with her head in the cream-jug, at the same time stirring Aunt Martha's cup of tea with her tail, on which occasion she was called "a nasty, ugly, green-eyed monster." (Amy always had an idea that green eyes were particularly beautiful.) But Arthur truly remarked, that we should not judge these little delinquencies too harshly, because cats cannot be taught, like children, to ask leave before touching anything not their own; and, on the whole, Velvet-head was quite as honest as any of her species. Alas! her worst misfortune is yet to be told.

It happened that one evening there had been

company in the house, and the children had been allowed to sit up later than usual. When they left the drawing-room, Helen said, "Go down, Amy, and see if Velvet-head is in her bed."

"No," replied the little girl, "I am tired and sleepy" (and cross, too, she might have added).

"I put her to bed last night," said Helen; "it is your turn now."

"I will not go," replied Amy. "Send Arthur."

"Arthur," called out Helen, "will you go and see if the cat is in bed? and if not, look for her; perhaps she is locked out."

"Well, we cannot help that now," he answered; "my going down would not bring her in. She has spent the night out before, and I'm sure is safe enough."

"Oh, Arthur, do, like a good boy, see where she is. I'm uneasy about her to-night."

"It's too long a way to the parlour," he replied.

"I'm cold, and I want to go to bed. If you care so much about her go yourself."

"Don't you care, too?"

"I tell you she's safe enough," he said, in an impatient tone; "and it's your turn to see about her. I went the night before last."

"You are both most provoking," said Helen, angrily. "I will not go, for it is Amy's night."

"Well, send Amy, and don't torment me any more; and that's an end of it," said Arthur, as he shut his door with a loud clap.

"I told you before I would not go," persisted Amy. And the more they argued, the more determined each became not to give way, until, in the end, all went to bed, too quarrelsome and angry to think much of the safety or comfort of poor Velvet-head.

It is a sad thing to fall asleep in such a frame of mind, when we do not know under what circumstances, or if ever, we may waken. Yet so did these three children lie down to rest, utterly unconscious of the fearful danger with which they were threatened.

Early in the morning, when the servant went down-stairs, she observed thick smoke, and a strong smell of fire. Hastening to the kitchen, as she opened the door, she felt something rush wildly past: what it was she had no time to conjecture, for the sight which met her view at that moment was indeed sufficiently frightful to chase all other ideas from her mind. The whole room seemed a mass of flame—walls, ceiling, all involved in one brilliant blaze. With wonderful courage she dashed through the suffocating smoke, across the scorching floor, and flung open a door at the opposite side. With the help of a passer-by, from whom she implored aid, a barrel of water was rolled in, and emptied on the flame. By this time more efficient help had arrived, and with much labour the fire was extinguished.

Aunt Martha, hearing these unusual sounds at so early an hour, sprang from her bed, and, running about distractedly, shrieked, "Fire! fire!" all the time convulsively clutching an empty water-jug, with which, no doubt, she hoped to be of great assistance. Her screams alarmed the whole house-

hold, who assembled just in time to see her go off in violent hysterics. Of course all attention was devoted to her restoration, therefore it was some time before the children thought of going to the parlour. When they did so, a sad sight greeted their view. Velvet-head stretched on the rug, her empty cradle in its accustomed place, which, alas! had been unoccupied during the previous night.

She had been accidentally shut up in the kitchen, and no doubt mewed most piteously to be released; but no one heard her cries. The poor little animal was terribly scorched, her paws shrivelled with the heat of the burning floor, her hair singed in various places; in short, she was a deplorable object. How great must have been her sufferings during that long night, imprisoned among the flames! It was supposed she had taken refuge under a large press, which the fire had but just reached when the door was flung open, and darting madly from the suffocating atmosphere, she had only sufficient strength left to reach the parlour. The children gathered round her with feelings of grief and remorse. "Oh, had we only known—could we have imagined how it was! Poor Velvet-head, how cruelly we have treated you! I wish—I wish we had looked after you last night!"

"Yes," added Arthur, "and we might have discovered the fire when it first began, and saved papa so much loss."

"I care more for dear Velvet-head than anything else," said Amy, "because she is alive, and can feel pain. What a lazy girl I was, not to have gone down last night."

"Oh! so was I," said Helen; "why did I not go, when I knew you were sleepy and tired?"

"I was the worst," said Arthur, "I ought to have gone, and saved you both the trouble. Oh! Velvet-head, my dear cat, if I had not been cross and disobedient, you would not have been in this sad plight to-day."

Such were the lamentations, mingled with bitter self-reproaches, poured forth by the children over the fate of their favourite; while she, poor thing, could only lie licking her burned paws, and uttering at intervals a faint and plaintive "mew." Helen ran for a saucer of warm milk, but the suffocating vapours in which she had passed the night, had affected her breathing, and she was unable to drink. After a time she raised herself slowly, and endeavoured to jump to Helen's lap, but had not strength for the spring, so Amy gently placed her where she wished. Patiently did Helen nurse her most of the day, and great was the universal joy when, towards evening, she swallowed a little milk. It was a long time ere she was able to run about as usual, but eventually she recovered. The children never forgot the sufferings they had caused her by the indulgence of their quarrelsome tempers, and if at any time they were inclined to dispute, or say unkind words to each other, "Remember Velvet-head" was sufficient to render them gentle and obliging, and ever reminded them to give that "soft answer which turneth away wrath."

THE GUYVER

Saturday, September 19, 1868.



(Drawn by J. A. PASQUIER.)

"He looked over her shoulder into the mill-dam."—p. 834.

ALDA'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS. IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

THE unhappy prediction of David Barolo came to pass; within a few weeks of their parting, a merciless persecution, unequalled in its

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cruelties, overtook the poor fugitives from the valleys, and Verena's kind heart had to bleed in silence for the sufferings of Protestant martyrs. Bigotry, like another Moloch, was lifted up in

the land, and slew its hundreds; and in the quiet of Verena's country life these human sacrifices assumed an overpowering horror, affecting her spirits, and even the tone of her mind.

The early spring came round, with its budding leaves and opening blossoms, but Verena scarcely ever ventured outside the precincts of her father's garden; she fancied, foolishly, that she could hear in the valley the shrieks of flying women, or the wailing of mothers over their slaughtered children. She had worse fancies than these, but she dared not frame them to her mind lest her reason might slip from her hold.

Her sleep, too, was broken, and her rest was gone from her. Night after night, unable to find repose in her bed, she rose and paced her room, or sat by the window which overlooked the mill-dam, chilly and comfortless in the moonlight. Away, away, to the distant Alps, on whose cold slopes she knew there were motionless forms lying by the hundred. David's father, she had heard (on whose knee she had sat so often and listened to his pleasant flow of genial words), was already numbered amongst the ghastly multitude. What must David have suffered ere he watched the spirit go out, whose calm, steady light had been his guide since childhood! Would not a bitter vindictiveness fill his breast against all her creed, which must in time extend even to herself? Then, turning from the window, Verena would cast herself upon her knees before the crucifix at the foot of her bed, and plead with an erring devotion for the suffering flock, which were being driven to and fro amongst the mountains.

But day by day, instead of the persecutions drawing to a close, their horrors increased. Verena heard how, in one small village among the hills, more than a hundred women and innocent children had been massacred.

Verena's spirit, pure, loving, and pitiful, but devotional even to fanaticism, was like a bird in a storm—the mere plaything of the wind. She could not listen to these recitals of wild cruelty and excess without shudderings of heart; but, on the other hand, she might not listen to the rebellious thoughts which arose in her bosom against the authors and perpetrators of these cruelties. She drifted she knew not whither.

Her priests, too, and spiritual directors, who but a few months ago had sought to lure her lover to their fold, now denounced him and his religion in words so bitter and vengeful, that Verena, returning slowly from her confessional, felt that, if she would gain heaven, she must slay this deep love she felt for David, on the very threshold of her upward path.

She began to tremble now for her own power of endurance. Her mind as well as her body was growing weak. There were moments when she

could scarcely trust her reason or her sight. When she sat in the garden for rest, the clouds overhead took strange and fanciful shapes, as of a stricken multitude, which filled her heart with gloomy suggestions. If she sought to read, the words presented no meaning to her mind.

Once, with a strange impulse, she took the pages of the Testament David had given her from her bosom. She believed in tests; she would try if they could give her back her mental vigour; but no, they were meaningless as the rest. And was not this a sin—this gift of David's—a sin she was hiding in her bosom? She would test truth again; she would cast out this sin, this last relic of a forbidden love, for ever.

She crumpled up the pages and cast them into the mill-dam. Suddenly—yes, this time the test had triumphed—the words which when read a moment before carried no sense to the vacant mind, rose up now from the tank at her feet, and appeared as if printed in letters of fire on the water, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," a text from the forbidden book, the last words uttered in her ear by David.

Verena pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out their meaning, but the words were written within on her eye-balls. She looked again down into the mill-dam: they were flaming there still. The illusion was so strong, she stooped and threw a stone into the water. Of a sudden, the splash and the widening circles brought back the day of bitter parting, and Garcino's wily face gazing at her over the vineyard-wall.

"Verena."

With a scream and sudden forward leap, she had almost precipitated herself into the mill-dam, for it was Garcino himself who touched her on the shoulder.

"What dost see in the water, Verena? I warrant there be fish in the stream, but none that will come with money in its mouth."

"What has brought thee here again, Garcino, with a foolish speech in thy mouth?" she asked, bitterly. "I want neither thee nor thy money. This is my father's garden—cannot I sit here unmolested?"

Without replying, he looked over her shoulder into the mill-dam, and his eye rested on the torn leaves she had dropped into the water.

"Belike you have lost a love-letter; Barolo, no doubt, finds means still of addressing thee;" and as he spoke he approached the place where the paper was caught in the sedge.

"Garcino," she cried, in hasty confusion, "come here. I would not have thee take my words unkindly. I have been out of sorts to-day. Tell me, hast thou no news from the town?"

"Ay, you will give heed to my news to-day.

Verena, hast thou considered my words? Thy heretic lover has forsaken thee; but, lo! I am here to protect thee and thy father."

"My father and I are above suspicion; we do not need thy aid," she said, sternly.

"I know not how that may be, Verena. I know I love thee."

"I am sorry," was all she replied, but she turned towards the door of her house.

"Verena, you are sorry! Have you no heart or pity?"

"No, I have none; I have neither heart nor pity left," she cried, passionately, waving him off. "My heart is long since dead, and pity has been murdered."

"Is it even so?" he muttered between his teeth. "The day may come when you may call on Garcino for aid, and he will reply, 'My pity is dead also.'"

The words fell upon Verena's ear with significance and presentiment. She felt inclined to turn and fly. At that moment the miller, who had overheard the voices in the garden, appeared in the doorway.

"Father, he threatens us!" she faltered.

"Dog of a tanner! what brings you skulking round my house and garden? If a maiden's refusal does not touch thy pride, must I hunt thee forth? One would think there were skins enough these days to dress to keep thee pretty busy."

"Miller, you shall answer for this. Take care, take care; I may have you ground yet in your own mill, or baked in your own oven. I have you in my power."

"Big words are not grinding-stones, nor can hot breath fire the oven," replied the miller, contemptuously, as he assisted his daughter within the mill.

But Garcino waited till he was out of sight, and stooping down, drew the torn leaves of the Testament to the edge of the mill-dam, and carried them away.

That evening, Verena sought peace early in a sleep which seemed to overpower her; but her mind was still feverish and restless, and broken images of danger and hurried flight oppressed her. Again she was anxiously seeking for something which she must find before it came into other hands. It was dear life to her to find it; she stretched out for it, muttering, "None other name given under heaven," and woke with a gasp. She then remembered the leaves of the Testament which she had left behind her, forgotten in her confusion and vexation.

"What have I done?" she cried. "Garcino saw it. We are lost!" She sprang from her bed, and hastily attiring herself, she lit a lantern and went down the staircase in trembling agitation, yet

with a noiseless step, careful not to rouse her father.

She quickly opened the door leading into the garden, and a bright flood of moonlight smote her face and figure as she stood there, anxious and uncertain.

"I will not bring the lantern," she murmured, laying it softly on the bench within; then, half closing the door, she crossed over towards the mill-dam. Everything was ghostly still save the black mill-wheel with its hoarse splash.

On hands and knees, she peered into the water, and snatched at something white. It was only a handful of foam, and her heart sank within her. With hasty steps she traversed the bank backwards and forwards, searching in vain: there was no trace. Garcino had carried it off as a witness against them.

"It is a false witness," she said. "My father and I have no taint, and may the saints keep us from it."

She returned to the house and took up the lantern. Striving to be calm, she sat for a while on the bench, till the flame, heating the framework, burnt her tender hand, and the pain at length penetrated her reverie.

As she went up the stairs she paused at her father's door, and looked in softly. The old man was bound in healthy sleep, his white head resting on a brawny arm, the very picture of earthly security and dependence upon self.

"How weak and faithless I am," she murmured, "and he is passing brave and strong; yet I might be stronger and calmer than he, with a strength not my own."

She set down the lantern on the floor, and stealing to his bedside, sank upon her knees, and prayed fervently that God would bring her into the sweet haven of peace, and lead her among the ways of those blessed women whose lives were written on her brain.

She was for a long time absorbed, with her face buried in her hands, and might unconsciously have passed into sleep, when suddenly the room seemed illumined, and she saw a pale and fair maiden in white garments stand as it were on the brow of a cliff, which formed itself she knew not how beneath the rafters, and the figure beckoned to her, and smiled upon her, and the words seemed to come from a distance:

"Verena, bid thy father farewell, and come stand by me."

She gasped, stretched out her arms, and rose to her feet; but the room was dark, the light within the lantern had gone out, and her limbs were numbed with cold.

"Father, father!" she cried, laying her hand on her father's shoulder, "did you not see her?"

"Garcino, I have thee by the throat!" muttered the old man, in his half-broken sleep.

"Father, tell me, did you not see her? the blessed Saint Alda was in the room with us."

The miller sat up, but bewildered and cross that she should have disturbed his slumber, bid her return to her bed; "what did she there?"

Verena was too excited to reason with him: her imagination was in a state of ecstasy as she rose to her feet. She looked to see before her on the winding stair, like a guide and comfort, the vision which was but the idle creation of an overheated mind; but all was dark, except the glimmering of the moon through the cracks in the wooden casement.

Still in the same mood, she sat up in her bed, murmuring appeals to the saints for a continuance of their favours, and yearning yet trembling at the hope of beholding again the beautiful phantom on the cliff. At length she sank back into dreamless sleep, and when she awoke in the sunny morning all the events of that night—the splash of the cold water around her wrist, the moon-lit garden, and the beckoning vision on the cliff—seemed all the baseless fabric of a dream.

When she rose, the household cares occupied her mind to the exclusion of fantasy; and then when her eye fell upon a withered flower which she had received a short time since from David—a flower out of bloom in the present month—her thoughts fell upon him, his love, and his low solicitous voice, and above all his eternal farewell. There was fever in this theme, and it held her mind in the intervals of work during the day.

Her father, indeed, rallied her upon the disturbance of the night, and this gave her a shock of remembrance, rekindling her enthusiasm for a time. But it is hard for the impressions of the mind to contend with waking dangers and waking realities. "If this vision be sent from heaven," she said, "I shall see it again; if that invitation comes once more I shall obey its call. But let me not leave my father and my home for a dream," and Verena's eyes wandered off to the distant mountains.

"Verena, my girl, the sun is nearly down; go into the garden and call the night-miller. I doubt but the lazy loon is dapping for pike in the flood."

She had been sitting working by the old hearth, and her thoughts were away up the Alps. Her father's command was not unwelcome to her—to go out into the fresh air. It was the half hour before sunset, when all the land was warm and genial, and the heavy dews had spread the first faint haze over the fields. She crossed the garden quickly, and called the night-miller, who was making ready to return; and then, invited by the warmth, the freshness of the leaves, and the hum of the bees returning to their hive, she sat down

upon the bank which skirted the north side of the garden, where the glare of the sunset was lost, and with nothing but cool streaming shadows and a deepening sky before her.

She knew not how long she was sitting there, but it seemed to her that a cliff had risen in the centre of the garden, where there was never a cliff before, and up against the sky a gleaming figure stood, and a voice came to her—

"Leave all earthly love, and come, stand by me."

"I will come!" she cried; "blessed St. Alda, I will come!"

It was a changed maiden who returned to the miller's house. Verena was silent and rapt during supper-time, and would eat nothing.

"Verena," said the miller, taking her hand, "this house has grown dull to thee, and well I wot the reason. He was a good lad, our David, and I should rue the day he came to harm. I wish him no worse luck, poor soul, than thee for a wife."

"I do not think of him," she said, with a strange vehemence. She paused for a few moments, and her hand trembled in his grasp. "Father," she said, "I have renounced for ever all earthly love. I have taken a vow, and I dare not break it. I must sleep to-night in the convent of St. Alda."

The miller dropped the little hand in astonishment. He expostulated, he reasoned with her; he argued even with tears in his eyes that he would be a lonely, childless, old man; that his riches, which for years he had been gathering, would turn to ashes in his hand.

No; in vain were his words; the call to be saint must be paramount to the love of father or home, or to the fulfilment of all filial duties.

But before the next evening had closed in, it seemed well to the miller that his daughter had found refuge for a time within the moss-grown walls of the convent, for in the afternoon a noisy crowd of surly men and soldiers, headed by Garcino, invaded the miller's house, garden, and mill, and demanded that Verena should appear before them, and give account for having had in her possession leaves from the forbidden book.

The miller stood up proudly before the vulgar crowd, and denied the charge; but Garcino drew the leaves of the Testament from beneath his cloak, and told how he had picked them, the evening before, out of the mill-dam; and again the soldiers, showing their warrant, demanded that his heretic daughter should be given up to them.

The miller then, looking fixedly into the triumphant and vengeful face of Garcino, gave them this answer:—

"I will prove now, in the presence of you all, that Garcino is a false liar, and that he has brought this accusation out of a mean revenge, and for a base

purpose. The heretic daughter of the old miller, Jean Iserau, refused the tanner's love yesterday, and to-day she has sought refuge within the walls of the convent of St. Alda, to take upon herself the vows of a nun."

Thus did the old miller, ignorant of previous circumstances, repel Garcino's accusation; and the tanner slunk away, shame-stricken, from the reproaches of the crowd, who knew his motives well.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



THESE papers, which for some months past have appeared in the pages of THE QUIVER, now draw to a close. Some may have read them with the grateful consciousness that there is "religion" in their "home." Others, convinced that nothing else can meet their increasing wants and prospects, may resolve that they will henceforth "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" while some, mourning over the decay of their "religion at home," may justly ascribe their continued accumulation of sorrows and heavy cares to their ungrateful forgetfulness of God. A few practical suggestions shall now conclude the series.

Again, as to the difficult, but all-important, duty of the right training of children. It should be remembered that many of their early failings are merely the result of youthful inexperience. You see the frisky exuberance,—the wild, frolicsome effervescence of life and feeling in all young creatures, and recognise it as a wise provision, laying up a supply of fresh vigour to meet the wearisome demands of the future. The child is yet immature and undeveloped,—the fair blossoms of infancy are just forming into fruit,—its colour, form, flavour, are yet to come. You must watch and wait. Inside the rosebud lie curled up the latent, unformed leaves, as yet almost colourless; but the scent, the red hue, and luscious beauty of the flower will come out admirably by-and-by. It is not wise to stimulate the slow work of nature. You may easily spoil it by meddling. Many parents spoil their children by incessant interference. It is unwise, unnecessary, and degenerates into mischievous results. The child meant well. Sinister designs are imputed to him, which he inwardly resents. He feels that you misunderstand him, and he is dealt with unjustly; thus, his feelings of parental reverence are lowered; he has reason to distrust your judgment, and soon begins to question your affection. Parents should distinguish between the beginnings of evil, and the failings which belong to mere youth. The one is a poison plant that must be pulled up by the root; as to the other, a gentle word of admonition will put the child on his guard, and the fault will die away of itself.

Let every parent who desires to see his children's character formed in well-developed proportions, keep these three things before him:—

1. Cultivate, as the root of all personal excellency, the habit of open, truthful conduct. Nothing will more certainly vitiate the moral constitution than the permitted propensity to deal unfairly with truth—seeming to be one thing while they are another, concealment, disguise, equivocation, simplicity, unfrankness, untruthfulness in any form, whether action, motive, or speech. Transparent truthfulness must lie at the foundation, and grow up into the structure of every-day character. Every one understands truth; even wild, ignorant, vicious men feel an instinctive reverence for truth, though their lives are worse than wasted in its neglect.

2. Due self-respect, that disdains to do an unworthy action, is another element to be anxiously cultivated in children. Let them feel that you esteem them, you trust them, repose an honourable confidence that they do, and will do, right, and you are establishing a principle of self-government in their own breasts. This was one secret of Dr. Arnold's eminent success at Rugby. Young people should be led to feel that your estimate of them forbids you to be suspicious. You put them on their honour; and this delicate, honourable feeling adds a strength and charm to the character which ever grows and abides with them, and creates an attraction which wins the esteem of others, and influences them for good.

3. Then, teach them to act from conscience. Without this the character must be selfish, worldly, and unreal. Let them understand and acknowledge the supremacy of conscience,—that she sits upon the throne,—issues her commands,—dispenses her rewards for obedience, or visits the offender with shame, uneasiness, and remorse. God has so framed the human mind that there can be no happiness for an individual or a family except the "still, small voice" within whisper its significant approbation. Many pursue their rounds of vain, pleasurable excitement chiefly to escape the remonstrances of this inward witness. They may blunt the convictions of duty, and drown reflection in the tumult of worldliness and folly; but he who expects happiness in the dis-

regard of conscience, is seeking grapes from thorns, and looking for the fruits of Paradise in the snows of Greenland or the burning sands of the desert;—"Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips."

None can over-estimate the importance of cultivating early the habit of diligent employment. The want of occupation, leaving time to hang heavily on young people's hands, generates a thousand evils. The real superiority of one above another, is attributable far more to the persevering diligence of the individual, than to any combination of fortunate circumstances. To smooth the road to eminence, and facilitate men's progress, is the demand of the present age. But we are apt to forget the story of a father who bequeathed a field to his sons, in which it was alleged that vast stores of wealth were deeply embedded, which could only be reached by unwearied toil. The golden prize was nothing more than the habit of industry which they acquired for themselves in the search. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings, and not before mean men."

And yet it is a duty, though too much overlooked amid the temptations to selfish indulgence, that parents should make such moderate provision for their families, as may continue to them some measure of their domestic comforts if death should visit the household. It is surely one of the first dictates of intelligent affection, when entering on the responsibilities of married life, that a man should exercise such prudent forethought as to make the reasonable provision for survivors which his circumstances allow. The "sorrows of death," and the desolation of widowhood and orphanage, are sad enough by themselves; but when these domestic calamities are aggravated by the loss of social comforts,—when new habits of life, strange and hard to bear, must be resorted to for a maintenance, and the world's unkind looks encountered by a young, helpless widow, broken with sorrow, burdened with unlooked-for care and straitness, perhaps even debt,—compelled to earn her own bread, and seek it perhaps "in desolate places:" these are aggravations adding bitterness to sorrow, which, in many cases, might have been obviated by some moderate life insurance, or such other arrangements as would lighten the heavy burdens which too often crush the energies of early widowhood, and fairly break the heart.

For after all, sorrows must invade every home. The brightness of bridal days may long continue; and where the responsibilities and blessings of home increase, and parents are resolved to carry out the counsels advocated in these papers, there is every reason to believe that years of largely multiplying happiness will be in store. Still, clouds intervene, and at times overcast the brightest sky. Need, sorrow, sickness, or other

necessity, may dim the lustre of the happiest home, and spread the aspect of thoughtfulness and grief over the fairest circle. No man can read his Bible, or look round on the circle of his friends, without feeling that he can claim no exemption from the common lot of man—his turn must come one day, and he too must enter upon scenes of which even the distant prospect makes him sad. From what quarter his home-sorrows are to spring,—what bright vision is first to fade,—by what sharp arrow his heart is to be pierced,—when, and where, and how often, and with what mitigations or otherwise,—it is needless to attempt to pry into these hidden mysteries of the future.

The events of life are lodged in wiser hands than yours. Your chief duty, then, is to train your households day by day, in His faith, obedience, and love,—to honour Him as Supreme in all the arrangements of home life,—to live ever as in His presence, and seek by everything, in will and deed, to please Him,—to exemplify the reality of your own religion in daily uprightness, and to employ every agency which the Scripture commands, and experience confirms, to gain each member of your household to God; let all this be continued, amid much prayer with them and for them; and then you may safely leave the future with Him. The stream of home-happiness will continue to flow on in uninterrupted continuance, and you will thankfully acknowledge His especial goodness. But if otherwise—if your home should be converted into "the house of mourning," you will still find that the bitterness of sorrow is mitigated by many ingredients of mercy, and the dark night of trouble is relieved by gleams of the Father's countenance and the whispers of his love.

But the great consummation is reached when, leaving in sorrow these earthly homes with their endearments, changes, and duties, we shall enter with rejoicing the mansions of the Father's house. As yet we know but little what kind of a home that is. Near as the Scripture seems to bring it, still, as yet, the veil of "this mortal" conceals it from sight. We know it is in the heaven of heavens, whither the Lord ascended in glory. There Enoch and Elijah went; and Moses and Elijah once, for a short time, left it for the Mount of Transfiguration. Stephen, a moment before his death, was permitted to see it; and the bright prospect of its glittering towers kindled St. Paul's desire to depart and be with Christ. Thus it is certain that God's people, when they die, "are received into everlasting habitations." Their earthly homes are the scenes of peaceful joy and holy fellowship, of endearing companionship and mutual satisfaction, which are unknown in the sumptuous habitations of worldly men. But their blessedness in that heavenly

home is immeasurably greater. Their life there is neither disturbed by sorrow nor marred by sin; it languishes under no decay, nor is it ruffled by any care; no enemy can assail them there, nor will temptation ever awaken the fear of danger; spirits made perfect, who, like themselves, have finished their warfare, will be their companions,—a crown of unfading glory glitters around every brow, and joys, incomparable and everlasting, satisfy and overflow the heart. Once admitted into those blessed mansions, none will ever fall from their steadfast fidelity to Christ, who brought them there, but will ever abide in his glorious presence, and live on in endless duration, advancing to higher degrees of perfection, and travelling on from bliss to bliss. Oh! marvellous, transcendent prospect! And yet it is more marvellous that so few seem to think of that world! Children are trained up as if this world were everything, and there were no world to come,—as if this world alone was real, and the next all visionary, and hardly worth a serious thought. And so men live. To rise in the morning, and to buy, sell, and get gain,—to discuss public questions, or repeat private gossip,—to meet and part,—to share or show hospitality among their friends,—to sicken and recover,—to repent without real reformation,—to worship now and then without seriousness,—this is the sort of life that myriads are passing who throng our streets. But, as to God and Christ; eternal joy or sorrow; how a man should live to God in love, obedience, and fellowship,—where he shall find himself and what shall become of him, as soon as he “shuffles off this mortal coil,”—what he must do to be saved, and how he can, sinner as he is, secure peace with God, and the assured hope that it will be well with him in the world to come—all these matters are so practically unimportant to them, that they scarcely reckon them worthy of a passing thought. And yet what separates them from that world? Let some thin vessel through which their life-blood is now coursing, just give way, and what is this

world to them, and all its fascinations then? Others continue to live on awhile,—but, as to these, the grand secret is at length disclosed—they are gone hence—to stand before God! “Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!” Begin, then, without delay to acquaint yourself with the Lord Jesus Christ as described by the four Evangelists. Think who he is, what he taught, did, and suffered, and remember you may have “redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin.” Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and these great questions are settled. Do not permit yourself to cherish the false and dishonourable suspicion that it is a matter of indifference to your Father in heaven whether you return to Him or not. He is not indifferent. The gift of Christ Jesus to redeem the world and all the promises of his blessed Gospel testify his intense, but righteous, solicitude in men’s salvation. Be assured, then, of his infinite benevolence towards you. Let the great question of your personal reconciliation with God be settled through your immediate and believing acceptance of Christ Jesus, and then beg of him to teach and guide you to promote the salvation of others. Survey your own family circle, and devise some means for promoting “religion at home.” If you are the head of a family, neglect it not for a single day. See to it that no member of your household henceforth neglects his soul’s welfare through any fault of yours. Bring them into daily fellowship with God in the devoutness of domestic worship and win them over by the attractions of a Christian life, and then, when your earthly home is broken up by the hand of the Great Destroyer, you will bid each other farewell in the sure and certain hope of abiding reunion in the home of the Father. Thus—

“When soon or late you reach that coast,
O’er life’s rough ocean driven,
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.”

HEIDELBERG.



IF Heidelberg most people have heard, and many have visited it—that is, if one can call a hasty run over the beautiful old castle, a drive to the Wolfsbrunnen and a half-hour’s halt for lunch at the Prinz Karl hotel, a visit; but because there are no gambling-tables, extravagantly dressed ladies, or periodical horse-races, our nomad countrymen do not, as a rule, care to remain longer at this lovely spot than barely sufficient to say they have “done” the place.

With a three weeks’ vacation before me, I con-

sulted a Bradshaw as to the pleasantest place, within a certain distance from England, at which I could remain during that time. After many “pros and cons,” Heidelberg seemed the most suitable in every way, and a few nights afterwards I started *via* Antwerp for that city.

I had paid a flying visit to Heidelberg before, and I sufficiently remembered the hospitality of the landlord of the Prinz Karl hotel to wish to go there again. On reaching the door of the hotel, the usual loud bell was rung, and out rushed my old friend the landlord, accompanied by one or two waiters,

all smiles and bows, as the one relieved me of my umbrella, and the others ushered me into the hotel.

The second table-d'hôte had not yet been commenced, but after one or two days I had quite got out of my fashionable English dinner-hour, and found myself comfortably dining at one o'clock. The rest of the company consisted of students, merchants, and any casual "voyageur" who might be "doing" Heidelberg at the time. It was my good luck to sit next a very pleasant German student, a native of Hamburg, with whom I made great friends, and I continued to sit next him at dinner during my stay at the hotel. Through this I gained a great deal of information about the internal arrangements of the university, &c., that otherwise I should have had great difficulty in acquiring. My friend, also, had joined the university at rather an unusually late age, so that his opinion was the more unbiassed than if he had been a younger student, and felt bound to support customs and manners that in his heart he could not but reprehend.

From the plain of the Rhine suddenly rise the hills which form the two sides of the narrow valley of the Neckar. The river Neckar, though in summer but a small and sluggish stream, becomes in winter, more especially after the heavy rains, a considerable torrent. On its left bank Heidelberg is situated. Built on a narrow strip of land between the foot of hills and the river, the town proper consists of but one long street, nearly two miles in length. But of late years a very pretty addition has been made, in a sort of suburb running out towards the plain, where some detached villas have been built and public gardens laid out. At the other extremity of the town is the old ruined schloss, perched on the most picturesque of hills, and forming, with its ivy-grown outworks, ruined walls, and varied architecture, a picture well worth going many miles to see. To reach the castle from the town there are twenty different ways; and, unlike the generality of ruins, the Castle of Heidelberg is by no means only dependent on its general effect. On having climbed the hill and entered the courtyard, each archway has some peculiar merit to recommend it, each façade its particular style; and when satiated with the beauty of art, the visitor has only to walk from the courtyard to the terrace, and his eyes may take in at a glance the whole plain towards the Rhine; or, if that be too general a view, they may admire the quaint old town, the lovely valley, and the picturesque bridge situated beneath them. The original Heidelberg Schloss was at the summit of the hill; but the castle, of which we are now speaking, was not commenced until A.D. 1300, when it simply consisted of one strong tower. From that

date until 1607 constant additions were made by the various electors. About the last piece of the castle that was added was that erected by the Elector Frederick IV., for the reception of the Princess Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I., and granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

Let us descend again into the town itself, and hear something about the university. On our way down we pass the market-place, in the centre of which is the Church of the Holy Ghost, a by no means unsightly building, though of no very remarkable architecture. This church is divided by a partition wall between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the two services are performed under the same roof, and often at the same time, the divisional wall being of sufficient thickness to prevent the sound of the one organ interfering with that of the other. But now we are in the Universität Platz, and before us is the university—a mean, barrack-looking building. The lower storey is occupied by class or lecture rooms, whilst the university library is on the upper floor. To a Cambridge or Oxford man the university building at Heidelberg appears by no means what he would have expected; but when we consider that the university system in Germany is quite different to our own, and that the authorities only undertake to instruct, and do not interfere with the student's domestic arrangements, we find that the present building, with its class rooms and library, answers the purposes for which it is intended. Opposite the university building, and forming the other side of the platz, is the Museum Club, the lower storeys of which contain the students' assembly rooms for the winter's entertainments; the third storey is divided into five or six reading-rooms. This club is not only made use of by the students, but is most liberally thrown open at a very low rate to any stranger making a long stay in the town; for the first three months, however, a foreigner is admitted to the reading-rooms without paying anything.

The number of students residing in Heidelberg varies very much from year to year, according to the popularity of the professors. In Germany, a student does not go through his educational course at one university, but divides his three years between two, or perhaps three of them. For instance, a young man having occupied his first year in attending the classical lectures at Bonn, and intending to follow the legal profession, will go the following year to Berlin, or wherever the best professor of jurisprudence may at that time happen to be. The students—of which the number now at Heidelberg averages between 550 and 700—all live in lodgings about the town, and, as far as I could learn, are under little or no restriction as to the way in which they spend their time. ▲ rule exists by which they are supposed



(Drawn by H. Woods.)

“Nor vainly stored the golden sheaves;”—p. 842.

to be in their own houses by midnight; but I do not know that any punishment is inflicted when this rule is infringed. In the same manner, duelling, or fencing with swords, is strongly disapproved of by the authorities; but as it still exists, I doubt whether any very stringent measures have ever been taken against it. The consequence of which is, that these silly young men, with a wounded cheek or a broken nose, have often their faces disfigured for life.

The society of Heidelberg cannot, of course, be very numerous; but at the same time there are many pleasant German and foreign families residing there. The number of English residents is between 300 and 400, and the generality of them remain throughout the year. The great attraction

is the opportunity that offers, to persons of small means and large families, of giving their children a really excellent education at a small outlay.

In concluding this short paper, I am sure I cannot do better than advise any of my friends, who with a limited holiday and a not too full purse, are doubtful as to which spot on the Continent to pitch their tent on, to try Heidelberg, and in this opinion I am fully borne out by the poet Kotzebue, who says: "If an unhappy individual were to ask me what spot he would live in, to get rid of the cares and sorrows which pursue him, I should say Heidelberg; and a happy one asks me what spot he would choose to adorn with fresh wreaths the joys of his life, I should still say Heidelberg."

A. B.

HARVEST.

THE summer dies, and dying, leaves
Its glory to the winds and frost;
But all its glory is not lost,
Nor vainly stored the golden sheaves.

The summer dies, but it has left
Such sweet remembrance of its reign,
In ruddy fruit and garnered grain,
That scarcely yet we feel bereft.

And so they died, the great of old,
But dying left a life behind:
A mind that ever lives in mind,
And death has stamped as current gold

The thought and phrase of mouth and brain
Long mouldered into silent dust:
Or mocked upon the marble bust,
That changes not in joy or pain.

The summer dies, and winter's breath
Has chilled the earth and bared the trees;
But Faith, clear-eyed and hopeful, sees
A future life in present death.

The summer dies, the fallen leaf
Lies mouldering in the lifeless clay;
But life shall spring from out decay,
And hope shall triumph over grief.

And so they die, the good, the brave,
But we will cheer us in our gloom;
For, like the cypress o'er the tomb,
The roots of life are in the grave.

Beneath, corruption feeds her root,
Above, she spreads her leafy pride,
And decks her as the summer's bride,
While treading death beneath her foot.

J. S. W.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

ALBINA.



CERTAIN little incidents arise—chances they are sometimes called—that materially affect the career of an individual. A small rose-coloured billet, highly scented, and directed by a feminine hand, was lying on the table when Francis Heatherly got home. He did not see it at first. He had time to give orders to the housekeeper about his departure. He intended to pay a few visits, and then, if the secret wound did not heal, he would let the house or sell it. It was hard to be driven out of house and home by a woman; but so it was. He could not get over the fact that Josephine had refused him.

When he came back to the room he usually occupied, then he saw the billet. It was from a lady,

Mrs. Mills by name; of Hawthorn Lodge, and it contained a very pressing invitation to tea and croquet. The note went on to express the great sorrow Mrs. Mills and her daughter were experiencing, in consequence of a report that Mr. Heatherly was about to leave the town. Albina, the billet concluded by informing him, was inconsolable! The invitation was for Thursday, and this was Tuesday. If he accepted it, what was to become of his journey to Dorsetshire?

"I am not pressed for time," thought he, his eye falling, as if casually, on the word *Albina*.

He knew Albina well. A profusion of shining locks; a pair of bright eyes; a silvery voice; a charm of youth and sprightliness, without much else to back it—that was Albina.

Put a modern schoolgirl, half through her teens,

by the side of Minerva of the Greeks, and you have Albina by the side of Josephine.

Still, there was some attraction to him in the word *inconsolable*. And that a pretty youthful little creature with the bluest eyes that ever were, should feel any regret for him, was a fact worthy of comment, "where all else is barren and sterile," he told his note-book.

He thought, all things considered, that he would go. It would be uncourteous to refuse; and also, it would give him time to settle the business with Mr. Carlton. He was fully resolved on that point, come what might.

He did not think Newbury was such a bad place, after all, if a man were but heart whole.

When Thursday came, he found himself getting ready for the visit, with more alacrity than he could have believed possible. That word, *inconsolable*, had left a vast impression on his imagination.

He knew how pretty Albina would look, in her sky-blue silk, with long streaming sash, and the shower of golden curls on her white shoulders. She was as unlike Josephine as could be. She played rattling polkas with wonderful execution. She said "yes, ma," and "no, ma," with a childish pertness. She called croquet "a love of a game!" She was given wholly to pic-nics and parties, and all the little innocent dissipation that lay in her power. She never read anything but novels. She was as ignorant of life, and all pertaining to it, as her parrot in its cage, and had about as many ideas—but then she had been *inconsolable*!

Hawthorn Lodge was a pretty retired spot, which had been purchased by the papa of Albina because it had gone cheap. It was not in a fashionable suburb, but Mr. Mills was not a fashionable man, and, if truth must be told, kept a shop in Newbury, to which he went backwards and forwards every day. He had a smattering of knowledge, just enough to be a dangerous thing; and it resulted in a few daubs of yellow, red, and blue, which he called pictures, and which adorned his rooms. This smattering led him earnestly to covet accomplishments for his daughter, and resulted in the polkas aforesaid; and with which Francis Heatherly was in raptures. But he had never heard Josephine play!

Still, Hawthorn Lodge was pretty, and on this fine afternoon, with the lawn dotted over by a group of gaily-dressed young ladies playing at croquet, it could not fail to be attractive.

Albina was among the players, of course. Not in blue silk this time; she wore a dress of pink muslin, and as she stood, her tiny foot planted on the balls, her bright locks ruffled with the wind, and her face a picture of youthful animation, Francis Heatherly might be excused a glance of admiration.

"Albina!" cried her mother.

The girl turned her bright face round; she was laughing when her mother spoke. "Well, ma?"

This was cross and pert.

"My dear, here's a gentleman wants to speak to you."

With a loud, sharp rap went the ball bounding along. Albina clapped her hands, and almost screamed with delight.

"Now, I am to go again," cried she.

"Albina! do you hear me?" called her mother a second time.

"Ma, how tiresome you are! you have put me quite out," said Albina, crossly, and turning from the game.

"Here is Mr. Heatherly, my dear."

She came up half smiling, half pouting. She looked charmingly beautiful.

"I can't stay a minute, ma! it's Mr. Richards' turn."

"My dear, how rude you are; you ought to have come at once, and spoken to Mr. Heatherly."

She put her little hand in his for a moment. Her face was turned towards Mr. Richards.

"See, that is his ball! Oh, what a good one!" and she clapped her hands, and screamed with delight.

"Whose side is Mr. Richards on, pray?" asked Francis Heatherly.

"On my side," and she looked at him as if wondering he could doubt it; "on my side, of course!" and away she fluttered, all eagerness to get back to the game.

"Who is Mr. Richards?" inquired Francis Heatherly, with some uneasiness, and glancing at a dapper-looking young man who had just given a masterly hit.

"Oh, he is only our apprentice, and there's a holiday this afternoon at the shop. He's wonderfully fond of croquet."

"Humph!" said Francis Heatherly, glancing at him again.

A maid-servant now came to announce that tea was ready—a summons which caused, as Mr. Richards expressed it, a hitch in the game. He consoled himself, however, by taking the fair Albina in, and flirting with her with all his might.

"Who is that snobbish-looking fellow?" whispered he, glancing at Francis Heatherly.

"Oh, a very rich man; and you are not to call him snobbish. He is an intimate friend of papa's, and papa says he is the most perfect gentleman he ever met with in his life."

"Do you think so, Miss Mills?"

"I am sure I don't know what I think, or what I don't think," said Albina with a childish little laugh.

Francis Heatherly, meanwhile, was established by the side of the maternal Mills, who was saying—

"I am sure I hope you'll change your mind, and stop amongst your friends. We shall make a great trouble of it if you go: Albina in particular."

"I think you must be mistaken," replied Francis, with a look at the laughing eyes and radiant face opposite him. "Miss Mills seems in as good spirits as ever I have seen her."

"Oh, but you don't understand Albina! She never lets any one know the state of her feelings," said Mrs. Mills, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper.

"She seems so very happy in the society of that—that—what did you say the gentleman's name was?"

"Richards. Oh, take my word for it, she don't care a button for him!"

This fact was scarcely so apparent to Mr. Heatherly as he could wish.

After tea there was a general rush to croquet. Francis Heatherly made his way to Albina.

"May I be on your side, Miss Mills?"

"Thank you; I don't think there is room," replied she, the tiny foot planted again on the two balls, and the blue eyes looking up into his face.

"Oh, but surely you won't be so cruel. I am really as good a player as Mr. Richards."

"But I can't do without Mr. Richards, we always play together. There—there!" and the ball went bounding along with all its might.

"Please don't tease me," continued she, as he still lingered, "or ma will be so tiresome. Please go and talk to ma!"

Talk to ma, indeed! was that what he came for?

CHAPTER LX.

HAROLD GOES COURTING.

"Oh, Harold, this is nice!"

"I should think it is, Charley! this is home."

Charley's sofa had been wheeled up to the glass door that opened into the garden, and Charley lay there, looking complacently out on the bit of grass that Harold insisted on calling a lawn, and on the beds, gay with early flowers, that were in their beauty.

"I say, Harold! what an extravagant fellow you are, to be sure!"

"Why so, Charley?"

"Only think of your having bought that new piano. I am sure it was very good of you. Of course you bought it for me."

Harold coloured up to the ears. The fact is, when he bought the piano, Charley was never further from his thoughts.

"And the bookcase, and all the pretty things in the drawing-room," continued Charley, in a condescending tone; "of course you intended them for me."

"I am glad you like them—I am sure," stammered Harold, looking the picture of guilt.

"I do like them. I have been so used to having things decent about me. How I contrived to live in those horrid lodgings I can't imagine. It was enough to kill me."

Harold had opened the piano, and was playing over a tune, very softly, as if to himself.

"Ah, that is poor Miss Sylvester's tune; but how badly you are playing it, Harold!"

"Why do you say, poor Miss Sylvester?" asked Harold, stopping abruptly.

"Because—don't you know?—we shall never see her again, in all human probability," said Charley, with a sigh.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Harold, turning round and facing him.

"I mean what Mrs. Brown told me. I am sure I thought you knew. That nasty, disagreeable mother of hers has taken her from Newbury."

"Taken her from Newbury!"

"Yes! What a habit you always have of repeating one's words! She has taken her to the Grange."

"To the Grange!"

"There you go again! To the Grange—a horrid tumble-down place, all surrounded by a swamp, and where she is sure to die. Poor thing, I always thought she was too good for this world," added Charley, with extreme philosophy.

"Charley, just please to explain yourself a little," said Harold, firmly.

"How stupid you are! You know how it tires me to explain things. The Sylvesters are come to their last legs—that's the plain English. The young man—I forget his name—is in gaol, and Lady Sylvester has carried off her daughter to the Grange."

"I wonder you can speak so flippantly, Charley."

"I speak flippantly? I am sure I care for Miss Sylvester a great deal more than you do!"

Harold turned round again, and softly closed the piano. Then he got up and went towards the door.

"Where are you going, Harold?"

"A little turn, dear, that is all."

"I thought you might have had walking enough," began Charley, peevishly; but Harold was out of the room before he finished his sentence.

Harold went straight to his own chamber, and closed the door. Then he did what was rather unusual for him—took a careful survey of himself in the glass. The result of this survey was an entire change of toilette, a polishing-up of himself, as he said, and a donning of his Sunday clothes. Next he took his best hat from its box, brushed it round and round, and put it on his head. Then snatching up his gloves, he went down-stairs. Before he finally quitted the house, he just stepped back into the room where Charley was.

"On my word, Harold! pray are you going courting?"

Harold did not answer. He was hovering about a stand of geraniums that were just coming into flower.

"You might, at least, tell me the name of the lady," persisted Charley. "I dare say, if the truth was known, you have been engaged ever so long."

By this time, Harold, having found a geranium to his mind, remorselessly snipped it off.

"Pray has Mr. Mapleson a daughter, Harold?"

Harold laughed. "My dear, he has neither chick nor child in the world."

"Then who is——"

"Now, Charley," said Harold, with a little air of authority, "if I am not home for tea, you are not to wait for me. Good-bye;" and he walked off, fixing the geranium in his button-hole.

"I hope it would not interfere with me, if Harold took it into his head to be married," was the train of thought into which Charley, by a law of his nature, fell, after his brother's departure.

Harold, meanwhile, walked off at a brisk pace towards the old house on the common. He gleaned, by the way, sundry pieces of intelligence. He got to know the whole history of the Sylvester crisis, and how the bailiffs were in the house, and all about Raymond's arrest. His heart beat very fast when these things were told him.

It was quite time that Alice should come to him, now. He could scarce bear to think of how she must have suffered. He quickened his pace along the road, which was very long, and very lonesome. He did not care. His busy thoughts beguiled the time, and he was at the Grange before you would have fancied it possible.

He was at the Grange. The white, ghostly-looking building towered before him, with its faded grandeur. How lonely, how ruinous, how desolate it looked! He read the motto over the old doorway, and smiled. "Noblesse oblige!" A grand watchword in itself, but how disastrous as used by the Sylvesters!

He had been refused admittance, as we know, once before, to the old house on the common. As he rang the bell, which reverberated through the deserted mansion, he wondered whether this would occur again; but it did not. The woman, who opened the door, admitted him at once.

He could see, at a glance, that the wolf Poverty had got within the fold. Now the threadbare hangings were rent down, the bare, hard, actual necessity of the case was apparent. The empty hall gave him a strange feeling of desolation. The one attendant, the absence of all the pomp and pretentiousness that had been clung to with such tenacity—the complete, absolute ruin, impressed itself painfully on his mind. Yet it gave him a secret joy too: for he thought all obstacles would be removed. Pride itself could fight no longer. They would say she might come!

Little did he know of the Sylvesters!

He was ushered into the dark, ill-furnished room. It was as drear as could be. None of the faded splendours had found their way here—no, not one!

He thought Alice would come, and he sat and listened for the light step he loved. His whole face was illumined with a look of glad affection, when there entered, coming upon him suddenly, and by surprise, Lady Sylvester.

He rose. He was surprised, and for the moment, disappointed. But this feeling was not apparent in his manner. He rose and waited, with an air of respect, till she should choose to speak to him.

She was not friendly to him, even now: he could see that, at a glance. It was as much as she could force herself to do, to ask him to be seated.

He did not find the least difficulty in opening the subject—it lay too near his heart. He told her, in a few words, what he came for—to see her daughter. To ask again that her daughter might be his wife.

She heard him to the end, but he could perceive that she had some difficulty in restraining herself. He had scarcely finished, when she said, with some vehemence. It was not to be thought of. He was labouring under a very great mistake. The Sylves-

ters had married equals, from the first generation downwards.

He gave a glance round. It was by an impulse he could not resist. She saw it, and the flash of the old unquenchable light was in her eye.

If he thought to take advantage of a temporary change in their circumstances, there never was a greater error. If they had retired, for a short time, to this secluded spot, it was because their health needed retirement. Very soon, they should emerge again, and take up their places in society. The best and the noblest of the families in England had now and then suffered from misfortune.

And she hurled the speech at him defiantly, and made him feel he had drifted against the sharp edges of the rock.

He was very calm and temperate. He put aside the shafts she flung at him, as if they had been straws. He began to speak of his great love for Alice, and he said—he would say it in spite of her—he said he wished Miss Sylvester to know that he had come with the earnest wish, and hope, that she would allow him to stand by her—yea, and hers too—in this sad crisis. His whole heart was devoted to her interests. There was nothing he would not do, to soften the blow that had come upon them!

Upon them, meaning the Sylvesters! Her and hers, meaning the Sylvesters also!

This was more than she could bear. What! Harold Blake, the overseer of a silk-mill, a man working for his bread, talk of standing by them, the Sylvesters! The Sylvesters who had come in with the Conqueror, —who had been grand and glorious ere the Blakes had an existence!—who, even in their ruin, were as far removed from him, as the east is from the west! You might have heard the ghostly dignities shriek and wail along the dreary passages, and wring their shadowy hands at the bare suggestion!

No! she told him, and she rose in all her indomitable might, no! every word he spoke was an insult—his presence was obnoxious. He had better withdraw, at once.

Still, he was calm. He bore the outbreak without a word of retort. The beggarly dignities might rail at him as they pleased, he was looking beyond them to Alice. Here was a being of another mould to them. Here was a true heart, a woman's loving nature, about to be stranded in this desert. Could he leave her? Oh, no! How he longed to see her! How he would have kissed the hem of this proud woman's garment, if she would but have relented! If she would but have allowed the word, the look, after which his soul was hungering and thirsting. But no! there was the rock of adamant, reaching to the very sky. A bird of the air could scarce scale its summit, much less Harold Blake!

CHAPTER LXI.

"A RUM ARTICLE."

"BETWEEN you and me, Mary, I think our new lodger a very rum article."

"He aint no ways ill-disposed, Jacob Potts, if that's

what you mean to insinuate," replied his wife, as she folded the family linen with a pair of broad sturdy arms, and laid it in the flasket preparatory to carrying it to the mangle.

Jacob Potts was a cobbler, in the retired little town of Northwold, up in the north country, some hundred miles away from Newbury. He had but one eye, the other having been lost through an accident, and he wore a pair of broad-brimmed spectacles, through which he was examining, with a sinister expression, the hole in the boot he was mending. The door between the little workshop, and the room in which Mary Potts was engaged, stood open: a circumstance that allowed of the conversation I am narrating.

"What I look at, is this," continued Jacob, with another scowl at the boot, "here's a fellow comes in the dead of night——"

"Well, we wasn't gone to bed, however," interposed his wife, with a stoop of the brawny arms to the flasket; "and as for being a fellow, Jacob Potts, I aint gone washing and charing, and into what the parson calls a sphere of *observation* for nothing all these years, that I should be took in with anybody!" and she gave a vigorous crack to one of her husband's shirts as if to support the argument.

"The most knowing of us gets took in sometimes," observed her husband, sententiously.

"I tell you what, Jacob, you're so suspicious there's scarce any living with you!" cried his wife.

"But it strikes me, his purse is getting lowish. When all comes out, and none goes in, Mary, it's easy to see what comes next."

"How do you know that none goes in, pray?"

"Because he aint earning a penny, and he hasn't no letters or anything coming to him, and I know, for certain, that he took his watch—it was yesterday dinner-time—to the pawn-shop."

"He's been so ill, you know, Jacob," said his wife, after a pause; "perhaps now he's better he may get to work a bit."

"Perhaps he may," replied Jacob, in a tone which meant *may not* as plain as could be.

Mary Potts, by this time, had finished her folding and was putting on her bonnet. "Now, Jacob," said she, briskly, "you'll please to mind the house while I step to the mangle;" and lifting the flasket, piled up though it was, with ease in her brawny arms, she departed.

Jacob, left at home by himself, began to whistle as he vigorously patched at the boot. But he was not quite easy in his mind, either. The remembrance of the man up-stairs, whose pennies were fast going out, and none coming in, again distracted Jacob.

He was a careful, industrious, thrifty man, and the little room up-stairs had been fitted up as a lodging, in order to help pay the rent. It would be an ugly fact if the rent were to get lost.

"Losses are the worst part of business!" thought Jacob, as he hammered at his boot.

His wife having left him free to follow his own cogitations, he began to think it would be no bad plan to drop a hint to the lodger, should an opportunity occur; and, as it happened, the opportunity came that very moment. Jacob could hear the slow tread of the lodger as he came down-stairs.

He was a man in the prime of life, but his step was slow, and feeble, too. He had been ill. The first few weeks of his stay at Northwold, he had kept his bed.

Jacob laid down the boot. He was interested, very much, in his lodger's movements.

When there came a tap at the door of the workshop, he was very glad indeed.

"Come in—come in!" he cried, joyfully.

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHER'S PET.



MILL DARLING was the only son of his mother, who was neither poor nor a widow; but who had the misfortune to be very nervous. She was a small, spare woman, all anxiety and fidgets; not that she did not possess many excellent qualities; being a good housewife, a careful manager, and orderly in her domestic affairs: indeed, she carried the latter quality to the extreme; for so attached was she to cleanliness that, lest her parlour carpet, or her immaculate boards should contract a stain, it was her custom to lay down strips of matting, on which the family were required to walk—as on Mahomet's narrow bridge to Paradise—on pain of bringing on a fit of Mrs. Darling's nerves, should they by any chance forget.

"Dear me, Mr. Darling," she would say, "your feet are off the matting. Pray be careful, Mr. Darling, you are treading on the carpet!" until poor Mr.

Darling found it best to take his newspaper or magazine into the office to read.

In receiving her friends, Mrs. Darling was liberal and hospitable to a degree; and if it had not been for her fidgety anxiety, all would have been very well. But directly you sat down in her parlour, it was, "Now pray, my dear, don't sit there! you are in the draught of that door." In vain you protested that you were quite comfortable; you were driven from seat to seat to avoid draughts from door or window, until you were fixed in an arm-chair, or on a sofa, close by a roaring fire, in a room not more than ten feet square. Then, at the tea-table, it was long before you were permitted to sit down in peace; one place was too hot, another too cold. When at last you were settled, and the tea was poured out, Mrs. Darling did nothing but load the plates of her guests, and fill their cups with cream and sugar; all the while making no end of apologies for the indifferent

quality of everything, which, in truth, was first rate; so that you could only declare, over and over again, that all you wanted was, to see Mrs. Darling eat something herself. After you had imbibed two or three cups of the luscious tea, and feasted to Mrs. Darling's satisfaction, you generally felt an ungrateful desire to escape from the small hot room, and from Mrs. Darling and her wearisome apologies.

Brought up in, and being the supreme object of, all this care, anxiety, and cramming, it is no wonder if Will Darling, at eight or nine years of age, was the most disagreeable, greedy little creature that could possibly be imagined. As he was, in his mother's opinion, too delicate to contend with his own sex, his companions were usually girls; and now and then, six or seven of them were asked to take tea with him. When they were assembled in Mrs. Darling's superlatively neat sitting-room, dressed in their best frocks and sashes, they sat, during the first hour or so, on a low form, borrowed from the school for the occasion, with their hands crossed on their laps, and their toes turned out, as during the dancing-lesson. Not a word was spoken; all having a wholesome dread of Mrs. Darling's order, her neatness, and her very irritable nerves.

Will made no attempt to amuse his visitors; but sat by his mother's side, staring at the row of mute, motionless little figures opposite to him. At tea, each child, in a clean white diaper pinafore, brought by Mrs. Darling's desire, was seated at the table, and stuffed, according to that lady's custom, with cake, toast, and strong tea. This done, they played at teetotum, or dominoes, for nuts—of which Will, somehow, always contrived to win and eat the greatest part. After which, home-made wine, fruit, and cakes, were again pressed upon the children, until most of them, having eaten more than did them good, fell asleep, especially the younger ones, and were carried home in that state by their respective nurses.

This method of training had just the effect that might be expected of it, and young Darling, at ten years of age, was a fat, heavy-looking boy, with dull eyes and a leaden complexion, silent and sullen, who had learned nothing, not even to read tolerably, and who was in wretched health, having lost all relish for any kind of food. In vain his mother provided delicacies to tempt him; his jaded appetite refused them all. Whole trays of pastry, which had been made for him, were given away to the poor children in the neighbourhood, plates of thin bread and butter shared the same fate.

In great alarm Mrs. Darling consulted a physician, who gave it as his opinion that sea-air and sea-bathing were what the patient required, and advised, as the best method of securing these advantages, that he should be put to a boarding-school on the south coast, moreover recommending that of Dr. Courtenay, at Beach Town, as peculiarly eligible.

Dr. Courtenay listened with exemplary patience to the long list of cautions and charges which Mrs. Darling poured into his ear when, according to the

physician's advice, she brought her son to him for a pupil; they all culminated in a request that Master Will might not be allowed to eat mutton, as he had a particular dislike to it. Dr. Courtenay was politeness itself, and he answered urbanely that there was no occasion whatever for Master Darling to eat mutton, as there were always other provisions in the house; so the lady departed, in the full persuasion that chicken and asparagus, or some equivalent delicacy, would be provided for her pet whenever the objectionable meat formed the staple of the dinner.

When Will Darling made his first appearance in the playground, he entered hugging a large brown paper bag full of cakes, oranges, and other good things, which his mother had left to be his comfort when she was gone. As he kept munching his dainties, without offering a share of them to any one, a sharp little fellow, named Tom Steel—called by the boys "Gamey Tom"—came behind him, and, giving the bag a smart blow underneath, sent the contents flying and rolling in all directions. In an instant there was a scramble among the pupils, and great part of the eatables were trampled on and smashed, the rest snatched up and eaten by the ruder portion of the boys.

"Boo! boo! boo!" blubbered Will. "I'll tell my mother, that I will! Boo! boo!"

At this a general laugh rang through the playground, which was only stopped by the ringing of the bell for dinner. As it happened, a fine leg of roast Southdown mutton was placed before the doctor, who, after helping the rest of the pupils to a liberal portion each of the succulent meat, said—

"By-the-by, Master Darling does not eat mutton. Bring some other meat for him."

Upon this the servant disappeared, and soon brought a plate of cold meat. It was placed before Will. Even the presence of the doctor could not repress the general titter which ran round the table, nor the oblique looks cast upon the plate. Will wished that his mother had said nothing about him, for with appetite already sharpened by the sea-air, he felt that he could have enjoyed the hot mutton very much.

As may be supposed, Will soon became the butt of the school; and as on all occasions he "Boo-boohed, I'll tell my mother!" he was asked twenty times a day, in the usual schoolboy language of the period, various questions about his mother, which were calculated to do anything but please him.

Ridicule was changed into positive dislike, when it was found that whenever he had cakes, or other niceties, his custom was to hide himself in some retired corner of the garden or playground, and eat them alone.

"Why do not you share your things with the other boys, Darling?" asked Wilmer, a boy of the upper form, one day, when he happened to find the former feasting in secret.

"Because I don't like."

"But it would be much better for you to do so."

"Mother says I'm to eat them all myself."

"What! and not give any away?"

"She is going to send a cake for the others," said Will.

"That will not be half so good as giving them some of yours," answered Wilmer, as he turned away in disgust.

Mrs. Darling did send cakes, and other good things, to be distributed among the pupils; but as these gifts were not voluntary on Will's part, it soon appeared, as Wilmer had predicted, that benefits which required no self-denial inspired no affection.

As Master Darling grew stronger and taller with the pure air and temperate living, he at the same time grew thinner, and what he lost in flesh he gained in spirit; he no longer blubbered when he was offended, but returned insults with blows; these were repaid with interest, and there was much quarrelling and fighting, and a great deal of ill-temper and violence were displayed on both sides. I fear they all forgot how great sin they were committing, and that a judgment is pronounced upon every one who is even *angry* with his brother without a cause. However, Dr. Courtenay did his best to arrest the evil, by inflicting severe punishment on all who were guilty of it; and reminding them of that first blow, which rendered Cain a wanderer for life. However, Will Darling was only the more disliked for it; for, as Tom Steel said, "he was so greedy and so spiteful that no one could abide him." But this was not the only sin Will Darling's hateful propensity led him into; indeed, sin seldom lives solitary in the human bosom; one crime leads to another, and such was the case with Will.

Attached to Dr. Courtenay's house was a large garden, in which the pupils were allowed to walk, on condition of not picking the fruit, a liberal quantity of it being distributed among them daily. Adjoining one part of this garden was the dairy, shaded by the thick branches of some lime-trees that formed an avenue. The wall was overgrown with ivy, and a number of guelder-rose and lilac-trees added to the seclusion of the spot. The dairy had a window opening on to the avenue; but it was many feet from the ground. This was the place which Will Darling generally chose for the scene of his solitary feasts, and one afternoon, it being a half-holiday, and the boys at cricket in a field, he had retired thither to finish a cake which had been sent him a week previously. The weather was hot, for it was the beginning of June, and Will felt thirsty. "How I should like some milk!" thought he; "there is plenty in there! and the window is open too! I'm sure I could get up to it; I could climb on the branches of the ivy. I've a good mind to try! I only want to look in and see the milk!"

My young friends, beware of looking at, or even thinking of, a forbidden thing; avoid temptation, if you wish to keep in the right path. Well, Will climbed up the ivy, which, with its strong branches, formed a ladder under the window, and he looked in, and saw the milk dishes, some with the rich yellow cream spreading over the surface, others

filled with the warm new milk that had been recently poured into them "Oh, how nice it looks," thought Will, "and cream, too, delicious cream! How I should like to taste it. I could get in directly; there is a shelf just below the window, and there is a spoon on the wooden table. One spoonful could not matter out of that lot." Such are the arguments which the Father of Evil suggests, to delude those who parley with the wrong. So Will had just put his foot inside the window for the purpose of entering it, when he heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel; they were coming nearer. In a hurry he withdrew his leg, and placed his foot upon the ivy, but in his haste and fear, he missed the strong branch, and was left clinging with his hands to the smaller tendrils; they were too frail to support his weight, and he fell heavily to the ground, where he was found, in a state of insensibility, by Dr. Courtenay himself, whose footsteps at some little distance had alarmed Will, and prevented him accomplishing the sad act he had meditated.

A doctor was sent for, and he found that Will had broken his collar-bone, and received a severe wound on the head; and his health being unsound in consequence of previous over-feeding, fever ensued. He lay in a precarious state for some weeks, nursed by Mrs. Courtenay and his mother, who had been sent for. When able to talk, he confessed his fault to Dr. Courtenay, who, as Will had suffered great pain, did not reprove him severely, but pointed out to him that all this sin and suffering arose from the habit of self-indulgence, which had been given way to so long. Will promised amendment; but he found it up-hill work struggling to overcome a propensity so deep rooted; however, he fought hard against the evil inclination, and in time, by God's help, succeeded, for he had learned, by sad experience, that gluttony and selfishness are alike hateful to God and man.

M. W.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who was by Paul to rule in Crete left?
2. The place where Abner was of life bereft.
3. Who of the Gadites first to David came?
4. Of what epistle have we but the name?
5. Which was the valley where the craftsmen dwelt?
6. What exile enmity to Israel felt?
7. What Grecian man of note on Paul believed?
8. Whose accusations false were yet received?
9. What city was by Jeroboam built?
10. Where Saul committed his first heinous guilt.
11. Which was the third well Isaac's herdsmen made?
12. The god to whom Sepharvaim homage paid.
13. The town against which Pharaoh-necho fought.
14. Whose sons five hundred men to Seir brought?
15. What brother next in age to David came?
16. What king reigned long and well, but died in shame?
17. What Syrian king against Hoshea fought,
And Israel to Assyria captive brought?

Though tempted so on every side,
That e'en the wisest fall,
"The Lord is gracious," and will still
Help those who on him call.

THE GIVVER

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(Drawn by J. A. PASQUIER.)

"A grove of flame sprang up from the old mill."—p. 852.

ALDA'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS. IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

FAR bitterer even than the sufferings of Verena had been those of David Barolo, her betrothed. She had dreamt and wept over the

recitals of cruel deeds, but he had witnessed them. The screams of agonised mothers and perishing babes had pierced his ears and heart, while only their sad echoes had vibrated in the valleys.

Surprised by their base pursuers, in the retreats which had been promised to them as cities of refuge, David, his father, and a few others had succeeded in making good their escape into the rocks and woods, hoping, in a few days, by care and caution, to effect a still further escape across the frontier into that part of the opposite valley which belonged to France. But the hope, as far as David was concerned, proved delusive. Like Moses of old, his aged father beheld in the distance the promised land of rest and freedom, but might not reach it. The rough gust of persecution which only fanned the fire of resolution in David's breast, blew out the old man's life. Like Moses, also, God buried him, in a pall of snow—snow which fell heavily all that night, and gave to many a poor fugitive a more merciful death than the sword, the stake, or the torture.

Once his father was gone, David no longer thought of flight; he turned his back on the promised land, and, with many another brave-hearted Christian, resolved to sell his life dearly in the cause of his suffering brethren. Again and again, a mere handful of these courageous men repulsed the soldiers, as they strove to gain the ravines or heights which might lead them to fresh fields for butchery and carnage; and more than once, in these raids or open sorties, David's steps led him back in sight of the valley, nestled close under the old walls of Susa—the valley, with its spire, its vineyards, and its clustered cottages—and even within sight of the silver thread of water which, creeping over the hoary brow of Mount Pirchiriano, fed the mill of Jean Iserau in the valley beneath.

There had been a few who, in the false calm which succeeded their retreat to the cities of refuge, had ventured back, encouraged by their false lords, to revisit their fields and possessions, and even, in some instances, to recommence the tillage of their lands, and repairing of their tenements. But David Barolo was not among these misguided few. He did not believe in the false encouragement held out by the lord of Lucerna, or the false toleration extended to the deputies of the suffering Vaudois. Added to this, deep down in his heart, and hidden from every eye save One, lay the stern resolution neither to tempt nor to endure temptation. Verena, the miller's daughter, best-beloved still of his heart, and wavering, perhaps, in the misery brought about by their cruel separation, must not by earthly love or blighted hopes be led to forsake her creed, erroneous as it might be. God's right hand, not his, and God's strength, must lead her forth out of darkness into light. And in this right hand and this strength David reposed with unflinching confidence.

Thus was formed David's fixed resolve not to

revisit his lost home; but though God's right hand is all-powerful to protect and save, surely the flesh is weak.

David would not return to see again the haunts of his childhood—the vineyard-paths, or the sunny mill-garden; yet he thirsted for news of his betrothed, for some tidings of her health, her life, and her daily actions.

While the first panic and flight lasted he heard but little; vague stories, and vaguer reports. She had been seen leaning over the vineyard-wall, gossiping with Garcino. He put such idle talking from him with a smile. She had fainted in the chapel when they cursed the heretics from the altar. Ah! this bore the stamp of truth; it was no smile of incredulity this time which shone on David's face. It was a smile of the sublimest pity gilded with precious hope.

But presently, in the midst of the bloodshed, and the flight, and the human-havoc among the mountains, came more alarming tidings. Verena was ill, or strangely affected in her mind. She no longer walked pleasantly among the vineyards, but stood for hours in the mill-garden, with dull eyes cast down upon the ground, heedless of those who traversed it for business, or of the rough jokes of passers-by; and at night, unable to find sleep, she had been seen to wander in the moonlight with vacant eye and preoccupied air by the side of the gloomy mill-dam.

A few days later came worse tidings still, and brought to David by no idle tongue, but by a friend long known and trusted. Verena had been accused by Garcino of heretic leanings. Soldiers had invaded the quiet mill-garden, and a warrant had been signed for her apprehension. David's heart leaped up with a fierce feeling, which was neither hope nor despair, only to fall again into the coldest depths of a joyless life. The report had proved almost without foundation. Garcino's accusation had been repudiated; for Verena, giving up the world, with all its future joys or sorrows, had become a nun, and entered the convent of St. Alda.

She was dead to him now—his betrothed, his much-beloved—as dead as the countless multitudes martyred on the hill-side. This thought was frenzy, and exceeded in misery every other doubt which had been suggested to his mind.

David discovered now, when too late, how much he had counted upon seeing her again, upon her faith to him, her endurance, her quiet patience, her unmeasured love; he did not now, in the first bitter moment of his disappointment, reason out how a shaken religion, a harrowed mind, a broken heart, still ever seeking for a peace which the world could not bestow, had driven her into this false haven.

Sometimes he argued, foolishly, with himself—

had he but returned before this last fatal step was taken, had he but risked one short hour's parley, what words of comfort, truth, and religious consolation he might have spoken! Now her ears, in this living death, were closed for ever against all truth!

Every little token she had ever given him in her girlish love, he looked at now, like a relic of one that was dead or lost. The plume of peacock's feathers she had fastened in his cap, the buckle she had bought for his belt out of her own earnings, and her most precious possession, which she had given him on the day of their parting, "The Lives and Miracles of the Saints;" and sitting aside under cover of a rock, David drew the book from the pocket of his jerkin, and tears fell on its leaves as he sought out with trembling fingers that last page, where with her gentle hand she had stayed his, while, with a kindling enthusiasm, she recounted to him the foolish tradition of the "Leap of the Beautiful St. Alda."

But by-and-by, stranger and more incredible news came from David's old home to rouse him from his lethargy and despair. They said Verena had become a saint, and worked many strange and wonderful miracles. No longer bound within the convent-walls, she was carried hither and thither in triumph. They said she saw visions, and dreamt strange dreams; and that the beautiful St. Alda was her patron.

This intelligence created in David a desire, which grew in a few short days to a fixed resolution—namely, to return to his home, and make one last, earnest appeal, and endeavour to wean Verena from the state of fanatical frenzy on which her fragile mind seemed evidently bordering. There would be a fearful danger to his own life, and a possible risk to hers, but might he not now, when all other outlets of hope seemed closed, utter one, if even a dying, appeal for the truth?

Late at night, disguised as a cragsman, with shaven beard and lip, and armed only with a gun, which he took from the rigid hand of a dead soldier, whom he found cold and stiff among the rocks, he began his perilous journey homeward.

Though the spring was well advanced, the snow lay thickly still on the unbeaten paths chosen out by David. The climbing was stiff and arduous for one whose strength had been brought to a low ebb by privation and hardships. But there was a fire in his heart which led him on to overcome all the dangers and difficulties in the path of this "forlorn hope."

The sun had just risen, blazing and gigantic in the east, when David reached the summit of the mountain which overlooked his native valley. The birds were singing among the sweet-smelling pines, and far away in the distance, under the brow of old Pirchiriano, the bells of the village chapel summoned the early few to matins.

Everything in the fresh morning air breathed, and smelt, and sounded like peace, plenty, and prosperity; yet darker in David's breast at every step grew a sudden unreasoning fear which had taken possession of his mind—a fear that Verena was in danger, that her life, precious and pure, was in peril, that he must hasten on to her rescue, or she must perish.

There were ghastly sights, too, now at every turn of the road, which told him plainly that peace had been murdered, and prosperity was a name of the past. Whole vineyards on the hill-side blackened and seamed with fire, ruined cottages, and the bodies of Christian martyrs still lying as food for the wolves and eagles.

As David descended into the more inhabited slopes of the mountain he became wary in his movements, for there were an unusual number astir at this early hour, and pushing forward like himself in the direction of the town of Susa.

He was soon out upon the high road, bordered by chestnuts, now in full leaf, and here the travellers were more numerous still, and eager and excited in their demeanour. They joined themselves into companies of two and three, and argued and discussed as they hurried on. Stranger still, as they drew near the town they branched off also from the broad road, and took the way leading to his native village.

David's inexplicable fear increased with the air of mystery and excitement which was discernible on every face. As he approached the well-known vineyard-wall which bounded the miller's garden, the chapel-bell began to toll with dull, slow beats, like a funeral call, and between its throbs David paused and listened for the well-remembered sound of the rushing mill-stream; but this morning, black and grim in its distasteful idleness, the ponderous wheel stood still.

Not a few, also, among the crowd stopped and pointed across the vine trellises to the house of Jean Iserau, and David fancied he caught the words: "It was there she lived, poor girl;" or, "That is the miller's house, where St. Verena was born."

At a turn in the road, just where the garden-gate emerged upon the road, he came upon the well-known figure of an old man, leaning forward on the low wall, with his head sunk in his hands. It was Jean Iserau, the old miller himself.

David's heart yearned to stop and question him, but to discover himself now in the presence of so many witnesses, were certain death.

By the chapel-gates the crowd was dense, but in the long strip of deep pasturage beneath the shadow of the rocks it was denser still. There was everywhere a heavy odour of incense, and the sound of priests chanting solemnly.

At a signal (it was the bell from the convent of

St. Alda, on the hill-side) the chanting ceased; a deep hush fell upon the multitude, and every head among the crowd was raised upwards, while the faces of women grew white, and those of men strangely stern.

"God help her! Is she not young and beautiful?" gasped a mother, with an infant in her arms.

"Ay, ay! a second St. Alda."

"They called her a heretic," muttered a third, with indignation.

"It may be they were not so far wrong," replied a fourth. "She calls this a test of the true faith."

A dread murmur passed through the crowd. David looked up with a shuddering prevision. On the summit of the cliff, between him and the sky, stood a slight, girlish figure, glorified in the morning light. In the features upturned and raptured by her sublime illusion, he recognised Verena, his betrothed. There she stood, the victim of superstition and self-sacrifice to the faith founded on the sand.

With a sudden impulse of agony, David called to her; but his voice was drowned in the hum of admiration and applause. If his spirit could that moment have left his body, it would have joined her like a thought, and held her back from her impious attempt.

He saw her stretch out her hands and step to the very brow of the cliff. His senses swam, and he would fain have withdrawn his eyes, but they were fixed and fascinated. Then, like a snow-drift, which, sun-touched, glides noiselessly over the edge of a precipitous rock, Verena dropped into the valley beneath.

The mob surged round David, and pushed him to and fro; then came a terrible silence, which seemed to freeze the blood in all veins; the silence was followed by a shudder and a groan; whispered words of horror ran round him through the crowd, and saturnine faces that mocked caught his eager eyes.

"Verily a would-be saint." "A fit punishment for arrogance." "There was something in the tanner's charge."

Such were the remarks bandied about, for men's hearts were callous in these days.

David's senses no longer failed him; a sudden strength was given to him, and he struggled through the crowd towards the base of the cliff.

There lay Verena—or what was lately she—a poor humbled form, motionless on the spot where she fell. The crowd were breaking up around her already, with harsh and unfeeling faces. They were under that merciless reaction which follows enthusiasm—each man angry with himself for his credulity.

It was strange how simultaneous was this re-

action. The priests led the way, shaking their heads, and prophesying after the event. "This girl was not of the quality that saints were made of." "They knew it all along." "She had heretic sympathies." "She was betrothed to a heretic." "No, no, not of such a type was the blessed St. Alda."

They melted away, that expectant crowd, and Verena was left all but alone. A few women, indeed, more curious or compassionate, approached the place, as they might have done had a poor straying lamb fallen from the cliff overhead. They raised her, but seeing no sign of life, they went mournfully away.

Meantime, David, who dared not approach till the people had all gone, lurked faithfully near. "At least," he murmured, "I shall close her poor eyes, and lay her body among her people." And at the word "body" he shuddered and pressed his clenched hand to his heart.

But there was another for whom the tragic scene seemed to have an equal attraction. Above the prostrate figure, and casting a shadow over it, stood Garcino, the tanner; he also raised Verena's head, and looked into her fixed eyes. But at this moment the white lips opened, and a voice, as it were, of one returning from the dead uttered these words—

"None other name given under heaven whereby I may be saved."

"Wretched heretic!" cried Garcino; "so this is what remains of thee and thine insolence. Thy lot had been otherwise hadst thou not scorned me."

"Garcino, help me." Verena's eyes were fixed upon him in tardy recognition. "Carry me to my father's house in pity."

"*My pity for thee is dead,*" said Garcino, turning and leaving her with a resolute step.

* * * * *

Around the miller's dwelling for many weeks there was a sinister watch set. Men who were strangers to the place peered round the house as if searching for some one concealed within. None knew whether Verena were alive or dead. But one clear, frosty night a grove of flame sprang up from the old mill, and hissing timber fell into its waters. Corn was scarce in the country, and the burning mill with its precious store caused great excitement and confusion in the neighbourhood. The miller and his daughter were forgotten in the panic, and three fugitives, under cover of the smoke and consternation, passed away and took their flight over the hills in safety. They were Jean Iserau, David, his future son-in-law, and Verena, his daughter. In her bosom was a clasped book the scattered Vaudois had learned to love; and its texts were written in her heart.

L. G.

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.



MAN'S life-path lies through a hostile country, is circuitous and intricate, and often shadowed by overhanging obstructions. What the inspired penman wrote concerning God's favoured people of old, is true in its application to all of our brothers now, at some period of their course. "The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." The shades of night have gathered with terrific density around each hero-heart of past generations. Every manly soul now influencing the world has felt the rising of fear, and has recoiled for a season before the threatening gloom. Those in whose footprints we do well to tread, have watched with wistful eyes for the bright beams of the dawning day; have known the keen pangs of sickening disappointment, and have endured the weariness of protracted vigils. They struggled against difficulties, and found their struggle blessed discipline. Had they enjoyed Sybarite ease, in all probability they would have been strangers to Roman excellence. We must, therefore, be prepared for impediments. The distance between us and any worthy object we desire, must never dishearten. Cultivating an unfaltering purpose, and an indefatigable will, we must face the frowning obstacles, not waiting for special opportunities, nor calculating on propitious circumstances. England's great poet has well said—

"He is not worthy of the honeycomb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings."

It may be profitable to inquire whence our discouragements most generally come. If we know the quarter from which we are likely to be assailed, we can best prepare for our defence.

Now, a very frequent source of discouragement is the greatness of the work on which we enter. We assume that the reader has a definite object before him—a task upon which his heart is resolutely set, and in the performance of which he is ambitious to succeed. Success, in any enterprise, is only attained by accustoming oneself to do to-day what is more advanced than the work of yesterday—making the goal of last week the starting-point of this. The higher the structure rises which our desires have planned, the greater the labour. If any man set himself a task which few or none of his compeers have performed, he must prepare for difficulties from the work itself of no mean order. Like Dr. Livingstone, in Africa, he must penetrate where he can see no smiling face, and hear no familiar voice of countrymen. He must feel his way, step by step, *alone*, there being no cunning hand to help, and no chart to guide.

Treading a *terra incognita*, he need not be surprised if there be times when success appears as distant as ever, and if he be tempted to sit down in the toilsome way, and listen to the gloomy counsels of despair. A glance at history, which Xenophon aptly denominates "philosophy teaching by example," will suffice to show that the men of whom posterity thinks with heart-burning, with affection, and a head bowing with reverence, were men who were ever and anon discouraged by the grandeur or gravity of their occupation, but who refused to succumb. Faint, yet pursuing—cast down, but not destroyed, they persevered. Their capabilities were tested; their latent energies were developed; and at last they learned that, like a bird, the very breeze which ruffled their plumage assisted them to rise. "Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learned, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come, as it were, by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts, as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world."

Discouragement from the work itself is particularly the lot of those engaged in efforts for the moral and spiritual elevation of their fellow-men. Unlike the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the politician, or the warrior, they are toiling, not only for the present life, but for eternity. The influence of their labours reaches down the corridor of coming years in the world's history, and on—on into the undying ages. Their words touch chords which shall never cease to vibrate, either with dulcet notes of praise or doleful soundings of lamentation. This thought, linked to the indifference, the inconsistency, or the opposition of the masses whom the Christian worker aims to benefit, and his own powerlessness before his momentous duties, cannot fail oftentimes to press heavily on the mind, and make him exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Thus overwhelmed, Elijah retired to the lonely cave of Horeb; and Jeremiah uttered the melancholy words, "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name." So also Paul—albeit he could say, in prospect of persecution, "None of these things move me"—looked at the manner in which his work was defeated, and wrote "even weeping." Whenever we are disposed to despond from suchlike causes, let us remember that our task is set by the Lord of the vineyard, and that, so long as we are working with purity of motive, we can afford to leave the

issues in his hand. He giveth the increase; and whether we are crowned or crownless, it matters not, so that his work is done. Though conscious of our own weakness, we should not lose the comfort and courage accorded by the thought, that He who apportions the work will not fail to vouchsafe strength for the same. Napoleon the Great, wearing high-heeled boots, stood before the picture of Alexander by David, and, taking out his snuff-box with apparent satisfaction, said, "Ah! Alexander was shorter than I am!" We can look on the portraits of multitudes—a great cloud of witnesses—who were as feeble as we are, but who proved valiant and victorious. Their experience should stimulate us. The minister of a Christian church, meditating the relinquishment of his position, fell asleep, and dreamt that he was a labouring man seeking employment. A person to whom he applied for work pointed to a great mountain, and ordered him to remove it. Thinking that the toil of a lifetime would not perceptibly diminish the towering mass, he ventured to express his doubts as to the benefit of such labour. "Never you mind; do your work; I'll pay you for it!" was the reply. Thereupon he earnestly commenced his duty, but to little apparent purpose, when, suddenly, by some supernatural agency, the mountain disappeared. He woke from his dream with this lesson on his mind: "I am to go on with my work, though I see but little evidence of success." He went to his sacred engagements with renewed zeal; and before long a visible improvement took place in his charge, and many precious tokens of Divine favour were enjoyed.

Many are the discouragements which come from the folly, weakness, and inexperience of those with whom we have to do. In our earliest years, many seeds are sown in the plastic mind, which bring forth noxious, deadly weeds to trouble us in after years. Relatives and friends should be very careful what they say to childhood. A soldier, on one occasion, having fractured his skull, overheard the doctor's remark that his brain was visible. The poor, fainting sufferer exclaimed, "Do write and tell my father, for he always said I had no brains." Injudicious observations, of which that father's speech is a specimen, will be found the surest way to prevent the development and stunt the growth of powers that may be possessed. How often have deserving characters suffered, because of the inability of those around to discern latent capability. Genius is not infrequently thrown into the shade because it appears on the world's stage without the metropolitan stamp. The possessor of the coveted power is young, poor, or unknown to fame, and hence he is not estimated rightly. No good thing can come out of Nazareth. He must toil on and

on, and see men, unworthy to loose his shoe-latchets, chosen before him to the posts of honour the world has to offer. Sheridan, in his early years, was advised by Woodfall, the reporter, to relinquish the effort at public speaking, as he would never distinguish himself as an orator. When Hogarth desired to dedicate his celebrated "March of the Guards to Finchley" to George II., the king pronounced the painter insolent for sending it to him, and added, "Take his trumpery out of my sight." And every one knows how the clever author of "Dreamthorp" was unsparingly condemned, because of the luxuriant style of his maiden effort. So books have been at first bandied about as worthless, which are now highly estimated—to wit, "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," which were rejected by several publishers as undeserving the light.

It does not do to be too attentive to the criticism of onlookers, or a worker will soon throw up his occupation. It will fare with him as it did with the Venetian artist, who hung his picture in public, with a request that observers would write, on a sheet of paper attached to the picture, any fault they might discern; and, lo! next day, there was not one line of the picture free from condemnation. Whatever opinion may be expressed, let us have force of character enough to follow the decisions of our own judgment.

Perhaps one of the most fertile sources of discouragement to the honest and true man, is the repeated triumph of falsehood and duplicity. The wise, but modest man, is allowed to walk alone; whilst the fool and the rogue—because self-reliant and self-asserting—are encompassed by cheering multitudes. The public is, alas! woefully gullible. It will often cast aside the solid article, for that which is veneered—like the Trojans, in the days of Cassandra, preferring deceit to truth. This is painfully galling to the faithful worker, unless he keep prominently before him the fact that real merit often consists simply in the earnest and persevering endeavour.

"Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men, more gloriously endow'd,
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,
Whilst lighter barques pushed past them: to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Some who spend their best energies of body and mind in endeavouring to open up new veins of thought, are discouraged by a class of persons who are satisfied with matters as they are. Ignorant obstructives, they imagine that the whole of truth has been discovered; they are

devoid of all desire to make accessions to their knowledge, or, if they admit the value of anything new, it is only as it serves their selfish ends. It was one of this class who meeting a philosopher one day said, "All your books on natural history are very pretty, but you have never yet saved a leaf from the teeth of the insects."

Even amongst those who are professedly anxious for social progress, there is evinced sometimes a remarkable tardiness to receive what is new. The history of mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries is, on the whole, a painful one for this reason. The very novelty of what the sons of science and art have introduced, has been the stoutest barrier to success. Men have seemed to reason thus:—The thing may be an advantage; but it is an innovation—*ergo*, at all hazards it must be discouraged. The photographic art is now immensely popular, and a prodigious business is done therein; but there were thirty-seven years of struggle with existing prejudices, before that useful method of securing solar pictures was fully introduced. Straw paper is now no novelty; but when, at the beginning of the present century, Richard Twiss—the author of "Travels in Spain and Portugal"—was convinced that straw might be converted into paper, and embarked his fortune in the speculation, his favourite scheme was publicly pronounced "an erroneous opinion," consequently people stood aloof from him, and he became a ruined man. The telegraph, again, which is now admitted on all hands to be a national blessing, was three or four times rejected

by the authorities of this country. Indeed, when its use had been demonstrated, and the scheme for uniting England and the Continent was explained to Sir R. Peel, the Prime Minister declined to have anything to do with it, consequently foreign aid was sought and obtained. Similarly with the sewing-machine. Elias Howe, a poor New York mechanic, could not find any of his countrymen willing to adopt his novel invention. He was obliged to part with half the patent for food and lodging. He then came to England, and here, in abject circumstances, parted with the other half of the patent for a comparatively small sum of money. These are but a few out of a lengthy catalogue of instances.

Thus, from the work itself and from the surroundings of the worker, have discouragements been encountered and conquered by our predecessors. When we are downcast we will aim to remember that no trial has overtaken us but such as is common to men. Reader, join yourself to "Great-heart"—whom Bunyan portrays as acquainted with the man "that tumbled the hills about with words." In his company there is little to fear.

"Happy is he whose will is strong :
He suffers ; but he will not suffer long."

And if, in addition, you have as your Counsellor and Guide that Friend to whom all power is given, you will have strength to descend the vales, cross the plains, ford the rivers, scale the mountains, and from the successive summits of victory sing, "I can do all things !"

REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON, WITH ANECDOTES OF HIS STAFF.—III.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.



WITHOUT wishing to enter into the diplomatic services of Wellington, who fully realised the anticipations expressed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Colchester, when congratulating the duke upon the high and important mission on which he was about to proceed, as ambassador to Louis XVIII., "that the same splendid talents so conspicuous in war, would maintain with equal authority, firmness, and temper our national honour and interests in peace," I cannot refrain from alluding to his exertions in the abolition of the French slave trade. Within three days of the duke's arrival in Paris, he apprised the King of the earnestness with which the Prince Regent and his Government, the Parliament and the British nation, wished that His Majesty would concur in immediately abolishing this traffic by his subjects, his grace adding, that "he urged the

King by all the arguments that had been suggested by the English cabinet, and such others as occurred to him, to put an end to the nefarious system."

Finding the newly-restored monarch anxious to ascertain the feelings of his own people upon the subject, the duke still urged the King to restrict the trade as much as possible; and in a despatch addressed to the Prince de Benevento, then minister of foreign affairs, our ambassador again pressed the subject, requesting his highness to urge his most Christian Majesty to take some steps for the abolition of that trade, "so repugnant to the principles of national justice, and of the enlightened age in which he lived."

On the 5th of September Divine service was held, for the first time, at the hotel of the British ambassador. The English residents, amounting to more than a hundred, assembled in the great

dining-room. The service was performed by the duke's chaplain; his grace attended, as he did upon every Sunday during the time I had the honour of serving on his staff.

The duke has been accused of want of sympathy for individuals, and of having an insufficient sense of the services of his army. He certainly was not demonstrative when on duty; his habitual reserve often concealed feelings that he was chary of displaying; but he was always fair and just when circumstances did not involve a compromise of system, or interfere with his sense of the public advantage. Let me lay before you two instances to prove his kindness of heart.

Although Wellington was ever foremost in the fray, he was never wounded except upon one occasion, and that was at Orthez, where he received a severe contusion upon his hip from a spent ball. This prevented him directing in person the last movements of the army on that day, but he did not quit the field until Soult had begun to retreat. In this engagement, my elder brother, the late Duke of Richmond, was most dangerously wounded, while leading his company to the attack. The wound was pronounced to be mortal. Upon the following morning, Wellington was enabled to get about upon crutches, and his first walk was across the street to the house in which his former aide-de-camp lay. He hobbled into the room, where the patient was still in a most precarious state. The surgeon, Dr. Hair, late of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), who, exhausted with fatigue, was resting upon a mattress, started up at the entrance of the duke, and made a sign that the wounded man was sleeping. For a second, Wellington leant against the mantelpiece suffering from the most poignant grief. Suddenly my brother awoke, and recognising his chief, expressed a hope that he had been successful on the previous day. "I've given them a good licking," replied the great man; "and I shall follow it up." The exhausted youth turned to doze again, and as the duke quitted the room, he appeared broken hearted at the thought that he had taken a last farewell of the son of one of his oldest and dearest friends.

Another instance of Wellington's tender feeling may be mentioned. Dr. Hume, the duke's staff-surgeon, who had attended Sir Alexander Gordon, one of his grace's aides-de-camp, on the field of Waterloo, was anxious to report the death of that gallant officer as early as possible. With this view, Hume tapped at the duke's door, at about half-past three o'clock on the morning after the battle, and was told to come in. He found his grace sitting up in his bed, covered with the dust and sweat of the previous day. The kind-hearted surgeon told him of Gordon's death, and other casualties. Wellington was deeply affected, his tears dropped fast upon his friend's hand, which

he held in his, and were chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. Brushing them suddenly away with his left hand, the duke said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Well, thank God, I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends."

With regard to an insufficient sense of the services of his army, I will here relate an anecdote exemplifying his estimation of it, and characteristically truthful of himself and those he commanded. After the battle of Toulouse, my old commanding officer, Sir John Elley, at that time adjutant-general of cavalry, dined at head-quarters. The duke was in unusually high spirits; he had received the news of Bonaparte's abdication; the war was at an end, and none seemed more rejoiced in its termination than he did himself. The conversation turned on the late immediate movements of the two armies, when Wellington exclaimed, "I will tell you the difference between Soult and me: when he gets into a difficulty, his troops don't get him out of it; when I get into one, mine always do."

Wellington's temperament was buoyant, joyous, and happy. It made his household glad; to use a common expression, but a forcible one, he was "the life and soul of the house." There was a celebrated character attached to his grace's household, no less a personage than the duke's state coachman, Mr. Turnham. Nothing could convince this knight of the ribbons that the glory of Wellington had not in some degree descended upon him, for in conversation he always spoke in the plural number, he talked of how *our* carriage had thrown that of the Prince Regent's into the shade, of *our* success in the Peninsula, of *our* reception at Madrid and Bordeaux, of what *we* had done at Waterloo, of how well *we* turned out at Paris, of *our* triumphant entry into the capital of France, and of the flattering manner in which the kings of France, Sweden, and Prussia, the emperors of Russia and Austria, had noticed *us*. Wellington often laughed at the grandiloquence of his coachman, but respected him as an honest and excellent servant.

Another celebrity must not be forgotten, the duke's *chef de cuisine*, than whom a better artist did not exist. It is not, however, with his culinary talents that I have to do; it is his knowledge of his chief to which I would refer. During the battle of Waterloo, as from hour to hour thousands on thousands of fugitives poured along the village towards Brussels, or at least towards the forest of Soigny, crying that "all was lost," "the English beaten," "the French victorious and coming," the incredulous cook continued unmoved his preparations for his master's dinner. "Fly," cried one after another, "the French are coming, and you



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"Thy voice brings back the olden chime."—p. 859.

will be killed!" but the imperturbable artist, strong in his faith of invariable victory, only replied, "No, I have served my master while he has fought a hundred battles, and he never yet failed to come to his dinner;" so he cooked on, spite of flying thousands: and the cook was right; the duke came, though rather late on this occasion.

Wellington's table was always very good in every respect. In the Peninsula he had three cooks, and an English and Spanish chief, who shared the command, and, by dividing the days, vied with each other in their culinary efforts. One day, at Irurita, a short time before dinner, a fire was discovered in the kitchen chimney, and a grand commotion took place; cooks, kitchen maids, scullery wenches, were running about in the greatest state of excitement; the alarm was given; and although it was pelting with rain, Wellington came out, without his hat, with merely a silk handkerchief round his head, and assisted for more than an hour in extinguishing the fire. The manner in which he gave his orders and did his work would have gladdened the heart of Captain Shaw of the London Fire Brigade.

I now turn to a playful anecdote. At an affair in the Maya Pass, on the 7th of July, 1813, Wellington ordered young Fitz-Clarence, afterwards Earl of Munster, who was acting as his extra aide-de-camp, to go and bring up two companies of a Portuguese regiment to attack. Away he went; it was close by, but he was proud of the order. After giving it, he espied a cherry-tree, and lost no time in climbing up it to break off a branch and eat the cherries. Wellington, in returning to head-quarters, lost his way in the fog, and while hesitating how to proceed, George Fitz-Clarence told him he was sure it was the right road, as he had passed the place where he found the two Portuguese companies. "How do you know that?" asked the chief. "By that cherry-tree, which I was up in just afterwards," was the reply. This amused Wellington greatly, who on the following morning called Fitz-Clarence up to him, and, with a grave face, as if giving an important order, told him to go and get some more of the cherries.

The duke used to tell a good story of himself, of a circumstance which occurred when his grace first went to Oxford to be installed as chancellor. It was necessary at the inauguration to make a Latin speech, and as in Wellesley's early days there were no competitive examinations for the army, his head had not been over abundantly stored with the classical language. He felt that any speech before so august a body was difficult, but a Latin one was impossible; so in his dilemma he applied to his family physician, as one most likely to know Latin, and who immediately supplied him with the requisite oration. Wellington's re-

mark upon it was truly characteristic: "The speech answered very well. I believe it was a good speech; but I did not know much of the matter."

Another anecdote of the duke is worthy of being recorded. Some years ago, a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye was in the market, and as it lay contiguous to the estate, his grace was recommended to purchase it. After the sale was effected, his steward congratulated him on the bargain he had made. "What bargain?" asked the duke. "It was valued at £1,100," responded the other; "and, owing to the difficulties the farmer was in, we got it for £800." "In that case," replied Wellington, "you will please to refund £300 to the late owner; and never let me hear again of cheap land."

Although Wellington was a strict disciplinarian, he was ever ready to "season justice with mercy;" and whenever a prisoner was favourably recommended by the members of a court-martial, the culprit's pardon was almost always granted. In other instances, after carefully looking into the case, the duke would extend his forgiveness, "in consideration of the previous good character of the prisoner;" or "in consideration of the good conduct of the regiment to which the prisoner belonged;" or "because subsequent to his crime the offender had been released from confinement, and had actually been engaged with the enemy;" or "from a desire not to execute for desertion a soldier from such a regiment;" or "from the gallantry of the corps in such a battle;" or "from its being the first complaint of misconduct in the battalion to which the prisoner belonged;" or "from the thoughtlessness and levity of the offender." Upon one occasion the duke pardoned a prisoner "because he told the truth to the general court-martial, and thereby saved his comrades, who were by mistake charged with the offence of which he had been convicted." Occasionally Wellington remitted punishments in deference to the court, both of officers and men, but not from "concurring in their opinion," for he often stated "that he did it much against his own inclination." In cases of burglary and plunder, the duke repeatedly, in general orders, declared his determination to carry into execution whatever might be the sentence of the court on any soldiers found guilty of such wanton and disgraceful outrage; and whenever a report was made to him that a village had been plundered, the offending regiment was ordered to have the rolls called every hour, at which all the officers and men were to be present.

An anecdote of Wellington will prove that, although stern duty was foremost in his mind, he was ever happy when he could relax it without disadvantage to the service. The troops had

taken to plundering a good deal, and as his former orders had been disobeyed, he issued a very stringent one, to the effect that the first man caught in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, as he was about to sit down to dinner, three men were brought in by the prévôt; the case against them was clear, and Wellington gave an instantaneous order that they should be led away, and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column on its march next morning. Lord Nugent, who was travelling through Spain and Portugal, and a large party, dined with his grace; they were all dreadfully shocked, and would scarcely touch their food, nor was their host much more at his ease. Upon the following day, three men in uniform were

seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to a bridge over which the troops had to pass. It was a terrible example, but it produced its desired effect—there was no more plundering.

Some months afterwards, it oozed out at headquarters, that some of the duke's guests had interceded with his grace's surgeon for the condemned victims, and as three men had recently died in the hospital, they were hung up, and the culprits returned to their regiments. At first the warrior duke felt a little angry at being thus deceived; but he shortly afterwards owned that, as his object had been gained without carrying out the last penalty of the law, he was delighted at the result, and gratified that the poor fellows' lives were spared.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

ING, pretty bird; sing, happy bird;
Sing, and my heart will sing with thee;
Clear let thy ringing song be heard,
It brings back youth again to me;
Again sweet voice and kindly word—
Sing, happy bird, upon the tree.

Long stranded on the shores of Time,
My fairy boats, far up the stream,
I still sail on where age's rime
Whitens beneath the shivering beam—
Thy voice brings back the olden chime;
Sing, happy bird, and let me dream.

Like mountain tops in sunny light,
Those early years far off I see;
The nearer hills with snow are white,
The wind blows chill—but let them be;
While I may listen with delight,
Sing, happy bird, upon the tree.

Ah, well! sad thoughts will come again,
And tears through which I cannot see:
I would have back what I had then,

But—time and change—it cannot be.
Thou singest of my native glen—
Sing, happy bird, upon the tree.

In golden light the mountains glow
Still through that distance upon me.
How sweet the dream of long ago—
How merrily the days would flee!
Thou singest of their joyous flow—
Sing, happy bird, upon the tree.

Hushed gladness of the days of yore,
Not dead and buried, though it seem:
I come, but mine return no more
To meet me by the winding stream.
I dream they wait me, on before—
Sing, happy bird, and let me dream.

Oh! life is short, but love is long—
Those voices full of household glee!
Oh! life is weak, but love is strong—
Far on before they speak of me.
Sing on, sweet bird, I hear thy song—
Sing, happy bird, upon the tree.

J. H.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE CHARACTER.

T was a golden opportunity, thought the shoemaker, now his wife was out, to do a little business. For the strong-armed, large-hearted woman had taken the man under her protection, as she did everything, and everybody, against whom she considered the battle of life was running a trifle too hard.

The lodger came in. He was so changed, his face so white and worn, his appearance so forlorn and haggard, that the reader can hardly be expected to recognise him; yet it was no other than John

Humphreys. He had found his way to this remote spot, and was lying here, hidden.

What he had suffered, a merciful Heaven alone was witness to. He dared not go home. He dared not face the terrible suspicion that haunted him. Far better for him if he had; but fortitude was not amongst his virtues—as we know.

He had lain here hidden, keeping from the sight of his fellows, not venturing to ascertain if the thing that was so crushing to his mind, had really happened or no. Ill, homeless, broken down, destroyed, that was what he thought himself—and what a man really becomes, if he suffer misfortune to ride roughshod over him.

How small his previous trials appeared to him now! Even the loss of the farm was a trifling evil, had he but met it bravely and like a man. But it was too late! all hope was gone, he thought, in his despair.

By this time he had come into the room, and was standing a mark for Jacob Potts's speculations to aim at.

"Well," said Jacob, more certain than ever that his misgivings were not without foundation, "well, and what did you want with me?" He dare not have adopted such a tone if his wife had been present. But the good woman was helping to turn the mangle, an occupation which would detain her at least an hour.

"I wanted," replied John Humphreys, interlacing his thin fingers nervously together, "to get a bit of work somewhere."

"Ah!" thought Jacob, "just so, my friend; depend upon it, we shall lose our rent." But he did not say a word of the kind; he scowled fearfully at the hole in the boot he was mending.

"Perhaps you know of somebody who would take me on," continued John, still painfully nervous; "I can do almost anything on the land."

"There's plenty of folks would be glad," replied Jacob, delighted at the chance of hitting the right nail on the head at last; "that is, if you've got a character!"

John turned very pale. The cobbler's one eye was brought to bear upon him with keen suspicion.

"If you aint, you know, why Northwold isn't just the place for you, that's all!"

John stood a moment as if considering; very unpleasant were all the outstanding circumstances of his life, just then!

Jacob's one eye, the expression of which increased in severity every moment, did not tend to restore his tranquillity.

"I can but try," he said, at length, turning to go.

"Hark ye, my friend," cried Jacob, emboldened more and more, "you've been vastly silent as to that hint of mine touching the character."

John stood pale and speechless. The good name! what an inestimable boon it is!—the gold of Ophir can scarce compare with it!

"And being silent," urged Jacob, "I've just a word to say. This is reckoning day, and my wife is out; now, how much more comfortable we should both of us feel, if we squared up our accounts!"

John put his hand in his pocket, his cheeks tingled with shame. "I can pay you," he said; "you need not be afraid of losing by me."

"Thank you, that's right all but a halfpenny, and that may stand over," said Jacob, catching at the money. "Now, in case you don't get work, I think it would be better if you shifted your quarters; we work hard enough ourselves, and we reckon to get the rent from the lodger, as is natural."

"Quite natural!" replied John, turning to go. The close air of the workshop seemed to suffocate him.

When he was gone, and the door closed upon him, Jacob began greedily to count his money! Finding,

as he had done before, that it was all right, he slipped it down into his pocket with great alacrity.

"The missis needn't know anything about it," said he to himself; "it's all between the lodger and me!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE TO LIVE?

JOHN HUMPHREYS had not been six weeks in Northwold without knowing something of his landlord's character. From the very first, that one suspicious eye, appertaining to Jacob Potts, had been a kind of nightmare to him. It was evident the man distrusted him, and if he could not get work, the sooner he quitted that locality the better.

There had been a time when nothing would have been so easy as to disclose the whole of his simple history to any one who asked him; but how would it be now?

Things had come to a great issue with him that day. He had spent the last shilling he had in the world, and it was imperative upon him to do something. He ought to have done something before; but for the last six weeks he had been like a man in a dream. Besides, the sheer terror lest he should be detected, had led him to keep close hidden. He had only once before been up the village street of Northwold.

He knew, however, that a rich farmer owned some land in the neighbourhood, and he had learned incidentally that this man wanted hands to work in his fields. Suppose he were to offer himself? It was a sad fall from what he had been; but absolute want stared him in the face.

The end of all this was wrapped in impenetrable gloom. What he intended to do, ultimately, he did not know. Like all imperfect characters, he was trying to shut out, from his mental vision, both the past and the future.

Strange as it may seem, he clung to his refuge at Northwold. The woman of the house had been kind to him, and befriended him. He was far away from Newbury. No tidings had come thither of his crime. He felt unwilling and afraid to face the world again. He was for ever separated from home, and wife, and all dear to him. He could, at best, remain in this shelter till he died. His death would free his wife from the terror that must be hanging over her, like a thunder-cloud, from day to day. As for his life, viewed in any pleasurable sense, it was wrecked, and lost!

He thought these thoughts as he walked slowly towards the abode of the farmer. He had not to go far, as it happened: he met the farmer riding on horseback to Northwold. He knew the man by a kind of intuition. There was but one person of any influence or position in Northwold. John stopped, and took off his cap. The farmer reined in his horse, and stopped too.

"Well, my man, what did you want with me?"

He had a brisk, cheerful voice, and there was an air of promptness and decision about him. John liked the looks of him amazingly.

"I took the liberty of stopping you, sir. I heard that you wanted more hands on your farm."

"So I do—provided I can get men with good characters."

He spoke in the same brisk, decided tone, and he looked steadily at John.

John quailed rather under the look. The farmer asked his name, and where he came from.

There it was, at the very beginning.

How dare he say he came from Newbury? Might not the whole matter have been made public in the papers? Might there not have been a full-length description of him? and might not the farmer have seen it?

"Well," said the farmer, getting rather impatient, "can't you give me a straightforward answer?"

No, John could not. He stood looking down, and fumbling at his cap.

"Then you won't do for me!" said the farmer, briskly. "Stay," added he, reining up his steed again, "are you the man who lodges with Jacob Potts?"

John's heart beat fast with terror. It was impossible not to see the effect the question had upon him.

"You are?" cried the farmer, interrogatively. "Well, then, I am sure you won't do for me. And what's more, I advise you to take yourself off. I'm a magistrate, and from what I hear, you are rather a suspicious person. Now, I don't want suspicious persons lurking about Northwold!"

John stood fumbling at his cap, presenting, it must be confessed, a very suspicious appearance. He could not even look the farmer in the face. Yet a few months ago, who would have dared to use such language to him?

The farmer darted at him another penetrating glance; then he rode off, leaving John standing bareheaded in the middle of the road.

The first sensation he felt, when the stunning effect of this little conversation allowed him to feel anything, was that of burning heat to his head. The sun was hot, and its rays beat down on his bare forehead. He hastily put on his cap, and looked round for shelter.

There was a stile close by, that led into the foot-path. A clump of trees was in the field, and a little river wound along like a silver thread. John went to the trees for shade, and sat down, close by the river's brink.

It was clear he could not go back to Northwold. Nay, if he consulted his own safety, he would flee from it, as fast as possible. There was no more refuge for him, under the roof of Jacob Potts. What was he to do? He must find work, or starve. Even if he found work, it was only the means of dragging on a wretched existence, amid dangers and distresses of every kind. Was it worth his while to try to live?

Black, indeed, were the despairing thoughts that came into his mind just then!

Was it worth while to try? he asked, when all was

gone that made life happy—when he had lost his home, wrecked his life, ruined his prospects—was it worth while to try?

He could never go home again. If he did, his sin would find him out. No one would employ him. He should be hunted from place to place, till, in the end, Justice would meet him, and take her reckoning. He could come to no end that would not be a bad one.

Suppose he did not try?—and he glanced fearfully into the cool, clear depths at his feet—suppose he gave up the struggle? Suppose there was a plunge, a whirling round and round of the swift circles, and then all would be over?

It would not take long to do—to unbuild the temple which God had framed, and let the soul go free. No one would miss him; no one would care about this awful conflict that was shaking him to his foundations. When his wife got to know, it would be better for her than the suspense she must have suffered. She could begin life again, free and unfettered. She was a woman of great resources—too good for him, by half. Even she, would soon cease to weep for him. Should he take that plunge? *There* all was calm! *There* were no waves to toss him on *that* shore! *There* the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest."

He rose up, and threw a troubled glance round. No one was in sight. Lambs were feeding peacefully in the meadow. The budding leaves rustled gently over his head. Again he looked down. He was holding on to the very brink of life, and he was getting faint and weary. Should he let go and drop?

Angels are ministering spirits to man in his weal and woe. I think an angel whispered to him, for there stirred in his heart a few long-forgotten memories. Something seemed to say to him that after *death* would come the *judgment*. He had not thought of *that*, and he drew back and shuddered.

He had been brought up piously, and taught his Bible, and all the wondrous doctrines it sets forth for us men and for our salvation. Those doctrines came into his mind with great vividness. He could not account for it, either, at that time, or ever after, but he began, by an irresistible influence, to think of the providence of God!

Not a sparrow, he thought, falls to the ground without His notice; and so consoling and softening was the reflection, that he sat down, and burst into a flood of tears.

No one but himself ever knew the healing virtue of those tears! A cloud seemed to roll away from before his mental vision, and lo! the edges of the cloud were tipped with silver!

His heart melted into penitence for his shortcomings, and his sins. He knelt down on the green grass, and while the spring buds yet rustled over his head, he prayed earnestly for help and pardon. All the old, better feelings revived. God, he thought, was all-present, all-merciful. In his distress he would fall back on God.

CHAPTER LXIV.

LADY SYLVESTER SEES HER MISTAKE.

"No, my lady, it is quite impossible—I am really very sorry to say so—quite impossible for you to hold your possessions by any kind of tenure."

"It is your fault; you have had the management of our affairs!" retorted Lady Sylvester, angrily. "I employed you to arrange them to the satisfaction of the creditors."

"Indeed, my lady, the creditors were never further from being satisfied in their lives!" replied Mr. Carlton, with unusual energy.

"I have nothing to do with that."

Her ladyship was beginning in the old strain; but he cut her short.

"The fact is, Lady Sylvester, this has been the most disgraceful failure ever known in Newbury."

She glared at him fiercely; but, for once, he was resolved to have his say out.

"It has been, I repeat, disgraceful. Hundreds of persons have been plunged into ruin. Your ladyship should think of that!"

"There is no need to think of that. Your business is with us—us," replied she, as haughtily as ever.

He was resolved she should come down from that pedestal, and the sooner the better.

"I rode over this morning," he said, "because I wished to warn you of what is going to happen. You have removed furniture and valuables from Newbury, I find. Well, they will be seized."

"Seized!"

Her face was very pale; but her eyes burned with the old light as unquenchably as ever.

"Yes, Lady Sylvester, seized. The creditors are justly angry, and more clamorous than I care to inform you. They will consent to nothing, while a stick or stone remains unclaimed." She pressed her hand to her forehead. "My advice to you is, that you leave this place—which like everything else is in debt," added he, with some bitterness; "that you take a cheap and humble lodging, and——"

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" she asked, proudly.

"I do, and I regret having to assume such a tone. But the time for compromise has gone by, and the day of reckoning has come." She pressed her hand again to her forehead. "I am very sorry," he repeated, "to appear harsh, or to propose a step so distasteful; but unless you remove at once——"

"At once!"

"Yes, at once. I will find you a lodging. It must be humble and inexpensive. I do not mince the matter. The immediate income will have to be advanced by myself. There is literally nothing left."

She did not answer. It was evident she felt the pedestal begin to totter.

"I must give your ladyship another hint," continued he, after a short pause. "It will be absolutely necessary that some kind of employment——" He stopped. There was that in her face which made

him not dare to finish the sentence. "Yet it will have to be finished some time or other," thought he.

Half an hour after, Lady Sylvester was walking, with a firm step, towards her daughter's room.

She was very pale; her hands were clenched, and there was a repression about the iron mouth that was painful to behold. When she reached the door she stopped, and pressed her hand to her heart. She was not thinking now of their affairs, or of her late interview with Mr. Carlton. No! she was thinking of Alice.

Alice had not left her room for several days. From the first, a kind of blight had fallen on her. Since she came to the Grange, she had hardly once been seen to smile. There is no doubt she was ill. Lady Sylvester was forced into believing so. And another thing was forced upon her reluctant apprehension, contend with it as she might. The girl's heart was breaking.

And sometimes a terrible misgiving happened to her ladyship as well. Had she brought Alice here to die? The place was inexpressibly dreary. Poverty sat by their hearth now. Ruin and disgrace were their portion—there was no gainsaying it—and the future was full of terrors.

"If I do not flinch, it is because I am a Sylvester," thought her ladyship, as she stood, her hand on the lock of the door. As she opened it, her expression grew softer, and more womanly: for now again she was thinking of Alice.

Alice lay on the bed; her eyes were closed, and when her mother spoke to her, it was with difficulty she roused herself to answer. When she had answered, she fell back into a kind of stupor.

"Are you worse, Alice? Oh, my child! my child!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of anguish.

Alice did not reply; it was evident she could not. Then, the case with all its bearings came vividly into the mind of Lady Sylvester. She could not escape from it. Among the victims sacrificed to the great Sylvester dignity, would there be numbered this one—her daughter?

She did not allow the thought full sway. She dare not. She kept saying to herself, that Alice was sleeping; that she would wake up refreshed. All she could do was to watch beside her; and she did so the long silent day—communing, one should hope, with her own heart, and learning to be "still."

The day began to wane, and the twilight to steal over the desolate scene. Then her fears kindled into terror. Alice was still in a state of partial consciousness. She had not revived. In vain her mother spoke to her; there was not even a flicker of the eyelid, or a pressure of the hand. Not a sign of that returning energy so eagerly desired.

"Alice, my child! speak to me!" And she knelt down by the bed. "Think how terrible this is!" and she shuddered violently.

But Alice did not speak.

"I will take you from this place," said Lady Sylvester, hurriedly, and still bending over her. "We

will go where you like—I care not. Do you hear, my child?"

The hand, which lay fast locked in that of her mother, gave a feeble pressure.

"Yes, we will leave the Grange. I know you do not like it. We will begin afresh, Alice—quite afresh," continued her ladyship, in the same hurried tone. "Let us work!"

She said the word with a painful effort. It was evidently uttered merely to rouse her daughter; but if it was so, it failed. Beyond the faint pressure of the hand, no effect was produced. Lady Sylvester remained silent a few moments, her face pressed against the bed-clothes. She might have been praying.

At length she raised her head. Her features looked shrunk and nipped; her lips were colourless; her brow contracted. She bent over her daughter.

"Alice," said she, in a tone as though the concession were wrung from her by a kind of torture, "Alice, I will send for Harold Blake."

There was a flicker of the eyelids now, and a faint tinge of colour to the cheek. Lady Sylvester rose, and stood looking steadily at her daughter's face. Her own face was an index of conflicting emotions. Fear, reluctance, pride, affection, sorrow—all these

passed in succession. You could read the history of each. It was uncertain how the conflict would terminate, but affection conquered. You could see that, in the softened light of the dark, indomitable eye—the tender expression that invested the features lately so unrelenting—the bowed head, the quivering lip.

For once, the Sylvester dignity was known to stoop, and only once; and that was to save Alice!

Then, she cast a quick glance round. It was getting dark. Every moment of time gained was a boon too precious to be trifled with. Who should she send, out here in this lonely place, away from human ken and sympathy? Ah! who indeed?

She did not take more than a few seconds to discuss that point. She was a brave woman, who could set female timidity at defiance. What did she care for the lonely common, the dark night, the toilsome way? Her feet could carry her twice that distance, if needs be!

As she thought this, she was putting on her shawl and bonnet. The one attendant she had sent to watch by Alice. Then, she glided down the stairs, and stood, a moment, under the old doorway with the motto over her head: "Noblesse oblige!"

Perhaps, for the first time, she had forgotten it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BUNCH OF DAISIES.

"**T**HERE is a pretty pink-tipped daisy, Mary. Have you anything interesting to tell about so common a flower?"

"First, do you know why it is called by that name, *daisy*?"

"No; why?"

"Because it is the earliest blossom which opens to greet the sunrise; and therefore the poet Chaucer called it 'day's eye.'"

"How pretty," said Emily. "I shall always remember that. It really looks like an eye, too."

"I do not admire the yellow centre," said Charles.

"You would not say so if you saw it through a microscope," replied Mary. "The daisy is what is called a compound flower, because it is composed of a number of small blossoms, each perfect in itself, and the white or pink fringe which surrounds all is *theray*."

"I had no idea there was so much to be known about a common daisy. If it were a rare garden plant we should admire it very much."

"Mary," said Charles, "with you every flower has a story. Please tell us one, now."

"I know a sad tale connected with a bunch of daisies; but it is not one of my own experience. Some years ago, I was acquainted with a little girl, called Margaret, whose mother suffered much from prolonged delicate health. Margaret became so accustomed to see her pale looks, that they ceased to occasion her any uneasiness, and she imagined this state of things would always continue. One day she was sitting in her mother's room, learning her lessons for school, when she felt a hand gently laid on hers.

"Margaret, dear, is not to-morrow to be a holiday?"

"Yes, mamma, and I am learning my lessons for the next day, that I may have nothing to do."

"Will you spend it with me? I do not feel even as well as usual, lately, and would enjoy my little daughter's company. There are many things I wish to talk to you about, and I have long looked forward to this holiday for the purpose."

"Mamma, dear, I will be with you in the evening, but I cannot stay all day, for I have promised to go such a pleasant expedition with the girls. I must be off very early to meet them at the end of the lane; then we are to go in a party to the far field, for a regular daisy gathering; and when tired, we shall sit down and make nice soft balls to throw at each other: it will be great fun."

"And will my daughter not stay one day with her poor sick mother?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! some other time. There is to be another holiday very soon, and to-morrow I will bring home a beautiful bunch of crimson-tipped daisies, which I know you will like."

"I would rather have your company, Margaret, and perhaps next holiday may be too late; but go, dear, as you have set your heart on it. I hope to have you with me in the evening. Do not stay out too long."

"No, mamma," and Margaret felt a little twinge of conscience, as she added, "Do you think you will be very lonely?"

"I dare say not," replied her mother. "Jane (the

servant) will be in the house, and I can call her to do anything I require.'

'Margaret could not help observing that she spoke in a weaker and more languid tone than usual, and looked very ill, but tried to banish the thought. 'Mamma is only tired,' she said to herself, returning to her lessons, which were not finished till near bed-time. Then she kissed her mother, and said, 'Good-night, dear mamma. I think I'll not come in before I go in the morning—at so early an hour I'd only disturb you—but I'll be home as soon as possible;' and she ran off to bed, thinking only of the pleasures of the next day.

'The morning was fine, and Margaret awoke early, had her solitary breakfast, and set off in high spirits. The sun shone brightly, and all nature looked gay. How could she think of anything sad? 'What a pity it would have been to stay in the house on so lovely a morning,' was her thought, as she hastened down the pretty green lane, where the hedges were budding, and the birds singing gaily. Then a graver idea seemed to cross her mind, to which she answered, 'There will be many a wet day, when I can sit with mamma, and she does not mind now, she will not be lonely;' and thus endeavouring to lull her conscience, she reached the end of the lane, and met her young companions.

'Margaret,' said one of her friends, 'I was afraid we should not have had you to-day, for my aunt said your mother was looking so ill yesterday, she did not think you could leave her.'

'Oh!' said Margaret, 'she does not mind; I can be with her all the evening;' and so the party set off on their expedition, and a great deal of laughing and fun they had by the way; but, amidst all, a plaintive voice from time to time kept ringing in Margaret's ear: 'Will my little daughter not spend one day with her poor sick mother?' She tried hard to banish the thought, but it would recur to her mind.

'Who are you gathering that pretty bunch of crimson daisies for?' asked her friend.

'For mamma,' replied Margaret; 'she likes wild flowers so much. I have often brought her some when she was ill, and the sight of them refreshed her. She is particularly fond of daisies, because that is the meaning of my name; she often calls me her little Daisy.'

'You are thinking a great deal of your mamma, to-day.'

'I cannot help it; she *will* come into my mind—I do not know why. But I wish I was at home, for I have not enjoyed myself as much as I expected. The greatest pleasure I have had was collecting this bunch for her.'

'Margaret was silent for some time, during which she was arguing with her conscience.

'Mamma will know I've been thinking of her, when she sees these daisies; and I'll have a great deal to tell her in the evening. She always likes to hear about the pretty places I've seen. I'll talk to her, and amuse her very much, for I have no lessons to learn for to-morrow.'

'Margaret's spirits rose after these comforting reflections, and she soon began to enjoy herself as much as the other children, and forgot her anxieties.

'They did not leave the field where they were playing till pretty late, and had a long way to walk home, so that it was nearly dark when Margaret again reached the end of the lane, where she must part with her young companions.

'How changed everything was since morning! Then the sun had been shining brightly, and the birds singing gaily, and all nature rejoiced; now the gloom of evening cast a sombre hue over every object, and a feeling of sadness—an unaccountable anticipation of evil—came over her spirit.' She walked on as rapidly as possible, still holding in her hand the already drooping bunch of daisies. 'They will revive when mamma puts them in water,' she thought.

'Just then a turning in the lane brought her home in full view; and instinctively she glanced towards her mother's room. What could be the reason that the window-shutters were closed at so early an hour? Perhaps the invalid slept; perhaps she was worse. The house had a desolate appearance; a strange stillness, a solemn silence, seemed to rest over it. Certainly it was evening; but why were the blinds drawn down, the hall door shut, and the servants not going in and out as usual?

'She went to the back door, and finding it open, walked in. No one observed her enter, and she rushed at once to her mother's room. The door was closed, but she pushed it open cautiously. A deeper silence reigned there, an awful stillness, which caused her to hush her very breath, and step stealthily across the floor. She approached the bed, where her mother's form lay motionless, her eyes closed.

'Margaret gazed for a moment at that calm and peaceful countenance, supposing she must be asleep; and so she was, but it was a sleep from which she would never more awake in this world.

'With a cry of anguish, Margaret flung the daisies on the bed, and sank on her knees. 'Oh, mamma—dear mamma! speak but one word; say you forgive me—that you do not think me very unkind.'

'But it was too late! those lips were closed for ever. Oh! how the tender though reproachful words echoed in her heart: 'Will my daughter not spend one day with her poor sick mother?'

'And this was the evening she had promised to devote to her. There lay the daisies she had gathered as a peace offering, a substitute for loving obedience. Alas! all too late.

'It would be vain to attempt to describe poor Margaret's feelings at that time. Many years have passed away since; and she is now a woman, remarkable for the unselfishness which leads her to sacrifice her own pleasure to the gratification of others; yet the memory of her mother never fails to bring back a keen pang of remorse; and she would give worlds to be able to recall that one day of her existence, to devote to her dying parent, instead of daisy-gathering.'

THE LANCET

Saturday, October 3, 1868.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

THE PULPIT OF HOOKER AND THE GRAVE OF GOLDSMITH.

ON the 10th of February, in the year 1185, a crowd of citizens, monks, and nobles was gathered on the banks of the Thames, just outside the walls of London, at the head of the slope which rises to the west of the river Fleet. There is a look of earnestness about the assemblage, not at all suggestive of approaching amusement. Even the groups of boys at play, on the outskirts of the

meeting, continually pause from their sports, as if looking out for some expected procession. We see that the multitude is gradually closing round a lofty and circular stone pile, surmounted by a cross, and bearing on its walls white banners, having a red cross in the centre of each. Two of the banners especially attract the reverential notice of the gathering throng. One is white, bearing the figure of a lamb carrying a cross; the other displays a series of black stripes on the white ground, with the blood-red cross in the centre. The former is the usual standard of "the militia of Christ," the other is the special war-banner of "the soldiery of the Temple." The name of the striped ensign, "Beausant," has become the war-cry of the Templars, and is well known on the battle-fields of Palestine.

The day has come for the consecration of the church of "the New Temple," and this morning a patriarch of Jerusalem is to dedicate the round and bannered building. The second crusade had just passed, like a huge war-wave, over Europe and into Asia, having failed to break the power of the Mahometans in Syria. A third expedition is projected, and surely Henry II. of England will gladly join in so grand a struggle against Saladin. So reasoned the ecclesiastical politicians in that age, so hoped the Knights Templars, and, therefore, Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, had visited England to set before the king the duty and the glory of a third crusade. The patriarch's arguments were, doubtless, logical and weighty, but they failed to move the obstinate Plantagenet. Henry's naughty wife and rebellious sons had given him trouble enough, to say nothing of the flogging at Beckett's tomb; and he might well wish for a little repose at the close of life. Before, however, the disappointed Heraclius left London, he was induced by the English Templars to consecrate their new church, then just finished. Therefore was the crowd gathered; some to gaze on a patriarch, others to witness the procession of the Templars, from their monastery in Holborn to their new home in "the Fleet Street."

The procession was not one of the ordinary ecclesiastical pageants, so common in those times. The multitude regarded "the militia of Christ" as under the oath of the Cross. Their heroism on the battle-fields of Syria had won for the red-cross warriors the immortal crowns of martyrdom. Such were the feelings with which the great majority of the crowd gazed on the procession of the knights in their white mantles; noted the nobles who marched as "companions of the Temple," and struggled to get a near view of Heraclius and Brother Geoffrey, the master of the London Temple. All entered the round church thanting a litany, the consecration was performed, the censors swung, the "holy water" sprinkled, and

a dedication feast followed, giving a festal finish to the ceremonials of the day. The structure thus opened was the part now called the "Round," which formed, for about half a century, the church of the London Templars.* A semicircular moulding over the entrance contained an inscription of seven lines, which narrated all the particulars of the consecration. This appropriate memorial is no longer seen, having been broken by workmen during the repairs in 1695. The remainder of the church, now forming the body of the building, was subsequently erected and consecrated about the year 1240, on which occasion Henry III. and his gorgeous Court took a part in the proceedings.

Shall we pause here to remind our readers that the Templars formed in the year 1118 only a small brotherhood of nine French knights, who then organised a "society" for protecting and aiding pilgrims in Jerusalem? The influence of the new order spread so rapidly, that in the year 1244 the number of estates belonging to the brotherhood was estimated at 9,000, and the annual revenue in 1311 has been reckoned at £6,000,000. Even the most cynical will admit that this was something like "getting on in the world." Of course, the knights endured many hard knocks in return for this prosperity, and were both dreaded and hated by the warriors of Islam. The method of "purification" adopted by Saladin when he recovered Jerusalem, in 1187, illustrates the intensity of Mahometan feeling. The Sultan sent to Damascus for five camels' loads of rose-water, with which the late houses of the knights were carefully washed in every part. Whether the housemaids of the Templars were slovens, or Saladin's tastes peculiar, may be matter of debate.

The two parts of the Temple Church, though differing in age only about half a century, are very distinct in style. The "Round" is semi-Norman, consisting of two circles, the whole surmounted by a tower resting on six pillars of Purbeck marble. The singular countenances sculptured on the walls should be studied by those who wish to gain some insight into the spirit of the old church architects.

The porch will repay the notice of all who can use their eyes wisely. The foliated capitals, lozenges, roses, the human forms with scrolls in hand, and the beautiful ribs of the arches, present a combination of elegant simplicity with quaint device.

The eight marble pillars of the Early English nave support an elaborately-painted roof. The floor is covered with richly-embazoned tiles; those on the south side bearing the winged horse,

* Three other "round churches" are in England, formerly belonging to the Templars: one at Cambridge, another at Northampton, and a third at Little Maplestead.

now the arms of the Inner Temple; while on the opposite side the lamb and cross denote the part of the church appropriated to the Middle Temple. The latter symbol was originally borne by the whole body of Templars, but about the year 1563 the classical, or mythological, or poetical tastes of the Inner Temple induced the Benchers to displace the lamb and adopt Pegasus. The winged horse will now probably keep his place in one-half of the Temple Church, while the lamb reigns in the other.

The church should be seen from the west end of the "Round," from the east end of the nave, and from different parts of the triforium. In ascending the stairs to the latter, the visitor will, of course, step into the penitential cell, from which offending knights, under punishment, could see and hear the service in the church below.

Imagination may picture many a strange scene in the Temple Church, from the hour when the patriarch sprinkled the "holy water" on the pillars, to the day when the knights took the last view of their sanctuary in 1311. Even the reception of a new member must have been peculiarly impressive, performed as it was in the dead of night, with the blood-red crosses reflecting the gleam of many tapers, and the tones of the Templar's vow alone breaking the deep silence. Often has the Chapter met here, to listen, with breathless interest, to an almost obliterated despatch from Palestine, telling of Jerusalem lost or won; of brilliant victories, or terrible defeats. The church, too, was the place where penances of the lighter kind were inflicted. Think of a church turned into a whipping-room! yet in this "Round" many an erring novice or knight has received the lash, soundly laid on by some more righteous brother. To make the proceeding more pleasant, or more impressive, the time selected was often a Sunday morning.

How did the Temple and its church pass from the knights to the lawyers? About the beginning of the fourteenth century, Philip IV. of France stirred up the enemies of the Templars to accuse them, not only of heresy but of blasphemy, and of the most improbable crimes. Some not only charged the knights with trampling on the cross; but with adoring the image of a cat! Nothing like sensational lies for the superstitious; the wild story was believed by many, Edward II. of England joined in the outcry, hoping to share the plunder, and in the year 1312 the Pope was terrified into suppressing the order. Many of the vast estates went to the rival order, the Knights Hospitallers; but the London Temple, after passing through many hands, was granted by Edward III. to the professors of English law. Thus the sword of the knight yielded to the robe of the advocate,

and through all succeeding ages the Inner and Middle Temples have been the colleges and homes of English lawyers.

The church has had one or two narrow escapes from destruction. Wat Tyler's mob hated peas, ink, and paper as ruinous to a state, and therefore heartily abhorred the lawyers. "The poor fools" set fire to a part of the Temple in June, 1381, destroyed parchments and books, but did not burn the church, being probably somewhat fatigued with the destruction of the adjoining Savoy Palace, and perhaps a little frightened by the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still more imminent was the peril of the ancient pile when the great fire of London swept through the Temple, stopping close to the church walls. But, though the building escaped the flames, it could not stay the deforming hands of a low and uncultivated taste. The rich devices of the ancient roof were, in the sixteenth and following centuries, covered with whitewash! The marble pillars and walls were treated in the same artistic manner, and as the unfortunate walls looked rather cold after the whitewashing, they were nicely covered up with wainscoting to the height of eight feet. The tessellated floor was carefully hidden beneath two hundred cart-loads of earth, over which lay vulgar slabs of common gravestones. The ancient "Round" was separated from the nave by a cozy screen and organ gallery. Was not all this thoroughly orthodox and comfortable? But what restored the church to its pristine beauty? Simply better education and a purer taste. The Inner and Middle Temples expended upwards of £70,000 in removing the defacements of ignorance and remedying the decays of time. The year 1868 shows the pile substantially as it stood when Henry III. and his nobles attended the consecration of the nave.

The names of Hooker and Goldsmith are too closely connected with the Temple Church, to be entirely passed over. Hooker preached from this pulpit the principles afterwards enforced in his great work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and Goldsmith found a grave under the shadow of the church wall. Our space will admit of a few remarks only on each.

Most readers know that Mr. Richard Hooker was born at Heavitree, Exeter, in 1553, educated in the newly-founded college of Corpus Christi, Oxford, where his rooms are still shown; and that he was chosen master of the Temple in 1585. Few are ignorant that he resigned this office in 1591, to find more leisure for completing the "Ecclesiastical Polity," in the rectory of Boscum, near Salisbury. The first four books of the work were published in 1594, and in the next year Hooker left Boscum for Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, where he died, and was buried in the year 1600.

Hooker is now known only by his once famous "Ecclesiastical Polity." What is the book about? some may courageously ask. It is simply a moderate and learned defence of the Church of England, written by a man who could free his understanding from extreme views, and treated the most violent opponents with courtesy and even gentleness. His words will best illustrate his character: "Three words spoken in meekness and charity will have a more blessed reward than three thousand volumes writ with disdainful sharpness of wit."

This calm balance of judgment and noble placidity, have won for Hooker the enduring title of "the judicious." What connection has the "Polity" with the Temple Church? The reader will remember that Hooker preached in the morning to the Templars, but the afternoon lecturer was Mr. Walter Travers, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and chaplain to Lord Burghley. Now Mr. Travers objected to bishops, liturgies, and surplices; so it fell out that the morning sermons pointed to Canterbury, and the afternoon to Geneva.

Archbishop Whitgift thought to hush the dispute by taking the preaching licence from Mr. Travers; but this made matters worse. The storm waxed louder and louder; Hooker, not being able to prepare his full argument in such a tempest, resigned his mastership and retired to Boscum. We very much fear, however, that even here the "Polity" was not always composed in a sublime calm. The divine had a wife; she possessed a waspish temper, and thought little of ordering Richard to rock the cradle, when the servant was busy. The dear, good, and too easy man would sometimes obey, jogging the cradle with his foot, while his hand drove the pen. There's a contrast! Hooker in the Temple pulpit, and Hooker rocking the cradle. Thus the morning sermons in the Temple Church, between the years 1585 and 1591, may be regarded as the rough drafts of the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

We do not expect that in these times, when books march forth by legions, we shall induce many readers to study this once famous work. The man of taste will still be struck with the beauty and majesty of passages in the first book, though the topics of modern controversy, and new modes of treatment, may tend to keep Hooker's work to the libraries of students. The principles laid down in the "Polity" are, however, applicable

to some of the most exciting ecclesiastical disputes of the present day. As the Temple Church may be deemed the birthplace of a great work in English literature, it is to be regretted that the bust of Hooker in the church is the only visible memento of one whose name was formerly as famous in the Vatican as in London. Hare Court, with Johnson's and Goldsmith's Buildings, remind us of a lawyer, a man of letters, and a poet; but the visitor looks in vain for the name of Hooker on some of the many vantage spaces near the church.

From the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" to the writer of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a long stride. The words, "Oliver Goldsmith," may be read on a large gravestone on the north side of the church, and Goldsmith's Buildings, close by, remind all of the strange man of genius, who ranked as the friend, pet, and butt of Johnson. Why was the poet buried here? He resided towards the close of life in the Temple, and became known to many who pitied his follies while they respected his kindliness and genius. The poet's last home was at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, his chambers being immediately over those of Mr. Blackstone, then a student, afterwards judge, and author of the famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England." The spring sun of 1774 was beginning to shine brightly on the dial in Brick Court, when a slow fever, partly produced by ceaseless anxiety, was rapidly wearing out the life of Goldsmith. On the 4th of April in that year men saw the windows of his room closed, and knew that the author of "The Deserted Village" was dead, at the age of forty-five. If many blamed his want of purpose, his undue love of ease, his vanity and little self-control, yet all appreciated the wide sympathy and simplicity, like that of a child, which marked his character. Few may agree with Crabbe's estimate, that

"Never mortal left this world of sin
More like the infant that he entered in,"

but many will admit that the associate of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds must have combined moral qualities with surprising genius.

Thus the Temple Church brings before us the enthusiasm of ancient knighthood, the majesty of law superseding the power of the sword, the vestment and ritual disputes of the sixteenth century, and the peculiar struggles of a man of genius.

JACOB AND ESAU:

TYPES OF THE SPIRITUAL AND CARNAL MAN.

LOOKING at the story of Jacob and Esau, in the matter of the birthright and the blessing (Gen. xxv. 29—34; xxvii. 30—35), from a human standpoint, we cannot feel pleased with the conduct of the former. How unlike a brother to ask for anything in return for a mere "mess of pottage" to satisfy the biting cravings of hunger. And to ask for the birthright! What profound selfishness! And to ask for it at such a time! Here is something like Satan's asking the Messiah to change stones into bread when he was "an hungered" after his fast of forty days—conduct displaying a most ungenerous and cunning craftiness.

Then, in the case of the blessing, though he knew he would be doing wrong, he yielded to his mother's persuasion, and carried out her deceitful scheme. Here is a wilful sin deliberately committed against the warning voice of an unwilling conscience. And worse still—he openly lied to his blind father Isaac. Deaf to the additional warning given him by the recognition of his voice by his father—"the voice is Jacob's voice; art thou my very son Esau?"—he persisted in affirming that he was his eldest son Esau.

We have thus in Jacob's character the following catalogue of faults: selfishness; unloving and unlovely craftiness and deceitfulness; despising of conscience; untruth. From this point of view, therefore, we should conclude that he was anything but a good man.

Viewed from the same ground, Esau stands out well. A simple-minded, open-hearted young man; free as the air, "a cunning hunter, a man of the field;" his father's pride, for whom he delighted "to take venison" with his "weapons—quiver and bow."

We feel for him in his distress. We pity him, as with a loud wail he cries out, "Bless me, even me also, O my father."

The sympathies of the natural heart reverse the Divine decree, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated" (Rom. ix. 13.; Mal. i. 1, 2).

But let us look at the two men from a new standpoint—as they stand in relation to God and God's plans. Esau's mind and heart are "set on things on the earth." The world, the temporal, are all he concerns himself about. He is "of the earth, earthy." Let him enjoy his sport, feed and clothe him, and he is content. Man, as made "in the image of God;" man, as a spiritual being capable of holding communion with the heavenly and the divine; man, as intended by God for a higher and nobler stage of existence than the

present, is a being totally unknown to, undreamt of, by Esau. All divine and spiritual things were far above his thoughts and affections. He walked by sight, not by faith. As the eldest son, he must have known that, after his father's death, the conduct of Divine worship would devolve upon him; that he should be, as it were, the priest of the family; and that, as such, it would be his duty and privilege to direct men's thoughts to the great promise, which separated the seed of Abraham from and elevated it above all other races of men—the promise that was made to Abraham after that mysterious transaction, the sacrifice of Isaac, on Mount Moriah—viz., "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xxii. 18). Though he could not have been a stranger to this, he never entered into the inner meaning of it. He could not by a spiritual gaze through the vista of ages discern the "form of the Son of Man"—the blessing of the nations. He did not, like Abraham, "see the day of Christ." It never struck him that God might intend *him* to be a link in the chain which was to end in the "desire of all nations"—Jesus Christ.

He was too gross, too material, to receive and to respond to God's call. He had no soil in which God's gifts might grow, and from which they might be dispensed to others. A man who lived in and for the present, as having nothing to do with the ages to come—such was Esau, and so he "sold his birthright." The very thing which he ought to have valued most, as linking him to the Eternal and the Divine, this "he despised." No wonder St. Paul should call him a "profane person." No wonder God rejected and hated him.

Of what use was such a man to carry out God's plan for the education and salvation of the world? The "blessing" would have been useless in his hands; nay, he would ere long have sold it as he did his birthright.

But, as it always happens, when a man despises *one* of God's gifts, and deliberately sets it aside, he loses another which he would fain retain. God's gifts to the soul are sister graces; and if one is wilfully parted with, the others will depart whether we will or no.

Esau *sold* his birthright. He *lost* the blessing. Vain his tears, vain his bitter cry; the sister grace—blessing—followed the birthright which he had so profanely sold. They now dwelt with a man who would value them. *Value* them. Herein lies the difference between the two men. Jacob could enter into God's plans. He would

try to understand the mind of God; what he purposed to do, what he wished *him* to do, in order to bring about the fulfilment of the promise: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Jacob was a spiritual man; a man of faith, a man of the future. He looked upwards and forwards, and taught others to do the same. God might trust such a man with a revelation. He had a spirit to converse with God, a mind to lay hold of his promises, a heart to love him for his holiness and his love, a will strong to execute his commands at all cost. The very selfishness and deceit which he showed in obtaining the birthright and the blessing, were a proof of the great value which he set upon them. He reminds us of the Great Teacher's words: "Be wise as serpents." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt. xi. 12).

These blessings brought him into an *intimate relationship with God*. Is it to be wondered at, that when he found his brother's dulness of appreciation, he should covet his privileges? Nay, knowing as we do that his mother, whose favourite son he was, had been told by God that "the elder should serve the younger," and that she would, as a matter of course, hint at this to him, does it not seem to us that he was almost morally bound to endeavour to rescue them from his brother's profane indifference and contempt?

Without doubt, Jacob is the true heir to the promise; the man for God to employ to carry out his plans; the man to be the ancestor of the Messiah. It is God's

"— righteous doom, that meek, true-hearted Love
The everlasting birthright should receive;
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn."

But it might be objected: "Then God approves of our doing evil that good may come." It is quite true that, in the matter before us, God so

controlled events that they ended in the good of the world: but it is not true that God approved of Jacob's mode of obtaining the birthright and the blessing. It was radically wrong for the man of faith to employ the method of the man who walks by sight; for the spiritual man to use "carnal weapons" in a spiritual cause. And his after-life would seem to show that he was made to feel that he had acted wrongly. No sooner is the blessing secured, than his troubles begin. Henceforth his life is full of sorrow, suffering, and unrest. Deceived, persecuted, bowed down with grief at his sons' crimes, his daughter's shame, the loss of his wives, and the long absence of Joseph, he wails out a bitter confession before the King of Egypt: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."

Consciously or unconsciously, he confirmed the truth of that great moral law: "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth."

But on the whole, Jacob's heart was right with God; and God was with him. Who can forget the ladder, and the angels, and the God of Bethel? "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."

Who can forget Jacob's return from Padan-aram, when he was met by angels; and when, after a whole night's wrestling with that mysterious "Man," he obtained a blessing, and the new name of Israel—Prince with God? Jacob was one of God's heroes; a pattern worthy of men's attentive study and imitation. In his sufferings, he is indeed a warning to us, never to do even the slightest wrong to secure the greatest good. But the chief lesson of his life is, the pre-eminence of a spiritual and religious mind; a mind which "seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" sets heaven above earth; God before man; the eternal before the temporal.

A WORD UPON BEING LAZY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



WHAT a picture Solomon gives us of the neglected farm of a Hebrew householder! All the historical associations of the scene are thoroughly Eastern. In the beautiful early light of morning, the wise man goes by the home of the slothful. There, in the curtained chamber, is the dull, leaden sleeper, turning from side to side, his life wasted in repose, his senses soddened with sleep. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the great world is awake and active in its many forms of duty, and he, condemned by the very beasts, which know their time of rising and

resting, still, in densest idleness, slumbers on. While he sleeps, however, we can take a look at the ravelled curtains of his window above, and can peep through the broken wall! We see the nettles uprising between the chinks in the yard pavement, the stone crumbling in decay, the vine dragging on the ground, and a tangled mass of weeds and thorns covering the ruinous enclosure. There is, it will be noticed, in this picture of Solomon's, another form stalking along to the dismal dwelling-place—viz., rude, gaunt, hollow-eyed Want, nearing, by steady but sure degrees, the scene. "Poverty cometh as one that travelleth."

Laziness has done it all. We might, indeed, look for ripening clusters of grapes, and, above all, for waving fields of grain; for all the world over man lives by bread, and accordingly, the corn of wheat is adapted to every climate and to every soil.

The field or vineyard needed, as we say, hedging or fencing, for Eastern grapes grow somewhat like our English hops; neglected, they are quickly trodden under foot alike of man and beast. A fenceless vineyard soon becomes a scene of dilapidation and disgrace, instead of a picture of plenty and beauty. So man makes or mars his lot; so the diligent hand maketh rich, and the lazy sleeper loseth even bread. Thus, while the sluggard is indulging in his sloth, an inspired etching has been taken of the scene while he slumbers, that we may learn from a faithful picture taken through the gap of a broken wall.

Will it be too much to suggest that laziness is no uncommon sin? Not that industry, in and of itself, is a virtue. There is much earnestness misdirected, and much arduous effort directed to that which is positively evil. Love to Christ ought to be the motive of all labour; so that, whether we eat or drink, get or give, we may do all to the glory of God. But if industry by and of itself is no virtue, laziness is unquestionably a vice. We are apt to criticise rather severely Eastern habits and customs, and to speak of the Turk reclining upon his ottoman as the symbol of a laziness which does not belong to us. I question, however, despite these criticisms on Asiatics and Turks, if laziness is not one of the great vices of our land. "What!" you say, "consider this busy, enterprising, active age; this age so full of discoveries in science and applications of those discoveries in practical ways; this age of eager competition and energetic hasting to be rich!" Yes, sloth is to be seen all around us in Britain, and that in many of its worst forms. How many fail in life from want of persevering effort, and hang on to anybody who will help to hold them up; men who start well, and, in a year or two, take to morning "refreshers," and to the shifting of hard duties on others. It was told me the other day by a settler that, in his country, every man tries as soon as may be to become a "boss"—a very peculiar title for master. That the settler may lean over the fence and look on whilst others do the handiwork, is not, however, equivalent to laziness; for he would have to use his brain, and probably find an experience of the fact that worry is harder than work.

No greater mistake can be made than that of those who constantly speak of the working classes as though handicraft was the hardest work. Brain work against back work, say I, for hardness, all the world over. Nor can any thoughtful observer

doubt that laziness is the sin of all classes, and certainly of the poor as well as the rich. Most of the misery of the poor in all parishes comes from pure sloth. Some people smile at the Eastern picture of the women carrying the water-pots and other heavy burdens, but it is manifestly true in many cases amongst the poor that the fathers spend their money in drink and their evenings in idleness, leaving the women-folk the hard work of home. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men who, in our great cities alone, spend their hours when off duty in the alehouse, when they might be recreating their minds by some new form of activity, or easing home-burdens by lending a helping hand in some household cares and duties. All that dense drugging of the brain, all that lolling about of the body, induces sensual sloth, till human life becomes scarcely more than an animal existence. What are nine hours out of the day spent in work (and I hope no one looking at a London bricklayer, for instance, will call that *exhausting* labour), while the rest of the time apart from sleep is given over to mere lazy indulgence? Any one can see the relation of all this to religion. What chance has the Gospel when Sunday finds the home untidy, the garments unready, and the whole surroundings unhealthy?

The amount which the people spend in unnecessary indulgences is sufficient to feed, clothe, and educate the whole mass of the needy. With a population like ours, well provided with spheres of toil, there need be little want, were it not for this awful and amazing sloth. Sloth, then, is a sin, and not an uncommon sin—a sin of the rich and of the poor, a sin by which the higher nature becomes deadened, and the resources which God has surrounded us with, perverted and wasted.

Laziness is always a growing and deepening evil. It creeps over us like the lichen on the tree-trunk, like the ivy on the oak. It leads, in the end, to the loss of character and of reputation. We sleep in the lap of Delilah, and then our locks are shorn off. Those who do little work, come in a very brief time to do still less; whilst any one who knows anything of men must see that, if you want a thing done well, you must get it done by those who have already their hands pretty full. They economise time, order their arrangements, and husband their energies. It is not physical weakness that we suffer from, so much as physical perversion; we load the senses with chains. The lazy are always in a difficulty, whatever you may do for them. They lose the start. They are always shovelling away at the Augean stable of neglected duty, but can never clear their work. Moreover, they stand directly in the way of their own advancement; they neglect that work in the course of daily duty which is the best preparation for opportunities to come. As Ruskin suggests, it

is not that there are too many efficient men waiting for places, but places are ever waiting for efficient men. Laziness sees the tide come up which only rises once or twice in a lifetime, and, instead of taking it at the flood, only mourns that the boat wants caulking and fitting to be ready for sea.

Laziness is not only an immoral, it is an un-Christian thing. We all of us ought to redeem the time. Our little day will soon be over. Ploughs of duty are all ready for us to put our hand to. The spade is ready for us to dig some channel for the living waters of the Gospel to flow in to other hearts and homes. Surely we ought to remember that we are "not our own;" that to be lazy beneath the motive power of the Cross is the worst infidelity to Christ. We know what the great Lord of the harvest thinks of the slothful servant; he has left us in no manner of doubt concerning that. Nor can we miss the lesson of his own divinely active life. In him mercy found, not only the fountain in which it springs, but the active channel through which it flows. He went about doing good. "I must be about my Father's business" was an utterance which breathed the whole spirit of his life. There ought to be in us all that Bishop Hall calls a "fulfilling our course;" not like Hezekiah's sun, which went backwards, nor like Joshua's sun, which stood still, but like David's sun, which "rejoiced as a giant to run a race."

Laziness is a dangerous and infectious thing. It tells on others. Let fathers and mothers look to this. Precept is of no use without practice. If our children are to be energetic, earnest, and successful—and what parent is there worthy of the name who does not wish to see his children occupying a higher position than he does himself?—then let them see that our ideas of providence are not puerile ones about sitting still and waiting, but rather of getting up and working. Let them see that we are alive to duty, and alive to duty for Christ. Carlyle says, "Think of living. It is no idle dream—it is thine own—it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unobscured, yet unobtrusive." Yes! laziness soon affects our children, our neighbours, and our friends; and so does activity. How soon children catch the infectious influence of work, and love to have their little hand in it! What a crime it will be to let lazy, sluggish habits on our part affect their future history!

Laziness is often created by difficulties and disheartenings. We are in danger of giving up because of trials. The child begins to stitch the canvas better than she finishes it; the artist tires; the student's attention wearies. We go cheerily to the battle; but the conflict and the crowd dishearten us! As it is in the world, so

it is in religion. After all, we are so often discovering the evils of our own heart—so often cast down in the most earnest conflict, that we by degrees become slack in well-doing. "Ye did run well; what doth hinder?" Some difficult irregular verb stops the boy in his Greek, and he begins to copy from the next form boy—and so loses his progress and his power. So some spiritual difficulty affects us. We give way to a fit of passion or a fit of temper, and we say, "Alas! it is of no use trying." So laziness creeps over our best endeavours after the divine life; and we ask and receive not, because we ask idly and amiss.

Laziness has many masks of virtue. We are sure to be deceived by every sin if we listen to it. "Oh," says the deceitful heart, "take care of the danger of over-zeal." "Oh," says the proverb, "too much haste overshoots the mark." "Oh," says the fair Prudence, "take care of the brain." But has not a recent physician told us that softening of the brain oftener comes from laziness than labour? At times we are tempted to think that the philosophy of "let be" is more in harmony with beautiful ideas of Providence than the philosophy of doing the best you can. In this case the Bible can answer for itself, and we need not doubt what the issue will be; for there are hundreds of texts enjoining diligence in all matters—social, civil, and religious.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and the sooner we are aroused from the first nap the better, especially as we are in a world where all around us there are calls to work, and to work while it is called to-day. The Christian cannot slumber on without forfeiting one of the foremost resemblances which he should bear to the great Master. It was his meat and his drink to do his Father's will. "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." Work, hard and earnest work, is the lot of all Christ's disciples. By this I do not mean the outward show and seeming of work, but self-sacrificing spiritual consecration to Christ's great cause, in whatever sphere God's providence may have placed us.

Laziness grows on people till even to tie a shoe-string becomes a toil. Some people have had, in the after-time of some great tribulations, to thank God for renewed calls to duty heard through the bugle-notes of necessity. They had fallen into a sleep of self-indulgence, from which sharp battles with the world aroused them. And it may be that, in the great spiritual fold of the Church, hard battles with superstition, scepticism, and sin still await us, which, by their very intensity of strife, will arouse from their torpor those who cannot watch with Christ one hour, and whom the blessed Master always finds sleeping.



(Drawn by F. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Read me the lines that lie
Along that sunset sky."—p. 874.

A REVERIE.

READ me the lines that lie
 Along that sunset sky,
 O Thought! its living characters unfold.
 Tell me the wondrous things
 Trac'd, as with angels' wings,
 Across that broad, far-stretching scroll of gold.

Show me their meaning deep!
 Unlock, as from a sleep,
 The sacred tomes—the book that few can read.
 We read, but not aright:
 Scarce flasheth on our sight
 The untold Love that fain would fill our need.

What, though the ash-trees spread
 Their canopies o'erhead,
 And raise their draperied arms to screen the sky—
 By contrast they are dark!
 The eye would only mark
 Those sunset clouds, suggesting musings high.

Here, like the chequer'd Past,
 Twin'd, lacing branches cast
 Their curious shadows o'er our path the while.
 And soft the sunset falls
 On gray and crumbling walls,
 More lovely 'neath Time's frown than 'neath his smile.

Ah me! when friends depart,
 Not all at once the heart
 Recovers from its inner shock and strain
 To seek out new: but lo!
 Should they around it flow,
 Love is not new—it is the old again!

The power, from darkness brought,
 That flashes thought for thought,
 And speeds the ship across the stormy deep
 With swiftly-ploughing keel,
 And turns blind Fortune's wheel,
 Is not new-born, but wak'd from ages' sleep.

Ah me! who leaveth not
 The dear old haunted spot—
 The clump of trees—the wayside hut or stone—
 With sadder, fonder heart
 Than ever he will part,
 In after-years, from beauty newly known?

The clear blue hills that rise
 Sheer up to childhood's skies—
 The village church-bell—faces of old times—
 Say, loves not life to keep
 Their memories far more deep
 Than classic lay, or stately minster's chimes?

The sunset glory fades—
 The calm grey night's deep shades
 O'er earth their mantle solemnly have cast—
 But o'er its ancient track
 The light shall struggle back,
 And dawn shall blush again when night is past.

Lighten our darkness, Lord!
 Deliverance accord
 From perils and all dangers of this night.
 And when Death's night is past,
 Oh! bid us wake at last
 With Thee, for His dear sake whose love is light!

A. B.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LXV.

ONE MORE VICTIM, AND THE LAST.

HARLEY had gone to bed, and Harold sat reading in his little parlour. It was a dark night, and rainy, and the doors were fastened. No visitors were likely to come at that hour. All at once, a knocking was heard. Then the bolt was withdrawn, and there glided into Harold's presence, Lady Sylvester!

He got up surprised, and a little alarmed. She went up to him; she, who had scarce deigned to breathe the air he breathed, laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must come with me," she cried, in a half-suffocated tone. "Alice is dying!"

"Dying!"

He did not realise the force of the expression, though it stunned him.

"Yes; come! come!" she repeated, with a wildness that terrified him. "See, I implore you!" for she fancied that he hesitated, and she did not under-

stand, in the least, the nature of Harold Blake. "I, who have never knelt to any one, kneel to you, and beseech of you to come!"

He raised her gently. She had sunk on her knees before him. He was more affected than he had ever been in his life.

"Dear Lady Sylvester," he said, scarce able to speak for agitation, "I will go with you."

He raised her, but she sank again, and knelt, her head bowed to the earth. She might have been praying, and I think she was.

He left her there, a moment, while he made a few hurried arrangements. When they were completed, he went back to her. She was still kneeling, where he had left her. She was uttering suppressed ejaculations. She was saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He spoke to her, in that soothing tone that was habitual to Harold Blake. She got up hastily, and drew her shawl round her. He took her hand, and led her to the hired carriage that stood at the door. She leaned on him, as if for support. Yes; on him, Harold Blake!

During the ride, she sat with clasped hands, and uttered not a word, if we except once, when she bowed down her head, and covered her face. Again I think she was praying!

Let her pray; let the hard heart dissolve in grief and penitence. The sins of a lifetime have been visited on her head to-day!

He did not try to speak to her. His own heart was rent with a mighty sorrow. But there was, unconsciously, a kind of link established between these two, who had been so long apart. From time to time, he gave her a look of sympathy, and she did not resent it. When the carriage stopped, she took his arm, and leaned on him; nay, she almost clung to him. Who was the strong one now, and who was the weak?

They alighted at the Grange. How silent and solemn it was! No one was there to meet them. Only a twinkling light shone in one solitary window. It was the window of Alice's room.

When a nature fortified by iron resolution and indomitable pride once begins to succumb, there is danger of prostration. Lady Sylvester had almost reached that point, as she entered the Grange. She was exhausted by mere physical fatigue. If hope be withdrawn she will fail; and hope is but catching at a straw.

Oh, to bring back but one fraction of the dread, irrevocable past!—one solitary fragment to stand between her and this overwhelming sorrow. On it she would build a new life; carry out new purposes. Ah! were it not too late.

She knew what she had done. Conscience had been ringing the changes in her ears all through the solitary day. She had killed her daughter!

Were there not victims enough, it asked, to the great Sylvester dignity, that she need let this one perish? Who was she, it demanded—a worm of the earth—a poor fallen child of Adam, the inheritor of sin and death, that she should be thus exalted? Let her lie low in the dust. Let the proud head be bowed, the lofty looks be humbled.

This is a sorrow that a lifetime cannot heal; a desolation too vast to be repaired. The whole dynasty of Sylvesters cannot atone for this.

But there was hope, she thought. Love is stronger than death; and these two had loved. Oh, let love do its utmost to recall the fluttering spirit back. Let him speak to her—when she hears him she will revive.

He did speak. He bent over her, and took the white hand in his. He said he was come to carry her away from here. He whispered again of home, security, and peace.

She heard him, and the eyelids quivered, and the hand gave a feeble pressure. But she could do no more. There came, even while they gazed at her—these two united in the bonds of a common sorrow—there came the final struggle. The tender heart that had been so racked for others' woes, ceased gradually to beat; the gentle spirit winged its way to a better and happier land.

Yes, even while they looked at her, she *died*!

CHAPTER LXVI.

JOHN HUMPHREYS FINDS HIS WAY HOME.

WHEN John Humphreys had finished his prayer, he rose, and looked about him like a man who is not quite decided what course to adopt. His mind felt calm and composed, a kind of peace long unknown to him had stolen into his heart; oil had been poured on the troubled waters.

In this calmness and stillness certain inward convictions were heard to speak; a voice seemed to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

He began to feel assured what he ought to do; all doubt and hesitation vanished. He ought to return home. He thought of home, and wife, and all the ties that had once been so precious, and wept as he thought of them. But his tears were not now those of weakness; he was strong. No matter what he might meet with on his return, his resolution was fixed; he had acted out a timid and sinful policy, and God had punished him. Now he would look his trouble in the face, and meet it like a man. Far better for him, had he done so from the first.

His resolve was quickly carried into action; there was no object in going back to Northwold, save just to say farewell to the woman who had been kind to him; this done, he would set off at once for Newbury.

How to get there he hardly knew. He had no money, he had sold, not pawned, his watch, and it could not be available a second time. A vista of weary miles rose up, between him and Rachel. Well, be it so! That Divine Power, which had saved him from destruction, and planted these better feelings within him, would surely sustain him to the end.

Good Mrs. Potts was watching for him at the door of her house; she had a kind of inkling as to what her husband had been about.

"So you've got work; well, I thought as much," she began to say, for the lodger's face was more cheerful than it had been this long time.

"No, I haven't," said John Humphreys, smiling.

"Ah, well, never mind!" She was a little disappointed, too, and she heard Jacob's hammer stop, as if he were listening.

"I haven't," continued John, still briskly, "and what's more, I don't mean to try for any, in these parts. The fact is, I'm going home!"

The words bounded from his mouth almost before he was aware.

"Home!" and a fulness of womanly sympathy and interest flushed into her face, and she sunk her voice to a whisper: "then you've got a wife."

John's eyes glistened, but he did not speak.

"Ah, I see! I see! Poor thing!"

This expression referring exclusively to Rachel.

He put out his hand and shook hers cordially.

"God bless you!" said he, in a smothered voice.

"Thank you, and I hope he'll forgive you," replied Mary Potts.

She thought he had deserted his wife, and was going back to her. In fact, a touching little history unfolded itself to the imagination of Mrs. Potts.

When the leave-taking was over, and it did not last long, John Humphreys set out on his journey. The days were gone by when he could whisk along the country at his ease, without care or thought for the future. Quite a different state of things had to be encountered now; if ever he reached home at all, it must be on foot.

He began slowly to drift towards Newbury; slowly, because his actual necessities had to be supplied; not by begging—he would never stoop to that, but by obtaining chance bits of employment on the way. When employment was not to be had, he suffered positive hunger.

Still, with all his hindrances and privations, he gradually approached his journey's end. And then, how did his heart begin to palpitate, with a variety of emotions, as he thought of Rachel!

He was very weary. He was so travel-stained, so haggard, so foot-sore, that no one would have recognised him as the spruce, light-hearted John Humphreys of other days.

He crept painfully into the town, under shelter of the evening shadows. He had got back to Newbury, but what then?

He had no one to thank but himself that he was returning thus. His own cowardice, his own impatience, too, had done the mischief. And how did he know what the extent of the mischief might be? How did he know, whether he should find Rachel? A great trembling seized him at the thought: Rachel—deserted, abandoned to all the tortures of suspense—might have sunk under her troubles—might have died! Yes, he might find his home desolate!

He had turned his steps towards his mother's house. He felt, instinctively, that this would be Rachel's refuge. As he walked up the street, his limbs shook beneath him. Once or twice, he stopped and leaned against the wall. At such moments he would look earnestly upwards, and clasp his hands together. He was praying that he might find Rachel!

See, there is a twinkling light in the window—a light that seems put there to guide him home. He hurries towards it, and then again he stops. That sickening dread is at his heart!

The blind was not down, nor the curtains closed.

He approached, still trembling, and looked into the room. A solitary woman sat by the fire. She was in deep mourning, and her face was buried in her hands.

For a moment, he thought he should have fallen, and the solid earth seemed to reel. Then, he composed himself, and looked again.

Yes, it was Rachel. Rachel, but how changed! How furrowed, how worn, the face that is lifted up! How sad, how solitary she is! What a wreck he has made her! Yet, thank God, it is Rachel!

He never knew, with any exactness, what happened during the next few moments; but he was in the house, and Rachel was in his arms!

At first she cried out with a kind of terror. She did not know him, in that uncertain light, and her nerves were sadly shaken; but when he spoke, oh! then came a gush of joy to the desolate heart—then

came a sense of security, of gladness, of freedom! No matter how changed he was, how fallen, how like an outcast—a vagabond; no matter anything, so she could hold him in her arms, and feel assured that he had come back.

When he asked her to forgive him, when he told her of his deep penitence and sorrow, she did not answer except by tears. She had drawn the poor, tired head on to her kind bosom. She had made him feel, from the first, that whoever might reproach him, she would not. Very sweet were these few blissful moments of reunion!

But after a time, he roused himself. He knew what he had to do. There was a fearful question in his eyes. The old haunting terror came back. She saw it, and she smiled.

"Dear John, you need not think of that," she said, tenderly. And then she told him how mercifully Providence had dealt with them both, and how all his suspense and separation might have been spared. And as she said it, she wept for joy, and so did he. And he knelt down, and in the fulness of his heart returned thanks to God.

With that burden removed, how clear, how easy seemed the path before him! How he would strain every nerve to redeem the past!

There was another question that it would be more difficult to answer.

Every now and then he had glanced round with a look of expectation. He had stopped to listen for some familiar footstep. It had been on his lips to say, "Where is my mother?"

Now he did say it, and a little impatiently. He wondered she did not come. And as Rachel hesitated, he got up, repeating the words, "Where is my mother?"

Then, all at once he guessed it—all at once the expression of Rachel's face, her black dress, her solitary condition, her silence, told him the story. He knew, as by a quick, vivid intuition, that his mother was dead.

It was a blow that struck him to the very heart. It was a catastrophe, the result of his own misdoings. He had broken his mother's heart—he had brought down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!

CHAPTER LXVII.

RE-UNION.

THE chink of the hammer and the noise of the carpenters' tools were heard on the site of the old house on the common. The old house itself had been demolished—and time it was, so said the little world of Newbury.

Yet at this very moment, a Sylvester stands looking on the pretentious dwelling that is being reared on the spot where his race so long held ruin at bay. A Sylvester, on whom much depended at one time, and whose hopes were high. Now, he is shorn of all his grandeur, and treads the rugged highway of the world on foot.

There is an expression of sadness in his face as he gazes; but it is not born of any regret for the ancient

splendour of his house. No, it is a sadness of contrition—one might call it remorse.

By-and-by, you will see him in a quiet country churchyard, not far from here; a place where the Sylvesters lie buried under marble tombstones, and seem as if, even in death, they could scarce shake off their pretentiousness. He is not thinking of them, or if he is, it is only with anger. He is kneeling by a grave, with a simple headstone, and on it is engraven the name, "Alice Sylvester."

And as he kneels, he says, in the bitterness of his soul, "*We* have killed her—yes, *we*, the Sylvesters!"

By that grave, he makes a vow, and it is registered on high. He will, God's grace assisting, be a humble hardworking Christian man; he will shake off, once and for all, the trammels of his race; he will up and be doing in this world, so full of enterprise and action. And, it may be, he lifts up his eyes as he thinks it, to the calm summer heaven; it may be, that he and the dear one for whom he weeps, may be united in a better land than this. For she is not lost, but gone before!

It was quite a country churchyard, as I told you. It lay out of the noisy track of life, under the shadow of the ivy-covered steeple, and great trees bent reverently over it. He lingered, to enjoy the silence and the deep repose. His days had been full of turmoil and unrest, he had had no space for recollection, or for communion with his God. It seemed good for him to be here!

As he lingered, there came a soft rustling sound, and some one was approaching. He thought then that he would go; he was in no mood for interruption; his hour of peace had ended.

Scarcely had he thought so, when the sound came nearer. It was that of a soft garment rustling on the grass. Some woman, perhaps, who had come, like him, to mourn over the dead. He turned to look, impelled by a feeling of kindred interest. There stood Josephine Graham!

Yes, Josephine! And they two were alone, close by the grave of Alice.

He was violently agitated. He had not seen her since the day he bought her picture. He had her picture now; he had cherished it, through all the wreck and ruin.

How passionately his heart clung to her! How tumultuously every pulse was stirred at the sight of that sweet face, mournful but calm! How conscience-stricken, how remorseful he felt! How bitterly he yearned to undo the past, to bring back that happy time when he might say to Josephine, "My love—my love!"

He dare not say it; he was afraid even to look her in the face.

She was calmer than he was, though the surprise made her heart beat convulsively. She loved this solitary spot, and had been wont to come there, never thinking to encounter Raymond.

She had heard his history, to the minutest point. She had seen the old fabric, he had struggled so to sustain, go to ruin. She knew how the Newbury

world exulted over the humbling of the Sylvesters; but she did not exult. Oh, no! her nature was too generous, too pitiful. She had secretly wept over them!

Now, when she saw him, the man she loved, in his deep humiliation, and knew what he had suffered, and how bitter had been his experience, she felt her tears gush forth in her own despite; she turned away lest he should see them. But he did see them; he was by her side in a moment.

"Josephine, are those tears for me?"

She did not speak, she let him take her hand. Oh, was it possible! Could such a thing be, that in his loneliness and degradation, Josephine could yet love him?

He had nothing to offer her now. He had his way to work out of sheer poverty; his future was all uncertain; yet the first gleam of happiness stole into his mind, as he stood in this lonely spot with Josephine!

CONCLUSION.

THERE are no Sylvesters now in Newbury, the very name seems to have died out; the old Grange, their last refuge, has been pulled down, and not one stone has been left upon another. But if we look elsewhere, we shall find that the family is not without a representative.

Lord Lyntonwaithe has a secretary in whom he places implicit confidence, and who is likely to be a rising man. His name is Raymond Sylvester.

Raymond lives in a pleasant villa with a garden, in which children's voices are heard continually, and his wife is named Josephine. There lives with him, too, a lady with snow-white hair, and a figure bent more with grief than with years; a humble, pious woman, whose pride lies buried in a grave at Newbury, and whose life is one act of penitence and prayer: this is Lady Sylvester.

John Humphreys is fast working his way to competence. His grief for his mother's death was deep and lasting; but he did not allow it to sap his energies. He is now renting a small farm, and in all probability will purchase it ere long; and Rachel looks as cheerful and as blithe as ever.

Francis Heatherly thought better of his proposed removal into Dorsetshire. In fact, he found the society of Albina too attractive. He is, now, quite a family man, and his blue-eyed children run about the old house in Gower Street, and make it as lively as you please.

Harold Blake is owner of the silk-mill, and is one of the most influential men in Newbury. Mr. Mapleson was carried off by his hereditary complaint, the gout, and left all his property to Harold. Harold lives in a handsome house, on the outskirts of the town; and devotes himself to his business, and to doing all the good he can. But he lives alone (for poor Charley died some time ago), and he is a thoughtful, some call him a melancholy, man. He will never marry, they say; he will keep faithful to the memory of Alice Sylvester.

THE END.

UNCLE DAVID'S BUTTERFLIES.



ON a pretty hill in Devonshire, belted at its base with trees and bushes, stands a large white house, known to the inhabitants of the village as Rushbrook Grange. In this house lives Squire Rushbrook and his family, which consists of Mrs. Rushbrook and two little daughters, Maude and Amy.

Maude and Amy are the pets of all the villagers; especially Maude, whose gentle and amiable manners never fail to make her loved by rich or poor.

Never were two children fonder of each other than are Maude and Amy. If Amy is ever in disgrace with her parents, it is Maude who will plead for her little sister; it is Maude who is Amy's constant playmate, leaving her much-loved books at any moment when desired to join in Amy's favourite pastimes; and, in return, Amy is passionately attached to her sister, looking up to her almost as she does to her mamma.

Now on this particular day of which I am writing, great excitement prevailed in the little girls' minds, for Uncle David, who had just returned from India, and had come to live within a few minutes' walk of the Grange, had invited his little nieces to spend the afternoon with him.

Great speculations were rife as to whether Uncle David would be great or small, plain or handsome, kind or unkind, and it was therefore with no small delight that at the appointed hour the little girls set out on their way to their uncle's house.

When arrived there, Uncle David came out to the gate to welcome them, and after kissing them both, he took little Amy up in his arms and carried her to the house. Then he took them into the garden, and showed them such beautiful flowers, and such a pretty fountain; it made one feel quite cool to watch the jets of water dancing and sparkling in the bright, glaring sunlight. And then the fruit trees were laden with ripe, tempting fruit. Uncle David did not only show his nieces the pretty flowers and delicious fruit, but he also picked plenty of each for them, and better than all, let them help themselves. While thus pleasantly engaged, a lovely butterfly settled on a plant close to Amy, who immediately endeavoured to trap it by popping her hat over it, but Lady Butterfly was not thus easily to be gained, and, to Amy's sorrow, she flew off. Presently she lighted on another plant at a little distance, and Amy again tried to catch her, but without success. Amy's patience was by no means exhausted, and she commenced a chase, which proved to be of some length; but at last she brought back her captive in triumph. Maude and Uncle David both agreed that she was a splendid creature, and after they had sufficiently admired her, Uncle David told them that he

could show them butterflies ten times as beautiful as that one, that he had brought all the way from India with him, and had put in glass cases, on purpose to show to his friends.

Maude and Amy were delighted at the idea, and Amy was especially so, when her uncle told her that he would put her butterfly in one of the cases.

So Uncle David took them in-doors, and they had to go up to the very top room, which they found, as Uncle David had told them, filled with glass cases, containing butterflies, beetles, moths, and in short every variety of insects, of every size and colour. Maude and Amy had never before seen such pretty insects, and could scarcely believe it possible that there should be so many different kinds. They were very much amused at what Uncle David told them of the habits of these little creatures, and in this manner the time slipped by so very quickly, that they soon found they had come to the last case.

Finding that his little nieces were so interested, Uncle David told them he had one more case which he had not yet filled (and for that reason had not yet placed with the others), containing English butterflies and moths, and telling them he should be back in less than a minute, he quitted the room in order to fetch it.

But though Uncle David had said he would be back in less than a minute, he did not return till several had passed, for when he went down-stairs he found the housekeeper had a letter, which she was just about to bring him, and which required some little consideration before he could give the messenger who had brought it the required answer.

When Uncle David left the room Maude and Amy continued to look at the cases, Maude remaining before one in which she was particularly interested; and Amy, flying about the room very much like the butterflies themselves would have done had they been alive.

Suddenly Maude was startled by a crash, and on looking round she perceived to her dismay one of the cases lying on the floor, the glass smashed, and all the insects, of which her uncle was so proud, with their delicate wings and legs entirely broken and spoiled.

"Oh, Amy! how ever did you manage to break it?" exclaimed Maude. "What will uncle say?"

"I was trying to put my butterfly in," replied Amy; "Uncle David said it should go in one, and I saw a little place in this case just large enough, and I was pulling to get it open, and it fell down. Oh! what shall I do?" and Amy sat down on the floor and began to cry.

"There, never mind, Amy dear. I dare say, uncle won't be very angry if I tell him how sorry you are."

At this moment Uncle David was heard returning, and Maude hastily dried Amy's tears.

When Uncle David entered the room, he looked at the broken case, and, turning to Maude, exclaimed, "How's this?"

"Oh, Uncle David!" exclaimed Maude, "please do not be very angry with me. I am so sorry for it:" for Maude, rather than her little sister should incur her uncle's displeasure, had determined to let him think that she was the culprit.

"You must have been extremely careless," was Uncle David's reply. "I thought you able to be trusted, but I find I was mistaken;" and turning to Amy, he exclaimed, "Here is the case I promised to show you, and this is the one your butterfly is to go in."

After they had looked at the case, Uncle David took them down-stairs, Amy holding his hand, and Maude following them.

Here they found the tea awaiting them, and the room was so delightfully cool, the window opened on to the lawn, and being almost covered with roses and honeysuckles, the perfume of the flowers was perfectly enchanting. But Maude, though she could not be quite insensible to the loveliness of the flowers and the refreshing shade, was anything but happy; she felt gloomy and miserable, and her self-inflicted sacrifice proved to be a much greater burden than she had supposed.

After tea, Uncle David showed them some beautiful pictures, and a great many curious things he had brought from India with him, and though he did not again mention the subject of the broken case, and seemed entirely to have forgotten it, still Maude could not feel at her ease again, and she felt sure her uncle must think she was a very tiresome little girl. Very thankful was she when the hour arrived at which their mamma had told them they must return, and it was with the utmost impatience she waited till the nurse arrived to fetch them.

Uncle David insisted on putting on Amy's pelisse and hat himself; and it tickled Amy's fancy immensely when he put on her hat the wrong way, and then asked her if that was right.

When they reached home Amy burst into the room where her papa and mamma were sitting, and began giving them a most animated account of the delights of the afternoon; but Mrs. Rushbrook, wondering at Maude's unusual silence, called her to her side, exclaiming, "Well, and how has my Maude enjoyed herself?"

To her surprise, Maude burst out crying, and when asked the reason, returned no answer. It was in vain her papa and mamma questioned her, nothing would she tell them of the cause of her distress; and, finally, her parents settled it in their minds that she was tired out, and, accordingly, bidding her good night, told her she had better not stay up any longer.

Amy was very sorry indeed to see Maude so distressed, and she made up her mind that, when her

mamma came up to bid them good night and see that they were quite comfortable, as was her custom, she would tell her all about it; but she could not summon the courage to do so before her papa.

But, unfortunately, by that time Amy was fast asleep; so the adventure remained untold for that night at least, and, as it proved, for many other nights too: for Amy, though full of the best intentions, could not summon the courage, and therefore put it off from time to time, till she found a week had slipped away before she knew it.

But Amy was really a tender-hearted little creature; and when she saw poor Maude looking dispirited and miserable, she made up her mind that her kind sister should suffer no more on her account. Accordingly, that very night, when her mamma came up-stairs, she told her all that had taken place on that afternoon; and even asked her if she would take her to Uncle David's, that she might tell him all, and ask him to forgive her for all her naughtiness.

Mrs. Rushbrook was very much pleased to hear of her little girl's resolution; but, at the same time, she told her that if she had only had sufficient trust in her parents to have told them before, she would have saved several persons a great deal of unnecessary pain; for her papa, as well as herself, had felt rather anxious about Maude, thinking she must be ill.

Amy, too, felt very sorry that she had not before told her mamma; for the relief was so great, and she had found it so much easier a task than she had supposed, that she wondered now how she could have remained so long with such a burden on her mind.

But Amy's patience was put to rather a severe test; for she found that she would not be able to see Uncle David for a week at least, as he had gone to stay a week with a friend in London. But a bright idea had come into Amy's head. She would catch all the butterflies she could find, and get papa to put them into a glass case; and then, when Uncle David returned, she would give it to him. She would have plenty of time if she stayed out in the garden all day, and ran after every butterfly she saw. And this plan appeared to her to be a particularly happy one; as it would be some little sacrifice not to play all day long, but to stay out in the garden doing nothing for fear a butterfly should escape her; and she did very much want to show Uncle David how sorry she was.

In vain she thought over all her most precious treasures; she could think of nothing else that would do to give her uncle: for she was afraid he would hardly care about a doll, or a Noah's ark, though she had both, and would gladly have given him either.

After a great deal of weighty consideration, Amy determined that she would give Uncle David the case of butterflies; and having decided this important matter, she hastened to tell her mamma, and obtain her consent and approval.



